

## **Creeping Hands**

By. Rebecca Avakian

Trail down my arm and hold carefully,  
doing no harm. Currents of red swirl  
throughout me, despite that my lover's still  
with me. Cold webs twirl around limbs, encasing  
and keeping waves within. Lover's hands grasp mine,  
trying desperately to pull me afloat. Languid fingers  
tear and grasp, but still the waters  
tether limbs down. Further I drown, creeping hands  
with strands burrowing inside me, stitching  
through the skin to connect with life which kills me.

Last, I see is light above,  
painful water encircling around me.  
My hands go up,  
as lover's hands grasp mine. Those hands  
are my moon which abates  
the waves within me. My lover's thin  
weblike fingers thread hair,  
until the last of the stitches are pulled,

not tearing through skin, but carefully escaping  
through the small holes littering my body.

Still,  
those creeping hands get the best of me, wringing and  
stitching painfully in red currents, breath  
run ragged wrenching gasps of life  
while nails drag down the inside of my throat, but  
my lover's hands mend  
whenever the creeping hands come from within me.  
My love helps pull unwanted threads from my body,  
unlike hands that ruin me.