

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 stiches 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.