

# Hands

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On cold days the scars on my hands become  
more pronounced, darker. So often these days

I imagine what my mother must have  
thought when she came upon me on the floor,

lightbulbs in each of my fists, smacked against  
one another as if in breaking them

I could make a kind of music—private,  
imperfect, but sound. For a while I thought

to know anything you had to touch it.  
The skin reopened for years in the same places.

I wanted to be something: a boxer,  
a musician. Positioning myself

around things I'd play, or break. What I've found  
is the act matters less than what it leaves.