stanza one: what was the creator thinking when making your hands?

stanza two: something you ate once and never will again

stanza three: something one of your siblings told you once

stanza four: how have your hands changed?

stanza five: the last, best thing you made to eat

stanza six: something your grandmother once told you

stanza seven: what animal or vegetable you would like your hands eventually to become

We do not need history books.   
These fingers, their nails long and sharp,   
collect the dirt,   
the old skin,   
the fresh blood of a new cut.   
We do not need to write this down.   
The fish is raw.   
It still feels like life on my tongue   
and it makes a sad,   
desparate face  
when I open my mouth   
I do not want my throat to be the last river you ever travel   
down.   
You will never be my mother, she said,   
and she aimed the words,   
like arrows,   
like needles loaded   
straight toward the space between my breasts   
and for a fleeting moment, I believed her.   
There is no great story here to be told.   
I use my index finger to scratch   
my temple

And I tell myself to bring on the calluses.   
It was fruit. It was a single bite of soft   
pink cantaloupe on an off-season day   
in the city. A taste like freedom.