All Its Weight

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He sees the thin scabs,
    fresh over his right knuckles,
    the blood beneath pressed
back by grease
    and thin, dry hope.

The tips of his fingers
    callused smooth,
he runs them
    across her thigh
    and wishes them
more gentle than they are
or he is
    or thinks he is,
wishes to press
    the full weight of his heart.

(Almost blushes in the dark by thinking of his heart at this time, but he does think of his heart, then does again.)

And he wishes to press the full weight of his heart
    into his hands,
as if they were things
    apart from himself,
things that can hold
    love as certain
    as a crescent wrench.

But can he wish anymore
    into his hands
    already full
of decades
    of work, of fights, of machines?
Which is to say they're already full
of love,
because his decades
    of work, of fights, of machines
are love too,
love that is without words,
    love that denies over and over
    in grunts and bruises until it forgets
where it belongs or why.

But those things are pushing him
    now
into more than they are,
making more for him to wish
    into his hands,
    gently, gently
coaxing under
    the hard pressure
    of the mind to move
the heart
    into the hands.

And she with the moon's light
    cutting through
    the bent slats of the window
glides her hands across
    his check—
    his hope fresh,
    crisp, sharp.

His hands swallowing
    more than ever.