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Balm

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BALM

AMBER DAVIS

In winter the skin on my hands will crack and bleed
tearing at the corners of my thumbnails
when I climb wash sleep pray
and I will remember your
sandpaper hands on
my rose-cheeks
as you tied
my hood
strings
tight
you
took
a blue
mug of
hot wheat
cereal milk sugar
with spoon from counter
and pressed it in my mittens
leave the mug at the bus stop you'd
say and we'd rub noses and I'd know you
loved me even though you seemed angry all the time