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All Its Weight

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ALL OF ITS WEIGHT

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 cheek—
his hope fresh,
crisp, sharp.

His hands swallowing
more than ever.