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.