

HANDS

Alexandra Hernandez

Tus manos

Had the knowledge of yerbas
To cure an upset stomach or scraped knee
They knew how to be gentle when braiding my hair
They gathered leña to dinner

Sabian cuantas veces tortear la masa for the perfect tortilla
They knew the measurements for every dish
Without ever touching a measuring cup
They had carried the experience of new life
And sometimes new death
They picked away the sleep when I woke up
And my tears when I cried
They held me when I was afraid
And created a space in which I was safe

Tus manos held mine as we walked to el Rosario

Beads of meditation, los misterios, y espiritu
Guiding your hands
Guided by your hands
Filled with years of life
Of knowledge
Of love