

The Hand
by Carol Sandford

See my hand. See how open it is? Wide and welcoming, like an open book.

Can you see what is within it. Can you see how much is revealed?

My love is there, for all the world to see. They can see that love when I reach out to touch your arm, or your cheek.

My heart is there too, revealed in the words that I whisper to you, morning, noon and night, and beyond.

My life, the life that you hold in your own hands, and I gladly let you, knowing it is safe and treasured. It's yours to keep, for as long as you want it.

Not so long ago, I kept that hand deep within my pocket, afraid to show the world. Afraid that you'd hurt me. Afraid to let you see just how much you meant to me. But who was I fooling?

Certainly not you.

So I revealed it to you, along with everything else that bound me to you. I opened it wide and let you see. And then you took it, and held it, and caressed it, and eventually placed a ring on it.

Now that hand is within yours and your fingers are entwined with mine, and there is no other place I'd like it to be.