

What His Hands Know

When his hands reached out
touching my scar,
birth-wound of our daughter,
he said *it's like it's my scar too*
it wasn't until that moment
that I knew how I needed his touch.

My silver scar grew warm
under his fingers. I was clothed
but exposed. He lingered.
He did not look away.

We both held the gaze that sometimes eludes us,
an intimacy too intense to sustain.

His hands are fine, a craftsman's hands,
cupping our newborn's head like a delicate
fruit, swinging an axe to split logs for the fire,
finding cracks in the grain of old wood.

He fixes things—doorknobs, engines, machines—
early on, I was stung when he hinted
he wanted to repair me. *I am not broken.*
I don't need fixing. Turning away from
his embrace, all of my uncertainties
swirled into my abdomen. In this moment
that resentment dissolves like my stitches
absorbed by the body.