

Poem: Hands That Once Knew Love

Shreeang Kumar¹

Wrinkled faces—
I have wrinkled faces of a hand.
Hands that washed clothes and utensils too often,
Hands that had often been left without care.

I am old now.
I look at my hands,
And look back in time.

A time, when those fingers were delicate and young,
A time when they were untouched by the drudgeries of life,
A time when they had held another's hand,
And walked along sunny beaches and the sand.
Hands that had once known love,
Known beauty and grace,
And care.

Those hands are long gone now.
What is left is dried crumpled sheets of paper as hands.

A life has gone by.
Never did I notice,
That time flew by.

Such is life.

That begins with hope,
With a nubile hope,
Which someday runs dry.

¹ Shreeang Kumar has completed a Master of Arts degree in English Literature from The English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad, India.

Hands That Once Knew Love

And leaves us with papery hands,
And evenings all over the sky.