

## **Holding Hands**

**By Sean de Podesta**

I noticed her first, with her simple perfection  
In being young and walking the street,  
The bare legs, the shorts, the loose top  
And the confident stride – the purpose hardly mattered –  
Simple perfection in her self-completion.

And then I noticed him walking with her,  
As young, as perfect, if less beguiling to me.  
They must be friends, more than friends.  
They were trying to hold hands –  
And their hands didn't know what to do!  
Was his right hand in her left hand right for a start?  
Which fingers of his should interlock with which fingers of hers?  
I could sense the knuckles of discomfort  
As their hands struggled for the right grip.  
My love, were our hands once like this, not knowing their place?  
It is hard to believe.

How I wished them well!