

Fingers of Gentleness

by *Dianne M. Tcbir*

We move through space

vacuum forces

sounding stones

releasing strings

of

cloudy feelings

confusing life's destiny

crawling

shouting refuge

from

stormy skies emptying

hands joining

showers of rebirth.

Weepy arms lend solace

to

wavering hands

gently touching flesh

finding

malice gone

resting inside

outside of me.

