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Hands of Hate

Hands—
You touch, hold, embrace, comfort,
And love.
You soothe a crying child,
Cure the ill,
And aid those in need.
You protect,
Show endearment,
And alleviate pain.
But above all Hands—
You take.

You grasp and grab at what you think is yours.
You consume objects and people;
You take possession and ownership
Of what never belonged to you.
You seize materialistic objects—
Are people materialistic objects, Hands?
Because Hands—
You kill.

You devour the life of another;
You strip away the being of a person,
Dissolving them into a forgotten nothingness—
A nothingness to you perhaps?
You eat away life
With cupidity,
Stretching from your fingertips,
Stroking the cold gun of hatred,
Containing a bullet of rage—
One bullet too many—
That you probably stole.

You steal innocence—
You steal purity,
And you steal the aspiration of an honest world.
You steal with no remorse,

As you steal the breath of another;
You steal a cousin—
You steal a brother from a sister—
A son from a mother—
Blood, flesh, and soul—
You thief.

You cause a tragic demise,
Then you open the door,
For your convenient escape.
Do you look back Hands?
Do you look back at the lifeless human—
The one lying on the floor,
Pierced, bleeding, dying—
From you alone?
Do you ever see,
The people left wondering?
Left with their minds racing,
In a state of despondency,
Trying to comprehend,
And wrap their minds around the news
Of your heinous act?
Do you watch a mother crumple,
Weighed down by her own sobs;
You don't hear the wails—
Screams—
Heart shattering sounds—
Do you Hands?

In the wake of your wreckage,
You do leave one thing—
Annihilation,
And a stiff hurt.
You leave the devastation of grievance and loss—
You leave heartbreak,
And you leave tears.
You leave the bewilderment of a child—
You leave a mind numb,
Unable to grasp the possibility of your rapacity.
You leave hurt.
You leave the blazing flames,
Scorching the heart, throat, and mind—
Flames of question and logic,

That break down all reason,
And beg to know—
Why, Hands?