

## **“The One With Hands”**

By: Lauren Foster

Hatched, cracked fingers graze the smooth surface

As if regaining feeling again

As if feeling again

An anomaly in a world of smooth surfaces and golden sculptures

The furniture is always gold

The furnace is always ablaze

Captivation and curiosity lure fingers to its flame

Fiery siren lores as the fiery siren lures

Fingers become hands

Hands become fists

Fists become hands

Where in the room can one stand?

Its suffocating ambrosia

Its white and gold tiles sink thinking that everything will form under the white tiles

The white tiles present the white titles that swear on the Bible that they are and it is Heaven

My lucky number is 7

2 fingers on the left, 5 on the right

My favorite number is 3, something they got right

The goldwing messenger wearing all white lands on the box, spanning their 18 feet wings to comfort “the gods”

They laugh and saunter drinking out of their holy grails

As our hands rust along the rails

I, feel the ash form under my nails

Nailed it, nope, try again

I fall into a spell as cinder falls on my face

I pace myself, I create myself

Nope, try again

Cinderella I am as I lose my footing

I hear muffled laughter

Their sounds echo after I have been grazed by the furnace

By the fiery siren's flame

Above, the goldwing messenger taps the box

Turning into a trickster

*Tap, tap*

Above, the goldwing messenger taps the roof of the log cabin

The Gods drink joyously from their holy grails

We are praised among them

Toe by toe I exit the log cabin

Captivation and curiosity

The Gods welcome me to their world

The goldwing messenger smiles in content and flies away

Hatched, cracked fingers become smooth, flowery hands

We've worked so hard

Hands become fists

I am immoral, deplorable to the Gods as my hands tremble drinking from their holy grail

That is all I ever yearned for

My eyes burned with tears, sharper than the furnace

I turned to look up and there it returned, it's

...the goldwing messenger

The goldwing messenger, the trickster

A devil in disguise

Black, arched 18 feet wings turn the white tiles into cinder

Gods were never gods

I've worked so *hard*

*Tap, tap*

oh no...

*Tap, tap*

it has happened again

It keeps happening again

I pace myself, create myself

I build and sculpt and create myself

I pace and pace and pace and pace

Create and create and create and create

From the ground up

I am tired

Fingers set ablaze

Torture for not meeting the goal that was made

Smooth surfaces and golden effigies crack

Slices and stripes of blood drip from our hands and back

Fists become hands

*Tap, tap*

Above the box was an awakened trickster

Sinister red eyes, long black claws, horrendous grin

“Gods” sauntering drunkenly without a care in the world

Slaved to creativity

2 on the left, 3 fingers on the right

The trickster laughs as the white and gold fade to flooded blood

The One With Hands press against the box, prompting the trickster to roar

It was war, massacre

*Stay in **The Box***

The One With Hands trembles in dread

Black and red, black and red, black and red

Read it over and over

Nope, try again

It has happened again

It keeps happening again and again and again and again

Hand on the Bible, I was there

When the world witnessed The One With Fists

*Stay in **The Box***

*Tap, tap, **tap***

**Get out of the Box**

But at what cost?

Smooth fists clench the smooth surfaces, embodying golden curvatures and its ambrosia

Bought at a cost

Such a bittersweet scent