

ENDLESS STORY

At the beginning there was the words
then there was the hands
the hands of the creator the hands of the created
the hands that do the hands that undo.

comparisons were made
meanings were found
and abandoned until
the hands found their role
empty vessels floating
above a sea of words
giant yet vulnerable.

This is not the end
it never is, remember

there was the words
then there was the hands
the hands that chose the words
the hands that held the words
the hands that dropped the words

their need to touch you to touch me.

The words became phrases
the phrases were held in books
the hands held the books
for you and me to read

Connections were made
meanings were found
we were touched we were involved.
New words were introduced
new stories were suggested.

This is not the end it never is.
This is where I stop and you begin.