I See in My Hands the Hands of My Parents

By Raphael Vargas

I see in my hands the hands of my parents
their strolls through parks now disappeared
the suns of their desires in the city
the proximity of their mouths while embraced in sleep
I often see them in my hands
laughing in the kitchen or talking at the table
their hands entwined beside a plate
above a trail of sugar salt and crumbs
I see in my hands my birth
my footsteps on sand and my first trip to the sea
now they have just finished eating and the wine has saturated their saliva
and their bed, that sacred place, where has it gone?
the walls have flown away and the house sits in shadows
all that remains is a tree
the echo of a skirt blowing in the wind
the grass stirs
how distant the creaking wheel of the past
but the dreams remain
I see in my hands the kindness
with which my daughter pierces the skin of the world