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**Grade:** 7th

**Valley Central Middle School**

## The Hands That Have Touched My Life

I am grateful for the many hands that have touched my life

The hands of the people that stay for the sunset

The hands of the people I love

The hands of my mother, consoling and kind

The hands that hold mine in the dark

And guide me towards the light

The hands that flick on my light switch in the morning and unwrap my "cocoon"

"Cold hands, warm heart."

The hands of my father, strong and comforting

The hands that are always sanitized

The hands that held the pole for me when he taught me how to ski

The hands that clench the lucky football during the Dolphins game

The hands that help point me in the right direction in life

The hands of my grandmother, delicate and soft

The hands that tickle my arm

The hands that reach back to touch mine in the backseat

The hands that move swiftly,

Wrapping each strand of my hair into two perfect french braids

The hands of my grandfather, vigorous and calloused  
From years and years of hard work  
The hands that turn the pages of the newspaper in the morning  
Attached to the fingers that wrap around the handle of the whisk,  
To stir the waffle batter

The hands of my best friends  
The hands attached to the people that stand by me through the ups and downs  
The hands that press PLAY to blast the music  
The hands that knead conditioner into cornstarch  
The hands that use a wood burning pen  
To carve our initials into each piece of the heart

The hands of the people I love