

## Hands, Eryn Goriup

White skin seems so paper thin as he holds my hand. Translucent as butterfly wings and filled with so much detail. They are wrinkled by time and hard work; they define the movements of all that he has done. His blue veins are etched into his skin set so close to the surface that even the tiniest blue lines trace the edges of his hands. His hands are soft as silk, smoothed by years like a pebble in a river to perfection. Knuckles may be swollen by an aging arthritis, but no complaint can be heard, and no sympathy is sought. His nails are tinged yellow and kept neatly cut. His hands are a display of his long and active life.

My hands are untouched by time. They are fresh pink and retain a healthy glow. My skin is taut and neither stretched nor wrinkled. My veins are hidden beneath young and healthy skin. My hand is adorned by a silver ring exhibiting my love for my school. The gleaming ring and deep green stone are the only things to embellish my mark free hands. My hands have not yet seen labors of life. They are small and petite, with short stunted fingers. My nails are painted bright florescent, neon colors and scream for attention. My hands are those of an adolescent, juvenile and not yet exposed to the world.

Despite their differences, these two hands lock together. They display a friendship that transcends generations and can last forever. Walls of the elderly and the youth are knocked down to reveal similarities between the decades. Whether young or old, stories can be told and smiles can be shared. These hands can hold each other, and each hand can hold another. The hands of the aged can hold the hands of the new.