

The Writer's Hand

Palm flat down before I start,
strong veins, brussel sprout knuckles,
hair creeping up from wrist,
nails, okay at first sight.

Pen gripped, ready to go.

Curled pink O makes a tunnel from eye to page,
thumbnail a bit ragged, forefinger less so,
callus on the middle finger – top knuckle, left side,
thickening.

Forefinger next door, fleshy pink top,
a ridge forms the more I write,
other three fingers looking good.

Rhythmic scraping across the page,
pen moving briskly now,
words coming easier today,
better than the day before,
but ink-smudge paper
means ink-stained hand.

Not as bad as some I've seen –

my writer's wounds.

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HM Prison Isle of Wight (Parkhurst)
Engaging Minds Gold Award for Poem
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