

## Grief is Timeless

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Yellow-tinged skin feels like it will soon slip  
away from the bones  
and veins  
and whatever else lives in such an old hand.

Fingernails yellow and overgrown,  
peeling into layers at the edges  
so separate they might be sliced apart  
by a dull pocketknife.

The palms  
unlike the smooth transparent tops,  
are calloused from years of hard work.

Earning my own affluence.

The fingers tighten over my own  
and I notice that despite the slow disintegration  
of his body and mind,  
his hand is still bigger than mine.

Pressure ebbs.  
The hand goes slack but I can't let go.

Grief.