

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

G. Hennessey of Lisbon chose this favorite entry from an earlier column, citing the “tiers of time” in Bruce Guernsey’s poem, which oscillates “between day and night, coolness and warmth, plans and dreams.”

### The Hands

*by Bruce Guernsey*

The only time we touch now  
is in our sleep, as if our hands,  
finding each other,  
have lives of their own.

Joined to our surprise every morning,  
they are full of longing,  
like a one-armed man  
trying to pray.

We pull them apart  
starting the day, yours  
to your work, mine to mine:  
purses, pockets, change.

How they love the night,  
the cool of linen, the underside  
of pillows—sneaking out,  
meeting without us in the dark.

Theirs is a language we’ve forgotten,  
a way of speaking now their own:  
touching, whispering,  
making plans.

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