

## ✿ THIRD ✿

### Daddy's Hands

A fading photograph  
of him as a young man.  
With that confident smile,  
he was ready  
to take on the world.  
Black and white  
makes him look debonair,  
like a 1940s movie star.

A 4-colour photo  
of him, 50 years later,  
50 pounds heavier  
holding up his pants  
with suspenders.  
A Teamsters hat perched  
on his head, world-weary  
wisdom in his eyes.

I look at those hands -  
they always seemed  
kind of broken to me.  
Because they'd gone  
through a lot.  
From toiling in farm fields,  
to bearing arms  
to labouring at CP Rail.

Those were the hands  
that supported me  
when I was learning to walk.  
They're the hands that harvested  
juicy garden tomatoes.  
And they're the hands  
that left my mother  
bruised and bleeding.

Melanie Flores