Hands

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The poem charts the arc of a love relationship. When trying to point to a milestone in the relationship ("I know that once long ago we held hands for the first/Time"), the speaker finds it impossible to identify the exact moment when love took hold—memories "blur into one overall joyous portrait." The poem underscores the persistence, yet surprising incompleteness of these memories. While exploring this difficulty, the speaker admits perplexity: the speaker cannot tell how love took hold, but can only acknowledge, by the poem's end, the "truth" of this love.

A. Dzirkalis

When was the first time we held hands? Was it a timid and cutesy experience or a passionate strangle? My memory is so full of times of togethernesses that they begin to blur into one overall joyous portrait. Our first times together - they almost seem lost now, almost nonexistent. Almost. I can't recall what we were like, how deeply we felt for one another. But I remember it happened at one time or another. I know that once long ago we held hands for the first Time. Knowing that is like a permanent ink blot etched onto my brain. I can see it; so it must be there. The feeling must be real. From such a generically bland and commonplace life, you are one of my very few truths.