



---

Volume 12  
Issue 1 Fall/Winter 2003

Article 15

---

12-1-2003

## The English Gloves

Petr Maucy  
*Concordia University - Portland*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maucy, Petr (2003) "The English Gloves," *The Promethean*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol12/iss1/15>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact [libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu](mailto:libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu).

*Petr Maucy*

As everyone, when  
Mark came to America,  
He got his pair of burlap-  
English gloves.

Mark was an immigrant;  
He wore gloves always.  
They protected his hands,  
When laboring hard.

For many years  
He didn't take off his gloves.  
They made his life uneasy.  
And then, burlap fabric wiped his tears.

One day Mark met an American girl  
And became a sculptor.  
Without hammer, without chisel  
He started to shape a stone.

After a while, the stone became more real,  
And his gloves became tatters.  
After finishing the statue,  
His palms were naked.

Love and patience liberated his hands,  
The girl felt the warmth of his palms,  
The stone turned into a piece of art,  
And Mark set himself free  
From the slavery of language gloves.