

Handoff
by Laurinda Lind

I have carpenter hands
from my father, widesquare,
shortsquat. The scout who

came to see him at his
high school in Rochester,
New York when he was

their star pitcher said nope,
those fastfingers are too
far tucked down in your

palmpads, we won't wow
them with those. So what
did he do: he sawed with

them instead, split
things apart or held
them together, spent

them like water everywhere
seventy-six more years.
The same day he slid

out as if they were his stiff
old workgloves, I wore them
home from the hospital.