

Shakhan "Hands"

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Hands can steal from the poor or hand out food to feed
They can pull out flowers or plant a seed.
Hands can make a coffin in which a cold stiff body will
lie
or make a cot in which a baby one day will cry.
His hands were forced out from his sides
for sin they bled and then he died
I'm so grateful because I'm forgiven but sad
because he's my rabbi.

The groom's hands untie the bride's pretty
white French gown.
Slipping over her shoulders to fall to the ground.
Red hands hold the stained blade and the innocent lies
on the tarmac.
A different blade, the surgeon trying to save the
cardiac.
A hand held up to wipe a tear that's falling from her
lovely blue eye.
Hands they came from Rome did hold and pushed the
spear
through G-d's side.

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