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Compassion

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Compassion

By Abby Gaver

Your hands are no bigger than
when we met
and yet they carry more
than they ever have.

A slice of sadness
From all those you've known
Lay softly over your fingertips
And in your calluses is dust
From the fear sanded down to
A sword.

Under your nails is the dirt from
The ground you've held in place
If only to keep it
From being pulled out from under you,
Us.

Between your thumbs and your forefingers
You pinch thin sheets of hope,
Carefully so as not to tear them.

You sag under the weight,
The weight of it all
And I love you for it.

I take from you your burden,
One you carry and call
Compassion. I will take it
And share with you the sorrow,
The fear and
The hope. The hope gets heavier,
And the burden lessens.