A hand reaches out.

This hand has touched many things before
And many things have touched it back.
It was The Hand.
But they didn’t know that.

They didn’t know of the other things that have touched The Hand.
Large and tiny things.
Soft and rough things.
Thick and thin things.

The Hand has passed along items.
Given away items.
Thrown items.
Held items.
The Hand has done everything a hand can do.

What The Hand loves to touch the most, though, is its own kin.
Large and tiny hands.
Soft and rough hands.
Thick and thin hands.
All hands are loved by The Hand.
The Hand will touch any foreign hand.
Dirty and clean hands.
Broken and bruised hands.
Manicured and polished hands.

Brown hands, tan hands.
Black hands, white hands.
A mixture of in-between.

Christian hands, Jewish hands.
Muslim hands, Buddhist hands.
Billions of hands coming together
Hands that The Hand loves to touch.

The Hand touches so much
And gives so much back.
It may seem like nothing to them at first.
But later, far later in life, they will see the gifts given to them.

Kindness.
Warmth.
Love.
Support.

The Hand gives all of this to its kin.
Kin, such as them.

The Hand reaches out.
They reach back.