

Hard Lines and Scars

By Hannah Neeley

March 2017

Upon my papaw's hands
I see hard lines and scars
Below the surface of the former wounds
I see a vision of blood, sweat, and tears

They seem to be intimidating
Ugly, even mean
But the love within his hands
Never seems to fade

Working for his family
Eighty years, nonstop
Hard lines and scars hide the care
Hidden deep within

His hands, he's used for scolding
His hands, used for work
His hands are used to comfort me
When I need it most

His hands used to pick
His old banjo strings
Passed down to me
To do the same

I hope that my hands
If careful, one day will look the same

Regardless of my lines and scars,

My love won't fade away