

## Gloves Are For Boxing

After the concert,  
I touch Mel Torme's hand.  
A musician's hand,  
smooth as his velvet tone.  
I want to grab him  
the way his voice grabs me.  
Stop.  
Fingers—crooked from holding a pen—  
covered with pineapple skin shame me.  
Pull them back. Hide the monkey paws.  
Remember the license clerk  
trying to print fingertips worn smooth.  
*What have you done to your hands?*  
Gloves won't let you feel warm suds,  
damp earth, a child's feverish cheek.  
These fingers plant trees and other things,  
drive a car, hold the tiller of a boat,  
the reins of a horse,  
stir soup, change diapers, and reach out  
for Mel's musical touch.