Rule of Thumb

Teri Lavelle
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol38/iss2/80
Hands that gear engines, fuel the tanks of mechanized beasts, hands that tinker in the bowels of a pumping system, or rake the straw in animal stalls, are same hands that blood coated lips, with knuckles, tamping her next retort.

His hand, a thrust of white, a thunderclap of flesh, sears a five star mark across her plump cheek.

The palms that groomed the gelding’s dun back, and cupped slices of apple under its muzzle, were the palms that slapped a pulsing bougainvillea atop her bare shoulder.

Fingertips, that soothed the milk cows’ udders with balm, and coaxed out their milk by kneading furry ears, pinkened, with a blow, her banded left hand.

Those fingers that birthed the calf, and picked (with docile precision) the burr from the collie’s belly, smacked a scarlet limbed tattoo onto her cheekbone and nose.