

Dear Hands,

Please stop ageing. You are offending my daughter's photographs.

My once beautiful rings now look unattractive on these weather beaten hands.

I no longer want to wear jewellery to adorn you,

I want to hide you away, you are disgraceful and old beyond your years.

I once met a child who had lost both her hands in a fire,

I felt very sad for her, but she managed very well to eat, drink and live her life to the full.

You have held my babies, shook other hands of special people, written beautiful words, carried flowers for the living and for the dead; opened doors in to new opportunities. You've cleaned up the dog shit, nipped children in the playground, smacked the face of two or three teenage boys. You've wiped away tears of sadness and of joy. Cooked moderately edible meals. Washed the dishes a thousand times. Made mud pies and butterfly cakes with my kids.

I am often abusive with you, letting the kitten pierce the skin with his teeth. Bitten the nails or painted them offensive colours.

To be continued