**The Secret Life of Driving Hands**

I.

The first few minutes of driving my car,

My hands were carefully places at

10 and 2 o’clock.

Their grip was strong on the charcoal steering wheel;

Their knuckles began to whiten, but consciously

They were not aware.

II.

Dundun. Dundun. Dundun.

The beat of my favorite song blared from the radio,

Immediately relaxing them and allowing color to flood

Back in. Sturdy and anxious,

Their thumbs began to tap to the rhythm.

Stronger. Faster.

The squat bodies lost themselves in the music –

The consistent pounding will surely be felt the next day,

But they thrive on pain.

Their exercising had created meatheads and they

Jumped at any chance to be physical.

“Come Oooon! You got it man…Keep goin’.”

III.

The long, lean pointer finger stretched urgently to

Switch stations as a horrific song took the place of

The previous rock out.

Suddenly the car ahead slowed and

Moved at an agonizing speed.

The finger slashed at the air and viciously pointed to the

White sign that was 10 MPH faster than the current speed.

“Move it,” she screamed, but unfortunately the car

Didn’t speak finger.

Years of always being right and making sure people knew it,

Had created somewhat of a monster. Her bossiness earned hateful

Glares from the other girls as they passed by.

It often got lonely, but it was better to be right than liked.

Wasn’t it?

IV.

Road rage.

At that point the poor pointer finger had enough

Of a workout, so the middle finger took over.

His length stood fully erect as he thrusts

Toward the car he passed.

Arrogance seeped from the finger.

Perfect jock.

If he could feel the confidence that he fakes,

He might actually be strong enough to quit acting

Like a conceited jerk.

V.

Somehow through all the stress of senseless drivers,

The pinky had remained calm.

Relaxed and unaffected, she hung off the now

Sweaty steering wheel and stayed in a coma like trance;

Visions of unrealistic fantasies flew threw her like the

Racing of blood to the heart.

Jealousy.

Stuck forever watching as others get all the glory.

VI.

By now, my hands have ditched the “grandma” style driving –

Two hands on the wheel, my body leaning over the dash –

And have resorted to one on top and the other lost in a world delicious food.

Each hand delivered heavenly food to my eager mouth;

Neither of them cared to watch the road.

Drifting to the center as a speeding car approaches,

The hands instantly attached themselves to the wheel and pulled

The car back into the correct lane.

Panic set in with an overwhelming sense of defeat.

“You are so stupid. You’ll never amount to anything.”

Maybe everyone was right; maybe they were never going to succeed.

Failure seized their hope.

They stayed limp for the rest of the ride,

Recalling the accident they almost caused.