NO SUIT OR TIE REQUIRED

By: Sarah Ward

I could tell by his hands

the moment we shook.

No worn areas

rough or callous.

No cracking dried skin.

These hands have only been worked

by the tapping of keys

and the shaking of introductions.

No relics of tobacco

‘round his mouth

from a Chomper just spit out.

This was a well-exercised mouth,

a finely tuned tongue

of kissing ass

and spitting lies.

No sun to be had upon his face

nor wrinkles that gave way to weather.

This was a face

exposed only to fluorescent

and skyline views.

My language was Diesel,

Carhartts, and Twenty-twos.

He spoke *expenditures*,

*finance*, and *revenue*.

No darting gaze, no swaying motion,

no hands at loss to do.

His was a life of suit and tie,

smog-filled air,

and six digits a year.

Have your delicate hands

I’d rather have a wisdom touch.

The city outline looks like man-

made mangled teeth, anyway.

I prefer hours on my feet

to hours on my knees.