

## The Castle

These hands are heavy and forceful,  
The muscles lean and strong,  
Yet they are gentle when they touch,  
When they hold, when they love.  
These shoulders slope steadily downward,  
The collarbone resting in place;  
This place they form is safe,  
A perfect pillow for your tears.  
These arms that wrap around you,  
That hold you close, with care,  
They comfort and encapsulate you—  
Hide you from your fears.  
Your head rests upon my shoulder,  
Your eyes tear till they burn,  
But these hands will always be here  
To wipe away your hurt.  
These fingers grace you gently  
To wipe away your tears,  
These hands will stroke you softly,  
Devouring your woe.  
My chest will be your pillow,  
Beside me is your bed,  
These arms will be your cover,  
To hold you through the night.

*By Glenn Long*