

## Toward Ambidexterity

Dear Left Arm,

They are true  
your accusations.  
I did abandon you in infancy  
ignore you  
stifle you  
neglect your training, but  
in my defense,  
it was the custom.  
You were the right arm's helpmate  
girlchild  
wife.

Yes, it was the right hand  
always the favored one that  
answered mail  
cut the vegetables  
paid the bills  
handled tools

while you—  
coordination unrefined  
strength unencouraged—  
grew to diminished adulthood.  
Your handwriting, even, is childlike.

Now, those muscles long ignored rise up:  
beg to throw a softball, write  
a poem, swing a hammer  
paint a banner  
and you point  
toward me  
and accuse—

but how was I to know your  
desires you never  
spoke up never pushed  
your way in or  
perhaps it was  
I did not hear until  
now  
when the tasks are too large  
to disregard allies.  
Only as a balanced whole  
can the body

redress history.  
You have taught me:  
all hands are needed.