

Home Hands

Karen Trask

I trust my hands more than any other part of my body. When my hand reaches out, it knows something. I try to pay attention. Folded, open, clenched, embracing, they are expressing internal states that often remain unconscious.

Our comprehension of what is home is being dislodged from a sense of place to one of relationship. Being together creates home. Home is not always a place on the map, home is transitory. Viewing the self as compass – a body in movement, rather than a site to be mapped – allows for direction, change, an open-endedness. *Home* is an image of my love's hand and mine together. The word home is written on his hand with an arrow pointed north to a compass card inscribed on my hand. In Québec, there is an expression, *perdre le nord*, "to lose the north." If you lose the north, you are lost, off track, or even worse – you have gone crazy, lost your head.

My brain may reside in my head, but I know my mind wanders throughout my body; it concentrates at the end of my fingers. Periodically losing my head to my hands can result in surprisingly good choices.

