

# A man with bleeding hands

*by* Neil McCarthy

A man with bleeding hands at the back door of *Out of the Closet* this morning asked me for the bride and groom figurines at the top of my donation box to put on the grave of his recently married sister. He was topless, wore skateboarder jeans and hid what was left of his shrunken skin behind an eddy of venous blue tattoos.

Impulse almost succeeded in steering me clear of his sanguine arms.

But who was I, making a donation, to doubt him, to dismiss his story

and bracket him on account of his homelessness? I watched as he inspected his bounty, the plastic case unopened, his blood in the hot

midday sun running softly off the white exuberance of the dress.

