

16 March 2009

I feel like sometimes when people touch me,  
these little fingers of grass grow with a certain instancy out of my skin  
and wind around follicles and cells  
and over the ridges of their fingernails—  
and if the touch lasts long enough,  
make a warm clump in the hollow of their palm, as if they were holding my heart.

And if it lasts even longer,  
i feel like they know...

and gradually we are all fingers laced together like the intimacy of a prayer and looking at it  
can't figure whose fingers are whose  
and the warm clump hangs like blood in my nose, or tears on my lips

And then I think all of my skin is either a lip  
or a fingertip.