

16 March 2009

I feel like sometimes when people touch me,
these little fingers of grass grow with a certain instance 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.