hands talk

hands talk, but we must listen with the soul

one thing you must hear:

do as i do, and not as i say

for voices lie

the merest touch is loaded with the truth of sensation

creeping here and there,

filling hollows and form

these places fit me, like i was made for nothing else

i will tell you many things,

speak of beauty, lust and oneness

i cannot stop their movement

they have so much to say, and always more

with a gulf between us talk differently

of wishes and wants, illustrating with their grand sweep

the location of thought

but here i am

skin to supple skin

and i have quiet things

here is a rib, a line between belly and chest

i ask, are you whole, do you want this touch?

and am answered in breath

here is a crease, between thigh and pelvis

i say, you are soft and mine, here is a gift

the chemicals of touch respond

yes, this is me, this is us

and here, where long fingers grip your hair

i have another diplomacy

i say, you are mine, my most treasured possession

and you answer here, with the gesture of eyes

i will own you with my senses, but claim you with my hands

and as i disappear

i will say be more, be my all

there is nothing else but you