**Intimacy**

clever hands

i always wanted clever hands

hands that would turn raw materials into precious works

or turn still air into song

i always wanted graceful feet

that would lift me up in the sinuous tango

but i don't have these things

and it does no good to wish

i’m too old to start over now anyway

and must learn to admire the works of others

be content with beauty

that comes from another’s heart

anyone can write a poem

no grace or skill needed

many of us care more

about being poets

than about writing poetry

but that’s a good thing (less competition)

i don’t have clever hands

but i care for this art

for the weaving of words

into a tapestry of mind

my art is not one of the hands

it is the art of the internal

you are given nothing but an idea

and the picture you paint is your own

the song you hear is a private song

i have said i lack intimacy

that these words are trickery

but that too was a lie

for what could be more intimate

than my visit

to the inside of your head?