

Touch

*Warm waves of motion lapping spinal shores
spreading over foamy swells
liberating tissues
from Descartes' binding spells.*

*Soft, salty life whose organic resilience
transcends his mechanical cosmology.
Anchored only by old pain lodged and hiding
in body parts where it lives furtively
on the edge of consciousness.
Surviving to imprison the flesh upon which it feeds.
It fears the light of breath.
It shelters in the shadow of immobility.*

*Frozen hardness melts under alchemist's loving touch.
Graceful movements push and pull
along pathways leading to release.
I hold its inhabitant's gaze
as firm fingers lift gossamer veils that blanket pain's restlessness.*

*Tears well as knowing hands conduct energy along nerve-ways
charging somnambulant cells with healing tasks.
Liquid and luminous they bathe old wounds in grace.
Their tranquil warmth loosens aging bonds to free sleep's offerings.*

I dream of soft sands warming me in their dune's embrace.