



## **TOUCH ME, TOUCH YOU**

You can touch me—  
one toasty arm enveloping my sand-grained  
shoulder,  
finding its way to a fellow belly.  
you can touch me—  
one sleeping-bagged leg curley-qed  
around mine,  
nigh thigh to toe.  
you can touch me ---  
tiny "like-kisses" landing in nose, cheeks,  
you can touch me -  
an intersection of fingers and palms  
sweet with sweat and sand.  
two happy-sad gotitas of agua  
subtly make their escape from their hidden  
jail  
for your touches outside can never ever  
match the  
way you touch me inside.

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