

just a touch

Sharon Grip

she chats as she attends my surface
early sunbeams halo my white hairs
my frozen mouth won't begin. I touch her

her perky voice brushes past my ear
I stare at nothing in particular
she chats as she tends to my surface

an ample hand folds my askew collar
around my deeply furrowed neck rows
my locked tongue can't move. I touch her

she lifts my placid face to water
my neck strains to sit higher
she chats as she cares for my surface

she feeds my lips with chilly Ensure
and dabs the excess slaver
my frozen tongue can't start. I touch her

her shrewd and steady eyes crease as
she attentively cools my sunken brows
she chats as she attends my surface
my locked mouth won't work. I touch her