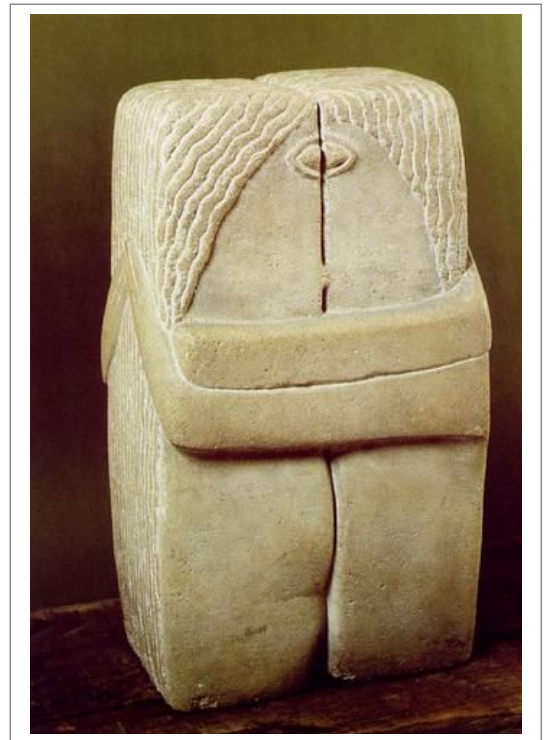


Keeping in touch

If at this very moment
The tips of my fingers could
Gently touch
Your cheeks just near your eyes
Those eyes so full of love
Pulsing between us would be
A shared heartbeat
Just from that
Infinitesimal
Point of contact
If the sighs
On the phone
Or the words
On the page
Could be made to convey
The true hugeness
Of the union
That lives between us
Then
Keeping in touch
Could be just
The aching and pulsing
Blood
Which makes our whole bodies
Into trembling, fragile
Creatures
Even while it keeps us
Alive
If with just a thought
We could be in fact
The one person
That we feel we are
Then we would be
Touching each other
All the time
And nothing else
Would ever
Be necessary



Brancusi