

Poetry

The Touch

That woman, I knew her eyes were on me
 but what could I do?
 In a deserted park
 would I have kissed
 her? only if it was dark.

I felt the pain on her face
 I knew the pain on her face
 She wanted
 the touch I could not give;
 more
 than age was between us.

Later that afternoon
 in the museum I wanted the touch from somebody, but
 I did not get it.
 : the touch of long needed friendliness
 : the touch of loneliness understood
 : the touch of
 the gentle heart of the hand.

I waited, and I thought of the lines
 I had to say,
 and I said them and walked away
 and stopped before the picture of Socrates
 taking poison
 and said: over and over

: It could have been different;
 it could have happened.
 It could have been different;
 it could have happened.
 she might have touched me-
 i shall never know that.

By
 Thomas Revson

i didn't do anything
 to develop this unique connection
 of muscles and nerves

it was made mine
 before i knew
 how to tie my shoe

it was set in motion
 before i could crawl
 or stand
 like a man

i will leave with it
 when it begins
 to grow grey and white;
 i may be leaving with it on any night.

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