

## TOUCH

He loved stroking her body awake in the giddy dawn.  
His fingers wandered her stretch marks,  
the freckles she despised, her glorious breasts,  
belly, thick sticky hair  
he never delved into without trembling –  
she might find him intrusive, jig her smooth hips  
to spill him back onto the sheets.  
When she murmured, turned towards him,  
marking his shoulder blades with her fingers,  
she always reshaped her body  
to allow him in.

The doctors' fleshy hands are gloved. Through latex  
they adjust her skin by inches.  
The surgeon's finger stands in for the blade:  
it will remove her, just here.

He keeps his helpless hands still.  
This is not his body.