

It touches

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I was drunken with sorrowful music when I wrote this

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the TOUCH It touches; With malign intentions. I can't see them but I know It has your hands. My latest white hair sings Your name And it touches Where it hurts. Taints your smell Where I kept. I call time for help And the pain turns into something Resembling you Without hands And it gives me White hairs. Without hands Absence of you Touches me Through you And leaves sing With malign intentions Your name. It touches in my sleep But its not me awakening Walking Living with malign intentions Its absence of you Singing Your absence. Touch Me Again.