Long Term Touching

MARTHA CHRISTINA

When I held his hand
for the first time,
it was thinner,
younger, eager.

Ten nails bitten
to the quick
might have,
if I'd been watchful,
warned me
of edgy mornings
and long, nervous nights.

Now I raise
those punished fingers
to my lips,
remind my mouth
to be careful. The hands still
an entrance to the body.