

Almost

By: Lauren Katz

Lacing his fingers through my own with care,
each settling down to rest in crevices.
A personalized mold that's almost a pair,
but then crumbles, retracting its messages.

His hand resides, apart from mine, reclusive,
warm in the burrows of his denim pockets.
My hand hangs out, exposed and inconclusive,
almost reaching out but cannot be too honest.

Yet, when it's time to say goodbye, his hand
Emerges, naked, ready to embrace.
Not sensing where his touch is bound to land
-- Maybe my arm, my shoulder, up my face --
I stretch my hand across the nice abyss.

Our hands connect. I plant him with a firm
Shake.