Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

Doug Holder

"Touch me, so I remember who I was"

Touch me
I want to remember
Who I was.
Brush my cheek
I want to feel
The warmth of my blush
Rise like scarlet sun.
Hold my hand
And make me stroll,
Slow my frantic gait.
Brush the remaining
Strands of my hair,
Remind me my love,
Of what was once there.