

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

*Valerie Anne Prescott*

### **Just This**

The simple  
touch  
of hands  
in a place as  
unglamorous  
as the front seat  
of my long ago  
new car  
almost as dented  
as I am.  
A warm  
glance  
that  
holds me as  
tenderly  
as I recall  
once  
cradling  
an injured  
bird —  
breathlessly,  
solemnly.  
Suddenly  
forgetting  
the Years  
I spent  
packaging myself  
in shoes and bags  
and clothes  
just bright and young  
enough  
still to be  
alone  
at a foolish and fearful  
cost.  
Now  
at the  
lightest  
touch  
we  
nestle  
in eternity.