

I Want To Hold You

The way your mother's mother
Held you for the first time. You were a gentle
Thing waiting for the world to tell you
Everything you will be. Soft
Like the layer of skin you left on the pavement
When your father taught you how to ride a bike. Tender
Spots of your infant sister's head you caressed
the way you caress yourself.
Naked and unafraid of the flesh and bone
that carries you because it is yours and only yours.

I want you to hold me the way
A cat holds its newborn kittens, slimed with pure inventions
That keeps their protection. You'll hold my hand
And the door open and I will let you
Because you are soft and tender.
You do not raise your voice or hide
From the warmth that sits in your stomach.
You look at me and say *help me*.
I look at you
And see a gentle thing, man standing
Beside your mother's mother, her daughter, your daughter
Harnessing a fire that scorched the earth all those years ago.
Now we hold each other
Covered in rain
And wait
For this burned ground
To give life again.