He Touches Himself

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Abstract

As he turns to the East, almost seeing her, and touches himself (so lightly to the side of the head) he knows that she lives there by the water (in the mind behind green eyes) not so very far away . . . never farther than the truest dream...
He Touches Himself

by

Gregg Williams

Engl 3

As he turns to the East,
almost seeing her, and touches himself
(so lightly to the side of the head)
he knows that she lives there
by the water (in the mind behind
green eyes) not so very far away . . .
ever farther than the truest dream.
And seeing this, he kneels to the warmth
of an autumn earth
worshipping (he knows not how or where)
the grass that curls her under,
then joyfully, he tells her entire story
to the leaves that linger
for the whispered word.