Partial Possessor

Ron Christensen*

*Iowa State College

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Partial Possessor

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Abstract

Look into my eyes, my dear. You sit next to me, across the room... so near...
Partial Possessor

Look into my eyes, my dear.
You sit next to me, across the room
... so near.

A lovely dress,
Soft shoes prim fit,
A proper caress
Drug from words self-knit,
They're yours, my love,
but possessions only, not you.

Behind your sheer veil lies warmth fresh as frozen dew
... look not above.

Offer more than your hand.
For arms and fingers run like sand
Satisfying like a dust-ridden puff
... tomorrow.

You're neither a pair of hands nor a pair of lips,
For these I've touched and I've not touched you.
It's the you I seek and pray to find,
The you behind each sparkling tear.
There's a wrinkle on your brow.
You're below.

There's a smile on your cheeks.
You're above.

Please,
Look into my eyes, my dear.
It's you I love.

—Ronald Christensen, E. Engr., Jr.