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Touch Me Not

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TOUCH ME NOT

Samantha Schaefer

Can I kiss you?

11

The puffy lipped question strikes syncopated triplets on my rib bones—
I take a swig of ripe whiskey out of my pirate mug
tasting the sharp fierce
tang of tiger fur—

anger reveals the musical instrument of my throat.
A poppy field talented
tulip flavored telepathy snags—

like nylons; in the stain-glass-windowed light beneath an alter
of birch trees; the lily, the rose,
the rose I lay

hagalaz, dagaz and Hecate
light my mind with mischief—

my goodness, goodnight moon with your pale truth, your palette of smooth
ungainly grey, of such a brilliance to be mistakenly called white, snowflake white,
like Queen Anne's lacy bust, but I see you in your nightgown of grey, lit within,
like me and him together, like the first song of dagaz, refrain so enchanting and
dolce, a poco motto un petite peu, mon chere luna my darling moon, madre,
ma mere, maria, marie, my middle, nurture me with your grey robes of hushed
ostrich feathers—the breath of your teeth comes close to the listening hairs of
my ears, full of the ripe smell of plums and cinnamon

is so much better than this—

better even than a sandwich late at night with tomatoes and turkey and sprouts—
sprouts which grow in my stomach after I eat them
into trees of thought

but not in my mind in my stomach, the roots weave the lining of my intestines.
I think with my stomach very often.
How do you expect me to kiss you?

You don't know me right

12

Don't know about the tree in my stomach or the moon behind
my eyes or the fast tapping of my
toes in my red tap shoes or the texture of my eyebrows or the length
of my collarbones or the
smell of my sweat when I run

You don't even know what my scream sounds like.