

## Touching My Face

Pandemic and fear close us in  
as we're instructed not to touch our faces.

When she passed a mirror, she turned not recognizing  
the woman she saw reflecting 72 years when she  
believed she was 32, bringing hands to her cheeks.

When child rubs his nose, tenderly touches chin  
with his little fingers, all there, he decides  
as he picks himself up after fall down the hill.

Even before a kiss, at love's first blush,  
he gently brushes back her hair from forehead,  
blankets her face with his large hands.

Even before she writes first word of a poem,  
her hands hug her chin in contemplation  
as reflection moves toward ideation.

After wars and absences, returning home  
is always met with hands on faces,  
rediscovering, reacquainting.

The impossibility of no longer touching,  
experiencing identity denied.

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~ \*♦\*❁\*♦\* ~

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