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## Sonnet by Touch

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## Sonnet by Touch

I do a blind contour of your face,  
the curves, the mole, the sharp enameled  
edges of teeth. I run my hand along eyebrows,  
ears and pause on the bow of your lips.

The gold of the ring has dulled with wear.  
The stone has spun around and caresses  
the underside of my palm. I leave  
it there, comforted by its presence.

You drum your fingers on the counter  
top. The length of the day has bled  
my work-number into gibberish on the top  
of your hand. The scar on your knuckle  
stands white against your summer bronze,  
The capacity for human pain is amazing.

—*Trish Klei*