

It Was Just a Hand

It was just a hand
with an organ player's fingers
gripping mine, the way I'd squeezed yours,
at the edge of the passenger seat where I squirmed
behind traitorous transparent windows
willing to allow scowls at stoplights
from drivers who deemed it immoral or sinful
or ridiculous or dirty or sick.
It was just a hand that'd doled out three dollars for
my double-chocolate-chip shake as chilly as my
coursing corpuscles while I coveted the invisibility of the
Cheshire Cat and sat sipping opposite
cappuccino-coloured calf eyes guarded by a walnut-shaped nose and
plump, spittle-splattered lips that
grinned under dim lights at Medici just as I'd smiled at
you quaffing your diet cola at Denny's when I
wanted the world to witness me with a girl like you.
It was just a hand that guided me where my parents
dreaded I'd be led, though they would've been
fine if they'd found out that you'd let me fondle you
under a gibbous moon.
They wouldn't need to know I was
daydreaming of someone else.



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