

The Strangest Touch is Skin on Skin

by Con Chapman

Whitman touched his share of skin
and didn't think of it as sin,
and yet could bring himself to say
"What is more or less than a touch?"
The laying on of more than hands,
he found, as much as he could stand.



The familiar has been felt before
and yet we falter when once more
we lie in bed at end of day.
Think--we've had much
of this; a quarter of a century--
this is our carnal anniversary.



We reach, the gap is closed again.
this night, like others, is akin
to schoolchildren's play.
The feel in that clutch
is ever new, as we begin;
the strangest touch is skin on skin.

