

skin, I thought I knew you

like the back of my
hand top of my foot

what are you
shedding ~

the photographer
examines her skin
bark of oak
caresses a wild apple

*~ can I love my ageing
body as much as I love
my ageing trees ~*

baby silk skin-to-skin

truth of a child's skin
Wood Duck beneath
those bright feathers ~

in a fire I would rescue the photos
leave the journals to flare
~ keep my young self

Mother's ghost skin :
lunar surface scars
breeze over pitted marks
dark crevices

:: pores expanding
leaves veins
magnified

slide my cold hands & feet
into the warmest bath

::

moon beckoning ~