It’s funny how much we avoid touching each other

There is no space for casual intimacy, not even platonic touch

It’s all careful and planned, business and pleasure

A cautious line between worlds

If I linger too long, my breath will catch and the moment will turn sour

as you notice my hesitation

But every chance for connection is a sacred memory

The gentle brush of your fingers as you pass me a lighter

The soft touch of mine as I tuck your hair behind your ear

My hand grazes your cheek as I pull away

But I don’t want to pull away

I want you hold you

I want to cup your face

I want to press our foreheads together and just breathe

and know that we are in the same space with nothing between us

I want to kiss your nose, your lips, and look into your eyes without fear

that you’ll look away

I want to feel you in a way that is soft and kind and true

Without obligation or permission

Just intimacy that needs no reason

