

That Far

We live by touch.

-Julie Suk

Recorded, their disembodied voices
sound like music sworn
to silence, but what we hear
are people we loved.

We want
to feel their hands in ours,
to draw them near, to hold
them close enough to kiss.

But loving without touch makes love
the victim of its own desires.

It leaves us seeking difficult
but possible diversions like trying
to quote a sonnet by Shakespeare
in reverse or tying a shoelace
with one hand or threading
needles in the dark.

Ridiculous?

Of course.

No matter what
we do, the dead stay always
out of touch while we keep
trying and tying and threading.