

## Reading Skin

*The geometry is primal.*

*Nestled in the curving angle of an elbow,  
body relaxed along a parallel of forearm.*

*Your mother's torso and arm: two sides of a triangle.*

*The third side is tangible but invisible,  
a line of mutual gazing,*

*a line of eye-to-eye connection*

*as you begin to read each other into existence.*

**Your first reading,  
your first scripture,  
all texture.**

**You read  
with rapt attention,  
this mobile script  
of muscle, skin & smiling bone.**

**Lines you must learn  
by heart deep gazing,  
text of life & death,  
interface of skin & love.**

**You learn the lines  
of your mother's face,  
reading avid  
all that is written in the skin,  
early eyes deciphering  
every minuscule, telling shift.**

**At two in the morning  
there's no editing  
this deep-scored text.**

**You scan the lines  
radiating from her eyes,  
the tell tale  
tautening of skin  
beside her sliding mouth.**

**Poetry of dancing muscle,  
play of bones & rippling emotion,  
novel of delicate skin-moves.**

**Your first reading,  
your first scripture,  
all texture.**