



---

Volume 25  
Issue 1 *The Velvet Night*

Article 43

---

4-20-2017

## Touch Me

Jalyn Gilmore  
*Concordia University - Portland*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Gilmore, Jalyn (2017) "Touch Me," *The Promethean*: Vol. 25 : Iss. 1 , Article 43.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol25/iss1/43>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons:  
Concordia University's Digital Repository. It has been accepted for  
inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU  
Commons: Concordia University's Digital Repository. For more  
information, please contact [libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu](mailto:libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu).



# Touch Me

*Jalyn Gilmore*

I want you to touch me  
if only for a moment

I want you to reach through my skull and  
caress my lukewarm flesh  
Feel every bump, scar and the chiseled bones beneath—I want you  
to peel back each layer  
and dig your thumbnail into my collarbone  
and carve out a greeting

Take your hand and clench my chattering teeth  
reach into my mouth and pull out my tongue and see the truths, lies  
and actual falsehoods tattooed there

Wade your fingers into my sockets  
feel the sticky residue of my corneas  
slip your fingers in deeper until your nails find my optic nerve  
then you see through my eyes (your hands)  
that I have been searching for you

Wrap your hands around my neck  
find my nape (there is a little silver zipper there)  
pull it down to my tailbone then,  
my magician, with a flick of the wrist  
yank me  
inside out

See how my blood crawls in my veins back to my heart  
how it slinks in my capillaries  
down to my feet

Can you find my liver?

it's festering, peeling and gushing bile  
the liver filters  
it has to find the good in everything that we choose to swallow  
that we don't remember swallowing,  
that we shouldn't have swallowed  
everything else that is crammed down our throats  
It has to find the good. It doesn't have a choice

It is sagging

Once firm tissue stretched and worn  
like a woman who spent so many days roasting herself under scorching  
sun  
in hope of honey caramel skin akin to beaten leather  
It can't hold any more because this girl doesn't have any more

For every drop of evil I swallow my liver becomes  
saturated  
and most of it passes into my blood  
through my beating heart  
comes to a halting standstill  
(I can't remember its rhythm)

Press your finger into the weary tissue  
watch the depression it leaves  
now press deeper until you tear it open

and let the sludge drain pool around my ankles

Now flick the wrist and turn me  
outside in

Fold my hands in yours  
I'm sorry they might come undone  
they are made of Copper and Aluminum  
Glass and Plastic  
but they are mine and I will go as they do

Now without second glance,  
take me where I'm meant to go...