

Who touched me

'Who touched me?'

I looked up, from the low place
I stooped in daily with my head
hung down, into eyes that saw
beyond my veil of shame.

He cupped my face in one of his
hands, rubbed the rough pad
of his thumb across my chin,
like a Father wiping a dirty mark
from the face of his child.

He looked at me and said I love you.
I didn't think he'd notice the weight
of a few grains of sand falling
from the weft of cloth.

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