

## **Touching**

by Amethyst Freibott

Sticky thighs, greedy hands -  
The summer sun slicked our bodies with sweat.  
You asked me if I was nervous,  
I said no.

I could hear your heart,  
you could feel mine.  
I wanted to cry  
you wanted to touch.  
You pressed against me,  
each breath drew you in.

You reached deeper -  
my thin skin alive with your touch.  
You asked me if I was nervous,  
I said no.

You looked me in the eyes once,  
as your hand slid further up my leg.  
Each second spent in a timid embrace,  
my heart ached.  
You licked your lips  
but never kissed mine.

You ventured further -  
dragging your fingers across my skin.  
It was too much, I was too faint  
You asked if I was nervous,  
I said no.