para tus manos

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reaching high and outward
fingers open
lines with their honey curves
indicating unity inside
and then there is your voice
the sounds swim together
and flush into my ears and
i am full of joy

stillness
you have known
history and experience
i recognize in you,
and you within me
my wish is always the same
to be held inside
to touch
what is... what used to be
i look at you sitting across from me
i behold
unfolding and enveloping
the building up and breaking down
greet my eyes
and harmonize and flourish through me
your pink hand wrapped around the clear
the leaning and looking

intricate designs emerge
dark pine eyes
onto parted velvet lips
fingers pink extended
gracing my green
and in their curl
your sweet dawn.

-Sarah Ruch

"Untitled"
-Elizabeth Tovar