

Purple is a Feel

Long touches are her ways of learning
fearful things. Purple is a feel
of coarse cloth, fumbled, sat upon
and rediscovered on a knee journey
across the room. It has a taste, tarter
than orange, though not so nubby
and is softer on gums. No! No! No!

It won't be long before purple
is just a color – and later, a wavelength,
so many angstroms; but now she giggles
at a spool of thread and shreds
toilet paper with wonder. A warm
bath becomes her first
knowledge of orgasm;
kicks, arm splashes, a blast
of blatant pleasure not yet
suppressed by guilt.

She has exposed nerve endings
raw and sharp all over
that soft, blotchy bone cover
reaches out, contours to every object
new – and even old. She will
hide that sense, those long touches,
but even so will not forget altogether.

Some day she will taste a male
nipple with her tongue tip
and remember that purple is a feel
of coarse cloth.