

# Touch My Heart

Child

Touch my nose, my lips, my eyes  
with your small hands  
Then touch my arms and chest.

Feel their shape  
how real they are.

Now, touch my love  
No, not my chest or arms or lips  
You are puzzled  
How is one to touch love  
and where is its place.

Love is not here or there  
But who would deny its reality.

Where does love reside  
if it cannot be pointed to as with other limbs.

Is it less real than my chin?  
If anything, love is sharper, harder, softer  
warmer than things, objects I can touch  
Love is not like things touched.

There are important matters not subject to the senses  
taste, sound, smell, sight, touch  
Matters elusive to definition  
yet known without doubt.

Known to make us cry and laugh  
to move us to unimagined heights  
to courage and self-sacrifice.

Experiences--like love or God  
Cannot be fingered, placed or poked  
And of such things  
it is wiser to ask  
not where but when.

Not where is love  
or where is God  
But when is love  
and when is God.

When refers to events  
between me and an other  
Between me who cannot be completely grasped  
and the other who cannot be completely known  
Neither I nor the other can be measured  
Betweenness cannot be located or touched.

That which is untouchable, touches us deeply  
That which cannot be pointed to  
points to the core of our being.

