

## Touch

*By Connie Heather*

Painted hands bridge the gap between roof tiles on the ceiling.  
Close enough to feel the other's heat. But never touching.

Splayed backwards and  
Upside down, we create art  
The eyes of the future will devour  
When our images distort the magnifying glass  
The eyes of giants press themselves against  
To penetrate the passage  
Of time. Whites of their eyes snowstorms.  
And bloodshot veins coursing with power.  
Pupils round with knowledge -  
Black suns radiating smokey tendrils of  
sunlight, consuming the lens in midnight gas.  
Dark light scathes us all. Our shadowy forms  
Contorting and flailing like burning ants.

The distance between the fingers is infinitesimal but  
They are universes apart.  
Reaching for five hundred years but never touching.  
Suspended in the Sistine Chapel as fine art  
That was once admired aloud, but now there is only  
Silence.

A painted sky of history.  
With no one there to see,  
the paintwork cracks will grow wider  
And become chasms that will deepen and swallow  
Strangers whole while we are none the wiser.

When poking and prodding eyes focus on us like laser beams  
May they fight the temptation of scrutiny.  
Glean knowledge from our sculpture of isolated limbs,  
Dismembered and lonely in decline.  
Study this as you would an elaborate fresco  
Painted when the plaster was still wet and bleeding.  
Understand the stories ingrained in our walls and ceilings.  
See our hands never touching.

See them reaching out nonetheless.