

# Poetry & Prose

“If I feel physically as if the top  
of my head were taken off, I  
know that is poetry.

- Emily Dickinson

## Everything Blue I Have Touched

*Mariah Lynne Dear*

I touched my own lips  
with her small red fingers  
the blue unraveled like a ribbon  
silver on the sweaty index print

a strong blue vein  
tacks across my chest  
arms groping for the puncture points

the cold ghost is white warm  
rolls like an otter in the porcelain  
and the stainless steel  
begs the children to twitch her whiskers freezing

the first blue thing I touched was a pillow,  
an infant palm wiping slow the corduroy

the last soft thing I touched was blue  
the quiet ink in my arm  
from when I rerouted all my circuitry

