

Walking on Walls

Kids touch themselves.
Sorry to burst the cellophane bubble
you were pumping full of oxygen,
and bought to contain your five year old terror.
Kids touch themselves.
In the dark, warm confines of their bed-
Where monsters still only live in closets,
And a hand can trace love around their skin,
More precisely than words can give it meaning.

Kids touch themselves.
Which is better than the alternative:
Kids touching other kids,
Or
Adults touching kids.
Say Uncle Rick from Dads poker club,
who isn't even biologically related.

Honestly,
kids do touch themselves
in private,
When no one's around.

They don't know any better- or really they don't know
The strangling constraints of today's squeamish social restrictions,
Or they were never told why, or they were simply told
No.
It just feels good.
So by all means, duct tape kitchen mitts to their hands
wash their mouths out with soap,
read them the tale of Sodom and Gomorrah
(perhaps in its original Aramaic?)