

## Sixty Stories

### "It's So Touching"

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Moments gather, intimate: familiar pavement, baby  
shit.

Hearts re-break along old lines. Like spreading urine  
stains.

Like fat fingers flailing in vain attempts to grasp a toy.  
Like my seven year old walkman, it's immutable  
trademark:

Hiss so loud that music is rendered distant, still.

It is so grotesque. It's so touching.

It's so like and unlike things before.

These cow-eyed babies drool.

I touch their hands and faces tenderly and hold them  
close.

They unwittingly comply with sleep.

I steal back spurious love.

They stain my black shirt a darker black.

Execute these endless feedings, diapers, laundry,  
baths.

Dad, they pay me now for all the things that you held  
back

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