

Please Touch Me!

By Phyllis K. Davis

If I am a baby, please touch me. I need your touch in ways
you may never know. Don't just wash and change and feed me,
But rock me close, kiss my face and stroke my body.
Your soothing, gentle touch says security and love.

If I am your child, please touch me though I may resist,
Even push you away. Persist; find ways to meet my needs.
Your good night hug helps sweeten my dreams.
Your daytime touching tells me how you really feel.

If I am your teenager, please touch me.
Don't think because I'm almost grown,
I don't need to know that you still care.
I need your loving arms, I need a tender voice.
When the road gets rocky, then the child in me still needs.

If I am your friend, please touch me.
Nothing lets me know you care like a warm embrace.
A healing touch when I'm depressed assures me I am loved
And reassures me that I am not alone.
Yours may be the only comforting touch I get.

If I am your sexual partner, please touch me.
You may think that your passion is enough,
but your arms hold back my fears.
I need your tender reassuring touch to remind me I am loved just
Because I am me.

If I am your grown-up child, please touch me.
Though I may have a family of my own to hold,
I still need Mummy's and Daddy's arms when I hurt.
As a parent the view is different, I appreciate you more.

If I am your ageing parent, please touch me the way I was touched
when I was very young. Hold my hands, sit close to me,
give me strength, and warm my tired body with your nearness.
Although my skin is worn wrinkled, it loves to be stroked.