

tangerine soap
citrus scent
smothers every thought i've had
lathering until bubbles replace my skin

you bought it for me
i remember it clearly
dearly
'I thought you might like it'

i do
i do
of course i do

in your head forever
i want to know i want to
see
how you

see me:

my eyes
my smile
my skin as it prunes as i blow bubbles into your face

tenderly

keep touching me

please