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# Touch

John Ditsky

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# Touch

JOHN DITSKY

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Towards the end, when they made us feel  
The way the sutured leg was warm again  
With life, he hardly moved his hand. His hand  
Had held a hundred tools but, gnarled now,

Could not lift fork or pen. Except that he tore  
The tubes from his nose and throat, exasperated  
By the tools that kept life going: pushed  
It past bearing. They put them back: restored

The plastic that he couldn't talk around. The night  
Before, he'd waved his hand around as if  
To say he wished to say, to speak. Next day,  
They called us there within the hour of his death,

But the face was waxen, cold, and yellowed  
With the fact. I didn't check the leg, but touched  
Instead the hand. (It once had beaten me.)  
It held his heat entire. I thought it pulsed.