

*Love Revolution*

I have often wondered what would happen  
if “patient” became simply “human.”  
What radical changes would unfold  
if every touch remembered the life beneath it.  
If, for example, my fingers resting on your wrist,  
understood that once  
this pulse quickened at the sight of a lover.  
Your hands- once lovely, were cared for, tended to.  
Your fingers were beautiful and decorated with gold.  
And even before that,  
before there were rings and lovers,  
your hands were examined by a mother.  
Every exquisite detail, *memorized*.  
They even grasped your mother’s own finger,  
a reflex rooted in survival,  
but also in love.  
And before that-  
your body, under unbearable pressure,  
emerged to live this very life.  
This life now under the tips of my fingers,  
under my care.  
If every touch understood the gravity of this life,  
coursing through your veins, beating against my fingers,  
then what?  
The truth is, I don’t wonder.  
I know.  
It would be nothing short of revolutionary.

