

SKIN

by

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Around eyes and mouth,
blotches of skin
without pigmentation
mask his face. He washes
my car at the detail shop
and when his hands emerge
they leave their color
in the bottom of the pail.
I weigh thoughts
of Old Testament maladies,
legends of one-gloved icons
against clinical definitions
of Vitiligo, as I tip him
for the service, press money
into his hand, our flesh
the basic knowledge of touch.