

## *If I Could Touch You*

*Dialog between a man and a woman*

**Man.** If I could touch you, first it would be with my eyes; eyes that are the window into my soul when I look at you. Find my heart to know it is true. For love; I offer this view, as I have been touched by you.

**Woman.** How complicated a view you bring so new, only to be known through a dance of two. Might this be the love I hope to find true?

**Man.** Yes! May I be heard as never before, my ideas of one comprised by two. A love so pure I can always be sure. In this way, I say; nothing is more true than time spent with you.

**Woman.** Such intent expressed, how can a woman not be impressed?

**Man.** It is exactly that intent expressed that is meant to impress, through action, more than just words. My words are only reasons and as such, have no value. See my actions with reasons to know me, to know worth. Words are always there, here, everywhere. Where is *new*? In every action, it's true.

**Woman.** I see action in your response to me, suggesting I go further with thee. To know that I am free to see what I see. For surely I know from blow to blow, love expressed is nothing new, it is only *in new* we find what is true. It is true, *in new*, I find I have been touched by you.

**Man.** If I could touch you as you have touched me, I would use my hands to bring my body to bear. My body represents the heart of my past, with every experience worn to last. It is only in time my body becomes mine, always of a mind to be behind. A recorder of experience it holds me true. I come to you complete in my feelings of new, so that I might know nothing of you. No place to go only to be.

**Woman.** Yes I see, the choice to me, as it should be.