Expressions and Phrases

I’d like to trace
The lines of your face
Feel your furrowed brow
Like brail.

I’d read the joys
And the sorrows
That painted those
Grey half-moons
Under your eyes.

Then I’d make my way
To your flush cheeks
And red earlobes
Mapping your history
With my hands.

I would comb
Your curly hair
Searching for evidence of
Pleasures past and
Potential achieved.

I’d connect your
Scarce freckles
Like constellations,
Draw a star chart and
Pull the downturned
Corners of your mouth
Skyward.

I’d like to know
Who you loved,
Who you love,
And who made your
Kind shoulders
Slump.