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## Peeling

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## Peeling

*Connor Renfroe*

Thought I might be peeling  
Back the layers of your shell  
To caress your gelatinous core,  
But merely sticking my hand  
Up your shirt to stroke your tummy.

And when I meant to  
Grasp your heart, perhaps  
I was just groping your breast.

Pillows that I scoured,  
Scavenged for your scent—  
That was just me trying  
To insist to myself  
You were real.

Fingering the waistline,  
Dancing the delicate line  
To unveil your sensitivity:  
Probably just a ploy  
To uncover your choicest bits.