

## **Tokens of her**

She left several hours ago  
But her presence lingers.  
Everywhere silent tokens  
Speak to me of her.

The polar-fleece robe  
That wrapped her body  
Hangs mutely in the closet.  
The still-damp towel  
That dried her skin  
Lies speechless on the floor.

A cotton nightshirt  
Shaped to her breasts  
Calls dumbly to my desire.

**Gerald J. Massey**