

Doubter

In a way, I'm much like St. Thomas.

Twice I have denied you:
My eyes,
My ears,
My hands,
My mouth,
And my nose
Have stood steadfast for twenty-three years.

You were here for one.

For one year, those senses
Probed and twisted your anecdotes
Of parties with unfamiliar men.

After one year,
They probe only me.

I'm a collection of organs,
Designed to explain emotions
Like Helen Keller explains water.

So after a year,
When you ask me about my day,
I pitch out an "okay,"
Because I've shut my eyes,
Plugged my ears,
And have nothing left to say.

And much like Thomas,
When you reappear after our break,
I'll examine your scars
And probably doubt again.

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