

Four Inches

By Ro Feitl

You sit too close,
You know
I doubt you know,
Your mind is bigger than Forearms and Feet
But I can feel them seep into my bones
In the plush theater seats
It's casual intimacy
Elbows against Elbows
Knees against Knees
I think that
Makes it worse
So close and
Yet-
The last four inches terrify me the most
Lips to Ears
Fingers to Fingers
Like I could just reach over
Just lean a little further
But I know you
I know that I would just be one more
Palms to Palms
Lips to Lips
Chest to Chest
In a long line of
Legs against Legs
Hips against Hips
Chest against Chest
It's not that the line is long
That's fine, my line is long too
It's that if I cross those inches
I know I've scheduled our death
Your hands on the kitchen timer
And I don't want to burn in this oven
So I keep my four inches
I torture myself with the what ifs
And the if I just
And I slide my hand back down my leg.

It's fine really.
I'd rather your mind than your heart.