

I'm in the bathroom.

All nine years of me held inside a yellow bath towel.

He sits on the bathtub's lip.

His hip juts out.

He's rolled up his sleeves and I see his wrists where
silver hair sprouts like a spray of flowers.

His elbows are clean and candyfloss pink.

Lunging forward he unwraps me like a gift.

One hand cups my buttock, the other circles my belly button.

His fingers are Mr Hyde

They pinch. They tweak. They wander.