

Embodiment

by [Diane G. Scholl](#) in the [July 2024](#) issue

The slight *give* under pressure
when we touch soft flesh of those we love:

heel of the hand; the tender pads
on fingertips; the mounds and folds
we warm against and settle into;
breast and neck crease, hips,
curve of the cheek, of lips.

There might be more, but now
there's this: the taking in our arms
again a living world.

When we are ash and air,
and light as down,
that's what we'll miss.