

Skin Hunger

by Bill Glose

In World War II, orphan babies
slipped quietly into night,
“Failure to Thrive” written on
their charts. A gentle touch
was all it took to wrest them
from death’s clutch. Nurses
soon learned, cradled
infants in warm arms,
cuddled, gave them
reason to live.

Now our world is united by
digital superhighways,
where four-way chats
between L. A., New York,
London, and Beijing
occur in real time,
yet still we fail to thrive,
melancholy creeping over us
one keystroke at a time
as we retreat from neighbors
to live in virtual reality
so nearly complete,

all that’s missing
is the human touch.