TRACES

I wanted to touch you,
a feather tickling your cheek
as you sleep,
barely entering your unaware state,
so that when you awake,
you sense somehow
someone loves you,
someone leaving a gentle trace,
a tickling on your cheek.

I am an old Indian scout,
knowing his territory,
leaving a subtle trace through the forest,
smoke rising in the distance,
drums beating from the hills,
that you will know I was there,
and when you are restless,
following that tickling
that gnawing inside,
you finally know,
someone out there
loves you.