

Last Touch

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I tap my brother's shoulder;
"Last touch," I shout,
slam the door
race outside; we weave through Gorman's
apple trees laughing.
He catches me,
"Last touch."
I chase him
to the house
to the bathroom
where he locks the door.

After lunch, George
and Mother head downtown
in the car;
I reach through the open
window, "Last touch."
George's face
is a thundercloud.

After supper, I'm deep
in my book;
a man is on a liferaft
lost in the Pacific,
I feel no tap but hear a voice,
"Last touch, hah, hah."
George disappears on his bike.

Before bed, we brush
our teeth; I calculate
last touch for the day
and tap him with a laugh
as he heads
off with Mother
for a story;
he breaks from her grasp
and pounds me with his fist;
Mother yells, "Stop it you two, this minute.
I declare the game over and that's it."