Tara McGinn | Brennagh Meehan

Squeeze me tighter, balloon-like and pressurised in the bind of your clutch

push, prod, poke and press; each limb, a different compression to squish and squash the bodily response to the instinct of grip, grab, grope and grasp; the nervous chain connecting fingertips to knuckles to callouses to palms to the heels that smooth, smear and spread apart the digits between webs and the skin over flesh and the bone beneath muscle; an epidermic map, printed with each touch, texture, tissue and tenderness; sighing with every-

let me go, softening and melting into place.