

Finger Massage

By Wendy Jensen

Little fingers curled up tight,
Warm and snug just out of sight,
Will you open them right up for me to see?
Drawing circles round and round,
On your palm without a sound,
Will you open them right up for me to see?

Little fingers if I massage you,
As gentle as can be,
Stretch you out in to the world,
Now you are free.
Massage up and down each one of you,
A sensory delight,
A kiss upon your palm,
Then you curl up out of sight.

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