

You Are A Body

There is a reason why they call the ocean a body and the dock a birth. When you swim you touch something that touches you back. It is a hand drawing its fingers down your chest. It can take the breath out of your lungs when you dive into it and the thoughts out of your head, filling it with a strange silence.

You beat against the intolerably cold water toward an inner warmth where the mind has no purpose but to forget itself, and become an instrument of another stroke. Against each stroke another wave.

Stroke.

Wave.

Grabbing hold of another handful of nothing,
you give more willingly into depth.

They say the world was made when God separated it into bodies. And to become a Christian they bury you in the river and lift you out reborn. Rather than float, you drown through life.

The ocean steps forward and speaks a language to a part of me that speaks back, only I cannot write it down. Look above. See that blue above? You are not a linguistic construct. You are a body.

Against each stroke another wave.

Grab hold of another handful of nothing.

Give more willingly into depth.

Rather than float, you drown through life.

Look above. See the blue above?

They say

the world was made

when God separated it into bodies.

The mind has no purpose

but to forget itself.

They say

language corrupts truth

here words dissolve

before they have a chance to corrupt anything.

Don't trust that which stands still before time.

After swimming,

I shudder in new flesh and run

on discovered legs.