

PULSE

6/12/16

Our bodies not for nothing
bodies—the seraphthrob
of that self on us opening
into the room, like music,
opening into the world—

each to each we asked
delighted with without word
regarding no answers,
Which body which music which self—

said each to each by *being*
more than word, Come,
bring your body—
lovely fern O dwelling-to
most most when sung to—
because persisting isn't enough—

But music enough to hold us—
all enough to unfold in
and not for nothing not
for nothing our bodies—
come, step in—