

To My Body

Dear dundering
obedient blob that
I have lived through
these 45 years,
have I ridden
in you
or have you ridden
on me?

No Solomon could
ever distinguish us--
your actions me,
your pains me,
and you me--
but I somehow not you.

There will be
a sacred day
when you fold
your way into
the earth
as I slip freely
into the air
as much alive
as you dead.

I thank you deeply
from inside
for long service
as my antenna
into a tragic
comedy program
I almost dare
enjoy.