

***this is my body***  
***(for brian and the wounded saguaros)***

they say my body remembers everything we ever experienced imagined

my body has held me together since those first two cells united  
without my consent intention certainly without my awareness

every movement event interaction study encounter fantasy  
was marked measured stored most of it (they say more than 99%) beyond  
consciousness remembering of any kind outside atomic particles fired-up

my body's brain is especially adept at adapting to and integrating  
the infinitely complex dynamics of each moment its neuro-chemical stew  
weightless invisible churning grumbling rumbling deep shockwaves shakedown  
undetected misread misdiagnosed misapprehended missed mysterious

except to my body my body's own intercellular subatomic multiphasic awarenesses  
cascading conversations eroding constellations—

stop! stop! i don't know any of this metaphoric jumble-mix  
my mind always chases itself into metaphysical freeway traffic

it's a body this body my body

this my body knows itself well  
every aspect of every existential split- splayed- micro-sliced moment

my body sends messages directly to me  
brief summaries from near-infinite data substrata processed reviewed evaluated:

“that hurts”

“that feels good”

“that is too much it must stop”

“keep working on that it's promising”

“trust me that's true”

“that works do it again”

unexplained certainties from my body's massive evolutionary library

my body hurts most of the time  
what is my body remembering that i can't recall  
what news is my body reporting from its immense research deep undercover

my neurologist offers her “diagnosis”

my psychologist pushes me harder to reveal secret traumas embedded in my tissues perhaps at  
a cellular level

my acupuncturist works to unblock my chi which could lead to immortality if i'm not careful

my meditation instructor teaches me to recognize acknowledge my body's pain watch it pass  
flotsam on a wide river

my poetry books jazz recordings invite me to feel my body's pain express it freely for as long as  
it lasts

my spiritual advisor says "it's just a body forget about it"

physicists tell me the universe is vast beyond our calculation

i no longer listen to preachers although my body is full of them

the whole shebang is such a huge mess!

especially my body which will never stop offering itself up an organic degeneration inevitably  
progressing "hello hello i know you can hear me" my body says without me having to  
say "yes" but saying it anyway my body crosses its arms squeezes me tightly embrace  
our suffering another "yes" in the wound like medicine for now