

Turn Again in the Wrap

There is a way the body learns
when it moves through this place,
where it flows down below conception –
seeps beneath pretenses –
and wanders unfettered and without fear
among the deepest of the deep.

This body stuff
traverses souls
profound with the will of roots
spreads out in all directions
even the ancient lives,
hurried and painful as they were,
rush up to greet us, as old friends.

Always, it's a bit sad, yet so magical
that death brings us together in some further way.

The racket of the everyday
cocoon our deeper connections – so completely
Now, briefly torn free from that inertia,
to acknowledge:

Turn again in the wrap

Listen –

deep ripples

murmur mummy needs

Ask – is it really you,

who now unfolds this precious garment

like a child, a lover

the self?