

**Body Talk**

(Dedicated to Thomas Steinbeck)

Your body shouts  
secrets to universes never seen,

little messages murmured  
to cryptic cancerous cells

beside inside your Buddhist temple  
and whimpers from diseased organs  
which gasp for stale air

during your yard sale where you sat to die—  
all reminders of years  
behind unfiltered cigarette sticks,

underneath agent orange messages  
rippled from unnecessary wars

which took too long to end,  
and parents who slipped away

before the proclamation  
of their time transcended

beside messages from deprived brain cells  
pulling oxygen particles from back seat tanks

inside collapsible mini vans  
as the stars hang in despair

and my visitation to watch your inevitable passing  
not because we wanted you to leave us

but because you did not believe  
how loved you were when you were here.