

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.

I will never forget you.