

Flesh

Before all else my greetings to all poets, dead or alive.

My dead (standing firmly behind me) perpetually sing my name:

in ortu sanguinis per peregrinationem casus ade elementa surceperunt gaudia in te.

It's the living that can't stop haunting me. They seem deader than the dead. The dead feed me.

Do you think this has grown as some sort of natural psychic mutation of the age?

Perhaps it has something to do with being in the mountains, or the wine of my own voice.

I belong to Shiva.

I looked inside my body for my soul. I only found the blue-throated one.

There was no soul.

A slave of extremes, I'm both dead and alive: I have no need to extract the stone of madness.

One can't be crazy enough. I'm both Eurydice and Orpheus. I'm perpetually giving birth. My body is *schrecklich*. In fact "the" body is *schrecklich*.

All bodies are *schrecklich*.

Thinking about this body something curiously effervescent where good and evil reunite, absorbs me. I'm a microbe dwelling on a microbe orbiting a microbe.

Language is the final frontier.

Yet like birds in need of a branch to land on, words need our flesh