

Ed Falco
Amazing Machine The Body

Starlit, windswept. The body's antennae: sea salt, ocean spray, a gull scream overhead a pelican dive. The body wants food: salmon clouds on sheets of slate, seafoam, spindrift.

Newly hatched sea turtles scramble for the protection of the ocean where if they survive the night they may live a hundred years.

The body rain-washed sun-soaked. Feed it touch feed it fear feed it need. The body urges and dissuades. Feed it skin feed it lips and tongue, moonlight and starlight, bright sun.

Morning walks through wooded trails, city streets, village roads, along the packed sand at the shore. The body absorbs light.

Feed it battles feed it sorrow and grief. Feed it rage. The body absorbs darkness and shadow.

The white body sliding out from between navy blue sheets.

The black body emerging from an eggshell white comforter.

The body protects in the dark and opens in the light. Feed it knowledge feed it meaning feed it ways to move through the world.

Children scramble in awkward bodies toward touch toward sorrow where if they survive the night they may live a hundred years.

The sky darkening before a storm. The sun emerging. The body swallows, swells, rises and descends, gropes and embraces.

Starlit. Windswept.