

Wet

by lucy Sunday, Apr 29 2018, 12:22am

international / poetry / post

hearts are plucked
by the sweet breeze of love
and move with the wind
to the exquisite

seas rise and fall reaching
for the air of sky
agitated by the frenzy of
the sweet wind roaring
as cyclonic spirals

all fluids respond to each other,
bodies swim internally and externally
whipping high dropping low
in spasms and according to the flow
at any given moment

sweat pours from bodies in excitation
as blood courses fast then easy
at rest

birds catch the fluid wind
without which no birds
or flying insects would have evolved

fish catch the fluid waters
darting/swimming in its invisible blueness
no creature is aware of the medium
that supports it

the fluids of man transport the essence
and basics of life which grow in/with fluids
in the wet bellies of women
tho human bodies also swim in rarefied
fluids of light before they are born
which dim almost to darkness
in parched dry civilisations

