

Reading – The Body Knew

Long before there were words
long before there was patience
the body was twiddling its thumbs.

Long before this haze of lies this
swirl of stupid things
said and done –
the body knew.

Long before the animals ran
from men, before the lands
were named, before the clouds
rose up and flew –
The body knew.

The body knew the tongue
would come up with something to say,
that the ears would listen, that
the words would come like ants,
that soon the brain would be
infested and the head would grow
hard and heavy.
The body knew the body

would be forgotten.
The body knew the body
would be used to take the brain
here and there, to make
money, to make relationships,
to assume the countless postures
of idiocy – to sign the contracts
and treaties, to stock the stores,
the homes, the schools, the offices
the streets, the prisons, the battlefields,
the body-bags. The body knew

it would be lost
under fabrics, that soon the belly would
hang and the back would be stiff –
that the days would pass, the months would
pass, the years would pass –
The body knew

it would be rated “X”,
because the body knew words
would be used to deceive, to
decorate, to pack the space between bodies, until
reaching out meant climbing the mountains
of things said.
The body knew

the brain would be a bully –
that the face would be a canvas forever
painted with words, that love could never be
what they said it was, that a word
was always a mask.

The body knew that someday
it would have to move, to forget to
dance, to forget that it knew,
what it knew
that it knew.

- Tim Seibles