

Body

The body makes love possible.

—Galway Kinnell

This form we take not
by choice, but from necessity

—bird begets lily, ceiling
breaks into stars—

what *is* the thing we make—
dust from dust, then dust again?

Two by two we wake, enter
the Ark to find each other:

contentious hearts bursting
into contentious song.

(The Imperfect Gravity of Pears)