

Celestial Bodies

My skin; but a pervious membrane for my contents.
Inside ebbing and flowing, constant pulsing spiraling motion.
My bones; mere stones in a lake of life.
Water carrying blood, filling muscles and lungs.
Oozing from every porous pore.
Juices streaming in and out from every hole.
Pooling in my belly, joining the oceans in my heart.
H2O forms my destiny and informs my art.
Astrology maps my life of triple water flow.
A life of feeling and constant dreaming.
An empathy bubble envelops my body.
Connecting with other celestial beings.
Touch between us, up and down.
High tide, low tide, constant flux.
Sorrow and joy hand in hand.
Swimming across seas, land to land.
There is not much difference between me and the lake.
She deep and mysterious, me a fake.
Imagination, illusion, a hidden view.
Special lenses needed to see us two.

She in me and I in her.
I drink her pollen, she fills with mine.
Both washed clear with love divine.

Alison Farmer May 2009