

they keep insisting that my body is not where enlightenment occurs.  
tell that to my toes in deep arousal  
    taking refuge in the perfectly everyday warm mud after a lazy rain.  
        what do toes know  
            about haunting questions of birth and death.  
            what do toes know  
                about distinctions between good and evil.  
            well if you really want an answer  
            ask quickly  
                the toes are sinking in deeper...  
                    soon you will only hear happy mumbling.

insisting my body is not.  
wf.h.  
2022