



as adam

by

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AS ADAM  
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*'I see, I feel, hence I notice, I observe, and I think.'* Barthes

***prelude***

masked mystical brutes  
misdiagnose the body  
as heterogenous  
depraved distinctions  
what of beauty?  
what of science?

i refute the score  
that soul is separate  
i refute the chord  
that mind is autonomous  
i refute the chorus  
that the body is independent

croon with me as one  
mind, body, soul  
you, me, sun

***and night was new***

night plays melodies  
of ancient hues  
night nourishes  
us with opaque fruits

i touch your hand  
and our hearts'  
beat in time

i kiss you  
in your immaculate form  
and you accept me  
in my perfect form

accepted me at your breast  
accepted me at your hearth

accepted me as work  
accepted me as mass

***work***

strike the earth in the morning  
chop the tree in the afternoon  
steer the water in the evening

and night you bathe my body  
and night you warm my body

and the son will do the same  
and his son and his and his

frame conducts the day

***the city***

it is the myth  
of society  
that calls existence  
to dwell in  
all these bodies

momentum exalts  
and excites  
our being

nothing moves faster  
than the city  
every sense wretched  
in advertisement eyes

the taste of being  
the sight of being  
the smell of being  
the touch of being  
the sound of being

and all this a million  
miles an hour  
dragging you from the breast  
to the sweetest myth of all



***rest***

to rest with you  
is my only desire

sing me the  
songs of your soil  
share with me the tongue  
of your father  
share with me the bread  
of your mother

stretch every mile  
of your country  
before me

every mountain  
every hill  
every lake  
every brook  
every body

reflect every shade  
of sky  
and every hue  
of every animal pelt  
for my eyes  
only

**woman**

the wind stirs the hair  
that rests on her  
tanned shoulders

that warmth  
that scent  
every freckle  
every crease

i map my flight  
in every line  
to wish the body  
into being

in the spring  
in the summer  
in the fall  
in the winter

for rest that grips every night  
for strength that stirs every dawn

***man***

it is the beard  
the visible distinction  
that strikes the man  
from woman and child

to come of age  
like harvest bloom  
to pass in time  
from blonde to grey

a story old  
and yet ever new

## ***conclusion***

with lips  
chet made trumpet sing  
with eyes  
the natural world is revealed  
with hands  
michelangelo made stone sing  
with breast  
the world is nourished  
and with the mind  
body and soul are one