April 2016

Contained

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tracing figure-eights

in a mother’s arm,

a child

asked

“what is

the sun”

to which

mother

answered

“it’s the

heart of

our galaxy”

and sweet

child

asked “what is

our galaxy”

mother replied “it is our body of somethings”

and child thought and said “don’t

you mean ‘everything’, not somethingss? and what do you

mean our body, I have my body and

you have your body – we don’t share one”

mother took child’s hands and said

“look at this skin, it is brown and warm, just like mine

and your hair is coarse and short,

just like mine, and your eyes are

dark and your knees are dry and

your toes are long and your elbows rough

and you once lived in my body when you were smaller

and all these parts are parts of one kind of body,

as a body can take different forms”

“we share this galaxy and

when I say it is our body, I want you to understand

that it is the space we occupy, but do not control

just as we cannot change the shape of our fingers,

we cannot break Saturn away from its rings

nor the Moon away from the Earth

because these things are somethings

that are our constants and our

galaxy holds all the constants we know, but not

every constant known” and child said

“I’m confused”

to which mother replied “I know

but one day, you will see

that you are

not the body – but the

somethings inside the body

and you will realize that

there are things larger

than your skin and

our planet and our galaxy

and you will feel smaller than the smallest you could ever know”