

Greg Williamson

Bodies of Water

Glimmerings are what the soul's composed of.
—Seamus Heaney

Yes, but the body is made of water. That's
A fact. It freezes with fear
And boils with rage because it has its states.
It blows off steam. It swells with pride.
It sweats like a pipe,
But it is water.

Genetic pool, swamp of desires, its heart
Melts at a beautiful face;
Turned to a puddle, it stands in the street and
admires.
The body runs hot and cold and down
In soaked beds,
Seeking its level.

There have been souls who drowned in pity, drowned
In sorrow. Just last week,
There was a glimmer of something out on the surface,
Then it went under. When divers went in
They found gold teeth
And hundreds of miles of water.