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planets apart

swimming inside
of our bodies -

there is nothing
else left.

heartbeats of fresh grass,

flakes of clouds in
our fingers.

the light,
warm shadow

of your legs,
and your hair,
your soft ocean
of breasts.

we are swimming
inside of each other

and there is nothing else left.

our breath,
our skin,

our only roots.

there is nothing
else left.

the sad river bank
disappears

and every river
we ever crossed
is flooded

in each of
us,

a noise on the
crest of a
wave.

the vines in
ourselves
are untangled,
dangled,

and our blood rushes to
the soil,

our fingers,

cups to bathe
the stones.

and there is
nothing else
left but this
body.

a woman
and a man,

we'll
never

know
the sky

or even the sun
and soil.

it is this dream that lives!

interpolation

rectangles,
wires, boxes
buildings, cars

my breasts are
the saliva of the roots of trees

my eyes,
like the apples
that have fallen in the grass.

an ocean of rectangles,
boxes, cubes
wires,
signs,
buildings, cars

my heart is collected there
and my skin is in the earth.

there is an aura in death and in life;
no matter how confused,

there is a communication
with what's left
of ourselves in each other.

I wish I could

My body is not my own

It is a suit
An aura that contains me

My body is not my own

It is a shell
That touches the outside of things for me

It is rain

It is the beginning
of the outside of a dream

It is a chest

I will never reach it

I will never
eat
the flesh of its ribs

My body is not my own

A cold grove
in my heart
its bundled
trees
thick and bare
so far away
from the sky

I wish I could

I wish my blood
would spill over my skin

My body
muscular

My dreams
spread apart

I wish I could touch it
with my hands