

Charles March

Shavasana

On an overcast, interesting
conditioned,
covered Southern
Californian
twenty-four-
hour,
shortly after Mum's,
during the
solstice after Midsummer's Eve,
about a
trimester
before Día de los Muertos,
on a
bluff overlooking the
ocean, a
gorgeous,
blue-eyed,
blonde-haired,

longish-legged
up the
duff mater was
expecting to have a
nadir day, as she wasn't
due
for a
happy event
for at

least a
fortnight. A
whole
nine yards
from a
playground, the
progenitress
began her
yoga class
by having the
grown-ups,
young
and
old, get into
embryo pose.
As they arose, she
suggested
they
bloom into
child's pose, in her
gringo-like, ancient
Vedic
diction. At this
point, the
sun was
starting to
peak
through the
clouds,
and our juices were
beginning to
surf. While
demonstrating
plow pose, her flattish chest
now felt heavy,
and she made a
lachrymose
joke
about her
barefoot

feet not being
able to touch the
pelvic floor of the
park behind her,
by
mumbling,
“Don’t be
like me.”
She then told us to
get
into
happy
baby
pose,
and just as
she did, a
young
mulatto suckling
started pouting
and puckering
his lips
in the
distance, after swallowing a
watermelon seed.
As we let the
benefits of our
practice sink in
by
planting
ourselves in the
ground
for a
blissful
corpse pose, my third
private reflection intuition
couldn’t
help but to be
magnified
by

dysphemic, my
GI
issued
birth
control goggles,
and my
mind
started to wander as I
began to
think
about
how much I
respect
neurotic
adults who
decontaminate their
tainted perineums with
baby wipes.
I
also wondered
how barren fruited, the
tomb
womb
women
of the
class felt
as
they gazed this
upon swollen
goddess.
I
left
somewhat
prematurely,
but not
before putting a
premium
on
laying

conch
shell
cavity of
my
right ear
onto my arm
in
preparation
for fetal
position. While listening
to the
waves
crash against the
cliff's highest
chakra
shelf, I
descried a
stork out of the
corner
of
my
eye eclipsing the
sun,
and the
instructor's
Adam's
Ale simultaneously let
loose.
I'm
sure the
progenetrix's
mind was nautilus
during this
sobering
moment, in
preparation to
see
her

double helix
in
3D. As I
walked
and away
legally
grounded myself
on Mother
Nature's lawn, I
appreciated the
green
nuggets

of
wisdom
I
received the
during
flow,
and
wondered what it

would have
been like to not
walk a
high
mile
in
our

toddler
shoes,
especially
for
Alabama
and Denver
residents.