

Unified Field

I was one with the blankness of a page.
We agreed that neither needs.

Why, then, did words intrude?
Because the body wanted to want.

Because it stood tight and lean on a beach,
the waves whispered, *I have printed you*

with a thin film of salt. And the body breathed
back, *Will you also wash me, or will you leave me*

with your fingerprints?
The waves weren't listening,

distracted by tongue kisses they found rocks for.
The body, disappointed, went out to the kissing rocks

and found the waves warm and willing.
The body asked loudly, *Will you remain if I remain*

within kissing distance? The waves replied
with a calm right of love but left of indifference,

*We were never away. That was us at your toes,
lapping and soothing them.*