

World Language
For Alice Walker

Here is the dream-----
We exchange skin, off our backs
& everywhere else.
Painful grafts, vacuum sealed,
Heal with scars a reminder
Until the new flesh is eggshell smooth...

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But would skin be enough,
That of humans, animals, plants?
Love, we disfigure each other
Surely as land, as air,
& these basic components elemental
To each thing living
Has a language it is essential
To know.

Listening in then, to the bones,
Those concertinas, to the organs,
The blood, that landscape of instruments...
Fifes, washboards & tom toms-----
I want to transfer a telepathy
For that weather & climate.
I want to hold the sores, discover
Blow-holes & mouths, the passages
Understanding envisions
By feeling we really are someone,
Something else, & the next-----

A world then, a world here
Or disorder harmonizing
Infused with insight
& each view meaning the future