

ERIC MILLER

Word in Flesh

for MW

To receive the long consent to embrace a body
 fulfils what no body can do for itself, not merely
 sexually. Hold a body so consensually and you hold
 multitudinous ideas, multitudinous failures
 to come at ideas running with blood beneath
 the skin and multitudinous memories and even more
 oblivious defections, much love and much
 hate that, looped by a simple extension
 of the arms, are safely cinctured and secured
 without spillage and so, with consent,
 held tight is what can be grasped and the unknown
 held tight in all confidence although
 to hold is not to understand, it is felt rather
 than known but felt more surely than any other

such held tight. Hope and fear. Desire and spite.
 What by itself each body never thought
 could be held together is hugged in one
 so that whatever it was it is now blessed
 by physical comprehension and we wear
 each other as equators of absolution, one sort
 of knowledge sufficing for other kinds
 in the strangeness of consent and in confidence
 impossible to betray because everything taken
 is taken on faith, the tactile tacit,
 every doubt, though aphasic, supplying
 its own palpable shapely benefit.