Grass of the Body

Wanting and trying to be physically beautiful has kept and is keeping me from being who I actually am in life:

The quintessential of self;

It makes me think of being there- on that motorcycle

That freedom the bird felt before I locked it away in my heart

that feeling

and sweating

sweat dripping from my forehead

sweat on my collar bone and getting caught in that depression

there are so many places where liquid can pool on the body

places that dip and curve

I’m laying naked on this bed in the heat and my body is a body of water

and the land around it

head hair, leg hair, armpit hair,

hairs that sit erect where woman hair is not to be,

hairs around my nipples, my chin:

the grass of the body

and all these rivers and pools