

How To Be A Body

by Adam Palumbo

There's no place like here, this massive legume. Smell the wingéd cold and the wretched streets and the sun that shines through you like a rosy bloom. Don't feel entitled to anything, because you're not. For God's sake (and yours) don't get caught in the caul.

The fuzzy feeling behind your eyes will sharpen into consciousness, like a tooth. Intellect will seize you—have faith also. Its steep slope gets more treacherous, certainly, but more wondrous for the danger.

Warm yourself by the embers of language. Feed them until they conflagrate and rage, and with them feed the breath of your form. Embrace your whiskey slurs, dammit. They will teach you to see through your blindness.

Release your hope for a painless life. You will fail. You will have conversations with the terror of culpability, but do not fear. Remember what it would impoverish you to forget.

Look at the blue velvet of her eyes. Carry it with you always, even when you dream you're alone in the world.

At least once jump into the sea, that nitrogenous bath at the border of our comprehension. Consider the eddies of existence that have preempted yours, but remember that every problem in this world has flowed from human error.

Become dust. Exist in songs of being.

