

The Voice of My Body

by Michael D. Brown

It's saying, "It feels as if you've given me your old, your tired and your poor. I feel much older than the years you've logged."

It's saying, "You sit around too much, spend too much time at the keyboard and don't get enough exercise."

It's asking, "Whatever happened to sex? Are we not having any of that anymore? Don't I get to feel another body touching me? What's up with that?"

It's feeling the cold and the rain to a greater degree than it used to. It sweats too much in summer in spite of air conditioning. It bloats with water if I don't watch my salt intake and it sheds its hair where socks chafe. And hay fever, let's not even discuss how it wracks the chest when an uncontrollable fit of sneezing sets in.

The voice of my body is saying, "Test me. Let's check my endurance. Walk that extra mile. Try running. You don't know we can't do it until you try, and then drop from exhaustion. Then you'll know. And stop feeding me so much. We can get by a little longer without stuffing the gullet before the stomach has expressed the last load."

It's saying, "Think twice about that nap before settling in that big comfortable chair. Sure, it feels nice, but we could get too used to that feeling and never want to move."

It's saying, "Do we really need to shower and shave every single day, including Saturdays? Give us a chance to replenish the oils, and why do you think we grow that hair on your face? It's for protection. Don't be so quick to remove it."

It grows tired from arguing with my mind and I confuse that state with fatigue, and think it means I'm over-exerting, when in truth, I'm entering third-stage couch potato-hood.

Finally, the voice of my body says, "You're always doing something to work those eyes. How about doing something for the nose? Why don't you buy some flowers to scent the air? Your ears are growing atrophied. You never listen to music anymore. It's a wonder you can

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follow a conversation. Taste, touch and sight are getting most of the good input. Stop and smell those roses. Listen to the wind."

"Listen to the voice of your body. Hey! Hey, buddy, are you listening...?"

