

## Wet

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international / poetry / post

hearts are plucked  
by the sweet breeze of love  
and move with the wind  
to the exquisite

seas rise and fall reaching  
for the air of sky  
agitated by the frenzy of  
the sweet wind roaring  
as cyclonic spirals

all fluids respond to each other,  
bodies swim internally and externally  
whipping high dropping low  
in spasms and according to the flow  
at any given moment

sweat pours from bodies in excitation  
as blood courses fast then easy  
at rest

birds catch the fluid wind  
without which no birds  
or flying insects would have evolved

fish catch the fluid waters  
darting/swimming in its invisible blueness  
no creature is aware of the medium  
that supports it

the fluids of man transport the essence  
and basics of life which grow in/with fluids  
in the wet bellies of women  
tho human bodies also swim in rarefied  
fluids of light before they are born  
which dim almost to darkness  
in parched dry civilisations

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3294.html>

