

BODY GHAZAL

Daniel Echezona

When Christ said, "take, eat, this is my body"
Did he not mean, "take all my love into your body?"

Now, nothing is more ravenous than the fire
determined to consume this precious miracle of a body.

All the scars I have known, I watch them bloom into
tenderness, into signatures to say, it is I who own this body.

Let's walk back to the heart of the matter, the genesis
before the deaths, and all the losses that would maim this body.

Younger, I had a field in my heart, planted love in all its acres
But had they not withered, like the desiccated skin of a beggar's body.

He knew he would die, Christ, but he knew he would resurrect
So, nothing is as certain as my return to fullness, a repossession of this body.

I hope I am a good chronicler of history, able to trace the origin of this hurt
From my first fall at six, scraping my knee. The first dent on my body.

An object at rest awaits force. So does my healing. That liquid grace
Lying and waiting, like Lazarus waiting for the word on his dead body.

These too will pass. All these losses. I will not look too deep in the eye
of my sorrow. Or trace the outline of scars on this mangled body.

I, this arrow at full-draw. Launching into happiness. This little crib of my heart
will expand like a mother's womb to accommodate a child's growing body.

Soon, the world's sweetness will be trapped on my tongue. Never mind
my wrinkled heart. Never mind this slacken cheek. This tired body.

Only I have known the depth of the gully. Only I, the salty pain of my
stigmata. But soon, you'll find me colourful, and exclaim, "what wondrous body!"