

# Lexicon of the Body

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On a cold day, see your breath  
as it escapes in white puffs  
in front of your face:  
the sight of your source  
free to go its' own way  
with no particular  
attachment to you.

Could you stop it  
or would you even try,  
clinging to that air  
at the risk of your life,  
blind to how the outbreath  
is fulfilled in itself yet  
happy to pull you along?

We believe we inhabit  
our bodies so completely  
but they are not really ours,  
speaking a deeply personal  
language that belongs only  
to the spiral of time, the  
borrowed intimacy of flesh.

~DM Wallace