

MY BODY IS DEEPER THAN WORDS.

My body is deeper than words,
It knows how to love,
It knows the rhythms

of child birth,
the deep underwater world
of spirits.

It recognises deceit in its bowel.
It smells disgust.
It responds to the warm

curved hands
of tenderness,
pushed into crevices, finding voluptuousness.

It celebrates itself
and you.
It celebrates otherness.