

## **Body of Aion**

History has been her dream breath  
while she tossed and turned the veils in sleep.  
The goddess of pearls in darkness  
wears a necklace of falling stars.

Planet bound, revolutions spun  
solar dust into lizard cells,  
chopped the gene strand  
into persons who do  
a circus of heartaches and memories:  
the lineage of bone, skin, and hair  
passing from earth to air to flames ...

Forget the old future.

Though the world was made of virgin poems  
who's figures dance now like shadow snakes  
upon the concrete temple of city walls,  
those heart sluts are coiled with original tears  
ready to bless the wounds inside of you.

Your hearts ride to them like stallions  
teeming with a thousand other pregnant horses  
over fragrant crests upon tomorrow:  
the seed relics of an ancient, thunderous stride.

So moves the primal force thought  
wound into the womb bomb of time.  
Wet births splash little pains and bigger joys,  
an ocean of breathing fishes  
swimming thru each other's eyes,  
looking thru something like water:

the liquid we drank ...

We who are thirsty as all gods.

We who pour our volumes of soul  
into the cups of little mouths.

Into the eyes that behold  
the glistening arch of sky.

- Michael Gaio, January 21, 2007



