

That Exquisite Equipoise

What unutterable corporeal brilliance
Invests the nearly infinite, incomprehensible functions
every cell, organ and system
let alone quark, atom and molecule
carry out
every second

I find myself
yet again amazed
how my mouth, alone
separates out the tiniest
indigestible
to present to my awareness
minutes
after swallowing the rest
and thinking
I was done

Nor can I imagine
what happens
with every simple breath
in those miraculous alveoli
and throughout the byways
of my respiratory system

The driving, emotional impulses, of course
are another thing
I could do without some of those
But where would we be
without them?

So why such ambivalence
to the body, to life
to being here
to the miracle of my toes and fingers
my eyes
the flare of my nostrils?

Is the seesaw of wonder and angst
to be never ending?
Must the death wish and rapture continually compete?
Will I so seldom achieve that exquisite equipoise?