You are not this body

You are not this body, Riddled with ants, that traipse insidiously Towards the seat of consciousness You are not this body In which you are trapped, forever set Against a cruel dictator, who takes your control You are not this body A biomedical disease process of ascending paralysis That the doctors cannot fix You are not this body, Who took you to strange lands, Who held the world in its senses You are not this body Written by the past Carved out of memory You are not this body Who cannot bear to look At itself You are not this body Who cannot walk and cannot live And cannot be at peace

You are not this body

Who craves life

Even when it is dying

You are not this body

That you have borrowed on loan

To be returned to the Earth

You are not this body

And you are everything else