

poet of the Body, whose every organ, inch and attribute is holy?—
“The scent of these armpits, aroma finer than prayer.” Mystical he is
too, for he beholds the “wing’d purposes” in all of nature, and to him
“the smallest sprout shows there really is no death”; “I hear and
behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least.”
Nude, the Self in its pristine and primeval innocence strides through a
universe it conceives with the wonder, the love, and the joy of Adam
opening his eyes for the first time to behold the Garden of Eden, his
earthly paradise.



Michael Holstein

A PRIMAL SCENE

Walking along the reedy shore, stirring
Bleached sticks in the water, skipping stones,
Two boys came at last to an old boat.
Its bow slouched in the sand where, sated
With water, it lolled heavily to one side.
Crazed paint flaked off wood gaping
With cracks, while under the waterline,
Swollen boards grew a plush green slime
In which fingers traced their paths.

When a jagged oar pried and pushed, the boat
Gave up its secrets. What a world
Of strangeness beneath. Black feelers everywhere.
Bodies wriggling back to the safe dark.
Small things rippling desperately down into swirling
Sand. Green legs kicking at the light that shone
For a moment on something unforeseen.