

Newton's Bodies

Do you ever think about bodies in motion?
Or bodies that are refused motion?
It's all a labor of physics.
Layers of equations.

How kids x sweaters + the car = grandmamma's house
How ((a couch + blanket)² x a television) + a phone call = "who all over there"

Do you ever think about your body in motion and in stillness
sliding between other bodies
the salt of your body greeting
the salt of your neighbor's body
in the small patch of air
between yoga mats?

Or the forward angles of your body cutting through
empty spaces of doorways,
circumventing columns and
pillars, slicing the atmosphere
of grocery store aisles, pressed
against beverage counters?

And the lift of your empty-handed finger in the air
to say "yes, that's me. You've
called my name," as your
fingers wrap around a warm
drink and with ease you
saunter back to your seat?

Your body that identifies you
by finger and by name.

That is a Monday morning.
Or maybe a Tuesday or a Wednesday,
it doesn't matter. That is your body
connected to a calendar.
Your white flag is
only metaphorical.

Do you ever think about other bodies
being carried by motion?
Do you ever think about the fullness

of Newton's first law?

These are all equations, too.
How a body in a vehicle can be
slammed to a halt by an upright

force, one hand spread out in front,
in the universal sign for stop, the other hand
tight on a weapon.

This is a checkpoint.
A border crossing.
A routine.

Or how a body, impacted by the
physics of a place, must deny
geometry.

Like when a body at Point A must
neglect a door and instead move
through a window and over

and across a roof and down
a wall and up and over a fence full
of teeth to get to Point B.

This is an occupation.
There is truth in
observation.