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# The Body Is the Victory and the Defeat of Dreams

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## The Body Is the Victory and the Defeat of Dreams

The body is the Victory of dreams  
when shameless as water  
it rises from slumber  
marks and scars still asleep  
these many signs  
its dark olive groves  
enamored  
cool in the palm.

The body is the Defeat of dreams  
as it lies long and empty  
(if you shout inside you hear the echo)  
with its anemic hair  
lovelorn of time  
groaning, wounded  
hating its motion  
its primitive black  
fades steadily  
waking it's yoked to the briefcase  
hanging from it suffering  
for hours in the dust.

The body is the Victory of dreams  
when it puts one foot in front of the other  
and gains the solid space.  
A place.  
A heavy thud.  
Death.  
When the body gains its place  
through death  
in the public square  
like a wolf with a burning muzzle  
it howls "I want"  
"I can't stand it"

“I threaten—I overthrow”  
“My baby’s hungry.”

The body gives birth to its justice  
and defends it.  
The body makes the flower  
spits out the pip-death  
tumbles down, flies  
motionless whirls around the cesspool  
(motion of the world)  
in dream the body is triumphant  
or is found naked in the streets  
enduring;  
it loses its teeth  
it trembles erotically  
its earth bursts like a watermelon  
and it’s finished.

## If I at Least Believed in God

If I at least believed in God  
your hands would have  
infinite interpretations  
when they move  
and lift me up to heaven  
a heaven like Rilke’s  
with sad angels  
blowing loneliness  
down to earth  
implied wings  
timid in their speech  
for they do not exist.

If I at least believed in God  
my absurd insistence on self-torture  
on stepping out of the white circle  
of small happiness  
would have been explained to me  
I would have a stone in me