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Man Moving Me

Donna Atkins Gilbert

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Man Moving Me

Donna Atkins Gilbert

He was rowing across an ocean of blues
He'd looked out over. Four years times a million
Tiny nuances of wisdom from the sand
And storms, extant.

As he stretched forward with the oars then
reached, pulled,
Pulled with a man's strength, I saw his spine
bowed like
The humpback or blue whale's, then his scapula
Protruding, his

Ribs rising beneath the skin as fins emerge
From just beneath the surface, elegant, awe
Inspiring. Our bodies are so beautiful
When they're moving.

I couldn't bear to look away or to watch him
Struggling across the rocks, his thick flank
Accidentally exposed as it flexed
With strain. And his

Quadriceps would be suddenly visible
With their valleys cut by island fare: crab and
Coconut and rainwater. Inwardly I
Celebrated

His sturdy body, the startling blue solid
Water, the aphrodisiac firmament.
And, this earth! This earth on which we walk!
Men and
Their able, dense

Bodies that ripple, steadfast and surviving!
Oh! Body, ocean, sky and fire, elegant
Movement in the mist of sinewy torso, wild
Hair: bleached, feral,

Matted like animal – I want to remove
All things ugly from my life, go home to my
Island forest, bordered by aqua and absence
Of time. I want

To be cast away and secretly watch him
From the climax of my palm tree, as he moves,
Sinews and flexes across clean, bare beach, as
He burns beneath

The sun, as his masculine skin in this vast
Magnificent wilderness assembles me.