

# Forces

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Volume 2005

Article 21

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5-1-2005

## Art

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### Recommended Citation

Benefield, Bobby (2005) "Art," *Forces*: Vol. 2005 , Article 21.

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## message for my grandfather

after Mark Strand

When you see him tell him I am continuing,  
that his work still feeds me,  
that I still speak with his accent,

that the body he created is a sweet machine  
which senses my intentions

I dance on one leg  
while the other one sings.

This is how it will be.

If the body is a muscle,  
it is also a conveyance of trust.

Tell him I hear his voice in my heartbeat  
as it snares in my ears and floats away from me,  
that by being both drum and snare,  
I am in constant motion.

Ask him if his soul remembers leaving me here as if  
I know the way.

Tell him I was born imperfect,  
molded by imperfect hands,  
and so, love imperfectly.

Tell him that words are what saves me,  
that words are the river-rocks roiling our meaning,  
that by living in the center of my words,  
I am become them and so  
am cradled by the best beloved.

Say that now I honor only a voice which carries me forward,  
and that I hope, at the soul-spillage,  
to find the secret sweetness of having obeyed my fate.

*Solana d'Lamant*



*Art by Bobby Benefield*

message