

One Body

by Marguerite Guzman Bouvard

From the horses in the meadow shuddering off flies
to the insects nesting beneath tree bark
to the bracero and his children
in the harsh forests of corn
to the man wielding his scythe in the tall grass
and the small children at play,
their loose hair indistinguishable
from the field flowers,
the whole world is one body.
Dawn embraces even those
who claim to stand apart:
commandos ramming their bulldozers
into olive groves and peaceful houses
because they were near the border,
and the ones who hide among us
dragging naked prisoners
along the dank corridors of their laughter.