Word in Flesh

for MW

To receive the long consent to embrace a body fulfills what no body can do for itself, not merely sexually. Hold a body so consensually and you hold multitudinous ideas, multitudinous failures to come at ideas running with blood beneath the skin and multitudinous memories and even more oblivious defections, much love and much hate that, looped by a simple extension of the arms, are safely cinctured and secured without spillage and so, with consent, held tight is what can be grasped and the unknown held tight in all confidence although to hold is not to understand, it is felt rather than known but felt more surely than any other such held tight. Hope and fear. Desire and spite. What by itself each body never thought could be held together is hugged in one so that whatever it was it is now blessed by physical comprehension and we wear each other as equators of absolution, one sort of knowledge sufficing for other kinds in the strangeness of consent and in confidence impossible to betray because everything taken is taken on faith, the tactile tacit, every doubt, though aphasic, supplying its own palpable shapely benefit.