

## If My Body Could Talk

If my body could talk, it would say volumes and keep talking, non-stop, till every last bit of it was disintegrated and blown away. Even then, it's highly probable some nattering would still carry on someplace, in or out of space. Fact is, much as I try to ignore it, it is talking – always has been – and plans to keep on yapping all up in my face, until, I guess, the time I settle down and finally face it, and listen.

I'll be the first to admit, I have more than ignored my body. I've resented it, being in it, sometimes lost at the controls. I've neglected nourishment, fed it harmful substances, made fun of it – a lot – and let others ridicule, hit, poke, pinch, push and pull, poison, molest, degrade and deny it, it's purpose, it's usefulness, its efficiency, beauty, design, style, functional adaptability, strength and right to be treated with utmost respect.

I've made my body sick and then made it wrong for not working properly... even wished it would go away or just stop bothering me and my loved ones. I've been ignorant about my body, intolerant of its aches, pains, weaknesses and needs. In doing so, my body has stopped talking to me... it's screaming now... so much so, that it shakes out of control, at times, and then goes completely limp or rigid at other unexpected moments just, I think, to make me attend to it... wake up... look, listen and learn... or drop it right now.

My body is giving me an ultimatum: Love it, or leave it! Period. No ifs, ands or buts... love it right now, right here, with all the love you can conjure or muster, then get some more love and some more and don't stop feeding it this love – not even a hesitation – ever again, or it's going to turn on you big-time and for the last time. It's asked politely before... even begged, bartered and implored; but to no avail. Now its demands will be met or it's dropping me.

While I've been so agreeable with, "Yeah, f\*-\*#! this body but love me," my one possession and favorite plaything has been begging me, "F\*-\*#! you! Love me first! Just like me first, then in time, you'll get to love me. We know you're only with us for a while, and that you're not satisfied with all the restrictions, but you chose to come back and experience another round here and we've given you all we got to do our best for you. All you do is make faces at us, joke about our parts and then stuff, starve, and poison us for years. We're not going to take any more abuse from you, or anyone! You said you wanted to be free of your body... well, here's your chance, right now... name it or claim it! We give, now you take it. Next time you quit on us, we quit on you. So what's it going to be? Health? Or, Hell on Earth? "