

Limits of the human

by [David Impastato](#) in the [May 17, 2005](#) issue

One might be weary of flesh. One's own, another's.
Flesh of neighbor, stranger, passerby.
Flesh of the real or the imagined lover,
or secret flesh that mind and heart deny.
One might be shut of it, freed from the nerve,
but flesh is merciless, confines us, binds us
to our servitude to cleft and curve.
Even You have been a slave to this,
true Spirit, on that wild night, delirious,
piercing the meat of life. And since? Scandal
to our atoms when flesh, merging with flesh,
happens on You in single, paradoxical
bliss. Perhaps all earth shall plunge toward sun,
savage with desire to be One.