

# 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.