

**Jill Scott**

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## **liquid wisdom**

baby birth me,  
midwife my soul.  
mother me,  
smother me,  
bathe me  
with your glow

radiant light rages  
from my womb in  
echoes, rippling  
on your pond  
of love

your liquid wisdom  
permeates  
my very pores and  
seeps under my skin  
like rich nourishing  
nectar.

your *sagesse*  
lines my womb  
and you swim me to the  
deep  
of an ocean floor.

reeling, dizzy with  
vertigo  
a struggle to maintain  
equilibrium  
under your tow

*Jill Scott*

“let go! let go!”

you say  
“wave motion  
is your anchor  
not your woe.”

vanquished,  
my body cedes  
to your delicious flow,  
heeds your wishes  
and i am washed  
crystal crisp  
in your splash

water rushing, gushing  
in reckless abandon.  
this frolic initiates me  
to your rhythmic tune.

a hasty  
*pas de deux*,  
is choreographed  
in your surf.  
you be my lead –  
wet and dripping –  
i follow as you go.

baby,  
you rare beauty!  
partner me  
dance me  
midwife my soul.

for you, baby – j.s.  
01.05.02