

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Mike Amado

FIRST VISIT TO ACUPUNCTURE

I decided to come despite
the reactions or others. . .

“They use needles,
And needles hurt”.

Stung by butterflies, scalpels,
I’m not afraid of pointy things.

The room is blush-rose,
A new-born shade.

Moxa rises to the ceiling,
The air turns with spring.

Outside, the world locked in hard snow.
My points prepped with isopropyl,

Body is a map of electric freeways.
The element of Earth invites the needles.

Thin as a hair strand,
They conduct the energy

Sleeping dormant in dying.
All I needed was a switch. Circuit accomplished.

Quiet lightning from cosmic sockets
Encircles me with knowing silence.

My acupuncturist tells me:
“There is so much more to know.”

That’s why I return to
The hair-strand needles;

This room of blush-rose,
To travel this freeway of Chi.

Music revolves from the Cd player:
The tone of singing bowls

Haunt the bones, flutes flutter,
Pianos cascade underwater.

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