All That Divides Us
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YIN AND YANG

Shanghai Contortionist
She’s at it again, that rubber girl with no bones. Look how she bends slow as a snake, sitting on her own head and grinning between her legs at the crowd who loves it. In the wings her master waits. The laundry needs doing, rooms want cleaning, a dozen guests are coming for Peking duck. She balances five tiers of crystal goblets on her chin while she rotates like the world on its axis, knows he will want her later, using her most exotic positions, torso and legs presented like fine loins of beef to be turned, twisted, pounded into succulent display.

Young Tai-Ji Master at Qufu
Is it the white silk of his loose shirt and pantaloons sliding against his still-cool brown body Or is it the tight skin of his muscled neck, small-knotted at the throat between tendons like cords balancing the chiseled head and face, eyes cave-black, watching a distant fire that never burns out? Or is it the movement itself, slow as a hidden river flowing soft over hard stone to the ocean’s floor like a net that dredges us out of ourselves, makes us part of this man turned oracle, mind and body prophesying together?