

## HELEN MOORE

### *Six Sides of Love*

Masuru Emoto, so named  
because his body's molecules  
emote the most exquisite crystals.  
As he bows in prayer,  
hexagons form at his fingertips –  
unique like snowflakes,  
or the blossoms on the Cherry;  
each a minute work of art  
the microscopic content  
of the water in his glass.

I wish his microscope  
would fathom the treasures  
embedded in my flesh;  
where you kissed me yesterday,  
I feel a new-born cosmos.  
Fish-like, you psych love  
into my cells. When I walk in it  
the world's lost its edges,  
but my feet bear unseen points, facets,  
my sinews flowing jewels.

Ah, what mysteries in this world!  
At the Ayasegawa River,  
where factories and houses dump their effluent,  
the crystals in Emoto's viewfinder  
are warped – punched out like angry mouths.  
Here he conducts prayers and rituals,  
and its water is restored.

The ancient Japanese  
believed that words have spirits.  
When I whisper love  
and gratitude, the words fly  
from my mouth, land with feathers  
spread about them, nestle in.  
When I drink holy water,  
it sinks into my cells like praise –  
*you're such a beautiful being;*  
*I love you! I love you!*

When we stroll beside the ocean,  
and like Seahorses our souls  
prance out – love washes  
through the waves, osmotes  
into the limey crustaceans  
and tiniest fish. Whole schools shift  
like paradigms – even the Shark  
thanks the spirit of Tuna,  
whose thick, oily bodies  
surrender as prey.

And I pray to all the spirits  
of Water – if this is the Blue Planet,  
where our liquid bodies dance,  
shouldn't we make love to the rain?  
Ask it to bless and heal  
the world – watch this love  
run through the streets, drains  
and gutters; see how gladly  
the trees and flowers suck it up,  
and drink to our health.