



Body Motion

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This God given case,
Growing like branches of a tree.
Such beauty and grace,
with the sole purpose to be.

So judged, seen ornamental,
So common, yet so converse.
Sometimes seen as a temple,
Sometimes treated like a curse.

I dedicate this to you,
Because honoring you I will.
Even when aching pain I go through,
Devine light is healing you still.

Therefore, I breathe in and breathe out,
Keeping you moving, is all it is about.