

Poem 4_10_2020

Make sure you have ...enough space
If you have more than one person in the house
A little more space

More breaks,
We have two actions

Goals & Intentions,

Random Air punches

ONE
Than
TWO

We're going into it blindly, reaching behind

Start with me, don't push too hard...
Focus on controlling your breathing

Driving
Driving the Body
Alternating
Driving the Mind

Driving

Driving

On my count
Switch, and switching

We're going to come back here a lot

What that looks like:

Extend
Pull Back
Reach
Pull Back

Not holding my breath

Don't lock it in - close to your body
We're bending

Opening

Closing

ONE
Than
TWO

Poem 4_12_2020_2

Its

you know

HARD

Just living day-to-day

Fuck the responsibilities, I'm just gonna make some work

Thank you

I don't know...I can think of two things, no, I can think of 20 things

The most important affected me deeply

Rocked my world

Everything I thought I knew....I didn't know actually

And then

Honesty

Psychologically preparing, sick with it, smelled this thing coming...

Profound

For all of us

Working

Functioning

Living

Double down, it's all dried up

The dionysian energy of intuition, farther from me than before

Its

you know

HARD

Poem 4_12_2020_2

Things I noticed....interesting, some ridiculous

The natural cycle - it's broken, disrupted.....in some cases, better
Slowing down, sleeping in, binge-watching
Practicing what I preach, or at least trying

Really quite comfortable in its
uncomfortableness

Working through some ideas, a rich vein, growing in its intimacy

We haven't talked to each other in over a year.....the major events, never part
of the conversation

Now I'm able to see how my identity infiltrated my way of thinking
This bizarre and incomplete puzzle of action and inaction

Do you believe in souls?

Somethings are not meant to be spoken of, but instead are meant to be felt

Follow it, nurture it, grow with it, don't let it
knock me on my ass

An episode - raw, unfounded, unknown
The only thing you can trust about me is that I am untrustworthy

Emotionally cathartic - emotionally draining

I have a lot of different theories
Mutterings
Inheritance

My imagination was captured
On the soul level
the discussion was already made

Poem 4_12_2020_2

My Story

The shock of my life
All these threads moving in and out, connecting, unbeknownst to me

How do I explain this?

Anyway, anyway, anyway
So anyways,.....I couldn't believe it

There's a lot more information, more threads, more connections
They had no idea

Let the dust drift, let it settle, let it absorb
It's big, no, it's huge
Nothing and everything in the same place

Understanding our place, it's not easy
The geography, the place
Physical?
Mental?
Spiritual?
Other?

We need to start investigating

We come from, but we are not the same
Why?
What the hell does identity mean?
Surrounded by vague words, images, and ideas
Feeling rootless - the very little I thought I knew

Wasn't

How far do you go back?
When is it distinctly its own thing?

Poem 4_19_2020_1

Some things seem

Traumatic

Some things seem

Liberating

I knew I was emotionally the wrong choice - her identity was built around work

I don't miss it

Confront that

The work

The identity

My worth

How can I stay out of the office?

It's so much more peaceful, even with its little traumas

Financially

I can't sacrifice that completely - the luxuries that help me get through

I would totally live on rice and beans

The starving artist

The artist

Starving

This urgency

How can they even think?

Think how they feel

A fear response, it's all I think about

I feel

Powerful

Helpless

Capable

Incapable

We live in excess - I'm not proud of it, but I kinda enjoy it

Until now

Poem 4_19_2020_2

Its told through generations
The patterns
The histories
The stories

What are the trees saying? I'm sure they have seen it all before.

In the same breath, acknowledge it while ignoring it
We're invincible

At least those that are privileged

Equal risk?! I don't think so...
Highlighting the failures - a culture that needs to shift

An enduring shift

Is it too late? Are we already fucked? Can we be saved?

We can't even handle the pandemic
How can we hand the solutions? The future?

I've turned into a mad prepper - it's in my future

Our daily lives haven't really changed
- except for all of the luxuries -
Given up

I was burning myself at both ends - never really going anywhere
Productive, but
Exhausted
There was no room to give anything up, and yet....

Now?

Poem 5_17_2020_1

Post Patriarchal Workspace

Checkpoints, conversations...mostly nonsense

Just trying

one action - getting focused

What I'm doing here and now

It's clear, it's short term - I had this plan

I walked through town, despite the hardships

Open

Honest

Emotional struggles moving through the radical education

Creating awareness

It's not our fault.

It's not our fault?

What do we want to do?

With our lives?

With our communities?

We are all struggling...

To live

To thrive

To survive

the false narratives

Act

Action

Activism

Write it all down...On paper

In the body

Poem 5_17_2020_2

I hate to be critical, there's no plan, no next steps

Step it up

From the Fascist Capitalistic business perspective

Business

Of the businesses

Going out of business

That's their business made from our business

I feel particularly acute right now - like my face is up against the glass

My life is completely cranked up right now

So fuckin acute

The petty-bourgeois fucks didn't get their rent checks

so baffling

so intense

The mounting rage, they flood our spaces - evicting us

It's sexist like you can't believe

They are themselves, immigrants - forcing a mirror image of themselves out

Playing the game, stepping in the shit -

We have to agree

Disruption - disrupt the flow of capitalism - a prettier form of fascism

How many times do they have to tell you they don't care?

We now know how it feels to know your government wants you dead

Dead

Gone

They don't care.

Do you?

Poem 5_20_2020

What do you want to take into the future?

What do you want to leave behind?

Influence - towards the end - what was shared

Captured

It's a strange place to be in - there is no consistency

Management of space and time

Watching the disparity

Valuing the connection

Slightly disruptive - we talk about anger

Trying to focus on the positive side - while I continue to scream in my head

Moving faster than I planned -

physically and emotionally displaced

Trying to reach out into the virtual spaces

Don't Stop

Express our transition

Create the container - safety is an illusion, my illusion

It has been shattered

Bashed

Fucked, but not replaced

Holla back empowered bystander

Everyone responds to who they think they are....

Poem 6_7_2020

Organic Panic

Omni - all

Intervene

I got into a fight today... are you pro-fascist? Are you anti-fascist?
Really kinda fun... like a sport

I got a lot of baggage

Say our name, my name, their name
I'm a little anxious in this moment - my body doesn't move

My sex life is a solo act

The virtual world is on fire - I feel like a raw nerve
An extreme tactical defense
The police are everywhere - contradicting actions

Captured it on video - but the video had not visibility
Was I invisible?

How is change made?

Dispute
Disrupt
Disruption

Exposing a flashpoint - a bang

And then...the locust came...
Giving birth is painful, it's traumatic and fragile

I want something human
I want something dirty

Poem 6_12_2020

What is joy?

Carve it out, grab it by the teeth

Influencing

Communicate it

Appreciate it

Do we keep it for ourselves?

Hoard it?

Hide it?

Or share it?

Is joy selfish? Can you achieve it or sell it?

It's something you don't see all the time - it can be trivialized.

The problems begin to take over - the joy is drowning - suffocating

The light has been blocked

Where does the energy come from?

Where does it sit?

Personal

Communal

Social

The sounds that influence the body - the smiles

The echoing laughs trailing off - I think I can find the light today

It's a hopeful thing, the light

Site-specific joy - investigating conversations

We're talking about joy - it's impossible to ignore that

Even if we feel a bit useless

But we absolutely are not

It's our companion

It's in our collective bodies