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you want to stage a ritual. something shared collectively en masse. shared by people that, to all appearances, don't have anything to do with one another, but in spite of which still perform the same action at the same moment. it is like a dance. a choreography. it should be something trivial. like picking up a toothbrush, holding on to it for a while. no, something more abstract. it should be an act without any meaning. not instigated by functionality. people from all over the world, in bathrooms, supermarkets, offices, parks, that lie down on the ground, at exactly the same moment, without uttering a single word. their arms spread wide. sunk into the ground. unmoving. top-heavy.

afterwards, when one by one they get up and continue their day, whatever was it that they were doing, they are lighter than before, much like when you take off a backpack after a long trip and you let the weight glide off of you, you feel as if you were floating.

a dewy field
 before the breaking of dawn
 dozens of bodies spread over that field

something flutters down and stretches forth

shall i
 you can take
 if you could just soft

someone lies down with their mouth wide open
 upon the damp forest floor and
 breathes air into the earth

moss caresses their lips
 licks their groins

something heaves

a hole in the mossy ground
 where light amasses like water

a head lowers itself backwards
 from the crown of the head into the warm water

and the head opens itself
 stretching its nerves
 toward the mycelium

someone gets up, one vertebra at a time
 and moonlight breaks upon their skin like a wave

a breath, a length of singing

every time you get up you leave something behind
 that you can leave behind

someone carries children in their arms
 unopened blossom buds on their throat

someone resists the temptation
to move faster than themself
someone resists the temptation
to pry loose a movement
to force warmth
to let the body become something other than a cooled down body
in a dewy field
before the breaking of dawn

we have crashed and while we fell we mutated
we lay down in the places where we ended up
there was a moment of silence
and we took off again

o

i, who searches for voices in the woods

i, who covers their lower body up to the navel with earth, leaves,
and maggots

i, who anticipated trauma that would only affect them later

i, who inhabits the empty places between the objects famished

i, who spreads their body over a rough, skewed log

i, who carries with them something that gets gradually lost

i, who no longer can find the way back and knows they wouldn't
want to

i, who is afraid of a meeting that will happen inevitably

i, who viewed from the back
balanced upon shards
will not step aside

i, a pelvis, a closed fist

i, a bullet hole from which a purple fungus blossoms

i, becoming-coral breathing salt crystals covering themselves with
seaweed

i, a fungus, a feather

i, fingertips that barely touch the ground