

revelling in the possibilities
of being bound up in
worlds unknown
the thickness of the world passing through me
I spend my time in deep admiration

deep time
dreamlike states
imbued in reality

showing up to
surfacing
senses

movement practice is poetry
dreaming imagining ways of being otherwise
a meeting in-between
a transformative encounter

holding

for things to arise

with

sensitivity

receptivity

the more-than-human

for

kin

to practice care

and care and care and *care*,

a cave

a warm, wet

terrain

water dripping from the roof

the weathered body

seasoned by pourings

horizon

holds space for change

a hollow echo

my body as landscapes in which phenomena appear

my bones as valleys

hands as a mountain over the eyes

eyes closed shimmers

the iliac crests

piercing

soften the ligaments

that bind

the precarious relationship

of these entanglements



of *care*,

all actions inevitably messy

lush

again, the mountain

this living, breathing entity ~ this full, heavy, interconnected mass

a volcano made of clay

an attempt to recognize my place in the network of all things

alongside all matter

this emergent

intimate

swamp

the smell of freshly turned soil

sea water

the volatile understory

where experience is constantly shifting

bubbling up to the surface

recognition of my own body as an ecosystem allows me to understand that not only am I *being in touch with* other worlds through my embodied being; I am made of them

the need to be in contact is to understand

boundaries and porous borders of the body

re-routing

re-rooting

revisiting

returning to

a way of being in the reality of the present moment, through the body, with the world,

in a continually forming relationship