Poem 4_9_2020

Precipice

Doubtful
Calm.... a sort of forced creative
Driven but not Relaxed
A LOT

Every day feels like a week, thank God for my Dog

Yoyo PingPong

Spiderweb - everything is connected but I can't seem to understand the patterns

An interesting ride that was my priority Breaks of nothingness and a few false starts

I can't do this now, I can't do this now, I can't do this now

I've had many days of unproductive
I'm all in or all out
Trying to work
Less Expectations

Not business as usual - it's not usual

We've got to stop meeting like this
Off and On
I'm not use to the rest of everybody else

From where we are to where we are going
These days don't mean anything.....

Do they?

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, Goals & Intentions, Random Air punches

We have two actions

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 Driving

Driving the Body

Alternating

Driving the Mind

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

ONF

Than

TWO

Poem 4_11_2020

It was equally scared

Good morning It was troubling Weird If you need, have a need... Stay nice and light Remember, Remember Just try your best One second more Down Down Down Bring it Down Jumping Across If these are easy - Jump further and higher Walk Out... Sending Them Out... Out as far as they go. Use it to control your breath In Out Just the two of us...it helps if I look up If your starting to shake, that's a sign Take a second, Put your hand to your heart, feel the beat

Poem 4_12_2020

If I keep looking off to the side...

We can't see you We just assumed

There it is

How are we doing?

As okay as can be, more red than normal

My eyes, My memory....

FACT

In the sunlight, I move forward

But the agenda is butchered Discuss, Discussion, Disgusted

I'm beginning to feel the stress of it.

Instead - What the Fuck is going on?

Check for ideas, reasons, alternatives Sounds like

Time

Adjusted Time

Loss of Time

The false hope of more time

New time

I'm jumping back and forth He has no answers, only questions

Different levels of engagement We can not meet in person

Its			
you know			
HARD			
Just living day-to-day Fuck the responsibilities, I'm just gonna make some work			
I don't knowI can think of two things, no, I can think of 20 things The most important affected me deeply Rocked my world			Thank you
Everything I thought I knewI 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			

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

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,.....l 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?

Revitalized

Trying to reclaim the unknown

Division

Is it fair? Is it true? What is true anymore?

They think of themselves

on the other side

Making a decision

At what point does it matter?

I relate

Relate too

Related

Am related

To who?

Empire Building Bastards!
Taking over the whole fucking world.
Every invasion
Every sickness

Duality

You are both, and not Surrounded by the vultures, pecked upon, pecking

Part of me is Privileged Unprivileged

Both worlds, yet not of this world I think that I love it,

a dark humorous love

Can't go back - you've seen the beast You didn't notice at first, but it was there, before It was curious, watching them hack away, shooting each other down Tracking the negative

Somethings seem

Traumatic

Somethings 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

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....

Nows

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

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 Capatalisitic 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 then 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