

tongue longue listen

weaving three lines
of each created poem from the score
into each other
&
distilling
them
to be read collectively
tracing the practice
from where we started

LD

SH

LW

EC

DCS

TOGETHER

a love song of forgetfulness
as an invisible daily dance
the lift of the arms
of your body
the air in front of you
& behind the back of the heart
slowly
this funny pretty phase
this sweet fluidity
carries you ~~in the hand~~ **within**
~~a golden table is back~~
at the back of the heart
a soldier appears
~~do this with care, please.~~
do not
disconnect your arms keep connected ~~please~~
please
palms of hands
cover the bodies
nearly ~~completely~~
am i worthy the bird sings
the bird of the heart
~~your~~ various legs and arms
are slipping through
extending
bringing birth
~~baby swing baby swing~~
~~baby don't count your steps~~
here there are these blades

some strange technical devise

~~they~~ **t**o open and close

we eat them

until we can't bear

the throbbing

of our hearts

the back of the throat

is opening

to fall through time

without end

in a resting silence

~~expand and contract.~~

turn around and listen

there is a fold to slip into

there is a wall

to lean against.

to caress with the cheek.

to step through

a mirror **miracle**

start all over again

do as it feels right

right now

left hand of darkness

put yourself in a shelf

on a pile of papers

the breath hears

the drum of the leaves

a tree is growing

a tree is crowing

expand **ing** ~~and contract with it~~

turn around and listen

~~there is~~ a fold is

asking you

if you are okay

with your funny pretty face

a tree is growing and crowing

~~baby swing baby swing~~

~~baby don't count your steps~~

a phase of flowering helps

to start lowering the high (just enough)

as they turn around simultaneously

there is a wall

to lean against.

a sweet fluidity

to carry you

baby swing baby swing
baby don't count your steps

with palms of hands
caressing
slowly melting
the wilderness catches
the tears

the tears of the rain
the nourishing of the ground
to caress with the cheek
to step through

a mirror
cover your body
nearly completely

~~your~~

pull in various legs and arms
when the electrical army takes over

between earth and sky there is
a hidden openness
~~to~~ start all over again
as it feels right

right now
left now

some
things are slipping through
i eat them

open
for you

~~baby swing baby swing~~

hold your heart so that it can speak to you

give space ~~to your heart~~
raise your arms ridiculously
breathe in deeply

until

you can't bear the throbbing
~~of your heart~~

baby **b a b y** don't count your steps

in the back of the mind
tender love

blossoms in shady rainbows
before ~~you start~~ waving
before you start weaving
what do you want to forget

there in a shelf
on a pile of papers

you ask ~~with~~
this love and desire for
happy endings
for becomings and coming back
what things to regret
what things to regret
an encounter of a tremor in your voice
a mild shadow within your grounds
~~if you are okay~~
a phase of flowering helps
to start lowering the high (just enough)
as they turn around simultaneously
with these invisible dances
think of him
think of her
their funny pretty faces
their sweet fluidity
as their hands
fold time and space
around you & me forever
~~forever~~
forever bleeding with this world
when palms of hands
cover bodies
caress her stories
of velvet blackness
with cleansing breath
listen to strange songs
falling half asleep
the back as a golden table
is back
velvet blackness
with the cleansing breath
listen to strange songs falling half asleep
they call themselves love song
when invisible dances happen
at the in and outside of
the palms of hands
covering bodies
nearly
completely
baby swing baby swing
baby don't count your steps
the door is open
the mask is dusty