

## *Turnings*

More than procedures for inviting.  
Circling, conditioning.  
Something as a simile.  
Only ever rhythms of listening and writing.  
Procedures for circling for summoning.  
The rhythm is a saying, a thinking.  
From the opening into something.  
Not trying for something to come.  
Rhythms as a simile of the body.  
Circling is writing.  
More than an opening.  
An already, only ever writing, listening.  
A thinking between bodies.  
From deep in that language, in a deep well, to lure it.  
An energy from deep, from deep resistances.  
I am only writing, not to stand in the way.  
A clear bowl singing,  
reflective from before.  
Something is a simile, only ever like.  
Watching and not wanting anything.  
Witchery with the nib of the pencil.  
A midwifery of bringing into being.  
To be clear of wanting anything.  
Only to come on its own terms.  
Loosening the trying, a new now coming.  
Feeling deep resistances from no where.  
In a deep well of feeling, of writing.

Only ever liking, already there from nowhere.  
Into light, reminding.  
An opening in the listening.  
Conditions as a simile, of listening and writing.  
Circling of the body.  
Summoning, not trying.  
The rhythm is a saying,  
Already there in the in between.  
Somewhere deep, to lure it.  
Of energies to come.  
A bowl clear of thoughts.  
A reflective opening, now new appearing.  
Not wanting anything.  
Not before, but already there.  
Something only ever like.  
Rhythms, energies, resistances.  
Deep from the mystery of utterancing.  
Something as a simile.  
Drawing of surface skin.  
Not to stand in the way,  
rather to be open in its coming.

Watching, writing, waiting, inviting.  
Like a midwifery of sorts.  
I am not writing – watching an appearance.  
The witchery of something that was not before.  
Pause.

Conditions of the body.  
A simile is writing.  
Opening into summary, into summoning.  
An already there.  
Deep in the energies and deep resistances,  
A practice of loosening obstructions.  
To let a now new appearing.  
Its appearance with the nib of the pencil.  
A saying, a thinking, an already there.  
Circling in the not trying,  
Opening into rhythms of the body.  
Like a singing-thinking.  
Mystery of summoning, not to stand in the way.  
Not wanting anything from it.  
Watching in the not wanting.  
Language from somewhere deep in the body.  
Or in a deep well.  
Not from trying, not from wanting.  
Bringing into being, a midwifery of sorts.  
From no where - the writing is a witchery.  
Inviting an already there.  
That language calls it – brings it into light.  
Clear from thoughts, open in its coming.  
Something that was not there before,  
but which was already there.