

Naasticht, 6 may, 2019

-thread

↑ connection

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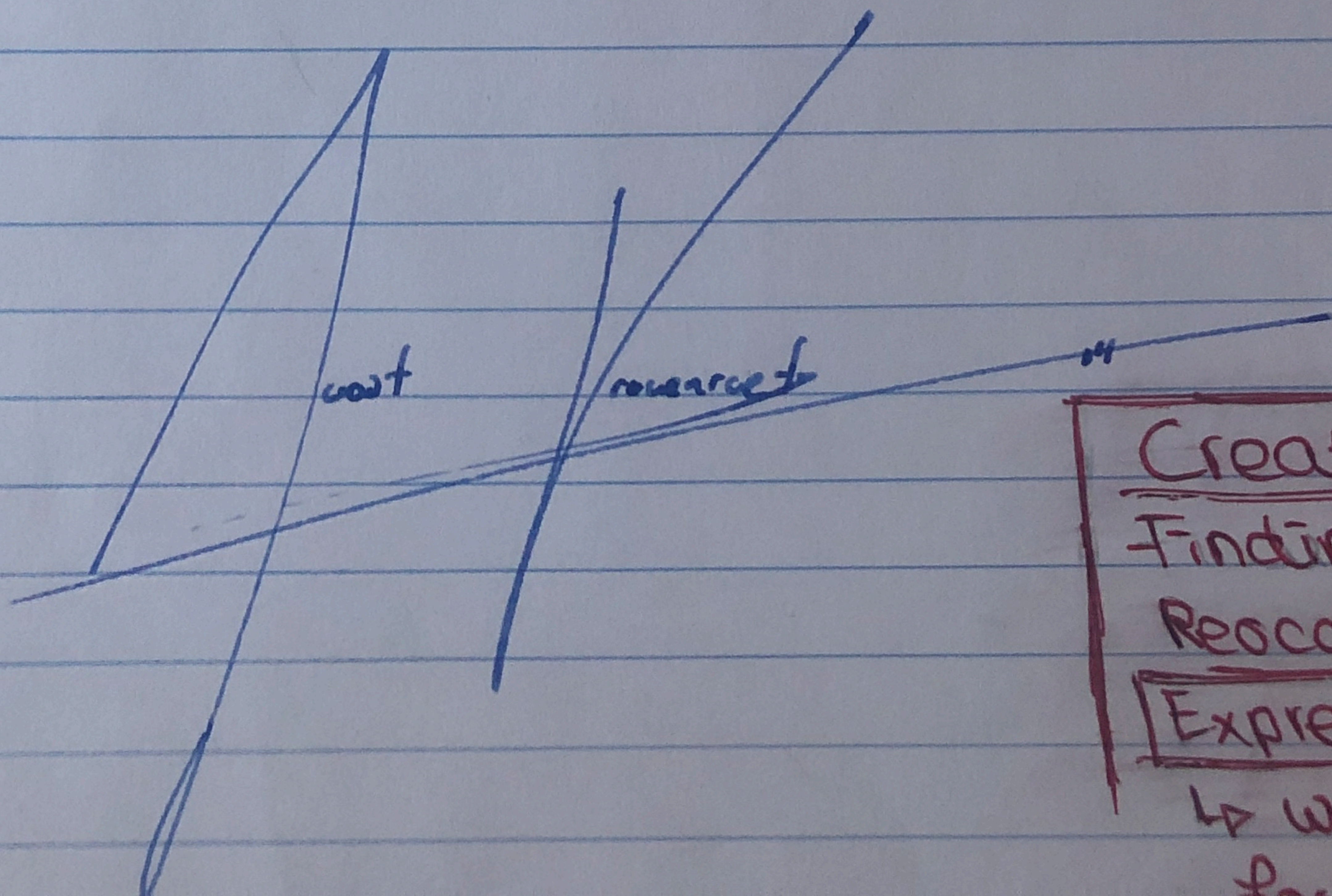
I am. I am my spine as long as I am in this body. Maybe better said: my spine holds me together, until I leave this body. That moment my spine will be alone and will no longer function as this resilient construct, but a material memory of who I am.

My coccyx seeks to be in touch with the ground, it is always in motion with gravity. My coccyx moves a little; my entire body moves, even in stillness. From my coccyx ~~all~~ other the connection travel up into the rest of my spine and continue this stream of motion into the rest of my body, like rivers streaming without depending on gravity.

~~between my organs~~ Especially The complete other side of the spine I cannot let go of the sensation I have in relation to the space where the top of the spine enters into my skull, right at the occipital bone in the back of my head; this whole ~~is~~ named ~~the~~ Foreman Magnum. Every movement I make, that empty space at the top of my spine ~~attempts to~~ navigates around the last vertebrae; it is the sensitive motoric motion of my head, my mind and my eyes. The resilience of my spine ~~is~~ as a motor of becoming aware and setting out the path that I take.

Today, I leave it here. I feel a bit rusty in my thoughts and need to get into the practice of the letters. I need distance and reflection further observation and reflection upon the spine concept and my own relation with my spine.

Yours,



Creating distance
Finding patterns
Reoccurring words/top
Expression of the inside

↳ writing is a

form of dialogue