

so the light's changed & so did the seasons. so did / my eyes. my earth suit still / stuttering. but  
the work / of sensation is still work & / thus I am devoted to paying / attention. all the way / on  
the inside I guess there's something there / I wanted to explore, how I want to be close to you /  
because I feel this way but I wouldn't feel this way / if we were together. how never / the less I  
felt each digit depress as we each sweat / through our underwear (the trembling promise / or  
complaint that that / which has touched / the writer's hand would now touch the reader) each of  
us / users who *consent not to be a single being*. so I was / invited to reconsider the "lyric / I" under  
the (im)pulses of network / so I was the first the very first of my kin to be born / here, knowing  
the cruelty of offices both / lonely & austere / knowing too how a body is always already marked  
/ & our text prepared, repeating (softly) / all we are is (our) paper(s) / & hidden beneath  
internment & words: that the actual / & ordinary cannot equal / in the flesh what the brea(d)th  
of imagination allows / so slow

the video to / a crawl. watch / the lag of speech / the sluggish phonemes rifted / from lips equally  
embellished / with detention

& like

goodness I belong to

no one & no one

should bear me

in their memories

if it is true I am

a person let me

be for myself as I

am for every other

before landing you incline  
to deliver me quietly

fondling first the chest  
then the clavicle (from behind)

allow this small crack  
in the mystery to open