

PDA, Nuit Blanche, 2017

I wrote the poems below for the elements, thinking about how earth, water, fire, and air relate to the body and space. The poems were read by myself and members of the public to musicians and dancers (Koine and Elias Movement Project) who interpreted and embodied the poetry and translated it into sound and movement.

## EARTH

Slow suckling, grooving in a room full of honey

Weighted hips move like mountains, pelvic pressure grinds like stone

Rubber cover rubber sheets rubber me

Slide in deeper kitchen blender

Pull it like a bandaid from a bedsheet

Pronounce it, bounce it

Distant black shape out there a bird a man a body a suitcase a sound

Wiggle for me like jello in a big porcelain bowl

A part time rhythm, warm, thick, soft

The quick silver flow coagulates into solid movements

Our bodies shovel paths for themselves, it must look like we're gliding through custard

Your pressure is too heavy

The hum of magnets on your ankles, the air tastes good coarsing with hormones

You hit walls, repeatedly missing your target

You are sick with a kind of largeness every slow slip saying slip sizing sweat

Like an accordion you slide in deeper

Stick it under your tongue stick it in your ear stick it wherever you can stick it

Limbs rub to the rhythm of the purring

You stand up, dizzy, peeling yourself from the sheets

The movement soft boiled in the coated throat

The movement like a piano scream

Your moves are under anesthetic, tiq, tiq, tiq

Your limbs are ripe

Your fingers are ripe

Your legs are ripe

Your pressure is too heavy, so you sink through into, leaving with a mouth full of saline twang

Put your hands around my waist, and squeeze it like a balloon packed with sand

## WATER

Boiling nectar, slip sliding down the throat down the gut out the navel, sweet sweet boiling heat

Wet like a slug

under sharp cool green depths bubbles fizz as they climb your skin, toe to scalp

your feet like drool you can't stop wiggling

I need you like tongue on ice fuse flesh cold

Puddle of tears inertia

Bump underdarklakewater

I touch you under deep water close to giant sequoias truncated at the stomach

We swim naked in the dark pool water, soft sliding, cicadas

You use a shovel to move a wave from there to here

With nothing to call a body you slip down the drain with the bathwater

Like an accordion you slide in deeper water laps at your navel

Move in sync with the liquid beat

Your legs are ripe

Coiled sentences live quid knots

Your limbs are ripe

Body dripping up and drowned

Underwater, consuming all your air you see the weather

The quick silver flow coagulates into solid movements

Our bodies shovel paths for themselves as we glide through custard

Peeling tender skin, the innards brilliant as yolk, full of mucus, exposed on the spoon

You sink through, into, a mouth full of saline twang

You drink saliva you love the smell slit tiq drip

Your fingers are ripe

The body has a body like wax it slips in the heat

The movement soft boiled in the coated throat

You are a syrupy psycho

FIRE

You feel a blood red moon in the sky the feet are skating left to right

You are a syrupy psycho

The move like the pressure the throb of a piano scream

Flicker, flick her

The body has a body like wax it slips in the heat

You are sick with a kind of largeness every slow slip saying slip sizing sweat

Once the oil is hot you can melt the plastic over my body

Swing sting

The body is rubber the body wants you to rub her

Old heat settles in the room, on the body on the skin like embers sizzling

Limbs rub to the rhythm of the purring

Stick it under your tongue stick it in your ear stick it wherever you can stick it

Pronounce it, bounce it

Your skin like a suit hot ironed coarses with hormones it wasn't born with

You hit walls repeatedly missing your target

You are a psycho jungle, hot butter spice

Like a temperature hovering the deep heat is caught in the skin of the face

You there, flicker fingers by the window, your spine is on fire

A pulsating rub, it's the only thing, containing the psychotic river in the gut core  
melting absynth

Rubber cover rubber sheets rubber me

Flicker heat lick slit tiq drip

Deep heat throb skitzo-manic mob deep heat throb a whole lotta love

AIR

The cries of gulls floating in air echo

Coiled sentences live quid knots

You hit walls repeatedly missing your target

You boomerang

I pull the skin of your knees tight, and tie them off like balloon ends

The humb of magnets on your ankles

The move is shoft a stiff noise soft

You feel yourself under anesthetic, tiq, tiq, tiq

Put it so that the wind can't see it

Hide yourself in the air, broom brum brum

You stand up dizzy peeling yourself from the sheets

Releasing bubbles from your throat soapy orbs drift past your face

Swing sting rush trick jig

You throb, bashing floor space

Old heat settles in the room, curling around limbs like ribbons

Breeze coagulates into tendrils wrapping themselves around limbs tightening their cool grip around the pressure heated skin

Underwater a deep breath underwater consuming all the air, dizzy, underwater

Invisible floating becomes a tight rope act

The humb of magnets on your ankles

The vacuum's pressure on your knees, gargling the skin, swishing cartilage vigorously a sensation like mouth wash, minty cool, inside the joint

A quickly jig jag jog jig

Coiled sentences you're becoming hard to understand

