

please read down this arm  
this isthmus with a  
feeling of compression  
because it cannot hold  
all of you please shortly  
eye leap to the other  
isthmus to your right

english likes to say it has many words but many of these have been taken also english is not a tonal language which is not very economical maybe this absence of subtle listening and inflection informs grabbing and trampling but maybe it is also one reason why written english (which capitalises itself automatically) leans so heavily on punctuation like commas full stops and capital letters which other written languages such as thai and korean do not or traditionally did not this sounds like honey or treacle even soft caramel with *unicameral* denoting flow or an absence of hierarchy between upper and lower class sorry case ah yes please read down again but in late stage capitalism to your right the guns and most of us just want to live an emotion that is not a commodity or to feel it necessary to preface the expression of an emotion such as the anticipated warmth of sharing food with loved ones and new ones to love with an acknowledgment to the ad exec who has already milked it as this can cause people to question authenticity because maybe the ad or the movie felt better than real life or maybe you began your life in another country or one or more of your parents did and the knowing of what is real or what constitutes home makes your experience of living in between as a meat body and a digital body even

here which is both an actual place and a kind of breathing that cannot always be seen it can feel like living by scent or rift and scent not everything can travel

power seems to be tied to data and code or who owns the code but also

more complex i want to say of course it does but this is beyond my immediate knowing none of us know how it is to scent see pollen and whether blue is a colour of warm welcome like the liveable felt heat scent of healthy bees living together in wild or carefully tended hives

collapse occurs when this warmth that is both like being in a well-heated home and when your cheeks are flushed with wellbeing in the company of others with whom you belong could potentially belong to whom you have extended warmth or had warmth extended collapse occurs when this warmth is not sustained or circulated which nests as we know in larger systems and economies no shame if you go to a potluck with a bag of corn chips if you are working three jobs that leaves no time for cooking or maybe you can't afford to get your

oven fixed only shame  
the employers nested in  
larger schemes to as  
before your far right

party feeling whakamā for all the many and varied reasons even though there is a ministry for loneliness somewhere this might not be sufficient because how does that minister find the people who may not have the courage to ask there were so many potlucks when i was your age orissa keane and min-young her and i hold those memories like a tree has small wells of oil and water that a maker might later break open when carving spoons or chopsticks we have a memory of trees and the carving of their flesh releases scent memories and perhaps they can readily exist without a memory of us they being them and the memories dispersed through fungal networks my sense is that so many of us would like to inter-mouth more with each other and not just sexually and i wonder if it is easier happens to a river or a person or a people when mercury is pressed into their flow or a wall is built over an arm too high for the river to cusp this language component holding this text resembles a mouth we are all mouths and all must eat but if there is eating and speaking at the same time which seems to be the class sorry the case with those who temporarily leave earth rather than redistribute vast hoardings there is insufficient listening we eat in the company of so many others and do not readily thank the bee because it is packaged and we cannot see it but if we look for the source to offer gifts and give... robyn maree pickens

i am hungry myself all the kinds of hungry how do we keep looking out for each other without either

for a river than a tree to remember how to be a river if it has been polluted or dammed or damned for that is what