

On becoming a cherry pit the day of the Dobbs Decision

The fact is,

I am too busy picturing myself as a cherry pit
to picture myself rotted by neglect or mauled by disaster,
as is the vision of my country.

I am preoccupied with sensations of smallness,
hardness, an approaching bite, measured and cautious
jaws peeling the flesh from around my perimeter
until I remain, a ball to roll on the tongue,
and rattle between the teeth.

I am more likely to become the flesh, yet I meditate on the pit.
Curiosity and ignorance are similar sisters,
I could kiss one while looking for the other and
make a mess.

The truth is,

I am not done with myself as the pit.

I have so much to learn about being surrounded by softness
yet remaining firm.

I would like to live in sweet,
wet darkness for a bit longer,
despite the pressures to face the echoey
chill, the windy climate I know is around.

The fact of the matter is
that I have too many things to imagine to
lie down and die and disappear into the soil
and leave no trace and
break no teeth.

After a cherry pit, I might become a hot iron
or the leg of a pier.

I am busy making palaces to tear down,
pushing my fingers into
wet cement and yanking bricks at their
junctures.

It's not that I have so much to do, it's that I have
nothing to do and everything to be.

How am I to live without recklessly and
mercilessly becoming the

cherry pit, without total disregard for the pieces of myself I was once
desperate for, without abandoning the self in favor of the whole?

There are too many dreams not yet dreamt,

Too many things to be

which I am not.

God bless us who transform,

who selfishly imagine,

who become and become and become.

dance making

smashed skull — sounds worse than it is.
smashed my head into a mirror — could be a metaphor, but it's not.

shook a bit of my brain loose and put it in a dance —
it's slippery, good for turning on.

sat on the floor, photographed the light,
felt for a bump.

found a hole in my skull, the fluid inside warmed by the sun
from the skylight.

leaned over and felt it pour, warm and sticky, me a tapped maple,
the curves of my toes an expectant bucket.

skated forward and back, the warm wealth of my mind
sloshing messily to the floor.

should clean up — this is a shared and sacred-type space —
but don't.

what a rush — to think of someone finding it,
the lubricant that glides me from shape into gesture,

strewn like child's applesauce down the joint where mirror meets floor
and in creases between floorboards.

thrilling — to be falling apart and
leaving a trace.