

Material Subjects
A Poetry Collection

I am an Egg

Where is the plane where my sight lives
Can a feeling be felt without feeling
Everything yearns for a body
I yearn for a body I can live in

In the beginning there was an egg
I am an egg
I am a text I am revealed I am God
When Sarah prays it is a tight feeling in her chest
When I pray it is like casting a net from my center of gravity
Then the wind chimes in and I feel less alone

Jules fears from his lower belly
I fear from the top of my spine
Light is a unicorn between mirrors
Life begins at reception
Can I be received?
Self-reflected, light lives on forever.

This is the Me I Know

This is the Me I know
The Orange Moon
Green Night
Single Cricket Me
The listen to quiet
Notice a branch shake
Pray on a truck Me
The sitting alone
Clicking to darkness
Dancing with harshness
Ready to love
Willing to stretch
Tough yet soft Me
The Me who asks, the Me who cares, the Me who lives, the Me who Is

Binaries are Hard to Break

Binaries are hard to break
When something is at stake

O Hi Cloud

Hit me in the back
Hide your face
Show me your nature
Flap through like
Oh my god hi cloud danger
Touch your side
that's a lump
Bite my neck
that's a bump
Lick my hand
Sing along to the compressor

Forest Bathing for a Trans Kid

Today I climbed a tree
And kissed its bearded skin
It hugged with me the wind as if to say
I'll be your missing father
Prayerfully I pulled it close
And promised to love it like we used to

Disorientation Super Highway

Cruise slowly
At the speed of
Hurtle safely
Towards the boundary then
Ride gently
Through the backbone til
There is light
At the end of the tunnel

Hug me God

hug me god to a snowbank
freeze the seat of myself to a pressure line
wind in English means wind
coming with it is ever speech

Infinite I's

I am me and you are you
The universe loves
Different points of view

Wind to my Neck

Wind to my neck: accept, accept
This world on your neck, my neck the breeze
My neck the breeze, a chance to feel
The silence of endless rotation

Forming itself again and again,
Life has a habit of happening
Has it a neck, the sand? The wind?
An ear for the feeling of rain?

Come back, come back
They yell from the shore, there's work to be done and it's late
Work to be done together for sure, no islands no metal clouds

Opening up a vulnerable soul, sound touches me at a distance
Wind to my neck, the world in our skin
Our skin the stake of resistance

I'm Done Playing Doctor

I'm done playing doctor
I'm done playing witch
Instead, I'll just give you a little piece of me

I can't be your sister
And I won't be your father
But I will say a little prayer of peace for you

And you know I'd roll down hills for you
And you know that I'd take pills for you
Yea you know I'd do anything at all

So I'll stop playing doctor
And I'll start playing your wife
Together
We can work towards a better kind of life

Experimental Evidence for the Potential Role of Synchrony as a Relational Code

Place your self at the back of your skull
Imagine a time when you've felt at home
Allow your image to take a walk
Make it come back to you more slowly

Place your self at the front of your skull
Allow time to shake with urgency
Say to yourself five times:
We will not be governed thusly
We will live an art of existence

Loose yourself upon the field
Feel to the place where arrows meet
Shatter your self across the cranial ridge
Plant a seed where your brain used to be

Retrace the path of broken points
Does power limit what your subject can be?
Sew up the gaps between knowledge and strength
You are and are not a waveform