

RECUR.1

BRI CRICK.2018

BLOOD, PALMS.1

They would place a palm over the heart, press and dip into it,
Only shallow, like that palm on the surface of smooth water.

(The seam of exposed and unexposed as a simple and sensate delight.)

Tenderly, carelessly, into the viscera, so slow and unassuming as not to cause a ripple,
A solid against a liquid, each still whole in submersion,

But to lift a palm once more is to rift, and breach, and come away with stolen blood,
And come away with bloodied palms that will drip with it, bleed it out, but won't give it back.

DISTRESS.1

What I mean is this:

It wasn't trauma, but I couldn't shake it.

It was short term acceptance, and then being upset.

It was long term acceptance, and then being a static witness to myself.

It was knowing I would be okay, and not allowing myself to be anything.

It was losing 3 months to something good, then losing 12 months to nothing.

(I've said this one before,

It was an objectively bad idea, and an objectively good time.)

It was an overtime logician able to explain everything, working within a certain framework,
But unable to explain how they could have ever, as the theory goes, 'fucked up'.

For the most part,

It was simply that I would be reminded every day, once or twenty times, and feel nauseous.

Embarrassment and its adjuncts have always been my most enduring emotions. Even still.

I could not simply will myself to feel at ease, and nor could I just will myself not to think of it.

Despite my best efforts to do both.

It was an unrelenting conversation of regret and comfort.

It was the involuntary shake of my head; stop that, stop that, don't linger on it.

It was distress, nothing for it.

BLOOD, SUN.1

(Nothing for it but time,

Slow and soaked in sun, as they say.

Idle as a heartbeat, nothing to it.

Just time and being.)

(Ah, fucking hell.)

STATE.1

(This I have also said before,
I was built to care.)

And more than anyone could fucking know,
Even while I grow an equal distance within me, that
Holds me in an impassive state, that
I couldn't say was bad.

(I tend towards hallucinatory death-state.)

1. I died in that moment of distraction, on the road.
2. I died in that moment of distraction, doing nothing.
3. The simulation wants to know what I can withstand.
4. More than this, fuckers.
5. I died when I barrelled headfirst into the snow.
6. The simulation really fucked up when I barrelled headfirst into the snow, that was 6 straight minutes of acute déjà vu, and 10 minutes of visual glitching.
7. I really did think I was going to die that time, though.
8. More than this, fuckers, and besides, I trust people when they tell me I'm alive.

STATE.2

This I say privately,
The logician is always in.

Affect –
(a name, the wrong word)
Is lurking, loving,
My sweetheart is home.
Delight of the earth.
My pride and saviour.

Embodiment –
(abandons, captivates)
That connective tissue,
Hideous and beautiful,
Won't split or wax-drip.

(A simple and sensate delight.)

The –
(logician, privately)
Self-breaker, death-sayer.
True and untrue and infallible.
No words for itself,
My darling.

DISTRESS.2

What I mean is this
What I mean is this
What I mean is this
What I mean is
What I mean is feeling fine and nothing
What I mean is driving and counting
What I mean is driving and counting
What I mean is driving and feeling fine and nothing and counting
What I mean is one two three
What I mean is slower this time
What I mean is one, two, three
What I mean is
What I mean is driving and counting
What I mean is this shouldn't be the easy part to write
What I mean is
What I mean is there are parts I can't get out
What I mean is I regret each time I try to say this
What I mean is I never get it out right
What I mean
What I mean

BLOOD, PALMS.2

Oh, why not carelessly press,
Like that palm, bones snapping, into a fucking wall.
Sweetheart, I tell myself,
This will be nothing.

This will be nothing, and it won't be worth it.
But why not, anyway?

I almost didn't have an answer for that,
And I'd have put myself through anything to learn one.
I have to love my capacity for affection, and for distance,
And for risk with no reward. I have to.

Fuck that darling logician, and thanks only to
Oh, nausea, blessed fucking embodiment, dear one.
Keep me in myself and my memories in me, and
Make me sick to learn from my fucking past.

BLOOD, SUN.2

(Sun and sugar as blood,
Roots in the hand, death-giver,
spines and sternums –
Thorns, and juice in the wound –
Delight in the earth,
The self as home.)