

## SHED

By Jordan Baylon

What is a body, really?

What does it mean to be whole with it?

Every body is imagined and real

The body is every permutation of matter, energy, and spirit (which is the will of the land)

What is it like to be in my own body?

Are our bodies ever really broken?

Is our thread unstranded?

Are we really shattered,

or are we just now becoming aware of ourselves as a glance cast across a million intersecting glints of starlight?

The body is wholly imagined

and imagination is the will to wholeness

Imagination is corporeal

a song of the body like any other

-even the trundled reach of metaphor dribbling from the corners of my mouth like strawberry-cream spittle sings

So, if an imprint of our bodies upon the skin of this universe is inevitable,

even for what is only arbitrarily longer than nothing

a blink more than all of you

then, words will do

-even these prayerful profanities

I write our flesh with thrum, trill, bone ache, bloom, flush

the pyroclastic flows and thermohaline currents of my breath

these textures the tactile dreams of my body

these bodies the dreams of *our* body

...

*Cory Beaver*

the earth dreams in mountains

and sometimes shadows hold the mass

and these fingers

type tricks of light

equal to a trillion utterances

I become others  
and they, me

And the sun  
is the light pooling to fire  
above my unburnt branches

And the mountains  
yawn a seabottom blackness below my boughs  
stone shorn of substance  
spirit so rich  
darkness so exultant  
that eyes sparkle to behold

spirit and body  
the sun  
light of all life

all our stories are one

...

*Mpoe Mogale*

When the body is remembering  
familiarity is the very ectoplasm of haunting  
Intimacy askew, delayed, thwarted,  
a touch that doesn't hold

Still, any touch can lead to a myriad things  
And a loving touch to true sight

The self-gaze of holistically integrated autonomous subjectivity  
Not object  
Not extracted  
Not contingent  
Not merely acted upon  
Not merely *represented*

But self-possessed, flesh-loved and free  
And therefore shareable, scalable  
Abundant.  
the very fractal of the earth-seed (praises to Octavia)

...

*Alèn Martel*

What is it?

It's when flesh finds its concert from a chaos of contractions

Millions of muscle fibres cradling the compassed reach of bones and tensile ligaments

It's breath syncopated by the grip of heel and toe and the splay of limbs

Toneholes shaping the love of a two-tongued *embouchure*

It's even the deconstructionist *jou*

And the frontal lobe moaning through teeth and tongue

All that mastication and melting

It's the yielding of an imperative

a dance with no tradition

It is a body bound and boundless

a slow bombastic wink

Pray, I dare you:

What is it?

...

*Pam Tzeng + FOONYAP*

How do we become *eldritch* again?

The new ancients, again?

By what holy rites?

Body is spirit

Body is spirits

Bodies and spirits

The spiral geometry of desire:

forward when you want closeness

facing down even when you're rising

The helixed luminescent singing decay come healing

The way water finds itself anew,

The glacier, the sea, the sky

The same different states

And the movement that becomes the record, the passing on,

our ancestors remembering the future in front of us

to a vanishing point that spirals back into itself

Inexorably

How could there not  
be  
longing?

We share the same body and see each other as ghosts

And though only our dreams ever touch  
that embrace bears the feast of every pleasure and satisfaction possible  
savoured by all  
belonging

...

We had to dream ourselves into existence,  
plying our own gaze

In the eyes of our ancestors for whom we are not satisfied to be merely *represented*

*Our* dreams are real

And when we dance we are real

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