Three Poems

Olivia De Sanctis


Published by York University. *Pivot* is published through Open Journal Systems (OJS) at York University
Somatic cartography &
Stories - are the stuff of life.
Stories are bone marrow, are blood & oceans & pools & rain & saliva & juices from the eye or the
cunt or cock or puss from the cut.
Bodies melt into oblivion when we tell them as they are
Bodies are sculpted and molded into strange shapes when we will them to bend
Or break.
Bodies belong as we tell them, bodies are made as we speak them -
Stories are born and die and dissolve
And fossilize and
Stories can eat and also shit and also spit and scream and gently caress your face or thigh or soul.
Stories go to the hospital when they fall into commas - and develop mold in the bloodstream.
Stories are paralyzed, they become disabled. Other times they seem superhuman. Other times they
run and sprint and jump and sing. Stories take drugs and they drink and other times they go on
cleanses.
Sometimes we spit a little when we pronounce bodies.
Sometimes we cry when we hear bodies, but other times we laugh.
We draw maps on bodies and we write maps as bodies and we code maps with stories.
Stories fuck. Bodies rip like paper.
Meaning mapped onto bodies through stories - that is the bone marrow and the soil of our world.
Stories through bodies onto mapped meaning - earth cycles through seasons, though species,
through hours and years and
Birth and death and
Stories and maps and bodies.

All collapse into one another until all that's left are shapes and the shapes of words.
Here it is,  
become
I can’t be— me again
I can’t—beam/ into myself
Break/
Press/

Tomorrow stirs circles into
being—
Beginnings.
Been.

Borrowing
Approaches stop nearing &
My – stop. Crossing,
Crossing through – signs of the cross—signs
That I’m
Being—becoming—
boring.

——Becoming-born.
Coming into birth. Approaching. Coming
Circling – ouroboros
cling-ing
Born bent — backwards – wayward, waxing and waning, winding
moving
Into becoming the spiral
  /// circle
  /// ouroboros

Y-y-u —
  ///
Shape Series

VI.
Silkscreen bodies, sliced –
Indebted to mountains.
Skin: bone with boarders,
Make it Diced –
Lice stained, olive oil drowned, half living.
Extra-virgin.

IX.
Snakeskin shedding,
Blood clots bending –
Arms extending
Over and under everything.

III. I.
Pyrite nightmares merging.
Moving into sharp cloud noises.
Multi-coloured closed eyelid static,
Becoming rain.