

Pivot: An Interdisciplinary Journal

Three Poems

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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.

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Here it is,
       bec<del>ome</del>
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
               backwards - wayward, waxing and waning, winding
Born bent
       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.