

## on hands

when was the last time that you said thank you to your hands?

that you rubbed them?

massaged them?

truly acknowledged them?

our hands are beautiful things -

they allow us

to

grasp,

to feel,

to hold,

to know,

to loosen,

to love,

to feel,

to feel,

to knead,

to stretch,

to stretch,

to feel,

to break,

to hold,

to know,

to feel,

to know,

to rub,

to know,

to know,

to know,

to lengthen,

to deepen,

to listen,

to know,

to build,

to bury,

to pray,

to feel,

to birth,

to open,

to feel

to see

to warm,

to shine,

to sign,

to shape

to cook,

to store,

to soothe,

to give,

to write,

to braid,

to caress,

to feel,

to plant,

to feel

to see

to shape

to shield,

to sew,

to know,

to grow,

to close,

the unknown

the unknown

to weave,

to show,

to know,

the unknown,

to cleave,

to read,

to ease,

to receive,

to live,

to eat,

to hold,

to know,

to grow,

the unknown

the unknown

the unknown

to resist,

to resist,

to feel,

to feel

to resist,

to shape

navigate

resist,

resist,

resist,

slow,

slow,

slow

to slow,

to slow,

to know,

the unknown,

to slow,

the unknown

the unknown

slow,

slow,

slow,

## **“uncharted waters”**

what does it mean to step off the boat,  
as someone who doesn't know how to swim?  
what do you see?  
what do you feel?  
what do you hold?  
what d'you release?  
what do you taste?  
what do you smell?  
what do you hear?  
what d'you believe?

we're as fluid as water  
as solid as ice  
as free as vapour  
we're as fluid as ice  
as solid as vapour  
as free as water  
we're as fluid as vapour  
as solid as water  
as free as ice

what does it mean to step off the boat?

to breathe in “uncharted waters”?

to remember, bring through with belief,

to sink

and be.

what does it mean to step off the boat,

and swim and sink to freedom?

step into the unknown.

we never step alone.

we're as fluid as what we see

what we feel

what we hold

what we release

we're as fluid as what we taste

what we smell

what we hear

what we believe

we're as solid as what we see

what we feel

what we hold

what we release

we're as solid as what we taste

what we smell

what we hear

what we believe

we're as free as what we see

what we feel

what we hold

what we release

we're as free as what we taste

what we smell

what we hear

what we believe

why do you breathe?

what do you breathe?

how do you breathe?

where do you breathe?

we're as free as why we breathe

what we breathe

how we breathe

where we breathe

what does it mean to step off the boat?

to know the ocean intimately?

to remember, pull through and seize

our liberation

## **i'll meet you where their light doesn't reach**

i'll meet you where their light doesn't reach:

in your aqueous eyes slick with mucin and time

where stars glisten with iridescent lipidity

that slight-smile inducing intimacy

where i see you see yourself, see your wealth

see your wants, see your needs in me

hey neighbour ;)

i'll meet you where their light cannot reach:

in the shyness etched and stretched into the upturned corners of your mouth

and in the volleyed play of your gaze tenderly flicked away in shy heat

come back around

come back around

so i can meet you where their light doesn't reach:

within the mischievous sparking of our souls!

our nerves dancing in syncopation to the shaking shifting sinewy grains shining beneath our feet

magnetising with each step

actualising in the contact



forming steel-strong strands of light-beads

gleaming in an ever-growing, ever-rolling fog that enwraps our being

and as we feel into the arms of this tantalisingly smoking shadowy lover

the edges of our skin alight, our senses keen

our inner rhythm awake, inhaling and wading with playful desire,

you and i, we meet

rolling and rocking and stretching and grooving and stepping and shaking and shucking

we shed into our body,

we jive into our spirit,

for there is definition in the fog!

**our dignity can't be eclipsed.**

**our divinity can't be eclipsed.**

## **quayside feelings**

i was born with dignity

anger reminds me of this

we are *all* born with dignity

nobody can take that away from you

though they try

and try

and try

and try we

anger reminds us of this

we are born with dignity

nobody can take that away from me

it's in my blood

it's under my skin

it's in each breath that swims and snakes and snarls within

as they try

and try

and try

and fail to claim me.

i will not die for them

i will not bleed for them

i will not sweat, nor stew, nor writhe, nor toil

i do not breathe for them.

they cannot have me!

i am my own.

i am my own,

and i am my kin's.