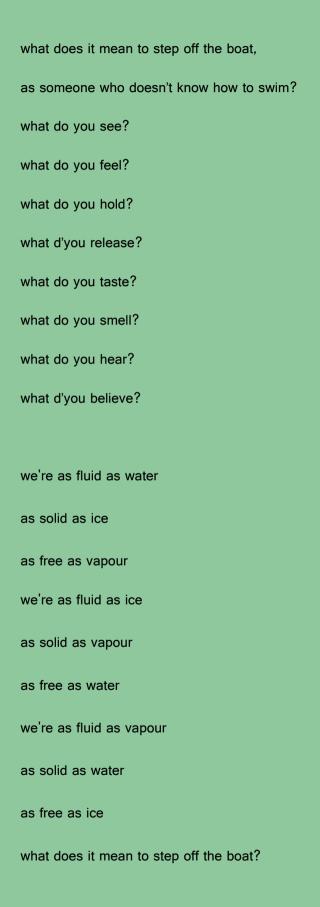
## on hands

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 hold,
to feel,	to know,
to hold,	to feel,
to know,	to know,
to loosen,	to rub,
to love,	to know,
to feel,	to know,
to feel,	to know,
to knead,	to lengthen,
to stretch,	to deepen,
to stretch,	to listen,
to feel,	to know,
to break	to build

to bury,	to shield,
to pray,	to sew,
to feel,	to know,
to birth,	to grow,
to open,	to close,
to feel	the unknown
to see	the unknown
to warm,	to weave,
to shine,	to show,
to sign,	to know,
to shape	the unknown,
to cook,	to cleave,
to store,	to read,
to soothe,	to ease,
to give,	to receive,
to write,	to live,
to braid,	to eat,
to caress,	to hold,
to feel,	to know,
to plant,	to grow,
to feel	the unknown
to see	the unknown
to shape	the unknown

to resist,	to slow,
to resist,	to slow,
to feel,	to know,
to feel	the unknown,
to resist,	to slow,
to shape	the unknown
navigate	the unknown
resist,	slow,
resist,	slow,
resist,	slow,
slow,	
slow,	
slow	

## "uncharted waters"



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

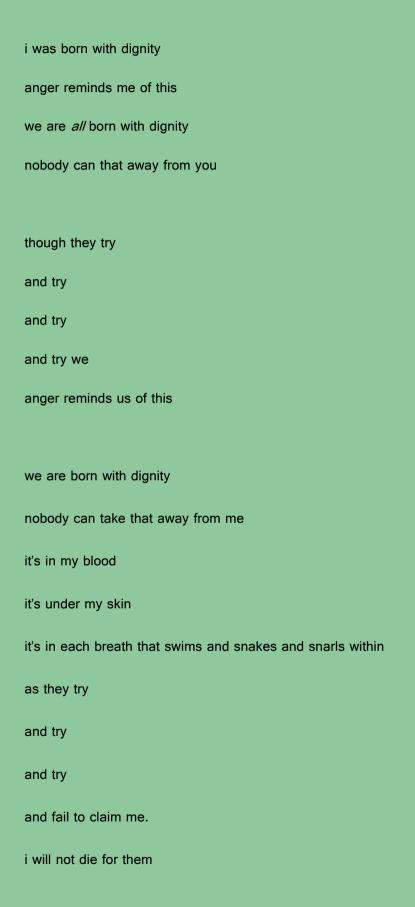
our liberation

## 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 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.