You return to your cradle each night as I lay on my side in a hammock woven of muscle and blood and skin just as I once did.

> Only my words touch you Were that it could be my lips

This is her confession, and you are here to bare witness to her open wound, Prevented from healing by her and the spaces between them. She can't forget a simple truth, a burnt memory that echoes with he Though not an act of malice or ill intent, she was simply standing too close been there at all. it was her unseen hand of inattention that led to the demise of a or hand outstretched to catch the little bird took its last breath quite fitting together as they had once before. a world created by her. nestled uncomfortably between the spaces of knowing Disquiet stains the stainless of my limited heart but a felt sense of brokenness.

Stories of what was and what will be whispered in dark corners echo blamelessness, are told and retold and upside down, in a well-executed act to play pretend with lost realities. in the quiet moments to fill the empty space in the mirror, with dreams of healing and hopes for feeling even a measure of peace something,
anything
but this heavy guilt... that is impossible to escape We move forwards and backwards, back and forwards, sliding from one moment to the next forwards and back, Concealing our faces from onlookers in an attempt to escape that which was left undone. The truth staying lost beyond her reach at my fingertips, turning into echoes that surround us, impossible to place in logical order. However, in this moment, uncounted shadows, relentless in their protection,
will move aside
and stop
hiding the words
that haven't been
allowed to be exposed to
mindful moments. And the fractured pieces of my being will be

This is my confession, And you are here to bare witness to my unwavering guilt. Splayed before you as an open wound, Prevented from healing by my unspoken words... And the spaces between them.

Fifty Shades of Grey

I wear my 50 shades of grey

from my 'darkest as sin' grey

A life lived strand by strand.

"Old friend have you read it?-

This Fifty Shade of Grey?"

proclaim its experience.

l ask an old friend,

"Have I read it?

We lived it, you and I."

l nod my wise old greying-head

Why would I?

in agreement.

But I know.

Yes! We lived it!

You looking at us

and slowing down.

But let me tell you

My 50 shades of grey

were actually experienced.

Not vicariously salivated over

in the pages of a musty old book.

see old ladies,

grey-haired

Proudly letting each undyed hair

to my purest of whites –

bereft of shame.

a crown

upon my head.

Will it scar Will it scar this mark from the hard loving mother? I, freshly conscious ascended the waters edge as the rains began. We gathered together, the water and the woman, to discuss. to move. to improvise. The harsh edges of the tropics, surface vanished in textured teachings. The under belly unseen. I breathed and lunged. Body accepting of the fait. bare skin and the limbs convinced the centre to take this blow. blood exiting through the claw marks of life's impatience. Claimed as woman in the grey light of aloneness. Just above the pubic bone, I was shown. The danger and the thrill of mortality. This engraving by nature, onto the core of me. Will it scar this mark from the hard loving mother? From the fallen trunk submerged. graze me with your stories, scratch me with truth. tattoo me with your song. Will it scar this mark from the hard loving mother? or will it enter?

l can almost taste it Here at the steep blue edge of the earth Toes stretch under water, Moving in time with the fish, Moving in song with the current I can almost taste it but im not sure what it is

Here at this edge

A pattern of waves on the chest Wave rain on the out breath Skin becomes fluidity And bones echo whale song I wonder if the ocean tastes my eyes Chasms shaded change I wonder if the ocean feels my soul swirl in And my body becoming spaciously empty of expectations l can taste it salt breath Tsunamis originate here and l can be it At this steep blue edge of the earth As the sound of my heart forgives The sound of my habits

(if we could speak between Miscarriage July cable stitched winter over white sandstone cliffs, The vast sprawl of the darkness swimming near the shore Witness the corrugated whiteness of her eyes, and blazing glitter of her fall The current ruffles an unmade mind Makes your eyes water Leaves breath cold You will find no sign of death here

our words, would it help?) speak spea ak ck ka-ep cape sss (nothing echoes in the spaces) spae aces says sp sss ape sap? (not even nothing) no thing noth north orth auth thing (other words clot there) were ords fords dz ssss dore door ah-l-wood-door (so there's no space to hear) h h h ear hrrr ear he her hrrr hssss tun gz tong gz ton gues gnot guess t? (too wet) weh t we t tew (for speech) spe-ache shhhhhhh

B | E | T | S | Y | T | U | R |C | O |T

R | A | C | H | E | L | D | E | A | N

S | A | L | L | Y | M | O | R | R | I | S

M | A | R | I | L | Y | N | R | O | B | E | R | T | S

A | H |L |I |Y |A |H | K |I |T | E

R | H | Y | L | L | T | O | N | G | E

But if you close your eyes,

you might completely miss

This unknown life within you

As if she never existed at all

A | N | G | E | L | A | W | I | L | L | O | C | K C | H | L | O | Ë | C | A | L | L | I | S | T | E | M | O | N

(shhhh)