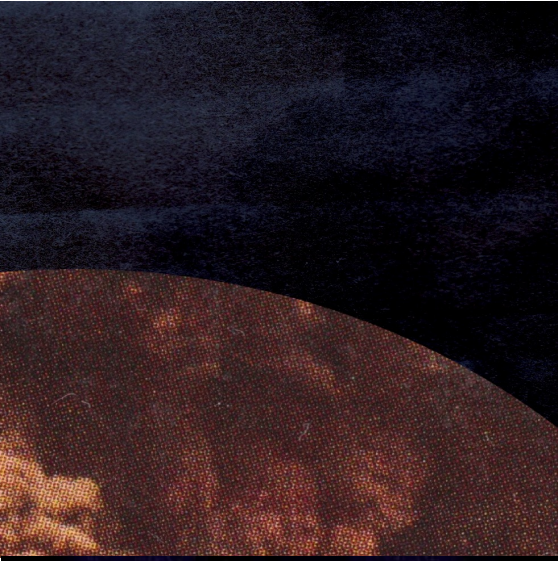
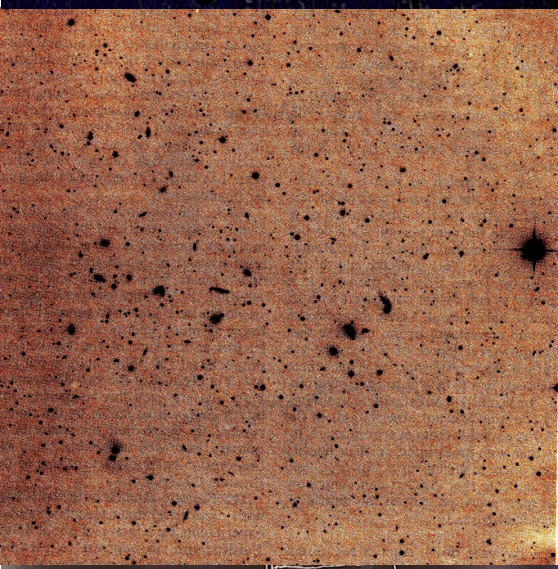
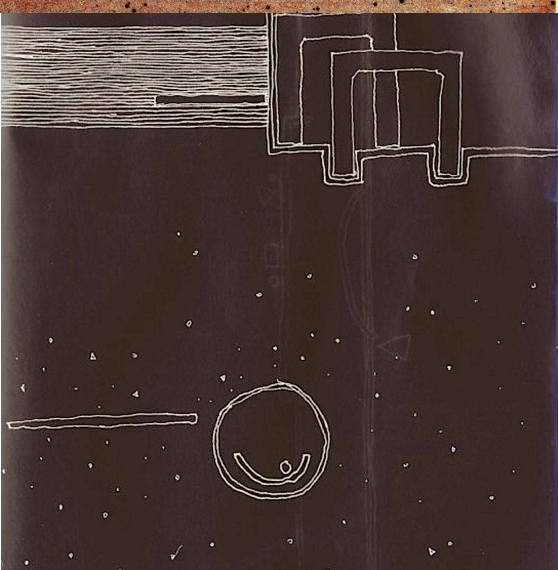








I never told you before but I was born from clay, in this warm little pool, vibrant and densely populated.

there was an exodus

I have been longing to return for some time, exhausted by the weight of standing upright.

can't stand it

I considered dissolving into the atmosphere as fine particles, each repulsing the other and escaping into thin and vacant space. But I wonder, even with the thrill of that thought, floating alone and distant and free, what my voice would sound like with nothing to vibrate, no ears, no sense. Filling my lungs with emptiness, *panic,* never inflating, despite -*panic*- consuming until I have devoured a void, desperately - *panic* - searching, frenetic, gulping, desperately, in, until there is no more-

don't panic

Instead I excavated a hole, and lay down. Pour dirt on me until I am up to my neck and over, until I am enveloped and subsumed by earth, rotted and moulded and composted and compacted until clod, until syrup oil until rock pock-marked by trees 350 million years gone, until mantle, until molten. Seduced and shrouded and dictated by the astronomical warmth weighing over my actions and those around me, drawing us, pulling us crushing us closer and warmer and heavier and stickier.

In thrall to a giddy gravity, vibrant and hot and dense.

I'll pour dirt on you until you are cocooned and I will subsume you and you will never need to worry.

