

dig.

dig at the gristle between the meat and
the stone the bone the branch of the family tree
that digs heels into

history and the flesh the meat the promise of
action of animation of agility

dig at the stuff that links the two
the connective tissue that fascist the fascia
that tend/ons to bind

history

gets stuck into habits and habits and habits and habits
restrict inform allow

the limbs the bones to be enfleshed the flesh to be
stony the trunk to branch out and to

dig for secrets and roots and underground gatherings

dig your hands -- you knew it was coming –

dig your well informed phalanges towards the centre of my trembling:

the organs the fear

the stomach desire

the liver history

the spleen hope

the lungs music

the gonads dancing

we think with our heart

we feel with our head

we dig with our hands

and reach with our feet

where are you on this sloppy topography. which organ holds love

not the heart it is the
unseen the clinging the connecting the allowing
if my heart
if my muscle
moves without it nothing happens
the stone bones cannot think of action without
it
the idea manifests in this stuff
this shift
which binds
for which
i dig