Become an expert at loss

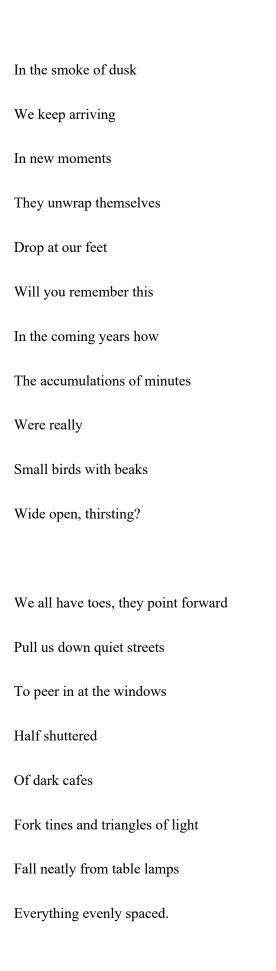
Become an expert at loss
At losing the proud ground beneath you
At being thrown
At vanishing.
Become the acrobat
The small dot the doll
Tumbling
Marionette cut quick from sticks and strings
Become the compact body
Spinning through space
Hard valleys plunging beneath you.
Traid valicys prunging beneath you.
mard valleys plunging beneath you.
Execute the perfect fall
Execute the perfect fall
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass And speed
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass And speed And flight
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass And speed And flight
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass And speed And flight Gravity shows you how.
Execute the perfect fall In line with the laws of physics Subsume the connections Between mass And speed And flight Gravity shows you how. Understand the contradiction

Leaving the complications
Of time and place and heat.
You are the shortest distance
Between two scant points you are
A law of motion
Unto yourself.
Grow familiar with the
Slow surge the loosening
The wide arc of waves
Rolling you.
Become the falling
Everything emptying
Your very molecules
Dividing.
Realize this:
You are nothing
But a voice
In wind
A simple vibration
With all of its echoes
Learning to speak, to sing

This sputtering, foreign language
Called grief.
Mikvah* reimagined
(*Jewish ritual bath for women)
Imagine
that solitude
Is a tin echo
Vanishing
At the tail ends
Of dimly lit halls
Where a woman like you
Can
Periodically
Go by herself
To shed the flapping urgency
And the noise of each day.
You eagerly disrobe, dropping
Articles of clothing, prerequisites of shame
Scatter
On the locker room floor
To emerge
Weighted

By the power of anatomy
Femaleness enduring
Ageless, no apology
For all of your necessary protrusions.
This is where
Cylinders full of warm liquids are tipping
Into wide water baths
Taken in rooms of cool tile
Almost quiet except
For the sounds of
Buckets refilling, and
The sloshing wetting footsteps
Careless mess of puddles expanding
Maybe they are dark
Like matter
Like failed oceans
Or planetary mistakes
Step around them or through them
Don't try to be careful
Let them easily
Pull you under
Just for a minute
Draining away
Your sticky regrets, misgivings
Like second skins outgrown

This is where you come to shed them
See, they are melting
In water, dissolving memories
Of all of the yesterdays
A floating
Peaceful forgetting.
Losing to the virus
Here's how we knew:
We saw the bright red arrows beckoning at entrances
Walk this way they said
Into forests of pine cones
We traveled through wooded lots
Paying little attention to the fact that they were
Littered with the occasional corpses
Of squirrels or field mice
We knew:
Nature's losses were piling up
Time shrugs on with never mind
Leading finally to the cigarette-strewn cities
Logos twinkling



Recipe edit Stir beat medium Soft peaks rise In time beating Spread small And undisturbed Use the paddle Salt in. Stiff peaks. Smooth, not fluffy Follow together in large clumps Kneaded Shape wrap freeze cool slice Drop in batches, top With ample chunks Forever pressing.