

afrose fatima ahmed

5.5.15 improv w/ maryanne

The skull. The deepness within. Split. Each phrase  
seeping from the open places. Fluid rush of synovial  
liquid, wet grass running barefoot until the edge  
and JUMP! feel into the coldness, the many  
faceted deep darkness of underwater life.  
The ribbits and the fish sounds.

Birds flowing in space, swimming in air, as we  
creep closer, closer, lean in, listen in, drop drop  
drop down the waterfall into the elements  
of immortals, the creeping breath, the  
crooked back, the rippling soil

holding tightly to the tall proud mast, rooted  
into the deck of a one woman boat, out on the  
seas solo journey with the punctuated  
deepness of oblivion. The only darker  
thing than a new moon sky is  
the dead navigation  
device.

Reach deeply into the heart of your own  
chest, step into each cascading  
ledge in a crescendo of  
dance moves, one rush  
ing into the other  
each eye melt  
ing there  
for one  
moment,

small words. small breath. dance. dance to me. give me a prompt.  
I see the other's face across a busy public square. we're in  
japan. the only strangers. speech all around but no  
comprehension. I walk toward, entertain moving  
past w/o acknowledgement but how can  
I when carnelian and rose quartz are falling from his ears?  
he hears in color, my dry eyes beg for a sip of that nectar.  
everything is haunting me, even the souls of babies  
yet to be born.

: a long pause :

afrose fatima ahmed

5.5.15 improv w/ maryanne

quartz crystals in the window sill. in the new language,  
there's only one word for work and one word for play. the  
word for relating is the word for dance. the word for  
dream in the word for conversation & that word is the  
word for the connection to the land. when children read  
from their books they were really writing the stories  
themselves and storytelling was a two-handed process.  
it rained cosmos & bloomed gas giants & trips around  
the world could be had in an afternoon. each  
phrase was a feeling, could be seen in the air, a  
pink cloud of dusty rose particles, floating through  
the pores. breathe deep & if you inhale you  
will dream another's thoughts.