

Of flows and fingertips

The day flows into night
and night flows into day

Tiring is it not?

the light presses firm against the window of the night
like memory in its fluttering patterns
so many fingertips drumming muted - cacophonous
are we not there already?

the young flow into death
the old flow into birth

so many tender fingertips blunted
by the window pain of night resounding

fluted hands grasping at the loud sharp light
waiting for wallpaper mouths to chatter
kitchen tables dissolving useful

if fingers were indians
their name would be "runs-with-scissors"

the strings of memory tangled, gathered, and unraveled

giving their all to this trace called universe
its line and color,
its make and model

though not nearly as much meaning as is inscribed on
- your body -
that taut, viscous body-without-organs
deterritorialized flows
overrunning your borders

transforming these flows
into tasks in embodied