

Roxy Dames

Autumnal Equinox

:when the ground exhales and it has just become dark and you're not sure if what you see is what you see/the earth is molting/the air doesn't want you there/you feel in your pores the death of so many of those beings/the anise, the clover, the witch's green/that have left what you can perceive with your five senses

:when the black walnut that shares soil with you is morphing and a history comes off of it and you see it with waking eyes and it fills the green space out back entities moving

:when something now comes off of you/and you watch a whisper of you split off/and she joins them/and you look through her/and you nuzzle into J's arm

:when you feel how much weight that spirit has been carrying/feel her joy at being able to rest in affinity/the part of you that has always felt like a death/the part whose existence convinced you that body death should've happened years ago uncaged and reveling

:when the voices you always hear become the voices of the entities and you feel again the dirt that has seeped into your pores and you are in the ground/feeling just how vulnerable this state.this economic system.this mode of being is/and your gums salivate with possibilities of rest and care

:when you walk out into it all and pour an offering on the ground and look up to see all those ones who you see fill the green space drinking the offering as you drink it yourself

laugh darling

their skin is your skin
your face is their face



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both:and