

What Are We? by Marianthe Loucataris

i am a crip
a crip artist
a crip porous assemblage
that which is not me
and yet is at the core of me
moves through me

my challenges
my difficulties
my impairment
allow me
to
shift

i am the leaves
tousled in the wind
we
are all in flux
everything
is in flux
life death health illness
ability disability
crip allows me
to go
between betwixt

time
spirals stands still
juxtaposed
space time mattering
mind body mattering
clouds bees birds whales
porcupines
all
flux

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when i
connect
to the other than human
when my porous assemblage
improvises with other porous assemblages
improvises
intra-acts with
the i that was me
slips away

the i
becomes
the eye of a whale
a sanctuary
to inhabit with my dearest friends
an ocean whose waves
ebb and flow
oooooz

slippage
from life to death
from youth to old
from wellness to illness
from care to care
all all
every part of every porous assemblage

may we accept that
life death ourselves each other
that which we love and cherish the most
are but the blink of an eye
allow all of it
to come and go and flow and come and go and flow
let all of that which contains us
all of that which constrains us
to a single separate self
compost