

Invent an Asana: Lichen Shield

- *with Vidhu Aggarwal*

Warrior Pose 1. Now shift your forward hand to the side, angle into the wind. Your hand offers a buffer, gives the lie to the wind-cut form of your body, leave the sleekness behind.

Let the awkward buffer trickle inward, toward you: enough is enough.

Hinge again and clasp both hands to form a shield over your heart: repel.

Shift the palms upward to cover your eyes, let your forearms angle inward, armor for your torso.

Shuffle your feet together, but no, not like this, not to a point, to the retreat, the easily swayed minority position, the weaker single stem. Find your multiple stance, each toe and bone.

Plant yourself, and now blossom in a web, assemble in lace, creep out and up, around, so the bright botanics of your forehead, the orange knit membrane around your heart, the barrier light of your pelvis shines forth strong and steady.

There: a tender force field that creeps over more than you.

Isolation Somatics: Skinner Releasing

Spider sticks up
knee impetus,

elbow softens
into query:

clock ticking, rain drops.
Smell of pressed wood panels

skull strings just above my ears:

Portal opens:
synth riffs up doors to stars

Uneven floor city grime beneath naked toes
Hip sockets run loose melt into the wooden grain.

Deep drums yank into mammoth rhythm.
Fat runs in billows over the first floor,
harmonics race in midsummer arches.

Light floods

arc of flax tension jolt up
golden lines to universe.

My eyes fly over exercise yard.
I step into the installation
No one's puppet but my own.

Blood pounds, upward vocal reach,
circular plates drench me in color.
Hips flange out: moth wings.

Red vestibule, stained glass
string winds around Mars, tugs up.
Bones melt into wax

dark cathedral light

Spider Somatics: Welcome to Your Viral Home

Spider heart, fill your body with haemolymph, pump it

You don't know how to get there.
Hook your fingertips under the bone.

push into sinus spaces surround your silk glands.
Dear spider, fill your book lung
assemble hollow flat plates

You don't. Smooth liver membrane.

Circulate air in the library.
Spider heart, let haemolymph
flow among the book plates.

Palpate your ribcage's edges.
Softness when you exhale.

It's me.
The tight shark angles in from below.

Book lung, exchange carbon.
Here are the spiracles:
open to the outside window.

Psoas intensity.
Lost on the streets, stitch in my side.

Use your pedipalps
capture prey from the street
break it into very small fragments.

Floating ribs trail into pelvic matter.
There's a hook, and a rip.

Stand by the door.
Use your walking legs to mince prey.

No, no, pain and me.
All is calm on the sea.

Your friends will come.

Earth Somatics: Foundation Ore

Lead pours deep molten core.

Explode volcanic.

Scald skin, scald memory child, deep in the well. Child, shrivel fire hair, foresee new futures in the flame.

Create a culvert under the road. Canal. Run the rest. Lead pours mobile, widening, eats the banks of body, artery, tissue field, eats till curve contained in cooling ooze. Duct. Find local materials to create a bridge over the water's path. Blood barrier. Brain barrier. Lay a pipe. Offer flood control. Gutter. Lick the wall-paint, white dust bedazzles the crib. Let the moisture drain. Spillway. Avoid foundation damage. Lead chips a holey wall, a lacy fringe, plumb diary. Notch doorpost. Stick smeary black-and-white photograph between the battens of breathing walls. Channel the path of excess away from buildings. Back to the main stream. Sluice. Lead bullets into grey mass, displace with splatter velocity, ping off clanging pipes, indoor plumbing.

No footprint on the dewy grass in the early morning. No white chalky moon glimmers on new metals.

Suspend astronaut helmet crystals at night, at night.

Lead glances at earth, at spine, at sky.

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