Hold

This page could be about anything, writing
hints at a surface, casts shadow in a shape that is like
the weight of a ground. There's something under my right wrist:
the secret next bit- I'm always *just getting there*
As it spills beneath and writing
Hangs, indefinitely bold-
Holds

I am a twenty-six-year-old woman in an empty room with the doors locked
I sit on the floor on another woman's rug
Who I do not see but send regular (late) payments to by a series of meaningless numbers -

Co-ordinates which have stayed in the old places, but severed from their roots somewhere, surely miles below, tidal
movements having no effect
by the time you could make it up here
from anchor to chain to god-knows-where/ up here-
On another woman's round rug

Who I do not think knows I am here, or that I am not
Or that. She doesn't know that.
Because I don't have a chair.
Because I had a chair and no table to draw on for so long.
The chair I found outside a big house with a big car
and I'm still not sure if it was just out drying but I took it anyways because
After all,
I am not a good person.

Because I broke the chair, but I couldn't get it *that good* twice, I am perched on the bald head
Of a round-rugged buoy.

Do you recognise this boxed up forest?
In fact, there is nothing fabellistic about it, my art studio being like a rabbit hutch
Wood chip walls, above/below
Me, like a fleshy stone. Maybe all stones breath that deep out to sea
I wouldn't know. Except some crazy percentage unexplored, someone told me that
Who and how much I don't remember but I do
The deepness, and the mutiny song of shingle is
Cut out like a splinter -
  A little silent mouth in the deepness of deep-sea sand
  Filling a little silent song
  Where is my heart? How should I begin
searching my body

Up ahead, the chair-less table like a square dawn sky, risen
over my sun-burnt scalp, which in its shadow
Turns grey, becomes a
Tonsured buoy. Bobbing, nodding, twitching, glitching (Blinking
an eyeful of that full stop!)

Like trying to embroider water
Sign my name on everything.