

Metallic and
hard,
heavy and
wet.

We travel in
contaminated lands.
Yellow,
dusty regions,
orange shadows
and dry skies.

I feel like a global
fluid.

You penetrate
all boundaries.

I am longing for you
to share
your wetness.

Damp things lead us:

smears, and
oily streaks,

on the moist surfaces
of the territory
we inhabit.

Wastelands
and deserts;
the outskirts of cities,
settlements,
fields, and
bodies of soiled,
spoiled water.

I am so much closer
to you than you think.

We move
fragile and open.

Coming close
to a possible future

the possibility
and fragility
of endless,
endless stickiness.

What caused the damage?

The loose ends
of our dripping culture.

Our leakiness.

I am dying for you
to share
your wetness.

What was spread?

Fluid streams
seeping from
pipes
and bowls,
tanks
and boats,
reservoirs
and pipelines
full of privatized water
and crude oil.

What caused the damage?

Gathering
in corners and edges,
under rocks, pillars,
waste and rubble.

Squeezing
through holes,
fences,
and tunnels.

Leaking into our
vision

soft, massive
and dark

animated,
and growing.

A slimy,
slippery
mixture
on dry, yellow grass
and corroding iron.

Slowly
contaminating

every part
and cell

of our wet
and fragile
existence.

I am so much closer
to you than you think.

You feel like a global
fluid.

I penetrate
all boundaries.

I am longing for you
to share
your dampness.

We circulate
our moist material.

Dripping
and oozing.

Let it be used
and taken,
changed
and adapted,
given away
freely.

Ours is yours
to share and
spread.

Softly
and slowly

we move
in a frenzy
of liquid
toxicity.

What is it that caused
the damage?

The loose ends of our
dripping culture

Our leakiness

I am dying for you
to share your wetness.

You take a deep breath.

Your body leaks
in front of me.

Watch
our intensely
leaking,
staining
company.