Maybe it was in some other, past and more youthful age that it seems now, we largely forgot to take notice of, that everything started to happen.

When various nervous systems that were also, and without any apparent contradiction, 'sympathetic' (and further subdivided helpfully into 'para-' and the other, 'normal' kind, received their stimulation from higher up and endings of every variety awoke at once.

When formerly porous continental tables began tilting gently like a greasy meal tray on the sleeping lap of the earth. When the tributaries, pituitaries, discharges of various forms, imbalances of phosphates and other nutrients on which phyletic developments rely, began to run in decreasing numbers and greater volumes, and bloomed in red and cerulean algal tides

Worldwide moments of media saturation suddenly joined by saturations also of all other kinds as well, pushing on both sides of a membrane at once until insides mean nothing, giving no thought at all to consistent coverage.

In short, all that had been separate and set apart, in short, all that had in any way been inner, ceased at once to be hidden, to be secret, and instead, joining that wide-set and heavy flow, to secrete, to become

When, all the way back when only true kids of that decade will remember, but the only ones who remain are rapidly reaching their expiration date.

Looking back over that time where:

clenched drowsily reverse-cowboy over some churning and invisible boundary, like two oceans grinding on each other, exhausted by the waves, orifices filling with salty water as you're carried 'past It.'

There is that certain nostalgia for disaster as long as it happens quickly enough,

Nostalgia as in:

why we're now sipping matcha lattés out of knock-off Duralex glasses and remembering the low-flow fertility and macroscopic appearances of thick green pockmarked rivers that signified, worldwide, the event of your birth. Some kind of probably understandable stress response

Disaster as in:

milky lattés because what else would they make the matcha with? The water here is green. You stir yours like a young director trying to make a point about entropy. When later you spit it emerges like a shot of silk, tying you momentarily to the earth.

Maybe, in other words we are, now, at a retrospective vantage point over things which, if not actually in themselves relevant per se vis-à-vis what it is, at least keep on being, in some kind of perpetual now, as in:

A memory that extends only as far back as the present and which has the ease and conviction of a dream and the persistent nagging of a myth.

There, the rivers were super clean, but there are patches of stillness, where you hunted for it, and -

Pushing against the back-end of the water, Your face, and other, less obvious attributes

Like some meditative state on the verge of sleep maintained by imagining a view of the inside of your own head. Tongue wandering around, testing the boundaries of its ivory cage for gaps to slip through and, finding none, treating the mouth then instead as the wet idea from which all other inside hollows:

an embrace,

the plasticated surface of a body-bag, some productive underworld, an accommodating sleeve rebelling against market forces, OR - etcetera,

Extend and rise up from beneath at set intervals like a rhizome or a burst industrial vein

In the dark all interiors become one, fertile place. To, perhaps, escape from and perhaps, spend a lifetime trying to find again. Seeking the patches of stillness and the responsive surfaces and glands that permit saliva and the initiation of swallowing or, the passage of You,

Narcissus-for-a-day, resolving forever the Classic, full-fat tragedy of the disappearing, untouchable image in glorious, repeatable HD,

As You took back the body in which you had so tastefully dressed his myth -

As Narcissus once again liquefies and flows downriver,

As your dual absence is marked by a bloom.

that the tears of frustrated mourners - while watering the flower that stood in place of your absence – but not knowing that you hadn't left but rather dissolved, also didn't realise that their watery eulogies were diluting what little of you remained into some forgettable fraction, like some subtly lit homeopathic Memory-Pavilion or more brutally, some House of Ritual Services, or, even less subtly, some Sorrow Palace, or finally, As usual.

considering memory as a form of personality yoga that lets you brush your fingertips against more than one incompatible concept at the same time, like 'wrong' and 'untrue' not always being - not even often -the same thing, or the myth of a useful poet.

while managing this, You begin to say things that, actually, have several meanings at once. Like that: (firstly: we put our bodies in the ground when we die) and, (secondly: flowers die when we pull them from the earth)

the sentence: "It wasn't grave-robbing exactly"

Those fading wreaths and bouquets, sacrificed like hesitant slaves to honour some ancient king in death, thrown out from the ritual production line after an instant,

You caught, and carefully stitched them back into the cocoon of the earth.

Somehow, You are not surprised,

when the flaccid arm of a jumper you find caressing the park grounds - which You pull towards you like a half-remembered party interest - now emerges whole and bleached and solarised, as if subjected to some vast subterranean sun, transparent in the high light Where, in addition,

the candles they left melting for You, those candles You ground into your boots as You dug a pathway out from the deep,

those candles which, flickering brave, were swallowed up into the vastness of the sky, and of memory.

As You, being 'up and coming', and 'a rising star', burn briefly in a new, oxygen-rich atmosphere, letting go of all those layers of dirt that make up the field of vision, where you pushed through, now plural;

an avant garde of part-time beauties advancing through the rear of the crowd. Pre-fabricated expectation reassembled into something less obviously useful, and structurally unsound. A vigorous twisting, like the repetition of a garment under daily scrutiny. Or the dream you dream of a knot as you dress to escape an unfamiliar dark

Later, in the remnants of the day, low coral shades tinting the grunge melded the seas with the sky, congealing like an embrace around the archipelagos you'd brought from home, replenishing them from a series of bags,

"Until you can't, really, is the formula here".

As you circled around their dwindling mass, the crunching of the rubble drowned out the song.

Above the assembled, chorus of instructional parts joined in repetition, signalling the usual exits, weaving around like the envelopment that is felt when, underground or in an endless fabricated cavern, the warm air rises to greet you like a home and swaddles you in a hastily styled shroud.

out and for ends to be threaded through, back to their own beginnings by unconventional routes Those voids and revelations left by thickly

Through which, slits are opened for desire to leak

embroidered brands, burning the name of their ownership into the fabric of things, writing discouragments to being owned anew.

Which You took,

as an invitation,

And gathered, like a shy seam, the great volumes you found, vast and ill-fitting by design, like a metaphor for unreadiness,

Artificial but enticing, like the wideness of streets in the empty morning; brightness still tinged with fluorescence.

Where, swung upward on some great and subtle hinge affixed - as if by simple diagrams - to the passage of the air, You hung suspended,

Like any successful trickster, too obvious to be seen. A body fashioned into an object with the exact weight of a body, avoiding its debt to gravity

Instead: gradual collection of secretions, taut and patient like

a held breath, precipitating that endless flow back through the silt of your own beginnings which is the performance of