

Medication becomes you, slurring body into that which you can speak of. Synapses crack and groan in performance, but your knees still hold your legs and your palms float and burn with inchoate fire, beginner's joy. Not big on spirits but you trade in symbology, pieces for other hands to pick up and name. Don't you feel something? Definition is better when it's sung, when you're dancing too fast to take note of the bites on your arms scarring over. Not big on spirits because this is yours, isn't it, there's mightiness in taking self in hand, welcoming your static to someone else's threshold for a while. Don't you feel like something? But tonight there are peals of your laughter in notes you don't know, brick-and-mortar in your walls you forgot could fall, a name in cradling arms you don't recognize. You could go crazy from all that body, all that record, all that troubling You. Not big on spirits, you lay your head down and exult in your own prayer, delight in self-exorcism.