

Dear yous
who I might never know
who might never know
or notice me
in passing
but feel
us
with you
In our absence present needing
wanting
to
return
to
care-full
touch
un-rushed
not removed rubbed out or
forcibly forgotten
just waiting with
patience
to return
as and when we - all -
can
after
going dark
just now where I am
in the turning
of this
season
small
falls
from green
to gold, to amber
and soon
bare
outside in this dusk wondering
this hibernation necessary
I crave that quiet
and the in-betweens

turning back - so loud, so bright, so many screens
the hot hum of processors, pushing: data;
sequence; sequence; data: sequence; number;
data. Whirling, whirring, queasy rate of factory
fast production - and extraction - of
attention
my motor
skills, sensors, signals run on another
rhythm
to CPU, FPU, GPU u FSB BSBs
are wonky – these internal
pathways
deviate
don't take
straight
lines
won't take that much
or
serve speedy sequences
attempt they
fog and freeze and fail and
loop
just loop
they loop
they loop
loop loop loop
& loop
stuck in nauseous overwhelm can't keep up and
out
they make prefer
a more scenic
route
softness
need space
another
kind
of time
and actual
touch
sitting with
movement
to
process
life
lives
the live
a
pause

a necessary pause

an interval

and

a small pause - as they cross the space -
that liminal social place of ritual and of
gathering

where - our knees might knock, when - your
sleeve might brush, drink - might spill and
we notice
one another
within all

this

alongside them

singing, laughing, asking

questions and

sequins

In our own

Crip-Queer

time

and or both

bright and dark

this

shared

experience

sat alongside with

you

all of

yous

quietly

together

in a

safe

attending