

bodywork

we had breakfast

our breakfast

you know the one we always had

then he was going.....except.....his car keys

he couldn't find them

I didn't look

he looked

after I thought I could have looked

I could have hidden them

but I didn't so he went

and he did it

he drove to that place and did it

when I came back the house smelt different,

but it sounded the same

and I?.....had to have a plan

my plan was to organize time so I could live again

at first it was small things - cleaning, washing up

then

I was working my body

it was early days.....early bodywork

before the real bodywork

on the fifth day I started the real bodywork

breathing exercises - breathe in, breathe out

it was helping me to live

to live even though the world was lost inside me

I worked my body hard
and gradually, over the days, I built it up

there were always states to reach that surpassed previous extremes

I measured the unendurable by breath

or strength

or length of time

or force of will

then I extended the limit

my bodywork made everything transparent

I began to work naked in a cold room

mouth open in astonishment

eyes shut tight against the intensity of passing awareness

against being alone

one morning I heard a noise

it sounded..... the same.....as if.....

as if he.....the same sound he.....

it was time to sand my body

I used a pumice stone on the bottoms of my feet

I worked on a small callous, stretching the task over days, lost in it

I had emery boards and files, scissors, clippers and creams

I wax-stripped hair from my armpits and legs

it came ripping off in hot sizzles

I had an acid exfoliating cream, hard-core

and after I stripped the hair

I rubbed in the cream to remove wastepapery skin in flakes

- the cell death of something inside me

I used a monkey-hair brush on my elbows and knees

I wanted it to hurt

I wanted to disappear

to become blankness

a body slate erased of every past resemblance

but where are you going?

just into town

but there's nothing we need

just for a while

I'll take the Toyota,

if I ever find my keys...

but they're in the carof course.... the keys

in the car....where else?

time is the only narrative that matters it stretches events

and makes it possible for us to suffer and come out of it and

see death happen and come out of it