

Like shining bark thinks

s h e e e e e e r

h u u u u u u g

h o o o o o o o l d o n

to moist flesh, hold

on to a sinking body, on

to dew and woodpecker

feet and boring

beetles even as they bore

through, hold

light, fluid energy, hold

sap still before its warmth

threatens to encase

me all in sticky and ripe and

lust, hold skin, as

thought, as possibility

of identity: I equals I. Bark :: skin.

There is tree,  
tree, tree, tree, flower,  
rotting, log, stone, stones,

there is morning warming  
me between cobweb between  
dew tree moss on stone again

suspension.  
Self held before  
sunlight leaves breath

empty. Clamoring for steam,  
now I am moisture. Still  
gently vibrating between  
leaf and mud, lark and  
finch and sparrow and hawk  
and brilliant jay and soil;  
I am enveloping to surface, wet;  
to air, full; to earth, detail;  
to clearing, mist.

Digging into humus, shit



Quote from Robin Wall Kimmerer, *Braiding Sweetgrass*, “The Three Sisters”

The soil, peaty and light  
crumbling confetti, seeps  
in all around me, filling my  
crevices, roots reaching  
out from above me to curl  
tight around legs,  
arms pull me apart, almost  
so tenderly I harden and the fungi  
tickle my tits, chest and pussy  
straining against the lace of  
a mycorrhizal embrace, my  
fungal holding me in like  
the earth filling my mouth warm  
and probing, dirt wrapping  
around my eyes, my back arching  
under decomposing, by water from deep  
below, cool water washed  
through gem, mineral, sediment-sweet  
that rushes always beneath  
that deep water rises  
in my veins, wets me, to welcome  
the crushing weight of the trees,  
the bears in hibernation, the waves  
making their polyrhythms on the shore,  
calling me to dance, sea's pulsing  
crashing in my hips loose until  
moon's gravity lifts me, pulls me down,  
rocks me faster and faster along  
fault line I release all  
into the turning through tunnels at break  
neck speed, squeezed by worms, mole's  
blind paws, rabbits' darting daring,  
snake paths, homes tightening around  
my offered esophagus, my tide still filling  
and here my ass, my soiled, anxious  
heart, I plant in the world, and let myself  
become hole.

Leaves bunch in wet mounds across the squelching path and picking between puddles  
I'm suctioned into their musty embrace. Dense breath gently undifferentiates from  
earth worms, soft logs, fallen veins of red — golden — orange — purple — green —  
strewn about a weave most complex, so losing myself in soaking leaves I'm wrapped,  
enraptured by bog, attuned by the slick drip-drip of branches softly releasing their  
sweat we watch each other, forget ourselves, chase through the boughs, as birds  
squabbling — or fucking — I can never tell the difference: the mud wanting my thighs.

Practice: teasing embodied experiences — out of memory.

Wanting to be fucked by the dirt is distinct from the discomfort of fucking in the dirt.

Though when you took me by the cliffs it wasn't so gritty as good filthy, pushed me up  
against the looming sand, moved in and out of me while the sky spread massive  
ballooning like loot above us, so what I'm confusing you and me, or remembering the  
ongoing if I wanted you or to be you, so what I was you, were fucking me, cliff, face,  
crumbling, knees, sharp, breath, dust, hold. Who cares who was doing the fucking?

Who's cum all over the chalky white beasts of rock?

No, I'm thinking about the erotics of my child's play: making passages in the sandbox,  
great constructions of mud to be filled, plunging, tumbling, with water. Not so much  
castles as networks of tunnels, telarañas en la tierra. When my pants came home ripped  
stained nearly eviscerated every evening.

But now I'm wondering about being fucked by the forest itself, and with it comes a  
dream of intimacy, privacy with the land, yes, being possessed by the land, rather than  
the fool's errand of possessing. Could the woods/words claim me, and then make good

on it? Consummate with slithering, ladybugs, wrapping, boughs, bogging, moss— what if I went out there and covered myself in it, who would be getting (me) off?

See: sex in the field of power — of course it's political — it's always about land.

Is fucking the earth/being fucked by the earth a dumb over-simplification/literalization of dissolving the divide? What about being fucked as the earth. As in, my fucking is already the earth fucking herself, and me being fucked by the earth, even though I'm the fucking operant? Redefining human and land and interconnectedness and our/or the relationship through an erotics of nature writing, an eco-erotics. Fuck me, roots. Come on baby. Let's go:

I'm not interested in self-righteousness. Holy-wonky nature poems.

I'm turned on. I turn on.

I want to protect the forest

because I need enough

forest to fuck myself in peace

in. Dissolve, you, into my soft

compounds my an/atomic.