

BIG WE

Down in the grain
you can't see
where the commonweal happens
where there's no entrance
but byways
looped and stretching

In the grain
and the together
that affords us
this present
the "we"
that binds us
with daffy belief
and vanity
and all the misdeed
carried in a "we"

In that posture
my pregnant sister
tells me
a sphincter
and a mouth are linked
and when you give birth
you can't stay clenched
so you open your mouth
to open yourself
so I part my lips
to open

Remembering
we're a byway
with more channels
than thoughts
our skins and their fauna
climates of mouths
and armpits and genitals

And the stray gray hair plucked
from between our legs
remembering our gift
of forgetting all
the "down there"
when it suits
the up here
in the directional machine
of our goggling mouths
and their dumb propensity
for pinching
and closure

Functions all overlapping
stacking
like buildings
competing for sunlight
mapping site when we mean
more than we can look at
and probably not the yawning
habitat of the something elses
that are on and in
like the *in* in index
that lays like pipe
on top of and into
a stretch of something
that's more than we can look at

What we are
in medium bad faith
calling site
is the *in* in inside
functioning inside itself
contained as we are
in the "we" of each other
functioning if not thriving

These functions like me reading
and my phone delivering me
a silent vibratory YES
like my mouth and my sphincter
together
when I say "open"
or mouth
or together
opening

Where we stand
in casual assembly
held inside
luck basically
incorporating
this time
to seize so gratefully
a spot
parting for us
for someone like us
to seize and fill

And basically grateful
when we seize

I seize up
rooms that are empty for me
to fill
that I pay to fill
that I address and decorate
with obligations and time

What is it then
when conflict is introduced
like it's not the steady hum
to my evening
and maybe yours
and always someone else's
these differences
in the hypothetical who
and very much Inside
this floppy "we"

I can't ever see this
naturalized inside
we're inside of
instead seeing
the finely hewed chamber
of my own certainty
in someone else's inside
when really I think
we're mostly inside each other
and what if all that intra
is a cure
between outsides
we're desperate to imagine
could ever be shared

Like, the cure starts
in the mutual intra
of the guts of "we"
not like a spell
but a medicine
like aspirin but rarer
like all the someones
whose spit we'll drink
immigrating through the byways
of soft tissue and membrane
through the circuit of holes
towards common goal
and modest gift

The way a fecal transplant
is a gift and this beautiful
affront exploding
everything bashful
in the somatics of our new bodies
that are also our old bodies
and telescopes us into this abyss
of the prodigiously small
that gifts each other a beyond
way after copulation
and way after the gulf
of an ending
and into the blooms
of whatever's introduced
that knew better than the big "we"
of our together right now

the way our intestines
know too too much
With all the unknown knowns
of the little we
of our collective bloom
in the live culture
of our brilliant guts

The we extending beyond edges
and networked as we are
in collective obligation
to the vast communes in
(and therefore out)side us

Not the core sample
and extractive pulse
of libido economy
but of sustained we
past the thrill
of cupped hands on another
and the renewable thank yous
of mucus in hyper production
of touch and the excitable
it's this "we" of difference
the little amphitheater
of openings squished

With that
and after
our pulpous tribes
filling with late
additions

Towards the feat
of an inside
we share
and a we
we recognize