

Care

Sing! Muse!
of the arms
and rage

of bodies turned
by many hands
and their own.

Sing of muscles
and the bone
where time aches
alone.

Sing of the tiredness of care

Workers
of our bodies and others
of our streets and others
of our souls and sewers and
our rivers and cars and buses and trains
all our modes of transport our selves our forests
our sex our concrete our water our potatoes. Our plastic.
Our ghosts.

Those who care for the toxic. And our lungs and our cunts. Those who care for our windows
our walls and worries our green space and grey space. Those who care for tired faces. Bad
hair. Bitten nails. Broken teeth. Those bodies that take care of time.

Sing of those who care for carers. And those who don't.

Battles would be fought at bedsides at manicure bars at ovens at soup bowls and windows
and commodes on forms on buses in canteens in the bathtub at the foot of the stairs in
nappies in gutters right outside your house in the palm of your hand. Sterilised battles and
filthy absolutely visible and hidden as shame is visible and hidden. Battles would not take
place in bodies but between bodies with bodies with what gets left behind by bodies a stain
retold as skirmish and someone would cough and someone would bleed and someone cry
and someone would piss themselves in a bank and someone else would clean it up. No one
could be sure who won.

Let there be a catalogue of shits. Real and bureaucratic. Sing of how shit sticks to hands and
hearts. And the smell under skin. And how any claims to anyone's dignity is wiped away with
every wipe. Shit could be ranked for prestige and power. Shit as river and stone. Shit that
needs to be excavated arm deep like what remains of a soul. And if you really tried you
could find something close to meditation in the repetition in the times of day in the physical
and mental letting go of the present as anything other than decomposition. An endless
counting of shits. Real and bureaucratic. From which you fall asleep and from which you
never sleep.

How to write as shit writes itself on the body and other bodies and the world?

Words themselves matter less than a hand and hands matter less than a glove and gloves
matter less than fluid and fluid more than what remains of who still remains.

The right words can be found stuck in your throat you only have to rip your self apart to find them.

Gods would be malevolent. Gods would be what they are the bureaucracy that makes everything harder than it needs to be because that is the intention. To make care hard. To make care work and not life. And to make life unliveable.

Sudocrem and socks do their best to protect and cups of tea could be where good spirits reside but more care for cups and plants and earth hide and work that is just more care, outsourced. Malevolence makes what once felt good feel bad.

Because care is good and you are good and what you do is good and look how good you are doing good and you don't feel good and that is good because you don't have a choice if you didn't do what you don't want to do who would do it what good is it anyway you are good at this. No one cares if you feel good just that it is good that others do this good. You are good at this. Does it hurt to hold their line and bite your tongue? Don't bleed or cry. There are no mothers left to wipe your tears away they've thrown their tissues and their cares. They have mourned enough they will not mourn for you who are not dead they have taken to their bed. You will find no care there just blankets and bones for you to hang on the line to dry in the sun that will not shine.

When asked you will say, yes, you are fine because what else is there and you will take the time to fold the blankets and the bones and her skin and her hair with great care.

