

The more I get to know you by Anna McDermott, 2019.

Walk towards something

but

without really looking at it

I feel you're there

I touch you slightly

How can I bend

like you bend

How can I pull the whole body to its full length

Over

Beyond and

Behind itself

How might I turn and meet something

Be more like you

Slowly

Move

Down

Tip-toe

Head

Hands

On the cold ground

Pushing against its surface

Rest.

How small can I be?

Within your bounds

How close can I be to myself

Why does it feel so safe here?

Push backwards and hold

Hold the tension

Let it release

How close can I get

To

This

Surface

This cold

Hard

Surface

Stark contrast to my soft skin

How can I touch the ground like you do

how can every part of me touch the ground

like you do.

How might I bend up

and flow down

like you do when I look at you.

Scrapping against the floor

Slowly,
I feel myself bend like you
Curl like you
And be still like you
Be present like you
Hold myself up
Like you.
The floor smells cold and dirty.
My body holds all your tension.
But my body can release it too.
Whilst I am like you,
whilst I look like you,
do I feel like you?
Because whilst you're there,
and I am here,
and I get to know you
Just like that
from every angle
and every point
doesn't mean we are the same
as much as we try
to hold it
together
we're not the same.
for I am moving
breathing
and you are not.
sometimes I wish you were though.
maybe that's why
I try to bend like you
to curl my toe
like you
and whilst it all feels good
I need to stand
Slowly
As something or someone else.
I
still
feel
you
Even when
I walk away
and I hold on
with every step.