

Finding 1

My arms feel so soft, my legs feel so soft
but also hard as a soft concrete
cement dust before cement

grainy old elbow tissue leans on knee, knee is dented, the bone is sharp
filled with sand.

The freezing cold penetrates me,
silently, my scalp feels broken like an eggshell.

My fingertips penetrate the skin of my cheek, they are the only ones
sometimes. my trunk twist like the daredevil he is, adventurous, like an animal. my feet
bare

bird bodily, ready for landing, my tendons are the saboteurs. Subcutaneous chilly skin
I can sometimes only think about that.

As if it is

icy
inside

My whole face feels somewhat foggy,
withdrawn from the whole
under my eyelids

is
a
lot

Finding 2

I am offered my wrists, they are fragile;

my chest wants to go there to warm them up

My thorax is dissolved, the ribs are split, the overlapping muscle on my upper back
keeps everything together and

lukewarm. She is very meaty but also muscular, as the mother of my whole,
everything that occupies space. A dome for the loose things.

For the first time I feel my skeleton as the root it is. The ball of my foot crashes into
the ground. I perish or drown in the limitlessness of my shoulders. They are
immeasurable.

Finding 3

I bundle my little ones like my toes and my nose, the visceral facial expression she
drags herself up, my lips feel heavy and I feel them pulling and dragging.

They are drag-lips and not magnetic.

My knuckles are heated and powerful, they own everything of weight.

My legs are revolved, like weeds or iron wire I feel my arms and my fingers.

My leg hairs touch my arm hairs by my shin, titillates, rhythmically throughout my
body up to my heart like on a swing or in the elevator.

My thigh flourishes into a whole body, it is now the core of the matter.
I hear something humming in my chest. my wrist is sleeping in the well of my collarbone. My toes withered my legs shattered.
Cleanly licked shoulder blade it is cold there, as if it has been wet.
Abundance of thigh crushes my retracted stomach.

Finding 4

grainy and healed, my lower abdomen tickles, it feels like a buzz, my lungs scream my throat screams one two one two with intervals, two pieces of leather rubbing against each other. Long wasted air, my throat feels so hoar as if a swarm of mosquitoes have flown in it or dead ants could fall out during the scraping. My neck wants to bend more, it is not made to bend, I can feel it in the tendons that stop me from bending. Violin belly sucked in dark red mess. mixing product. Thorn bush as a shoulder blade and a sea sponge backbone. my vertebrae together in isolation
dent their relief in the ground
A chewed piece of inner knee skin follows the other, and what feels like a thumb untangles my other fingers. My hands feel plumed, I feel the rollers of my hand back stack. Tangled fingers ponder in the ground.

Finding 6

she sows new skin
vacuumed
I feel like raw material
acidified element is spreading as an epidemic, slowed down by the superficial open torso,
my chest is holding itself together with strong fibers, it would feel good if they would break apart, like a cracked back.
Be it my hefty shoulders that hinder the liberation
hyper

in the meantime she is in hibernation, the pieces of meat above my knees covered by rib skin and soft hands
my belly feels moist, she is scalding, is swallowed
my hair lies on my shoulders like a membrane on milk

Finding 7

I have deceptively grown a colony of tumors on my right hip flowing along the slit edge of my vagina
they are the knotted center of the position
the remains of bones and loose fragments spiral around it
I feel their weight burdening the ground

I would not know how to move them, they lie so lifeless and trivial around the focus-sucking hip that enlarges like a plate, sounds like a cymbal
I feel the severity peaking from below and above
it is like it springs or screws,
I feel the sweat gluing my arms to the ground
I would like to describe the form

Finding 8

Feathers that grow inside my neck
Signs carved from the fragile skin
around my vertebrae
that give direction
like a stormy watershed
It seems like there is an extra organ missing on top of my back, a piece of protective meat, dug and roasted from the cavity
unprotected delicate ribs on the back
chilly and vibrating
my throat is pulled out, it prevents me from breathing in peace
my harvested lower back and tailbone hold on to the ground, feel just a little softer
my lips are split, they break and pull like snow under a foot
I taste iron blood
I hear them grinding, they would be steamed, like dried clay, by the warmth of my tongue

my heels live in luxury

Finding 9

Silk
Gossamer tensioned wires
Folded silk hands
Tapping in my temples
My side feels like a reef

Finding 10

how stale and thirsty
my side is whirring
and how vulgar
does my pleased calf flaunt its tightened skin

impatient cervical vertebrae drip to the ground, tingling in between

sideways
tickles my blood fibers
the edges of my vertebrae divide themselves,
are left white, sublimely frustrated by the clumsy nesting
my tail bone reigns and commands the back,
I feel it thinking, pressing croissant-like layers of back build up on me
as heavy algae on the water surface
there is no chaos, peaceful
my brittle arm doesn't feel like mine
my jaw harps split into two greedy sprouts and raise my face
my curls rise into the air as an extension of my temples