

Somatic Mass

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Glowing internally with an Emerald green light.

Shimmering externally with a Royal Blue tint.

You lay and toss and turn and bend and wrinkle and build and decay and move kinetically and linger and inhale and exhale.

You feel the weight. You embrace the weight. You adjust to the weight.

Resilient.

Durable.

Strong.

You leave behind a trail of bread crumbs where ever you go: your cells, your disciples.

Leaving a trail on all the places you've been, all the people you've embraced, all the drops of spit you've launched into the atmosphere while

Chattering. Chanting.

Somatic Mass.

My canyons.

My mountains.

My islands.

My trees.

My planet.