

It might have been liquid in the past but now it has evaporated into a precious mist.

A soft gentle breeze, slightly wetting the surfaces.

it's a bit like the feeling of jumping into a lake and nudging the muddy surface with the tip of your smallest toe that's so soft like too soft too sweet so soft that it disgusts you a bit. or when your grandmother calls and you repeat the same story six times but honestly it gets better every time so afterwards you call your mom to tell the latest version to her as well. It's your ribcage sinking in through the chest forming yourself in to a curved shrimp in to a soft shelled snail or why not a turtle. Securing the backside butt meeting butt having a rest daydreaming of all the rest and watching the leaves outside dance their silly little dances.

It's like buying new shoes to run fast and far yet never getting rid of their smell. The smell that came from climbing trees and cleaning basements and jumping outside a lover's window trying get a sneek peak of that familiar nose. It's like the crunch of a raw carrot in the back of your skull, feeling like it or you might explode, your undefeatable, and then getting the phone call that you have been afraid of for months.

it's a summer rain from your own eyes, massive junky bouncy drops waiting waiting just waiting for something to happen anything really but please be specific.

It's the breathtaking joy of your best friend getting a gig you really really wanted but they also really really wanted and so it's mainly good but it's also a little bit

It's floating around like this thin green powdery yet slimy plastic biobag, soaring in the wind not knowing where to land and suddenly your stuck in a flagpole so pathetic, majestic. It's the outermost layer of your skin exfoliating itself without you even noticing, providing a layer of resilience, a more adhesive surface, so that just like a doublesided tape you'll be ready to face the world with everything attaching yet nothing penetrating.

It's giving up giving in giving away the idea of identity of entity and the confidence of being something certain. stop trying and start doing. Faking, 4ever.

It's to witness the soft bois and finance fools crawl out from their imaginary caves where they have been playing with millions like they used to play dad's money in hedelmäpeli in the slot machine next door. They loosen their edges to become part of our ongoing mass extinction – Welcome, to a slow death in great company. It's to be more and more and more and simultaneously not so

much, to be complex to be plural to be misunderstood and still loved. To be a little bit like this and quite a lot like that. To not be enough and to accept that in this climate emergency you caused, nothing is possibly enough, but still every tiny silly little thing is more than that nothing.

It's to meet with kindness. It's to meet with kindness. It's to meet with kindness

It's to be charged with urgency and still appreciate the lingering. To change your mind. And then, to stay, just a bit longer. To rest in the bright sharpness with which you remember someone you just lost. Keeping the memories as lifeforce.

To say I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry and I'm still here. To write a new poem every time you're supposed to edit the previous one so here you are, left with 27 open tabs and 43 unfinished documents and your heart sitting in your left hand restless and bored. And the ecological basil plant you bought, that died in less than two days, and now, here, in the midst of the soggy moldness, you find a teeny tiny, barely even yellow, little leaf.

And once again. The sun has set behind the grey masses before you even managed to turn. The moisty mist and misty moist have already passed. you keep turning round round baby round round and it's funny how you look just as now. Perhaps, a bit more transparent.

as bright, as vivid, as complicated, appalling, astonishing, wicked and cute there are still

All the things
That could happen
From here.

This is the last dance.