

Billy Jack Douthwright
born at Oneida
passed away in
creative practice
with us
our brother here
the river that has so many

names in
relationship
Travels Alongside
Montana Standing Corn

we are all connected
one mind
becoming tree
becoming forest layers
experiment spaces

Yaw^ko Yaw^ko,

we use the word messy
colonial contact

we are fraught with
contradictions how

not to move beyond the
trouble create

let it emerge, feel in yeah?

Mabel Todd ideokinesis

what you imagine your
body becomes two-

spiritness coming in
coming into Alex Wilson

entanglements

Natasha Myers imaginaries

cultivate your inner plant

go as far as you like

Begin to wander
the environment we are

creating together

Drop in –

be drawn into a place to
unsettle in

I stood under the black walnut, my feet planted, the ground
planted in my feet, the jay opened and folded his blue
my feet halved, broke in two, and two more again, and in two
again, and in two again, into—

the dappled canopy fell, shattered the sky in yellow fractal. A
rabbit appeared, a white-tail deer, the family of things

broke into two again, and broke in two again, and broke into,
broke into—

the squirrel chiseled a nut above our heads, and the ground
planted itself in my feet, mushrooms, mycelium, everything
thrumming mitosis, my toes drilling down, breaking, splitting
into, the fly on my arm, the mosquito at my ear

water pulled up, into a sky shattering yellow leaves—we are
all always falling in our catching, falling in our catching

reaching for the sun, we stood together, we heliotroped,
we organized our organs, called in the pollinators,

the makers of lemon, of astringent walnut musk, of walnuts
chiseled in forks, crooks,

and still our feet, and still deeper, rooting along, rooted along,
space, cracks of old culverts—in the gap, stories—routes

draw a line in the dirt and cross it, you are on both sides of a
border the rain will wash away, will wash into a river schooled

in trout, gar-pike, pumpkin sun fish, washed into a river
hooked on ghost nets, tackle, on the cut-loose, abandoned,

we are entangled, interwoven, and, our feet, multiplying, into
the unbecoming, under a sky starred with walnuts

see them as the sun does, as they see the sun, then erupt,
frenzy: bodies, limbs—ecstasies of falling leaves,

the river, the bodies, all the lost limbs, a frenzy, a nest, a net,
a nettle, branches, forks, confluences, fluencies--

a becoming, unsettling, a coming back to breath

a breaking into whole