Movement Studio - 8:45 AM

Here is where time becomes stillness.
We make our way through the door
stepping lightly,
shoes off, voices low
the wood has been sanded down one too many times
right down to the moment where trees become floors
it holds us with a groan.
We reach our hands and feet to every corner of the room
soft spines in the waxy sheen
soft gazes at sunbeams through the window
one dozen children blinking at the dawn
wondering how We ever lived without all this space

We are told
our bodies are like kitchens and swamps
Sometimes I think they're just like bodies.
some tall, some short
with knees that crackle
and fingers that turn white in the winter
these bodies, these pieces of flesh grown across lifetimes
stitched together with tendon and held up by bones
a reminder of existence without expectation

if today is tired, tomorrow will be exhausted.
I find a gap on the floor
two people on either side of me, curling and expanding
in time with a rhythm only they can hear
I like to think we're close
I hope they like to think the same.
I wonder how their mornings have been,
if it's better here than wherever they came from
if it's better here than where they'll go after all this
It's not a question I can wrap my head around
this idea of 'after'
I'll grab at anything besides the present when I don't know what to do with my hands.

but right now is
right now is
right here

So here We are.