

## Anxious Practices

Once, only once, I arrived to a place.  
When I tried to return, it wasn't the same.

I tried to fit into spaces, but the spaces were too tight.  
I tried to make my arms smaller, my legs shorter.  
Once, I broke the space, I tore the place. I grew out of my boxes.  
I tried to be like all of them, I failed.

I moved again.

Place within space and above presence  
when a voice reflects a space inside the chest  
Room to invite forms to reside within  
Room to send out a call for the uneasy  
Unsettled, imagination of a space between the arm and the chest  
That space of another self to be placed  
Another self to be transmitting the sound to  
The vibration of the voice in tonality will always be warm  
Soothing, censored, words upon words came to be in this moment  
I close my ears I hear the sound of my joints  
my heart beating not as I anticipated  
my voice foreign yet familiar  
Just like the mother tongue, called so as it is the language the mother  
spoke first to us  
The mother listening, maybe the moment to receive an urgent sonority  
has come

I can touch you with my sound.  
I can touch you with my gaze.  
Even if I just stand here, you can do the same.