

decomposition  
text

A herd of swans

A drift of....

S w a n S

A LAMENTATION of

S  
W  
A  
N

S w a n S o n g

When I die, life consumes me.

Things become formless, wings shed their feathers and become featherless wings.

My hands, your hands - "i know this hand" - a featherless wing holding the sky.

"I know what it is to listen to this hand. I recognise the softness of the skin"

Blue feet begin to curl like dead hair.

The water they have waded through,

still rippling echoes long after

they have disappeared.

FRESH

Spine surrenders

to the call of gravity

Pulling all the work

out of my body

Deeply giving up

Disappearing into the living ground

Reappearing as -

Water in the air

Mist

descending upon

the fresh heart fallen silent  
Ambient merging of  
cooling body,  
warming ground  
No longer separate but  
in and of each other  
Moving through the mortises,  
releasing the cells from their structures  
Proteins take a bow and make way  
for this stage of death  
heaving with most life  
Can you feel it?

**BLOAT**

Rupture Structure  
balloons without skin  
Invisible and pungent  
reaching skyward  
Undoing *s w a n* at the seams  
Ssssssssssss waaaahhhh  
Opening Escape routes  
to let it all back in  
Inside-outside  
the world  
through the floodgates  
Flowing in like lava  
Fly larvae,  
the *peak* of the party

I am  
turning  
into  
earth

Returning  
to *being* earth  
Be earth

I Birth The Earth  
Turning

Round and around  
A round body  
Housing millions  
of microlives pulsing  
in community,  
communally feasting  
A toast!  
To the humble work of transformation  
Unwavering,  
Unbiased  
(Even toward  
the most stubborn Swan)

#### ACTIVE DECAY

Melting mass,  
this waning body  
Fluids run and rise  
An island emerges  
from the flowing liquefaction  
Mass migration  
of maggots and other beings  
Body islands disintegrate  
Reintegrate in the dark  
as the silky mesh,  
spun under the moon  
by the silkmoth

#### ADVANCED DECAY

Can you see?  
Shadow in the soil  
The ghost of me  
Stinking rich  
Soaked in carbon  
Dripping with nutrients  
A mineral laugh echoes  
in the earth's cavity,  
where liquid death  
has hollowed out the vegetation,  
bearing the substance

of the ground's underbelly  
Swallowed me up  
through the shape of my wings  
The length of my neck  
etched in the ground

## DRY/REMAINS

Abandoned form  
Nowhere to be seen  
Now here and everywhere  
Evaporated  
Perished  
Only bones and feathers left  
Resurging plantlife  
in the space of me  
Island body  
singing in the wind  
through the new leaves,  
and newgrass  
I am now tree branches,  
cloud,  
the air around  
My body belongs to the ground and the sky  
*I belong to decay -*  
The detangling of everything composing me  
Not only do I fertilized the ground on which you grow, tree  
I am tree,  
I am ground,  
I am sky,  
I am cloud,  
I am you,  
I am you  
  
I am you