Because we are constituted in language,

because we know ourselves in language,

because we constantly write ourselves,

and rewrite ourselves,

and write our relations to others,

and seek to understand

the loneliness alienation separateness

we know always, we need

frequent opportunities to engage

in discursive practices,

and an environment which nurtures

desire, insatiable desire,

to know, to quest/ion, to seek.

So, I explore ways of writing

that expose lies like vermilion threads

tangled in the illusion of a linear composition

that composes lives as lines

by experimenting

with composing in poetry,

posing in poetry,

seeking composure and repose

without imposing, always afraid

of disposing and decomposing,

constantly proposing and supposing

 the fecundity of composting.