

I decided to write something in response to this passage that was published on the Young Lungs website about Luciana and Ysa's project. Reading this passage awakened many different ideas for me and tied together a lot of the threads within the rich conversations that were had with each of them during this residency. When trying to write about the experience that I had, I stumbled across the concept of somatic poetics. I felt like this project was largely about the somatic experience, and somatic poetics are all about creating a ritual in order to discover the inner realms of feeling and sensation within oneself. This is where I got started with this response, and I hope to explore and discover more of this medium in the fully finished version of the essay.

"I've been having a recurring dream: I'm in Brazil during Carnival. I'm in the middle of a street surrounded by thousands, dancing, sweating, singing, drinking. I wake up. I dream again, I'm in Brazil during Carnival, but I can't make it to the party. I can't find anyone to go with. My phone breaks. I can't call an Uber. I'm trapped in longing. I wake up, and go with my days with a strong sense of fear of missing out not only on a party, but on parts of myself."

I've been having a recurring dream
I caught a taste of bodies
Sticking together in the heat
Breathing, sweating, stinking, pure
Swimming in visions
Of being one amongst the whole
I crash to the floor, but I cannot stop
My flesh shakes in a sweet reply

I've been having a recurring dream
About the heat of another
Holding my being
Drop me a pin
Knowing that passes through to come over
When being is only in this moment
Amongst many

I've been having a recurring dream
What do you remember about the phone you lost
And where you were supposed to be
What do you remember about
How you were supposed to move

I've been having a recurring dream

We are in different places
But we are one