

# OCEAN

## Animal

She wanted to be another animal any animal  
We're laying in the yard fingers of light  
Slide over her contours Apollo that lecher no one goes untouched  
She was young she could still remember the time when we  
Could transform

She didn't want to eat animals because they were us and that's  
cannibalism we  
Learned our spiritual practices from them you know the light  
On her like an ingot

Take the origin of pranayama it's all based on observing horses in the  
Eurasian steppes  
Ancient Aryans watched the rhythm of steam coming out of their  
nostrils it was cold up there  
And mimicked their breath it was sympathetic magic

Breathing like that induced trance you have to go into your body  
Her eyelids shutter closed her chest goes like dew rolling on a leaf the  
Light that bastard and the clouds holding her down

I am very aware of each part of her that is touching the ground  
You know if you stop your normal half-way of seeing  
And see other things for their own existence  
The piece of grass or the tablewood or whatever it ennobles them but  
it also  
Frees us temporarily

I want to see her for what she is you must breathe the breath  
Of horses must  
Carve back the hungers the emptinesses i ply  
The light i look on her i see  
Another spirit