

Inhale.
I am anti-empire.
Exhale.
I am pro-tiramisu.

Pay attention to the news.

Pay attention to your community.

Pay attention to your tea as you pour it - don't spill.

I pay attention to the shimmer in people's eyes.

What's inside?

What's inside you?

You, with your arms crossed like twisting tree roots.

Where are you going? Where have you been? Have you eaten today? Is your back hurting you? And what about language? Is it important to you? If I told you something, would you listen? Would you care? How can you know if you need affection? Tell me, have you been missing affection? I saw a woman erupt in tears on a bus. People stared, then looked away. I touched her shoulder and asked if she wanted a hug. She cried immediately into my arms, and I embraced this stranger like a month of gentle Sundays. Why are we here, if not for this? Do you know why people look away? Are you afraid of seeing your pain reflected back at you? How much are you willing to confront? Is this why I've been missing my mother? And who is your mother? Who cares for you? When last has someone played with your hair? What are the mechanisms behind handholding? What is the function of a kiss? What are your quiet desires? Is the silence too much?

Are you comfortable right now? Are you bored? When was the last time you played in the dirt? Have you ever hurt somebody? Was it on purpose? Are you disgusted by war? Do you care about the dying? What do you feel, when you are alone? Who are you, when you are alone? Do you write? Do you sing? If I asked you, would you tell me? Can I count on you? If I called, would you come? Where is your home? Do you belong here? In a dying society, whose life matters? Who chose this? Did we really choose this? Who is in charge? May I speak to them? When I go, will you miss me? Do you feel appreciated? Are you tired? What excites you? Is your laugh real? Who really knows you? Can you breathe in here? Is anyone else feeling cramped? Or is it just me?

Hello?