

## entanglement

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I was going to start this poem by talking about tendrils:  
vines creeping up my neck, rooting into the brick walls of my skin  
like the anxiety that sneaks up my muscles every day –  
but I then realized that I fucking hate the word 'tendril'. it's greasy.

anxiety is not;  
the tendrils of anxiety that sneak up my muscles are not  
slippery, not pinguid, not cold, oily, unctuous. my muscles  
*splenius capitis, trapezius, levator scapulae* they are  
well acquainted with this creeping, growing, darkening engulfment  
and rather than slipping, its grip is vice-like. visceral.

perhaps if I were to continue with botanical allegory  
a better term to use would be blooming:  
directly under the shoulder blade, just below the muscle there –  
the *rhomboid* the *serratus* and again *splenius capitis* yes,  
fuck, yes. just there.

there is something growing in that small dark place;  
roses taking root in my back. blooming. up, up,  
up through my chest and piercing into my collarbone (clavicular head of *pectoralis major*)  
; thorny stems becoming intimately acquainted with my internal self.  
anxiety is not slippery. it sticks.

I was going to end this poem by talking about hands:  
how yours somehow calm the burrowing rose thorns in my back –  
but somehow, that does not seem just.

I was going to end this poem by talking about backs :  
how lying quietly in your bed somehow stretches out the roots entangled (in  
*splenius capitis, trapezius, levator scapulae*) simply by being near you –  
but that, too, seems not to fit.

instead I will end this poem by talking about (fucking) tendrils:  
how they grow ingratiatingly where nothing else will live –  
how their lack of obsequiousness their disregard of any opinions  
regarding their growth is actually something to be admired.

yes, the word is oily.  
but their perseverance, their continuance,  
that is where I find myself.

that is where I meet you.