

**Becalming induces a sensation of panic which Philocteta would alleviate with yoga**

Philocteta is becalmed on the couch. Again.  
Blank thoughts, first inchoate, dissipate and repeat.  
Becalmed, adrift.  
Heavy-limbed and empty-headed,  
still she cannot get off the couch.

Thought inchoate dissipates  
    though inchoa  diss pat  
        thou  inch  diss p t  
            tho            diss

Becalming induces a sensation of panic,  
thick, humid panic.  
Her online yoga teacher would tell her *just breathe*.  
*Just be, don't do – be! Life is good!*  
*Be your best self! Live your best life!*

Philocteta shuts her eyes, visualises energy, loose and light,  
an energy charge to power her up from her island couch,  
take the yoga mat, roll it into a tight baton,  
and, in an undisclosed address in far-off Austin, Texas,  
Philocteta dreams of catching the yoga teacher round the head,  
with a dusty, rubbery wallop. *Namaste*.

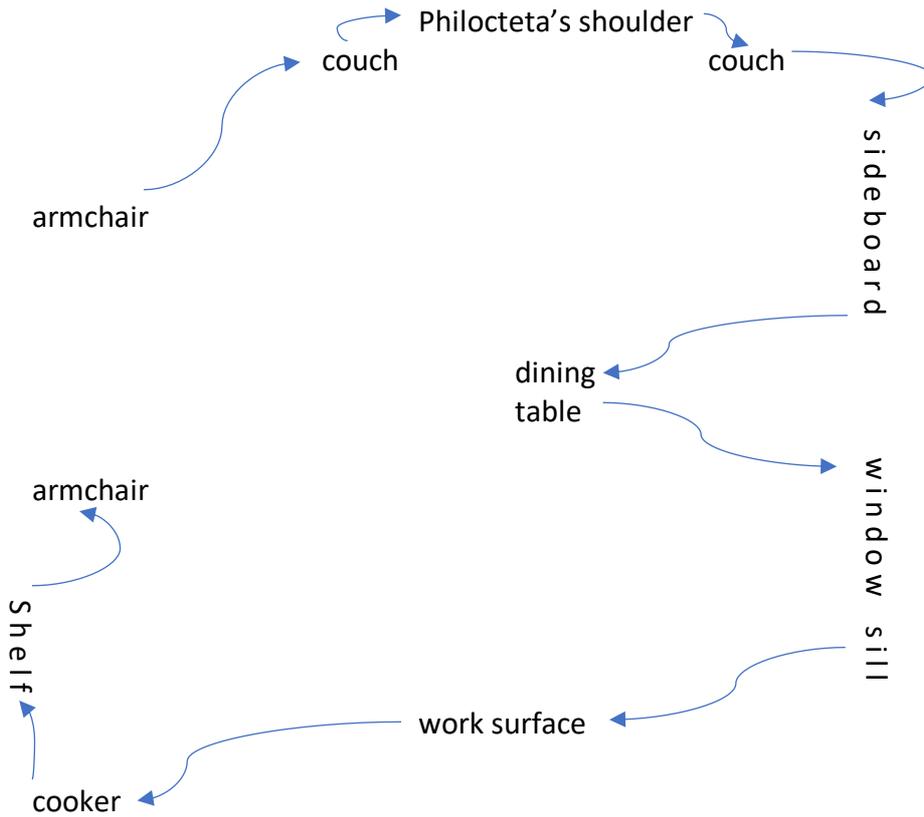
## Floor is lava

Philocteta and the Cat have rekindled an old game, perfect for tired, humid, slow hours.

The rules are simple even on the foggiest day:

1. No part of your body is permitted to touch the floor. Floor is lava.
2. Points are won by covering as much distance as possible.

Cat:



Philocteta:

couch

The Cat wins. The Cat always wins.

**These words are at best provisional**

*'unbroken pieces of window remain breakable'* Tessa Bering

A friend emailed today

*Everything I do is because of fear*

an egg, unbroken, is tentative

an egg unbroken, may be shelled and beaten  
into something like solidity

small milk jugs intact but crazed might smash  
wet porcelain crumbs

unbroken pieces of window remain breakable  
homes not yet exploded still might  
for all we know

the possibility of violence lingers

under the skin

blood can burst the banks of

lips stitched together by force of will

I think of Ciaran Carson

think of 'Peace'

the peace that is always provisional