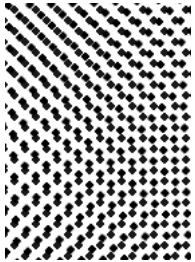

False but certain, it's some-thing that's common. I find myself leaning into the ritual of thinking about how to carry, and of how you hold. Something that spans between us: that moves, and attaches itself onto the space of another. Present and porous; not chosen, impermeable. Slowly showing sides alongside, this system feels a given. Grasping for a moment, failing to remain the same. I push the heel of my palm into you, against and between my skin and yours. Supplying, providing, and furnished, furnishings. Weight now seems a given: now feels between an afterthought yet beyond an extension. *Then I come to know you daily.* Draped across, resting alongside, existing beneath, sheltering above: we make it work. It's like something that is sturdy. You manage to stay singular but exist modularly, while tending to what nourishes. This surface, a layer. Smooth, seems neutral. Soften, seems steady. To peel, reveal; stay steady or still. Your curve against my thumb, her fold beside my navel. I always fall so deeply for the foundation, fixing herself onto my memory. Scattered, full and filled; you're usual and you're mine. We sink deeper and deeper, and deeper; when all is gone you still remain.



**Moire
Attachments**

Juliane Foronda
built-in, built alongside
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edited by Liza Eurich

moire.ca

Contact: info@moire.ca

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