

wo-o-o feelings

- on being with *Can You Feel It*

It's hard work feeling strong and deep.

It can be absolutely exhausting, painful, exhilarating and messy.

Here, there are labourers at work, working the feeling, again and again; staying with it and insisting, in a roller coaster study of emotion.

What does a feeling feel like? What does it do?

Trying it on like a shirt, feeling the touch,

letting it seep through, soak in, unleash, fade...and then try on another one.

There is play and tension between the known and unknown. There is blurring and contamination. What is this feeling, and do I really need to know?

A tiny seed, a flush, a fragment - I feel something and it's gone.

I observe, witness, sometimes from a distance, sometimes up close.

It trickles in / strikes like lightning / offers flashes of recognition.

I feel it and I don't feel it, and what is it really when I feel like I don't feel anything?

At times I feel this nothing, and other times being flooded with images and bodily memories, or poked by some vague resemblance that grows, suddenly shifts, dissolves or morphs into something else.

It's definitely a bodily thing; like a kind of exorcism, or empathic massage.

Like having your own avatar to rage and roar and throw themselves on the floor instead of you - liberating relief and no need for social stigma.

Labouring away, staying with the question, there is ferocious flirting with stereotypes and clichés, embracing the awkward and tender, the lush sensorial, the rich mess and slippery clarity.

It is an open invitation, no tricks, serious and playful, never fixed. It offers escape routes, and other ways of being, thinking and feeling with feeling, as one of these humans

- these strange and fabulous emotional creatures.