

Take a slow walk by concrete factories

Cargo Way at Pier 94, Bayview,
San Francisco, CA is a possibility.

Surrounded by just your body, it helps
to let your eyes get soft. Ask them to scan the
scene -- like a camera panning and absorbing
light & shadow & being &
movement to memory.

What's there/who's there/how's
there? Take notice as you will.

mountains & machine sounds, vibrations, and workers,
resilient plants, animals or humans, buzzing,
humming, beating vibrations.

Let the movements, scales, speeds &
impressions of the place enter your
eyes & body.

Find a place to stop & rest atop a concrete place
: a pile, a slab, the side of the road itself
(not the concrete mountains, they landslide dangerously.)

3 breaths for feeling your skin loosen into
billions of separate particles... solidity shimmers
apart - cracks, fissures open slow in a timelapse.

Let your breath sink down and down into your-
belly and down into the concrete you're paused
on. Let your breath sink and trickle down - a
crack in the crust to the soil/sand/land below
the concrete layer. With each breath the
mountain becomes your lungs. Hardened.
Concrete particles swirling invisibly within.
Concrete particles - sand, granite,
Sierra Nevada.

inhale / exhale / your body
crossfading to stone with each
breath. In bits, crumbles & cracks,
eroding & disintegrating.

Allow your breath to flow around down there
through the cracks & fissures, below your body
-- a small sandy slide of your
body streaming.

Close your eyes and listen to the
geology beneath the concrete.
Cracking, tumbling,
shifting of pebbles, of land,
of water, of sand.

The bottoms of your feet break down into a dust, disintegrating layers shimmer off you, and like your breath before, trickle downward through cracks & fissures in the concrete. As a dispersed layer of sand you've avalanched down & down to the sand/soil/land.

Breathe into a disintegration past the human-made layer. Your whole body is attached to a downward drift. You are going. A million tiny bits slipping through cracks, fissures, & on into the beneath -- well past the concrete crust. Little particles sifting through larger boulders.

Notice what's there below.
Let the movements, scales, speeds
& impressions enter your body

: sand, granite, mud, bay salt on your tongue, snails, stingrays, an Ohlone boat, toxic radiation, a forgotten seed bank, Suaeda californica, coyote bush, pickle weed, avocet bones, the stinky health of a mudflat - all floating, dispersed in a gooey mud with you.

Spend as long as you like drifting around down there, maybe a minute or two: listening, smelling, seeing.

3 deep breaths and gather your
disintegrated self.
Solidify and mineralize.

The soles of your feet cap you back complete and together and you are standing on the concrete you embarked from.

Slowly open your eyes.
Breathing, seeing:
urban, industrial mountainy,
sentinal.