



POEM

Tasting Eating Order Revolution Together

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History

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When I notice resistance
Felt from going against an eating order,
I am able to locate a tether
The common sense consumed grain,
Maybe it's eating too much, too little, oh-no-no-that- and definitely not with your hands!

The tethers become nameable
Expressible, traceable, discussable
I can now talk with others

About the whats, hows, whys, the feels,
Of our experienced restrictions, mandates, faux pas
Eating order tethers appearing now, as if,
everywhere

With community so much becomes clearer,
And yet dizzyingly disorientating
And yet anchored against force-feeding and forced starvation
As if always obvious, full of so much surprise,
As we share our awakenings,
Offering each other our different entries,
vantage points, untanglings
Gathering together makes resistance organizable

And even so, we continue to slip
Tendrils of tethers not yet noticeable
Still creeping, in all sorts of places,

In and across ourselves,
With so many unquestioned supports
Propping the creeping up, down, side to side,
Entwining our most intimate embraces, unconsenting,
Unwanted,
more than a single or set of apparatuses,
Complexes of traps, and
And and ands
Metaphorizing the literal incompletely
And yet we can notice, name, express, discuss how eating orders are
altering our collective impulses, breathing
Making known that our collective impulses are alterable
Breathing differently is possible

And still the creeps,
Showing up, as if, in every word,
Breath, exasperated
Tongue tied, tripping
The language, trying to escape

When we notice the creeps, our slippages
Communities can name
Our needs,
our need for unframing,
Paving new grounds
We can discuss
our need for a new language
Collective lexicon building becomes conceivable, actionable
Because we've begun noticing our slips,
While quite literally still slipping,
Into psychiatric colonial vernaculars
The cracks also appear,
With awe, curiosity, rage, desire for change
transforming into openings
Totalizing strangleholds loosening
And quite literally we begin to feel the ruptures,
Erupting once tightly held truths,
Anger releases, steaming
Uncomfortable instabilities dispersing, overwhelm by the depths
And the breadths,
Uncountable unknowns,
Left with countless unanswered questions,
Tensions, confusions,

All while, none-the-less,
Our resistance

Starts to taste like the possibility
Of eating order revolution.
We are our call for political action.
Our special issue is a collective movement,
untethering and slipping, on the move.
Toward eating futures unbound.
Dislodging from the narrative arc
Of total resolve
Contented with our state of becoming

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Statements of Integrity

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