

# From 'Combining' by Nora Bateson

Juicy

But isn't it interesting that the erotic is so removed from the study of life? How?

And how?

And how to bring it in?

There has always been a school of lovers, rigorous in their studies-  
They could not-not see, could not--not describe life as juicy.  
But the bookishness held its sway on slabs of concrete and stainless  
counters.

There there is no place for lusty mossy forest floors and shameless  
blossoms to explain themselves.

The real flat-earthers are the ones who make life into a flat de-  
scription.

It will not serve now.

Now we go into the breath,

So we can breathe.

Now we go into the sensual,

So we can sense.

Now we go into the intimacy,

So we are not alone,

Now we go in.

Or we go out.