

The couch would be the tongue if a mouth is a waiting room for words. Like somewhere to first register but also where to put layers on before leaving. It would be the appropriate place to hang your things to give them an idea of the flavour. So, they can infuse with your accents, while you rely on the relays.

I'm not sure if I speak too fast or just my brain moves faster than my mouth can keep up with. But unsyncopated is still a rhythm. I usually don't realise it has happened. Unless someone points it out, or I get a sort of private reminder when I find a hair on my tongue and realise the comma got lost somewhere on the way out.

It facilitates the first bit of digestion, but it's inherently slippery in nature. And you don't want it to be dusty. Like the way stretching starts the sweat before working out. Maybe the experience of taste is more about alignment than shaping. And meat needs to be hung for the enzymes to start breaking it down so it is palatable. But maybe also hanging is a good way to hangout and reflect on things. Like how dance studios have mirrors to reevaluate what is right and what's out of place. I guess it depends on your highlights. But then meat also needs to rest to let all the juices flow back out of the centre when it's done. It's just personal choice how rare you want it.

I used to think when fabric deck chairs in public floated outwards it was like some sort of flailing attention seeking wave or a mating dance to entice potential relaxing. But then maybe it's just a sigh or an exhale, or the in between of shifts where it can stop sucking its tummy in. I reckon if a bean bag could do enough sit ups it could go back to being a deck chair. And then do one of those photos where it holds out its old waistline to show you how streamlined it is now. So, it's always still possible to get your lean back.