

# VIDEO COMMISSION

27 December 2022 – 12 March 2023

## the point i made to let you go

by Leyton Sloggett

Each time you read me you treat me  
differently, catch me meat s  
pacing in between  
words find me where you left me, skinny un  
dressing under  
irony purring at the full moon, unfinished  
like a poem  
y'always come back –  
returning knots in heirlooms, speaking with spirits convalescing  
vignettes out of blood lines in  
fingers under dirt along chest petals trails felt  
-tip pen edges  
lining you  
I have more than ever.  
Like a poem you beg  
not to be a poem but you are tied to your point  
like a poem in  
a room for us to rot –  
the Mother-wound unwinds.  
Scrubbing itself when it speaks,  
having a bath when it stresses;  
mouths perpetuate the world in strings.  
The wicks of childhood  
keep talking till I fall asleep.

Y'always come back –  
trusting only lines 'fore they lead like footnotes to the point  
I made to let you go.