

## A teaching moment

Just taste it and you'll see

what I mean.

Walk into the room instead of me and stay  
standing.

Turn the microphone on and clip the battery pack on  
to your shorts. They're tight, I know.

And your throat tightens.

I know.

And you taste that tang of stress (slight)  
and that bitter bit of fear that you'll forget  
or disappoint.

But these people are prostrate  
on their mats, arms reaching, fingertips reach-  
ing. Waiting  
for you to start, to speak, move them.

Just taste

the words bubbling up to your lips, pushing  
into that puff of foam

projecting

outward and away and tasting

("crawl your fingertips to the right")

like sweat and ("lengthen your spine")

something about to

("deep inhale here")

sweeten.