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essay

this essay is about letting go or sleeping in bent light

The Context:

A playlist acts as a memory. The after-effects produce a sensorium that has already been felt and lived.

A memory to drench myself in, to feel familiar.

It has been months since this loop formed and now i don't know if the comfort is a sedative or a stimulant.

I i send the poem to a friend as a message. We share poetry with each other when we come across something resonant. She sends a smiley emoticon as a reply. i can feel her smile over my blue screen.

The Mise-en-scene:

Walking. Along the street, the park, while getting groceries; the rhythms of everyday life. Thinking of the 'what ifs' and 'perhapses'. i take a screenshot of a poem titled 'Small Sentence to Drive Yourself Sane' by Lew Welch¹ from my Twitter feed:

*The next time you are doing something absolutely ordinary, or even better
the next time you are doing something absolutely necessary, such as pissing, or making love, or shaving, or washing the dishes or the baby or yourself or the room, say to yourself:
"So it's all come to this!"*

The Gesture: An Incantation.

Close your eyes and feel the earth moving beneath your feet.

Think of the sky; it's night and the light makes it appear violet [read as violent]. The clouds move rhythmically, with soft changes in shape. And then there is volume. He tells me to look up as much as i can, and when he does that, i think he wants me to escape or he wants to escape, for those few brief seconds.