

I used to watch trains leave with a fascination both technical and human. I say "fascination" but what I mean is the freedom of not knowing how things work. Imagine an intricateness free from specificity : a magic trick.

*Research the history of trains.

It's cold and we're saying bye. If you stare at the yellow and look up you'll see blue until you look somewhere else a few times. You have to listen for it if you want to hear the train coming. As it passes you won't hear anything else.

What happens when you step over the edge. A friend once told me as a child she'd felt afraid of the edge of the platform. This was a fear of falling. Now, she says, the absence of that fear is a heavier threat--more urgent.

The conductor thinks he calls the shots but the window seat's the best one for watching things move past
you: a fixed point in space

A word on apathy:
Passenger seat.

A small space between two things creates tension. I have this friend, she gets real upset if you draw a circle and the ends of the line don't quite meet. This only bothers her if it's not deliberate (you can't be aiming halfway for it to hurt, you gotta jump with everything and land just shy of the ledge) I know because I used to draw incomplete circles in her notebook at school, trying&failing to get her attention. This was mean and I didn't understand, but now I understand, I think.

Shopping is acute discomfort (I hate the mall), but buying brands makes me feel safe, warm. I can almost have it, what I want. To be a Certain Way.

So my other friend's astrologer tells her "you've inherited your luck from a past life"—

I'm not sure if that explains anything, really, but it seems like some people cross lines without paying the toll. I love brands just like everyone else.

I cut through the parking lot and it was empty. Almost everything is closed because it's 1 AM but the signs stay lit, which doesn't make much sense to me. This quiet is the underbelly and I'm in it.*

* That's dramatic, but moonlight is not sunlight and that is just an observation.

The gap between you and another person does not exist. Individuality won't cut your ties, you're always moving someone else's air.

Here is a question with no answer: "How do you actively avoid taking up space that is not yours?"

How do you Actively Avoid

I read about the Housing Act of 1949. Knowledge, like anything else, is not accumulated without participation. I feel guilty and that is useless.

Saying "fuck you" is easy like a quick self conscious "I'm sorry" after you've done nothing wrong. Say "I'm sorry" slowly, not to anyone in particular but just as an expression of the sentiment, sitting with yourself. That's hard. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

This is longing, unfulfilled.

The gap between you and another person has no bridge. There's more that I could never say. The vantage points are fixed, separately.

You're dreaming. In the dream, your existence is one of an infinite amount of realities, spread out like lines in space that form a grid but are never really overlapping, the points sitting on different planes. (We'll see a grid where there's just infinity, so you can call it what you want but don't rely on your depth perception to know the difference between a ledge and a windowpane.) In this reality you are the center of the universe. Everything that happens happens for your benefit, your understanding

Don't think about the knot in your stomach. The only time it snowed all the roads were shut down and we walked in the quiet blue of it, our footsteps heavy, loud. They broke no illusions that time.

If I could hold you for ten more minutes I'd be happy then, but I can't think about that or how if you don't look at me I'll fucking disappear.

We moved up and the view below is good because it's from a distance. The silence of distance only breaks sometimes and only when you allow it.

I walked inside and it was quiet. The barriers you do not see are the heaviest, floating in the smallest empty spaces, they've stuck around the longest. We approach them, always in passing, and strike stone.