

Blue: A Katabasis

Colors, like features, follow the changes of emotions. —Pablo Picasso

Language is a survival tool: words sustain us as long as they carry meaning. Is this what Joan Didion meant when she wrote: *we tell ourselves stories in order to live*? Archetypal characters span centuries, cultures, with origins in astral narratives, cave dwellings, and fire pits. The truth is like water in this way; mystical, innate, enduring as bone. Perhaps this is how the things of the world fit together like puzzle pieces, skeletons in bedrock: the world, seventy-one percent water; our bodies, sixty percent saline—nesting dolls in ocean-sky-symmetry¹. Fiction requires logic. The truth does not—to understand an illusion requires an unravelling, an excavation, a katabasis.

Magick has many aspects, but primarily it acts as a dramatized system of psychology. —

[Discordian] “Pope Bob” aka Robert Anton Wilson.

I was never aware of magic, how words might be used as wands to dress up the world. The Fairy Godmother in her hooded blue cloak shoots clusters of stars from her thin white wand². Small galaxies swirl Cinderella; you might say Cinderella is a supermassive black hole in the center of the Milky Way: *Bibitty Bobity Boo*; the words are meaningless, but patterns are the bones that hold us. The incantation cradles her spin; in that twirl of angelic blue, a dress is cast—this is how

¹ Indra's net, (Sanskrit *Indrajaṅṅala*) is a metaphor used to illustrate the concepts of *śūnyatā* (emptiness) and *pratītyasamutpāda* (dependent origination). It relates to Tao, Buddhism, Karma; the philosophical and spiritual connection of all things. (Wikipedia) You know nothing of this yet, *Twenty-nothing*.

² The magic wand originated from staffs carved from Holy Wood, first seen in the hands of the Naji, in the Grand Magus Occult narratives—he waves a wand and everything changes. He shoots stars, harnessing the power of natural phenomena—the self-organizing chaos of the universe—this is how magic hides in plain sight. Alan Moore claims the masters of the linguistic arts met covertly in the holy-grooves.

old nouns wear new clothes. The old wor(l)d shifts into new shapes as the incantations repeat, are sung into existence. Cinderella transforms, magically. Her torn apron takes the shape of a powder blue ball gown, only the glass slipper survives midnight; *how?* Blue is the color of transparency. The truth is, if not for Dad, it's likely I would have returned to London, to Mum, to the love of my earlier life, remained within a shape that fit. It's likely that if not for Dad, I too, would have stayed in Asheville with L., questioning the nature of magic. This is how an idea of love colors everything blue: *I love you* L.'s incantation; my ball gown. Only when I discover L.'s password, the magic key, and return to Miami³, does the illusion dispel. Only in writing to acquire knowledge, *telling stories in order to live*, do we lift the parts of ourselves to the tiny mirrors that words reflect.

Blue is the color of shattering light; so vivid is the blue you want to cup it, drink it, close the distance. England and America divided by blue.⁴

January 28, 2011

Perhaps you were a glimmering bone, pouring pitchers of beer behind the bar; the world a wet napkin; lichen blooming on rotten wood, the first time you saw Alan. He was standing outside The Hole through the tinted glasses doors, washed in the afternoon's yellow light, sipping beer from a frosted mug. He'd just left the Army, returned from his second tour in Baghdad. You vowed never to date an ex-serviceman, again. But he took you to Key Largo and you fished

³ Miami was coined the Magic City in the early 1900's when Henry Flagler, (one of Miami's founding developers) asked writer E. V. Blackman to write "a strong and positive story" about the city to be published in Flagler's magazine *East Coast Homeseeker*, with hopes of "attracting unsuspecting northerners" into a humid wilderness of alligators, poisonwood, and "malarial swamp". Blackman may have plagiarized, "The Magic City." as Birmingham, Alabama, also billed itself "the Magic City of the South." Miami's population exploded from 1,000 residents to 5.5 million in 110 years (1896-2006). Flagler's vision of a metropolis built on a river of grass manifested, magically.

⁴: *Blue recedes, creates the impression that objects are farther away than they appear...* "Optic Physiology of Blue"—Jill Morton

under the bridge, pattered back through twilight's blue milk. He took you to the Chili Cook Off, your first time at a Country Music Festival; harmonicas; blue grass: you gnawed ears of roasted corn in the bed of his father's truck. And when Dad called to say you're no longer welcome to live there, with his family; your half-sister is allergic to dogs; Puggle is lonely when you leave for work at The Hole (but you must work). Puggle is lonely when you're out with Alan, (but you mustn't sit around the house crying) you hurtled your phone against the wall of a parking lot. Alan picked up the pieces, clipped them back together; told you: "You don't have to keep apologizing or saying thank you." He gave you permission to liberate your tears, to let sorrow to cradle you like a mother. His parents asked no questions at the breakfast table, a few weeks into your courtship, but invited you to stay. Remember? Your mother in England sent flowers to say thank you; the bouquet a centerpiece on the table; Puggle snoring at your feet, and you: the young woman in the black tank top with *HOLE* written across her chest. You met Alan in the eye of all your unknowing. He cradled your spin, as though he had always been there, like a constellation, waiting to be discovered. He waited seven years, until the moon covered the sun, and the shadows inverted. He waited for a total solar eclipse, before kneeling on the dock in Georgia, upholding his mother's ring, in that eerie, haloed light. But now you see him for the first time, washed in amber beyond the tinted glass door at the end of the bar, a dark corridor. It is not customary for Hole staff to give table service, but you go outside for a cigarette, and Danielle, your new friend, introduces you—arrange to meet for drinks after your shift, with Danielle and his friends. They're drinking pitchers of Miller Light. Now you're re-entering The Hole, pouring them another round. Eyes readjusting to the dark.

To be blinded in blue is to be open to the magic of transformation, not unlike photosynthesis, evaporation, osmosis. Words might be holograms; glass houses we wish to enter, unknowing. Blue colors the endless distance: just as blue haloes healthy red blood cells;⁵ just as letters emit a thin blue radiance; language mortars what we know to be real. Magic is the miracle of conception, a thought, a touch—runes cast from a Babalawo to claim a narrative.

July 11, 2018

It is almost cliché, (coincidental?), that L. was a magician. That in writing this, “Blue,” you discover he’s now a police officer. He wears a dark blue uniform. This surprise is not unlike knowing someone terminally ill has died—it’s the confirmation, the finality, not the unexpected. See—L. captured in a police brutality video: he appears from a shadow, kicks a man in the back of the knee, and cuffs him as he falls *without reading his rights* shouts an onlooker in the gathering crowd. “Get back!” L. yells, pressing the man facedown across the vehicle—remember his voice: like lava, how it crackled and split. These are the first images you’ve seen of him.⁶

November 5, 2010: Miami. The Hole in The Wall Pub aka “The Hole”

Enter through the back, walk along the dark corridor, daylight illuminates the tinted glass door ahead. Sit at the wooden bar, order a Guinness for brunch. Open the laptop you borrowed from your brother. Use L.’s password, a magic key, to unlock all of his dating websites: Asian-hearts, plenty-of-fish, ok-cupid, match.com. Then, his LinkedIn account. Update Hobbies from *playing hockey* to: *Puppeteering; Magic; Sawing women in half*. Respond to his messages: *I like to*

⁵ Wilhelm Reich was a neuropsychiatrist and analyst. In 1939 he revealed the existence of biological energy—radiating orbs fusing spiritual and material matter. He called these life-like organisms, moving phantoms of light, *bions* and proved that a blue halo of light surrounds healthy red blood cells, and observed grey, misshapen bions surround cancerous cells.

⁶ Magic frequently involves men, distorting, dismembering, impaling, and burning the bodies of seductive women. Animals, too, are used in magic acts as objects, made to appear or disappear at the whim of the magician... Arran Stibbe, *Colonialism and the Discourse of Entertainment Magic*. (2005)

touch myself, what are you wearing? For each profile you hack, drink a Guinness. Hobbies: *Marionette Collector; Taxidermy*. Lauren, the bartender, introduces herself, takes an interest in your mission—spurs you on. She gives you a Guinness on the house, then another: “how about: *I like to wear lace panties?*” “Excellent,” you say. “How about: *I cry a lot since leaving the Marines.*” “I love it,” you say. Type it into his profile on plenty-of-fish.com. By the end of Lauren’s shift, she is your collaborator, your cowriter; she knows the whole story. Together, you’ve altered his entire public persona. All’s left to do is email Star⁷, *his baby mama*. Write a message detailing case numbers: Assault and Battery, Damage to Property; the criminal charges you dropped against him. Do it to spite L., yes. But also, to send a warning, an affirmation.

*A magician may curse you but if a bard writes a famous satire you will be laughed at for centuries.*⁸

Officers wear dark blue uniforms because the hue incites a feeling of safety and security⁹. The uniform mimicked the first Metropolitan Police uniform, in London, worn by “Bobbies” because it’s recognizable; the color associated with trust, masculinity, protection. But studies in America show domestic violence is two to four times higher in the law enforcement community than in the general population.¹⁰

⁷ *If this were fiction I would have changed her name.*

⁸ “In all magic, there’s a linguistic component: The Bardic tradition of magic would place a bard (professional story teller, verse maker) as being much higher and fiercer than a magician...those with command of words and were feared as people who could manipulate magic.” —Alan Moore

⁹ Psychological Symbolism of Blue: Spirituality, trust, truth, cleanliness, contentment, immateriality, passivity, understanding, conservatism, security, technology, masculinity, coldness, introversion, melancholy, depression.

¹⁰ <https://www.theatlantic.com/national/archive/2014/09/police-officers-who-hit-their-wives-or-girlfriends/380329/>

*Like Voodoo, color can sway thinking, change actions, and cause reactions.*¹¹

Alan Moore, writer of *The Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*, woke up on his fortieth birthday and decided to become a magician—to investigate the transcendental power of the auditory arts; storytelling; chant, song, how language constructs belief systems¹². Begin to fall in love with the white mask each time you watch *V for Vendetta*: black lines form his eyes and smile. V is a vigilante; Guy Fawkes four centuries later, but this dystopian narrative presents an alternative outcome: the Thames, a mirror of flames and fireworks. V resets society by detonating the Houses of Parliament and all it represented—a *Dictatorship*, guised as *Democracy*¹³. (As though words might be switched labels, invisible cloaks.) But the truth is enduring as bone; the mask accrues meaning, becomes larger than V, and the lungs which house him. The image conjures a new collective consciousness. Hundreds of Vs appear, white masks in the night, marching through London, towards the fire. *V for Vendetta* inspired the Anonymous Movement, and Moore's idea of V manifested, magically. Transpired beyond the screen to an international collective of vigilante hackers.

Moore says: *The single most important thing is knowledge of the self. It is our responsibility to investigate the inner dynamo—the thing in us beyond intellect.*

¹¹ Jill Morton.

¹² “Art is Magic.” The practice of manipulating symbols—words, images, music—to achieve changes in consciousness.” Alan Moore.

¹³ “Modern psychology has a word that is used more than any other word in psychology. It is the word, *Mal-adjusted*. Of course, we all want to live a well-adjusted life, to avoid a neurotic and schizophrenic personalities...I would like to say to you today in a very honest manner: There are some things in our society and some things in our world which I am proud to be maladjusted. I call upon all the men of good will to be maladjusted to these things until a good society is realized. —Martin Luther King.

October 31, 2010: I-40 Asheville to Miami.

“I don’t understand why you’re crying.” says Dad. “It’s over.” As you descend the Blue Ridge, the road widens; water vapor blues the distance in the rear view. The mountains, languid bodies, the hips of women laying on their side, pressed beneath the slate sky. Ten hours of jazz on the radio: Coltrane, Davis, Ferguson; Dad’s forward focus. Puggle’s head out the window, ears flapping like prayer flags along the interstate, her tongue a flap of ham. And Mum, in England, calling, always calling, her face flashing your phone, her unanswerable questions. England and America divided by blue.

October 30, 2010: Asheville

Dad picks you and Puggle up from Jaimie’s, checks you into a motel opposite the Jack of the Wood. “Forget your other stuff,” he says. “Thank God you’re okay.” At the station, an Officer informs you that to press charges against L. requires you to stay in N.C. Drop all charges: damage to property, battery and assault, because Dad says it’s best. Wonder how many other women have gone unnoticed on L’s record. In the future he’ll refer to L. as “Dick-Fuck-Con¹⁴-Artist” but now he’s asking if there’s anything you need. For the first time, wander the stark aisles of Walmart with him—your tall father, standing in line: *Fruit-of-The-Loom* multi-pack of women’s underwear under arm, *Dove* deodorant, and his wallet in hand.

October 28, 2010: Jaimie’s House, Asheville.

¹⁴ The epistemology dictionary; Contract. Con-tract: “Con” is defined as to “swindle” or “trick”. Tract is defined as: “a brief treatise or pamphlet for general distribution.” Contract may therefore be defined as a “deceptive treatise.”

Stay with Jeffery's friend, Jaimie, who also works at the Jack of the Wood Pub. She has short blonde dreadlocks and a black Pitbull. She makes you tea, says you and Puggle can stay for as long as you need. Puggle is terrified of the Pitbull, her fur ridges, tail puffs. She trembles, howls when you leave the small cornered bedroom, the mattress on the floor with fresh sheets, surrounded by boxes. The last time you talk to L. you will be in this small and shuttered room. The last words you will say to him: *I love you too*. Consider staying in Asheville. If the center is everywhere, you think what does it matter where you are?

Code Blue is what surgeons call out when a patient goes into cardiac arrest, and they rush to the revive the body. Cold, clear gel is rubbed on the chest, electric paddles shock-wave the skin, electrify the cells back to life, awaken organs, call the body to action.

October 27, 2010

The Jack of the Wood is closed. Bang on the blacked-out windows; Puggle in tow. Mike, the jittery bar manager, a chain smoker, recently divorced, is counting the evening's cash. He insists on making you a sandwich. Neala, your new friend, who was an actress on *ER*, pours you a whiskey. And Jeffery: all you recall of Jeffery is his kind blue eyes, how he carried your trash bag of clothes from his car to his living room, pulled out the sofa bed for you, and asked no questions.

You volunteered to lay in the black magician's box. Waited for the dissection. Harnessed his dark blue cape, clipped it in place, and climbed the shallow steps.

October 27, 2010

Pretending is as natural as the mountains looking in wanting to speak. You're on the couch watching a David Icke lecture with Puggle when L. calls from work. Asks for a favor. He needs a code from his email and can't access it from his phone. Write his password on a post-it. Spell it out. Sign into his yahoo account. When you hang up, your phone flashes: *call duration: 11:11*.

Flip the laptop back open. Scroll his inbox for anything untoward, not unlike running when chased, footsteps closing the distance. You have three hours. Scan this week's mail, then last week's, then last month, and the months before that and then all the months you've known him. Nothing. Puggle chews her bone. Then, a moment of realization: the outbox. Now, the magician's book of spells. The hidden vault of tricks. An email from a Destiny L. (if this were fiction I would have changed her name), she says *goodbye, I'm sorry. Forgive me*. Attaches divorce papers, farewells from his step-children, all five of them—remember when he said he was single the year before you met? There's no trapdoor, finger the slate interior. Monroe Country arrest warrants for Damage to Property, Domestic Violence. Step out to smoke. Call Nina, who is now on the road back to Miami with her husband. She reassures you her parents live an hour outside of Asheville. "Go. Take Puggle." Return to the screen with her voice in your ear. An email from a father with notice of a restraining order below it—Destiny's father? "Go, now," she says. Negotiate to leave in the morning while he's at work. Hang up, but you can't resist, continue scrolling and unlocking, a corridor of doors—click Destiny's email, again. Re-read it. The divorce finalized ten days before you met L. She has his medical insurance. Click the next page—private messages from dating websites: Asianhearts.com, plenty-of-fish, okcupid, match.com. Click the links: the women so young, so thin. Keep guard for his red Honda Civic up

the hill. You have one hour. Put away his laptop. You are a stranger to life, stuffing a bag with underwear, a few clothes, and shoving it in the back of the closet. Your books stacked on the dresser, how will you choose which to take? Hawk-totem pole in the corner of the square living space, one chipped wing; a vertical crack splits the wood. L.'s key, unlocking the door.¹⁵

“Find anything?” L. paces the room, to the kitchen and back again. “I’m not sure what you’re talking about.” you say. Puggle on your lap, your heads are pendulums, centered on his direction. Tell him anything he wishes. His eyes, two pinballs. *I know you’re lying. Everything you say is a lie.* Bask in his incantations. There’s nothing you can do but watch him enter the bedroom, slide the door open, and claim your get-away-bag of things from the closet’s deep pocket. Wear the words *I’m sorry I understand forgive me* like talismans—wash the walls with them until he seems satisfied.¹⁶ “I’m tired.” you say. “Come to bed. Why not talk about this in the morning?” Remember the symmetry? Puggle, left. Hawk totem pole, right. L. center stage. Move slow and deliberate towards the bedroom, not unlike how a cat collapses its clavicle, slinks to the floor to move unnoticed. Slip into bed—a Boombox in the auditorium of your chest; an iris in the white bed sheets. Relearn what it means to be still. The light switch flips. Dismiss his narrative, only the world’s slow orbit: one book, two books, three, four, as though he were a pitching machine, play dodgeball. The collected works of Neruda, Plath, Oliver, pummel you to the wall. But when he grabs you, presses his fingers into your shoulder bones, and drags you up against the wall, a

¹⁵ *Unlike the literal demonstration (Lady impaled on a sword waiting for the magician’s kiss of life), in symbolic demonstrations the magician or conjurer imbues props and performers with symbolic meanings woven into a narrative. The magician manipulates symbols as the narrative unfolds, at the climax of the trick, the illusion is disclosed.* Peter J. Carroll, LIBER NULL & PSYCHONAUT: AN INTRODUCTION TO CHAOS MAGIC (1987.)

¹⁶ *The mouth performs a similar deception/ I say I will transform this egg into a muscle/ this bottle into an act of love.* “Carrying Fruit Home in Winter” Margret Atwood.

deep moan rises in you. Charge him to the dresser with the base of your wrists. Perhaps it's not your strength but his surprise; knock him back long enough to grab Puggle, phone, dash to the door. Remember the rain, fine threads, black sequins, tapping the window. Then, the oatmeal carpet beneath you, Puggle barking, her fur ridged, teeth exposed, the phone across the room, a small voice repeating, "911, what is your emergency?" On your feet, he vanishes. Reclaim Puggle, your phone—fluorescent lights blink the stairwell, raindrops on spider webs. At the bottom of the steps, see your Mac, books, clothes, drop from window to tarmac. Water clogged drains. The stairs shuddering his weight as he descends; what would have happened had you not screamed? unharnessing all the colors of the world from your lungs. The lights illuminating your neighbors' windows. The Police officer asking if you'd like to press charges. The female officer reassures, "We know he's lying. The bottoms of his jeans are wet."¹⁷

*The Magician's Assistant is ornamental to misdirect the audience, captivate. She makes the mechanics of the illusion work and is responsible for the Magician's props; blue cloak, black box, chainsaw. Her body serves his narrative.*¹⁸

October 26, 2010: The Jack of the Wood.

¹⁷ *Of course, your lies are amusing/you make them new each time.* Margret Atwood: "Their attitudes differ" *Power Politics*

¹⁸ Sexism is justified by representing women as less rational than men, colonial exploitation is justified by representing foreign, magic-believing cultures as less rational than "scientific" cultures, and animal abuse is justified by representing them as entirely non-rational. It is no coincidence, then, that the majority of entertainment magicians are white men, and that their "beautiful assistants" are female. Aaron Stibble, "Abracadabra, Alakazam: Colonialism and The Discourse of Entertainment Magic." (2005) in, *Soundings: An Interdisciplinary Journal*. Vol 88, No.314 Winter/Fall Issue. (Pp413-425)

The hum of the keg coolers, full ashtrays on empty chairs. A fence divides the back of the bar from a small parking lot. Double check—certain L.’s red Honda Civic will appear. Dial his mother’s number. “I don’t know who else to call,” you say, “I’m sorry. I’m scared.” Your voice is foreign to you—what excuse might you muster to pardon his behavior? Perhaps he has a chemical brain imbalance, something hereditary or genetic, something treatable. “I know he’s adopted”—

“Oh, honey,” you hear her smile. “Is that what he told you?”

...in my worst pain, I also found myself secretly cherishing the phrase, “This too shall pass.” The longer the pain lasted, the more beautiful and impossible and absolutely holy this phrase became.¹⁹

October 24, 2010: Royal Ascot Point, Asheville

“I have Puggle and all your shit. Now you can’t leave.” His voice through the door. You should have known better than to attend the Jack of the Wood staff party. But you thought you could make it up to him, buy him a bottle of bourbon—why? Twenty-nothing is certain Old Crow bourbon is a Magic Eraser. Now you’re fisting the door, clamoring downstairs: L. in the window frame; the reflection of mountains ghost his face. He has your key, and the office is closed. Tomorrow you’ll be denied a spare because your name isn’t on the lease. Call Neala. Call the bar. Call a taxi. Watch your clothes fall from the window.

¹⁹ “The Pain Scale” Eula Biss

Blue is the color of illusion, of light shattering, of water cutting the landscape and vaporizing.
Blue is ripe and empty, capacious as a river; all the *fucking*²⁰ exit wounds.

September 23, 2010

At the Mouth of Blue Ridge Parkway there's a Starbucks you can walk to from the apartment.
Get stoned in secret while L.'s at work and walk Puggle into the bright afternoon along the
raging highway. Sit outside and smoke countless cigarettes under the umbrella, drink ice coffee,
write about the mountains—guardians or colossal barriers? Skype your friend in London who
tells you her *flyswim* philosophy—trust the universe, that the net²¹ will catch you. *Flyswim* is a
mantra you repeat, an affirmation, because simple repetitions and rituals, patterns, are the bones
that hold us.

*Four hundred and ninety college students were asked to write a number between zero and nine,
and to name a color. By far, the most frequently written were the number seven and the color
blue.*²²

September 1, 2010.

²⁰ (a cursing word: perhaps this meant I was cursed? Perhaps this is how I learned how to sing,
or maybe it was a deep moan.)

²¹ The Indra's net presents the philosophy of "Chaos and Emergence." Reminiscent of
alchemical stages, the rhythmic movement between chaos and stasis is the hallmark of
psychological transformation. Out of the seeds of chaos emerges a new organization, one of
complexity, and greater ability to navigate challenges. *In early Taosim, Chaos, Cosmos,
Becoming, and Time, are synonymous for that which is without hierarchy but is the "sum of all
orders."* N. J. Girardot. *Alchemy and Chaos Theory as Models for Transformation*: Robin
Robertson (2009)

²² William E. Simon. Oct 1, 1971

Nina, your best Miami girlfriend who worked with you and L. at Bargello's is passing through Asheville with her husband, so the four of you meet for dinner, double date. Nina became your best friend the day you fingered the crisp roach in the garlic cloves, and she coined the term *Barf-jello's*. "Did you know Frank (the owner) had a heart attack? The place closed," she says. You're sitting at a wooden booth in a long and narrow bar ordering beer and tequila chasers. "To Frank!" you toast. L. doesn't drink but orders hot wings and when they begin to burn his face, he refuses to concede despite perspiration, swelling lips, rapid eye movement. The thin cushions stick to the tops of your thighs. Nina's husband stops talking about his work as a boat captain. L. chokes down the fire-meat. Red flags rise from the ravines between his teeth. The drive home along the spiny road is dark, save for a few stars, the digital clock reads 11:11. The red lines like snake eyes.

In the coming weeks, receive text messages or phone calls at 11:11 or 1:11 or 11:01. Clock out at 1:11pm or 11:11pm or clock in at 11:11AM. It becomes a secret code, a silent gesture from an unknown presence. The numbers remind you of pillars, or perhaps a gateway, trail-lines, desire lines, two parallel numbers living two parallel lives, mirrored tracks destined to never meet.

Wander into a book store with Puggle and peruse the aisles until you stop in front of book spines reading *11:11*. The first is: *The Awakening Code, The Search for 11:11: A Journey into the Spirit World*. Select the third: *11:11 The Prompt Phenomenon the Meaning Behind Mysterious Signs, Sequences, and Synchronicities*. The cover shows four squared images: Stonehenge, the pillars topped with slate; the golden ratio of the Fibonacci spiral in a nautilus shell; two lightning bolts—11 forking an anvil cloud; two red lines on a digital clock. Open at random and read the first line that grabs you: "*Wake Up Calls from Beyond. This time prompt may be associated with*

a type of transformational portal...a thinning of the veil between worlds...” Whatever. Leave the store without buying anything but begin to count the times you see 11:11, and where.

Sigmund Freud and Jean Piaget saw magic as a primitive level of confused thinking which children grow out of as they progress to religion and, ultimately, scientific thinking. Some psychological research still supports this view, defining magic in terms of “rituals and compulsive like phenomena with the belief that such behaviors are casually linked to some outcome...particularly salient in psychological disorders.”²³

July 31, 2010

Driving L.’s red Honda Civic to work, windows down, music up. The body sings along to Rhianna and Eminem while the mind mulls: *Just gonna stand there and watch me burn*. Your best friend in Bristol refuses to discuss L, she *can’t deal with you anymore. You make no sense*. Mum is unable to talk to you without dramatic sobs. *Just gonna stand there and watch me cry*. Accelerate up the hill as though to play chicken with the sky, a concrete wall beyond an edge of tarmac. *That’s alright because I love the way you lie*. This is how a song might become a house of mirrors; reflections captured in the chords. The mileage reads 111111. Your clock-out slip after work that night, 11:11. On the drive home the radio plays the same song again, this time listen to Eminem: *If she ever tries to fucking leave I’ll tie her to the bed and set this house on fire*. The miles slip up the dash to 111122. Remember the symmetry?²⁴

²³ (Evans et al. 5)

²⁴ There is no word for blue in ancient Hindu scriptures—how might you see what there is no language for?