

TRYING TO LOOSEN UP ALL WEEK

Kayla Guthrie * January 2011

I felt this perfect tingle that was the conclusion of a long expression of all the impressions from the past 5 minutes of lying with my eyes closed.

Thinking of dreaming, of letting all my very hard physical thoughts somehow soak in, and fuel my dreams, and resting easy knowing my being is transforming, tones circulating.

I began to see these half-formed thoughts describe a funnel shape, moving like a flock of orange black brown monarchs from the center of my chest in a kind of starscape in a navy night sky that reminded me of certain paintings I made in college.

When I look at what I've written it is fascinating to me and I want to view it as an object, read the formations, and not compare them to the thought I was trying to express when I put my pen to paper.

This is blind writing, like automatic drawing (auto writing), like a contour drawing.

My memory is like a living dream - all of the impressions coexisting with the half-formed thoughts in an identical lifetime.

A said that B said A's and my work is "personal", and when A was telling me this, he said that B was focusing these days on integrating yourself into your work only as a construction. I don't believe in presenting the self as a total construction. But I don't think there is a strict distinction, and also I don't think the author as the voice of a person is a joke or a big problem.

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I felt the cycle of obsession slipping, just like I had been trying to loosen it all week... I felt a bite of worry, losing what I have that I like by ungluing myself from habitual thinking, but I told myself that this was what I'd been trying to do and it'd been working, and that it will make me more lucid, to unglue myself from obsessions.