

# Personals

Kayla Guthrie

Fall 2009



## Le Labo

I saw an advertisement for bottled water with the word “glacier” on it, and I remembered being more free in everyday life once.

Back then, I felt my thoughts forming something up ahead, but now I feel them gripping the present.

I walk down the street or look out the window and accidentally get interested in the color of a sign, something in a shop display, or the style of a girl’s sunglasses.

I guess overwhelming amounts of information from these impressions must be stored in my mind. It would take months to describe every detail of any setting.

That I am here now and was somewhere else before is a mystery. This seems like something that others may also think to themselves.

## Title

I keep seeing this girl: her eyes are narrowed and she's looking kind of at me, kind of to the the side. Her lips are this dusty deep red, and her face is powdered white. She's wearing a thick white little girl headband and it is slipping down over her hairline, like a headdress. Her left hand moves to her temple, holding her tilted head, pushing the headband back up? She wears a sleeveless white dress and her arms are covered in big-patterned lace.

TOKION

CREATIVITY NOW

TOKION

## Autobiography

Coming into Denver, the captain had said: "On the left side of the plane," (we all kind of looked) "if you look, you can see a thunderstorm building on your left there."

When I glanced at him and he made eye contact, I felt coldness down my sternum and I turned away fast. His hair was sort of a mohawk, shaved on the side, straight and long on top and down. His cheek points were little spikes, super hollow, rolling acne scars. I tried not to look at him again. I thought he looked at me a few times after that. To make myself feel better I guessed he might be looking at the girl next to me instead, maybe out the window beside her, or just, you know, staring across the aisle.

The sun set slowly during my time in Denver. I walked back and forth, in and out of shops.

I thought of this air living that had been coming to mind for me throughout the day. That I should realize what it was: there is substance up there, the winds and the formations that are clouds and weather, and it's like empty water. Out of everything I got a tea, cashews, and a green salad for the next flight.

I caught her crossing herself out of the corner of my eye as we lifted off. Girls used to just say it while you were playing: "I can't, I'm claustrophobic." I heard it like a blank, but with curiosity. It was a color that I couldn't see. I shrugged.

There was this idea of the people in my life being somewhere else, inaccessible in a different way than if I were many miles away but still on the ground. I don't think it was the lack of cell phone service. It was the profound fact of me, up there, being extracted from life for the duration of the trip.

I don't know if I just never thought about it on the ground before, but when I say that I can feel it in my head now. I involuntarily repeated the sensation, feeling the position I'd been sitting in, and what I was doing with my jaw and teeth.

I've seen the end of the day from a plane before, but for a while I just thought we were driving into rain clouds.

## Narration

Sometimes when I notice my thoughts, I compare them to thoughts from the past.  
When I realize "I am here now", I wonder what to do - what should I be doing?  
I think I'll be writing the real explanation of this years later.

## Personals

My profile: my picture sits on the internet. I see time pass as it grows further out of date.

I watch distortions ripple across the reflective eyes of the crowd: little variables rolling in their sockets.

I check myself out in the windows of shops, thoughtfully consider my horoscope and keep notebooks every day.

I want to block your vision. We're here together. I'm always my reflection before we go to sleep.

## Story glass

If your boss is not a human, with a permanent frown, 5 o'clock shadow, and deep-set eyes, then he is a sheet of dark metallic glass, tipped at an angle facing you.

He shifts in his chair and lights a cigarette.

The giant mirror doesn't speak, just swivels and exhales a cloud of smoke.

Slowly you get up and lean across the table.

The black wood grain is showing up on your boss, on his flat cloudy surface.

Smoke is rising from his cigarette.

You keep leaning and looking. The reflection is deep black blue. On him, you can see the shadows of the ceiling.

You just keep getting closer and closer, and he still says nothing.

## Attracting emanation

The first clue was relentless pot smoke drifting in through your open window. The continuousness of the fumes eventually led you to look up: across your room and through the curtain you could see your next door neighbour. He was craning his neck and bobbing his head around his own window, a few feet directly across from yours, holding a burning joint. The active-ness of him startled you. He wasn't just watching, he was moving around trying to get a better view. He seemed visibly frustrated, struggling to adjust his position and manage his joint at the same time. He was really trying to see. You froze. One of his brown eyes became visible through the curtain, unmoving. Did he sense you'd noticed him? Your eyes met his one eye. Nothing registered in it. You literally saw his eye but it was in the form of an object, not the eye of someone you talk to. Could he still see you?