

LARA DURBACK

*from Differences in Shadows (or The Shadow Was Not Dark
it Was Felt)*

And then there's someone you know walking around all the time, in the bad ways jumping and lurching in public away from everyone, flinching, a white girl, a black woman, woman who is called white when she is being insulted but not ever called white in other instances, trans female, friend with no gender pronoun,

how you've seen them jump and lurch rounding a corner sometimes on bad days, or sometimes the lurch comes out as rage at some small occurrence, and then these ones who don't know what they are dealing with, some people lurch and jack backwards at everyone who comes in their proximity, sometimes on the bad days, having been dealing with a rape that happened then or a rape that happened when the person was a toddler and therefore prelingual or a person terrorized again and again.

Lurching and jumping in public. Not wanting their body to show fear, but it is showing the displaced fear.

There are circles being built around us, or not built. Tore down. Or build them again together.

The first time I went to a kundalini class the gentle man described the aura as many things, but the one I remember is that he said it will keep cars from hitting you when you cross the street, as you work on your aura.

Am most grateful for a kind interaction on the street, outside, random.

The panic of this situation never occurring or having possibility to occur,

neighborhood watch situations. There is no opportunity for something better to occur when the buildings are atomized separate and watching out, not interacting.

The poster said, “I don’t watch my neighbors, I go outside with them.”

There are circles being built around us, or not built.

We would walk around Allentown as kids and people thought I was crazy, thought I could not get anywhere without a car, they told me over and over at school that I would get killed by Puerto Ricans in broad daylight if I walked to Grandma’s house. And I didn’t believe them, but sometimes would wet myself before I made it there. And nothing ever happened.

You cannot see the milky way until it is very dark, and you are very far away.

It sometimes takes 3 days of sitting on a train to no longer be neurotic.

Your glasses are probably awful, making you stupider, making you more of a fascist, making you able to drive, you could do anything except drive without those glasses. You could probably see what that martial arts man doing the energy play would see, the one who is doing that bizarre squinting, the bizarre lurching and playfighting, and it wouldn’t be so terrifying.

This man that I speak of.

A short shadow means: don’t look at my papers! In public they could not see the short shadow. A long shadow is: Cops were following him, people in the store were watching him with suspicion. That’s a long shadow. That’s something else. It won’t go away, it cannot walk away like walking away from the computer. Like switching a job, like stopping. Can you walk away from that body.

There is a long period of sickness.

And yet in her dream she held him close as if, having her skin color, she could claim to understand the multiple-legged shadow he was dragging behind while being tracked in public.

Like a heavy burlap bag spilling with sand or blood, how can I even claim to know, like Theresa Hak Kyung Cha film *Secret Spill* or the film *Tale of Two Sisters*, dragging around that bloody bag having to do with family and country and so heavy so incomprehensible except in sensation.

Her dreams could not confront the internet, an Indra's net of sad things. People could not communicate for fear of their own personal file cabinet being inserted with flags, post-it note flags of who they might be. Flags that rotated with revolving doors.

But they are still walking in public free for the moment, only occasionally being mad-dogged by cops, not constantly, not on the regular. With skin and embarrassing parklets.

Not greeting anyone passing by on foot because the place being walked to will do the greeting for you.

Look up. Speak when you are spoken to.

There is a special drone for you, it's really cute, but that guy was doing one of the 28 styles of martial art lunging and he was not paying attention to the drone. He was looking up above the head of the person, he saw something else. Not their body.

That special drone could be your own too, you know, you could hold the controls.

Drones were unimportant to people who had not used a search engine unless those people were being killed by drones. The search engine was your heart, but it has not yet entered someone's heart.

There are people in line for a computer at the community center and library that do not have the body of a search engine hanging off of their body.

The problem then becomes how to make oneself less marketable but the long shadow will do that for you even without the internet. It's called prison. Or does that mean more marketable. I mean the reverse.

Before the avatars were avatars they were code names in the street, and would never be an avatar.

There was a hallucination of the car speeding away the second my foot hit the pavement in that dream, the time the pink cage elevator appeared in front of me to take me away.

There was a struggle with an appearance, a way of the immigrant worker leaving home to work while the internet worker was working from home. How laziness is spun as a tale. The body overnecessary or unnecessary.

Full of a huge circumference around them or no space at all within the house.

And family is all, family is nothing. As one gets closer the other gets farther away. The family spreads and falls apart, a new chosen family is formed.

There was a discourse around laziness, deserving, and responsibility.

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She had it dead on, that my imagination is unfed, that when I lie in the bath reading Mother Wit I could not see the colors or the blockages.

So much more of the boundaries in which other people's seeing, other people's fears and consciousness, does not bash down the door.

If the aura is not swirling furiously enough, everything can get past it. I might have got that one wrong too.

There was the game, the perspective of shooter from outside, the pinpoint of zoom. The best defense is seeing it with a fog, with eyes half shut, without the direct gaze burning a hole through it. Then you might see what you could do.

Like on acid, when you can see the hot burning glow around someone who you do not want to approach from across the street.

One might start moving through the world in cartwheels, climbing door frames, using a trampoline. The whole world remade, but not for any fun purpose. Spongy ground, zip lines, catapulting bodies across the world,

so you are not sitting there, head lunged down, distrustful posture, scent of fear, making yourself an easy target for some robot that needs to know your needs or bully you for someone else's comfort. But the shadows are different and don't forget.

You could move differently if you were not in it.

Everyone is wilder than they seem. Everyone needs others to keep them in check. Knowing the keypad like a language you fell in. Because of necessity. Another way to take the body from the pen. I see them out there. Someone smuggled under your car seat.

They said something is out of order here. Your stories don't match. With all due respect we have bent time and space so your interrogation methods become useless, and the thing is that you recognize it though you still continue to kill and kill.

With the fog you can't. We got to Venice under a thick of fog.

Sometimes I can't tell if they love the commune or love logistics. I would talk about the old days and he was around but not immersed.

One could regret one's own level of involvement, and falling short, it never seems like enough, brain won't go.

Can't tell if you're intolerable or the ideas are or the structure is, or people prefer like building a puzzle like finishing the pieces but if your mind is trying to carve out some kind of new thing how would you present the idea, how would you catapult through space, how would you put out there that we would win, that we would be a true incitement of ourselves, finding wonderful people to comfort us but still going hard.

Destroy comes later, when you've sculpted more armor.

I wish someone would tell me when I was starting to fry. Would it be better when they just let me fry. My other bodies are fine. Not this one.

It will fall off and then I'll have my other ones.