

Anna Tomi

*Notes for the Shy*

They say that the digestive system is the second brain, but maybe it is the first. A slow exchange of particles is taking place, but we are merely hosts, containers, for tireless labor. I am transcribing myself at nights and these sleepless hours feel longer than the days when nothing really happens, but remembering the details gets harder and harder each year. The loss is never settled, but oddly described in the world around us.

Since you are already here, here is something you might like. Why have we stopped talking about premonitions? Sometimes silence needs to be extracted from the inscrutable. Sometimes if you lay back and float for long enough, you can see your own afterimage.

We are only just learning to appreciate the possibilities of mishearing.

Nowadays it all just seems normal and beautiful, but is it a home if you cannot live in it? It's just so easy to get completely obsessed with the very thing that rejects you.

One thing I like about coming here every day is that we are contained in the routine. That is probably the reason I always loved being in school so much, and why I love games. They are closed circuits, only the internal rules matter.

The realm of naked potential is where play takes place. A bulb does not need care or attention to turn into a flower, it happens by inner force.

Check the date on your way in. I shouldn't look but since I am already here. It just seems unfair that we can never really see our own faces. But the problem of solipsism seems suddenly ridiculous if we take empathy seriously. Of course it was a woman who suggested this.

The body is its own symptom, overextending, hypersensitive, allergic. Sometimes the borders leak, and a wave is sucked in by the receiving surface, or rather, pushes itself in. It can be smelled long after it no longer can be heard. But then again, absorption is just a way of describing the moment where the ocean expands.

Notes for the shy, for the quiet. I think I knew the shape of sadness long before I had anything to put in it, but pleasure creates a different pattern every time.