

Series of Small

I'm bothered that I've never had success with cardinal directions, nor seemed to know the names of things. I can't get anywhere a second time, unless I've driven myself the first—then still doubtful. I have the strangest habit of noticing nothing, even though I have the sensation that I'm noticing things all the time. Is this connected to my bottomless appetite for sleep? Why can't I name the birds by their calls or the streets by where they get me? I see a hundred anonymous flowers and love them like the members of a crowd I dance within. Reading Joan, I wonder, was she this interesting at every minute? Was she this awake to the relentless stream of events? Or just very good at hurrying her ideas together into a series of small and beautiful rooms? Now that I can't go anywhere, I begin to conclude that all the luminescence in my personality was just traveling places and the plan to travel places. And I only went on a trip or two a year.