

THE STRANGEST THING

You see someone once, and suddenly you feel as if you are apart of their world. Their name is mentioned somewhere, in a newspaper or article or other and you have this strange sensation. A knowing feeling. Despite forgetting them everyday since the time you met. Some kind of pattern recognition slips into you. Now you find yourself interested. What was that person like again? What did they say about this or that? And this is how I know that brainwash is real. That there is such a thing as a brain worm which wiggles its way into your deepest and most tranquil moments. The more the image sinks in, the more you think of it, the more it lives inside you. The mode is parasitic.

There must be an anchor then, in reality somewhere. Someplace must hold a straight line for you. Something to keep you from drifting here or there. From street to street. This is a personal bible. I have had an interest in this concept for perhaps the entirety of adolescence and young adulthood. The idea of keeping a lingering string. A piece of you which rises with the dawn and closes its eyes to sleep with you. That bible. When you are on the road, in the house, on a long silent high, this book will always be there. A traveling line. Completely straight.

The world is filled with situations which reward and burden. Most things are this way. Most things reward and then, burden. And so fear is always lingering behind the attempt at choosing a pathway. Any path, narrow or wide, seems to be haunted by this cycle of punish and reward. I find myself most comfortable in the freedom of the moment before the choice. The fluid breath. A sigh. Right before you reach the crossroads. And somehow, the choice is always right in the middle for me. To keep a part of either reality. Maybe this is the biggest sin. A non-commitment to reality. A burning of contracts and ever altering yes's and no's. But the sky is wide and blue and the ocean is just the same. And everything seems to collapse into a beauty without words. Choices become the backdrop to human life. A sort of tangy aftertaste to go down with the mystical properties. I can hardly take it.

Why is it that the long stretched out road in the Mojave haunts me still? Why is it that the black darkness that covered the line from Las Vegas to Los Angeles sticks in my head even now? Everything seems to trace back to those empty fluid moments. Where you are no longer a person. Where the exterior of life is dominated by some archaic transformation. You lose sight of yourself. A complete ecstasy of forgetting. Right in the middle of the crossroads. A long black line in the desert.

Currently my mind is filled with the heavenly lines from On The Road by Jack Kuruoac. There is a certain cosmic relief while reading it. Almost parallel to the dark road in my memory. A sense of loss and expansion. A forest of death and afterlife. Afterlife. I find myself appreciating the concept of practicality. A slow turning into routine and ritual. I search now for anchors to carry on the ship. Things which stick with me in near perfect condition. Stable images which are always ready to be cast out into the water. Almost lusting after the idea. That is what I search for these days. And maybe through the strange and forbidden life of moving here and there, that anchor is still sought after. Somehow the desire for perfect stability is ripe in those who cannot accept the taste of normalcy, of the routine. It appears the anchor becomes the vehicle or the notepads, the bitten up pencils or old ragged shirts. Those things become your anchor in place of a home, a state, a friend. That fresh second layer of practicality seems to triumph even in the worst of times.

My dreams are filled with the concept now. A recurring thought. What is it worth if it cannot come with me to die?

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