

FORCE FIELD

I was told that you were writing about me. So I needed to find out for myself. I really wished that your portrait might have been a little more flattering. It was what it was. And I dealt with that. At what point, did your description fit what was actually going on in my life?

“My name is Jacqueline.”

This was an interesting. You thought that you had captured my true nature. I needed to give you credibility at doing so well at completing your portrait. It almost didn't matter what you said.

“All those trails, all those electrical currents are me.”

What did you like about me? What turned you on? It was always just a little more than nothing. That made me feel different than the rest. I was the breath of fresh air in the morning. I realized what it was to maintain that pose. I hoped it might be more than that. I thought that we all do. That was survival.

We all lived as if we were motivated by that little spark. It didn't not take much to power it up. I looked around how people reacted to me. I never wanted to exaggerate that feeling to mean more than it did.

Had I spent enough time reviewing what you had written? I wanted to believe your perspective had more authority. What was going on in our my life that interested you? I had a pretty good job.

“I met this guy, and he promised to create a lake for me.”

“Is that very environmentally friendly?”

“I do not ask deep questions. I only know what I want for my life.”

“There was a lot of talk about politics in the story. And it's not something that I am that interested in. I keep up with the issues. And I see how it relates to my own life. But I am not going to get upset about something like that.”

“I didn't understand why you were writing about this kind of stuff. After all, I was living it.”

“There was so much action going on around me.”

“I could be the center of the action.”

There were people who took care of me. What more could I ask for?

“You wonder what else anyone can ask for. You want to keep this dream going. You try to get comfortable.”

This was all a matter of understanding how time played out. You did not want to get overwhelmed by these moments as they transpired. Maybe, you were too overwhelmed by time as it worked itself out

“What did I just eat?”

I never saw this as a matter of identity. I knew who I was. I might question why life was turning out how I expected it. That did not diminish my hope for something more. I claimed that I wanted to be understood. I think that it was all about forgetting who I was. I realized the danger. I could get caught in the most hideous kind of situation. That hardly mattered. It was all happening in the moment. Nothing was supposed to mean anything more than that.

“This was where the trouble started. I needed to come back to figure it all out.”

The magic seemed to explode right before my eyes.

“He impresses me. He tells me what I want to hear.”

“Do you really think that this is some kind of a career move?”

“Give me your card.”

“I had a great job, and I liked my life.”

“What about the real estate market?”

“Life has already marked me in numerous ways.”

This would all be easier if I was asleep.

“What did you notice when I walked by you?”

“You made my day.”

“And you think that is going to change anything.”

“What do you care about any of this?”

“I know what is happening.”

“And you are going to change things.”

“I will.”

You weren't adding that much to my life. You were only transcribing what was happening to me. Honestly, it felt as if you were stealing my ideas. You were taking my life for your story.

“Has this guy ever understood anything about your life?”

“I cannot care. Things are a lot simpler for me.”

“Should I know you?”

“Maybe for tonight.”

“I missed the show.”

How did all these details relate together? All these important things seemed to be happening around me. I did not have much expertise in putting it all together. I didn't have some kind of deep theory. I took my life for what it was.

“It was not going to be any easier to explain it.”

“Does anyone know CPR here?”

“What is that about?”

“Take more time on your own.”

“This is not something worth thinking about.”

How could I create a nature for myself that would make me feel comfortable with my life? There were enough distractions around me. I am not going to pretend that my job provided enough coherence.

“Doesn't your car need to be fixed?”

“I need to be fixed.”

“This is where you find it all.”

“You have it.”

You told me that you were writing about me. I found this intrusive. I have my own life. I have my own thoughts. I was not looking for someone to surmise for me.

“I felt that I had a mission.”

“You are not being asked to save anyone.”

“This will not always be like this.”

“You died on the table.”

“I do not want to hear it like this.”

“I did not sign up for therapy.”

“I need you to quiet that voice inside of me.”

“I go along with your logic.”

“That seems logical.”

“You cannot speak for anyone. You can barely speak for yourself.”

“How could you be that exciting? You cannot deal with the elements.”

“What are the basic elements?”

“Work, sleep, and food.”

“He is with a customer.”

“He is with a lover.”

“What is that about?”

“I wish that was me.”

“I want you to speak about me.”

“I first thought that it was pretty cool that someone was writing my story. Then I realized that it was not what I thought it was. I want a lot more for my life. Maybe, I will have my own clothing line. Or someone will buy my memoir. I do not see my that simply. But you are making me seem as if I am grasping for something more.”

“It was not enough to generate disgust. I realized that my personal revulsion was not sufficient to effect real change. How could the system be disrupted in a lasting manner. This would create a challenge. I needed to understand how the fault lines affected my own character.”

“WHY ARE YOU WRITING IN THIS ENVIRONMENT?”

“I AM IN THIS ENVIRONMENT FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK. I KNOW WHAT THIS ENVIRONMENT IS.”

“I AM UNAWARE OF YOUR PERSPECTIVE.”

“How many perspectives are there?”

“One for each person.”

“Why not take two?”

“You believe that you are creating language and feeling as you go along. No one knows what you are feeling. At least, that is your belief, until you are in the grocery store, and you get mad at the clerk when she doesn’t understand what you are telling her. Then you become the witty language major.”

“I WIN!”

“WHO IS THE ARGUMENT WITH?”

“What is this environment. Somewhere that you can go to hide.”

“Where are you hiding?”

“I realize how I can use writing in new ways. This can help me to create a new personality for myself. Maybe, I can adjust my biology through that application of my will.”

“This is not even something that I want.”

“You shouldn’t believe any of this anyway.”

“The story will be finished soon anyway.”

“What are you writing about?”

“How can we use our words to create something else for ourselves?”
“I have figured out all your jokes.”
“What else do you have left?”
“You do not want to see what I have saved.”
“We can leave now.”
“Come with me now.”
“What is this really about?”
“You tell me.”
“We are almost there.”
“Tell me when we have arrived.”
“You need to know that I have zero tolerance for bull shit.”
“What about Lancer?”
“I have all that down.”
“I am glad that this is the Olympics.”
“What kind of lesson do you have to teach me?”
“What happened?”
“You tell me.”
“It is all explosive.”
“Do you even hear it?”
“This is a little deeper in the groove.”
“Want to know what I am thinking.”
“It is nothing like you think.”
“That did not give me a good feeling.”
“Deal with it.”
“Rels could have made sense of it all.”
“You are trying to hard.”
“You are trying to hard.”
“That is a wonderful moment.”
“This is not working for me.”
“It is working for me.”
“I took a hit for you.”
“It is not about that?”
“Are you looking out for me?”
“I tell you that I am.”
“The wolf may have lost her way.”
“I do not deal with that shit.”
“I got what I wanted.”
“I can’t fix it.”
“Who can?”
“I can.”
“This is not pleasant.”
“Is it pleasure?”
“You blew up the show.”

“What are you saying?”
“I am telling you to get your shit together.”
“I am in the middle of a war.”
“What are you saying to me?”
“You figure it out.”
“You made this happen.”
“You made it.”
“This is all in my head.”
“You don’t want me to have friends.”
“Cenza is here.”
“Do you want to do the same for her.”
“I am giving you part of myself.”
“Which part?”
“I am testing my power.”
“I turned the lights on.”
“She walked by.”
“I CREATED HER, AND YOU ARE TRYING TO TAKE HER AWAY.”
“You have no idea what I am talking about.”
“What are you talking about?”
“What am I talking about?”
She was sketching a wolf. The wolf became stronger with time.
“He represents the power.”
“We all feel the power inside of us.”
“Where does this go?”
“I love your hands.”
“They have a power.”
“Is this Jacqueline?”
“This could be someone else.”
“I want this to be something.”
“Who is talking back to you?”
“I can give you what you need.”
“They all say that.”
“I do tricks with food. I am a changeling.”
“What are you now?”
“Who is leading me on?”
“What do you understand about my nature?”
“It is all in a can.”
“Do you have a can opener?”
“I tear it open with my teeth.”
“Can I lick it off your lips.”
“There must be something else.”
“This is not Jacqueline.”
“What if it was?”

“What if it was?”
“You need to feel your way around.”
“I will.”
“I had an accident. Then I decided to write this book.”
“It will be a while before I figure it all out.”
“I was there with you.”
“We were all there.”
“What really went on there?”
“There is a map that goes along with the story.”
“You surrender some brain matter for something that you really want.”
“Love is always an option.”
“Or a slice of pizza.”
“I am getting desperate.”
“I live for fresh pizza.”
“They used to give it away for free.”
“I wanted that more than love.”
“We are back to the intelligence problem.”
“What does that mean?”
“They want to know what we are thinking.”
“Work is hell.”
“This is when you need to use your head. Why do you feel liberated?”
“There is a norm. A line that you draw on the page.”
“We are trying to get away from the norms.”
“There is still a line on the page.”
“You turn me on.”
“Where is this going?”
“To the ends of the earth.”
“To shit.”
“We are not going to take this.”
“This place of self-effacement.”
“This guy has his own story.”
“And what is involved.”
“Crazy stuff.”
“I accept that.”
“We all do.”
“And this is all over.”
“And our bodies change.”
“Where does it go from there.”
“I get what I have always been looking for.”
“And what is that?”
“You tell me.”
“I am telling you.”
“There is a body.”

“And another.”

“Electricity.”

“Or a line of beds.”

“Or coffins.”

“What else is in there.”

“Some bad stuff.”

“It was not pretty.”

“I am.”

“Everything looks better when we get back to my place.”

“There is a creepiness about you.”

“It is not like that.”

“I have a job.”

“We could talk about the tricks of coding all night long.”

“And it moves along production. And it controls supply chains. But it does not carry the weight.”

“Is there carrying?”

“Take Cenza.”

“I am trying to understand her.”

“What do you have?”

“I said nothing wrong.”

“Take it for what it is.”

“I want to talk about food.”

“We all do.”

“How many hours will this take?”

“I will take that.”

“Take it.”

“Take more of it.”

“Be comfortable.”

“WHAT DOES THIS DO FOR THE WORLD? WHAT DOES IT DO FOR YOU?”

“He loved me.”

“Of course, he does.”

“This is an act of love.”

“Love it for what it is.”

“Excellent.”

“What did I miss?”

“You missed you life.”

“We are putting it together.”

“Mandalay is messing with our coordinates.”

“She is out coordinates.”

“Do you know what you are doing? You are saying that your love was a lot more than that.”

“What did I miss?”

“Mandalay, you tell me.”

“She knows everything that she needs to know.”

“Why should I even stay here?”

“Mandalay wants to talk.”

“I am running from something.”

“We will have to go over the map.”

“What is this about?”

“We have what we like.”

“Are you kidding?”

“This is a whole a lot of nothing.”

“I’m running from something.”

“Did you win playing the slots?”

“What was I supposed to do?”

“QUIT.”

“I did quit.”

“THE EGG. ALWAYS THE EGG.”

“You ate the prize egg.”

“Jacqueline could sizzle in the moment, then all the powers come to life. She would realize everything that she had. This would make her excited. How had I noticed her? Did I understand what she was all about? I wanted a clear explanation. She was reaching out to me. It was that excitement just above the baseline. It was barely perceptible, especially with everything else going on., Excitement. It was Jacqueline in the midst of everything. Maybe she knew, or maybe I knew. Even in relating the story, I was interfering. Jacqueline represented this vague possibility, the energy vibrating. At best, she could get absorbed in the every day of others. The place. Acceptance. This was almost all that she needed. What else was going on. I’ll be attributed to another person. She was trying to collect it all? What was? What was absent?”

“Why was it all so messed up. But she was also afraid of her own role. She expressed what she was feeling. She wanted to stay. She wanted to become part of the action.. But that was almost impossible. There was enough to lose her focus. Perhaps, another occasion would be right for her. Less intense. She was tempting infinity. Did she have the tools? Her present changed.”

The entrance to a cave. Oh man. Much more than that. Seriously, it was so much more than that. It wasn’t about us. She was on the threshold of this deeper revelation. What did that convey. This kind of material evidence. What was happening? But she could barely figure it out in the presentation. Funds of energy. What did she know in her heart? What would it take? Or wonder. For a while. Happening forever. It’s all part of the emergence. It was a creativity that was built in the world. Now. All these moments. All these experiences related together. She played her role. It wasn’t. It highlighted Jacqueline’s experience. Jacqueline could only know so much. Trails along the way. Need to know.