

A blind spot

Sometimes I forget
when I come into a new place
to start the process over again
That it takes time.
to trust, reach out, ask, listen

I know how it goes, I've done this before
and yet, each time, I'm surprised
by something new and different.

In starting over again, I am quickly frustrated
Because I see the potential that isn't developed yet
and I long for what I had built where I used to be.
I cling to the past.

This is when the process is painfully slow
and I think about giving up.
and then something happens; (it always does):
A conversation, a gesture, a connection
and I'm reminded that life is always evolving.

The greatest challenge is to recognize what I have
when I have it
It's very easy to see it when it's gone,
memories growing sweeter over time.
but sometimes invisible when it sits squarely
in front of you.
Many people have a blind spot in the present.

I want to eat the moon

I want to eat the moon
Swallow it whole and let it slide down into my belly
Feeling the moonbeams tickle my insides
Swirling and shining like crashing waves of the ocean
Making me laugh in delight and satisfaction

I want to eat the moon
Hold it on my tongue to let it melt slowly
Seeping deep into my body
Nourishing every cell with shimmering minerals
Oozing through every pore to make my whole body
glow

I want to eat the moon
Take a few brief, loving licks and
Putting in my pocket for later
When I crave that light sweetness again
Savoring every moment and morsel to the fullest

Mmm!

S P A C E T I M E

(a found poem)*

Superimposed
Generated from within
A historical geography
Space and time are social constructs
Identity can be collapsed, shaped, and manipulated
“a time and place for everything”

Superfluous
so subtle and nuanced
Societies change and grow, they are transformed within
The answer is simply given but
Impositions are not necessarily well received
The gendering of “Father Time”

Myth.

Iconography.

Ritual.

“Time is a Man, Space is a Woman”
Time horizons
rarely arrived at directly.
Both social and objective
A refinement of spatial measurement

Turnpikes and canals, the railways, steamships and telegraph, the radio and the automobile,
containerization, jet cargo transport, television and telecommunications
Time lies at the origin of profit and
Remains a topic lost in the shadows
Search for identity and roots reentered geography as a leitmotif
They become victims of history rather than its visitors in a
Deeply troubled world

Strong currents of
Time-space compression
A sense of collapse
Consider, glancing backwards
New conceptions are squeezed, while
Nibbling at the hidden
The foreboding sense of social space imploding
“the terror of time.”
a world of rapid flux and change

Then process of fragmentation has accelerated to a
Frenetic activity

A core concept of place

Follow the gyrations of ephemeral ideas

The liberation of the creative senses

“abolish time within time, if only for a time.”

The performance of *Being* over the transitoriness of *Becoming*

The “language of beauty” is “the language of timeless reality.”

*Harvey, D. (1990). “Between Space and Time: Reflections on the Geographical Imagination.” *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, v80, n3 September. pp. 418-434.

Driving in Boston

A metaphor for my journey through graduate school

I'm a good driver.
I've driven through snow storms and blinding rain
Over mountains and down wind-swept gorges
With my keen sense of direction
I've found my way around D.C. and Manhattan
(with tickets and collisions *nearly* non-existent!)
But driving in Boston
Is different.

Skill and experience are essential,
And commonsense won't always help.
It's about finding my way, and applying the rules as needed.
Recognizing land marks
Getting turned around
Running into...

 Traffic

 One-way streets

 Construction

Learning that time of day matters
And SOMETIMES signs are big and helpful

Driving in Boston is about trying to find parking spaces...
 AND fit into them.

It's about dealing with the "community"
Learning the "real" rules... and bending them still
Driving past small hidden signs many times
 Before finally seeing them.

It ALWAYS takes longer than you think
So I'm surprised when I get there early for once.
Intersections are not always 4-way
Being certain of where a road will take me only to find out I'm wrong

Finding my way
Going faster than I want, sometimes slower
Yelling and honking
Zipping through yellow (and at times, red-turning) lights
Making gut decisions in the moment and going with it
Staying in the flow and being aware of my surroundings
Not hesitating
Realizing it's all about context

Letting people go ahead of me
Finding a way to get where I want to go without meaning to
Knowing I can always find a place to turn around or pull over...
Just not as soon as I'd like.
And when asking for directions or looking at a map,
Realizing that my present reality doesn't always match up

Streets change names
Sometimes signs are non-existent
Discovering short cuts...
 Only to find out that my short cut is not so short.
Getting where I want to go.

Avoiding collisions
Being polite
BUT
Ultimately, looking out for myself
 and for bikers
 and pedestrians

Gradually, I become familiar
Connecting bits of map in my head
Exploring new places
And new ways of getting there.
Learning skills.
Having experiences.
Finding my way.

This is **not** how I learned to drive.
In a land where you WILL get pulled over for running a YELLOW light
Or going 5 miles over the speed limit
But driving in Boston is not really about driving.
It's about getting where you want to go
In the best way you know how.