



The first month my brain seared and my eyeballs bulged, cartoon gesture. Like, completely nuked in the microwave too long, lean cheap cut of cardboard protein. My radio blew out on the Fresno county line and it got weird, listening to the rush of wheels and the strain of my own voice.



Driving from coffee disguised as interview disguised as work meeting disguised as free labor extraction and \$5 for the latte please. My teeth grew long, my skin skittered around in the hot shell of my car and something was indeed extracted. Perpetually in a drought! Vote! I wake at 3am to take clean showers. No grey soapy water and pubes gurgling from the facet head of the adjacent apartment at this hour.

Effy Morris **“did not hold its shape”**

During the day I ache for the night and during the night something is missing. I become addicted to white noise videos, specifically, FAN NOISE | Fall asleep, stay asleep | 11 Hours, to drown out the ceaseless highway, the semi-permanent dark, the impulse threatening to grow. My last line of defense is telling everyone what Joan Didion said, that there aren't seasons in LA, only the Santa Ana winds. When the sun rises I faithfully apply tubes of sunscreen and turn my body north, hoping to feel the air move. I stand there like an idiot and suddenly a year passes.

In the semi-privacy of my car I stop wondering about the semi-privacy of other cars. Other cars become an it and I become more of whatever this is. My sun centered, mobile universe. Pushing and not feeling 90 mph. Thinking, seeing: scattered bodies clad in beige and neon mesh, against the perpetual sunspot, spearing trash along the highway, faceless, with dogged precision. A car drifts over five lanes of traffic and exits.

I learn from the FAN NOISE | Fall asleep, stay asleep | 11 Hours description that the video is actually made from ten layers of highway recordings. One on top of the other, endless overpasses reaching up away loop the loop.

