

street culture

Where I am comfortable; Where I live

JOSHUA M. CISNEROS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

I remember now, it was cold, but like a dream when you wake from it, I can hardly recall any further details. October's shivering voice sung lonely whispers through my body; I tried so hard to let it feed words of harvest to me, ones potent with death and reality, helping write all my poetry for me. This body needed rest from the move here, and my mind was tied in knots, tangled rubber bands cased within a tough shell, and like a golf ball, I was unable to swing and crack it open, instead only digging a deeper hole for my sanity to sit in. For my words to make sense I'd need to figure that mess out, and slowly I feel like I've started to. Staring at old poetry of mine I've noticed some staggered and confused growth. I don't know how it came to pass, but my writing has definitely altered and continues to do so.

Before Portland I had never left my home, Chico, Calif., for an extended period of time, and unaware to myself I had conquered my biggest fear by doing so. A slow growing plant of freedom had now rooted beneath my sub-consciousness, and old dreams of past drunken nights have started rushing through its limbs and veins, the impossibilities becoming animated and true, its new found existence springing fruits of ambition into life, all in hopes to recreate this "freedom" that I've just so recently started to feel. I've contemplated staying here, just living and writing, the only things I enjoy, but I feel drained with a part-time job. I'm not Charles Bukowski, and cannot gain inspiration from this type of atmosphere.

I feel it getting closer; the same drive

that dragged me here is starting to charge itself full once more. In March I'll be headed to Eureka, Calif., throwing my thumb up and going south along the 101. I will be walking a lot and catching rides when I can. I'm looking forward to the refreshed feeling of gratitude, enjoying true all the sparkling sunsets that cuddle the coast, the walks that seem endless with feet striking on earth you've never felt before.

I'll head west to Florence from Eugene, both places I've never seen before, and once in Arcata, I'll be staying with a beautiful Hungarian woman. A full body with a woman's glow of femininity, she's comfortable being who she is, and life's flow shines through her innocent eyes uninhibited. I find women's fire amazingly beautiful and important, for I never understand my feelings completely till I see her brilliant rage, and not just her open arms of security. I've witnessed only her embers turned ash, not ever in full blaze, I caught her after an argument of some sort and talked her cool.

I'm sure when I arrive she'll be tied down with ropes of expectations for whoever she's with, but I'll be content studying from drunk, steady eyes her body moving freely in the ocean's cove, flickering glimpses revealed by the burning pallets on Mad River Beach, the stars stuck in the ocean's reflected net swim behind her as she dances with every grain of sand. That is where I'm comfortable, that is living... and I'll visit for only a couple days, but each picture snapped by my eyes within that time is worth a thousand words, and I'll have to try and simplify what's needed.

