

Are we what we see?

I look into a mirror. I trace my finger across my brow. I draw one continuous line in an arch across it; I stop. Stretching it—pulling it—I slowly (very slowly) continue this line-thought process across the exterior surface of my brown skin. Line—line—curve. My finger shifts and moves in a direction towards my temple, and then, I rest. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* Shift. — A shift in thought affects my sight. I question. *does this sight/site define me?* I look closer, peering deeply in to my mirrored reflection. Through this point of sight (site), I watch my brownness coalesces at my temple. Words, text, *images* pool, filling this central point of intersection. I observe my finger gently press against this soft spot, moving, *spilling,*

s p r e a d i n g

fragments of unfiltered messages pour from my temple into my skin.

*Tap.*

*Tap.*

*Tap.*

Shift.

I move my finger, and watch as in/visible histories disperse. Leaving trails. Leaving marks.

Questioning,

Questioning

Questioning.

*I move...*

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