

Mini-Manifesto

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Magic is real. Magic is real. Magic is real. Magic is real because breathing is real. Breath is intention is motion is energy is chi is creation—inception even. Look to puppetry. “Object”: dull, flaccid, stale. Now breathe and share that breath in the motion of “Object”. You have now set forth a life in The World that was not here before. And you have just as much power to take it away. Poof! This magic is **ancient, heavy, and inherent to us.** Do you remember slicing the eraser on a pencil in half just enough so the 2 split sides are still connected? Do you remember bending them apart and back together? Do you remember making it speak? Do you remember tapping your friend on their back and surprising them with your creation? Imagine walking down the street where you grew up. What houses do you pass? Do you remember seeing a house with at least two windows and a door? Do you remember the face you created? What about your family car? Remember the headlights? The smiling bumper? Inception is more than ovaries, sperm, and a “sweat”. **HOW WONDERFUL THAT A “SWEAT” IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO EXPERIENCE THIS MAGIC.** Either way, it is placed in front of us simply because we are so connected to our imagination!! And this is possible no matter the scale; people have never stopped trying to create God. Maybe this is my version of it? I feel God when I see the mountains. A mountain.... I imagine ridges. Peaks. Valleys. The usual. Then I imagine falling/falling/falling/never stopping... Distance. I imagine hugging. Enveloping. I imagine dust. Words: former, monstrous, archaic. Sounds: gargling, friction under lava in motion. It’s funny how an idea as massive as a mountain can fit itself into my brain. Into my body. But the second I try to bring it out. My mouth is too small. Even so, I know I’ll figure it out with my hands my energy my motion my breath. It’s natural—**inevitable.**