Sometimes there is enough to see.

Sometimes it is enough to ignore.

Because I can focus only on one thing at a time, I often pick a point in space—could be an air molecule—and follow it around. I have no microscope in my iris to pin down a real air particle. Much of what I see takes place in my head as hyper-vision. As if the world is nothing beyond that point; as if the worries and anxieties of interacting with a visual world questioning my mind is out of question. The point grows conspicuous. Finally it is all there is to see.

The point sticks to the retina like a dart; and resistance is futile.

The point catches my eyes, vision gets busy in the field to toss the point around like a soccer ball; preoccupation grows large enough to blot a face, eclipse a body, then does more! A mountain vanishes.

The point is the resort where my eyes will reside whenever the world will be broken into many shapes—those jig-saw outlines of chairs, walls, picture frames, faces... and I will feel all the crumbling sounds from footsteps on wooden floor, pouring of water in a glass, jingling keys, voices that will blow a sound storm around my shadow.
The assurance of that point will blur the boldest shapes and outlines. It will hold my vision like a hand holding a hand and drag me out. I feel the shift. I always shift. The point and I will shift toward the nothingness of space. Sky is a mere limit.

I hold on to the speck.

Looking at space trying to picture a minute molecule of air — a speck of detached presence, unclogged by colors, I shift. Then I begin to move. Moving out, I blend all shapes into one final shape, then follow it around with my eyes to who knows where. Trying to search a destination for it, I may entrust myself a destiny of movement, as its faithful disciple, sometimes as its comrade. There is no need for words. I am a journeyman through the transparency of pure trust.

We move: the speck and me, together sometimes, bone to bone, the tibia — fibula, the next one to the next one. We move together, no reasons known, through the walls, through the moon. We float and drag. I can sink. It pulls me out, then I breathe again. And then it’s the sky. Vision of the sky is best understood when we can isolate a speck of a star. I hold the pointed speck to scribble my journey.

The floor of sky, a spacey room,
The Milky Way — like sprinkled dust,
That no one remembers to broom.

I rise on the crests and fall in the troughs of what could be mountains of collective sound waves in air. I enter the world of swaying wilderness — the uncertain puzzle pieces of chairs and people, picture frame and social smiles. Sometimes tossed by a storm of a familiar voice I play like a raindrop; then let clouds scatter me around. Faces dissolve and blur in the frothing distance. Shifting the continents, I follow transparency. I move through swarms of
pilgrims around holy rivers, bazaars full of buzzing business, dust around those unpredictable feet, before I return to real shapes called tables, chairs and shelves, faces and smiles blended in a transparency of pure trust. I trust air. I hyper-visualize. But I cannot broom everything else.

Trust is unadulterated, uncluttered air; In an unbroomed sky of points. Trust is knowing — when there are stars there would be space.

Trust is that wound you are bound to scratch. A would like the tip of a point concentrates a tactile world. You do not worry about summer or winter surrounding the skin. But I must really be talking about seeing and not stray away from the point.

One can follow an imaginary speck in the air, trusting that there will be a return. I can travel the white ice-smeared poles of this earth if necessary, sailing a solitary ship — trust, without being lost, led by a mere point. I can jump from one floe to another floe, a pilgrim of snow carrying a flag to plant wherever the air molecule rests, knowing for sure that even if my lungs failed, the molecule will continue to travel several centuries following the Coriolis factor. Trust has nothing to do with what you are trying to tell me while I move. Trust is the run for the fierce extreme because there is a shield of safety called escape. It is about ignoring puzzle pieces of doubt, then again believing that an Autism organization will shine the famous buildings blue once a year, trusting on a responsibility.

Hyper-vision lies in trusting the mind that is imagining locomotion.
Imagination is fierce. It ignores unnecessary reasons. The speck in space will jump into shape as far as facts can be ignored. My pencil point will begin a point and scribble the equator’s line with a long poem. And science is not even a matter to consider!

Then I will see it. Out of the blue, that speck will jump into existence as real as a blink, real as the diving of the moon all of a sudden to seal the sun during a total solar eclipse. Once revealed, it will out-shape all other shapes sealing the senses behind it. Perhaps those who see their God finds his presence thus. I just hyper-visualize the smallness around a pencil dot.

Call it hyper-vision. Call it unrealistic. I follow the gypsy air. Tomorrow my postal address is an “elsewhere.”

How much of our lives are spent looking at the obvious? What is the world of vision but a clutter of shapes and structures, sizes, colors, stones and cobwebs, Meredith and Samuel’s Facebook pages. Wave after wave they are seeking our attention, eroding the senses, numbing the pupil until all of it gets flooded with visual tides of exertion. We live tied up to a cluttered clumsiness, we forget to find the gypsy air. Why must I try and solve jigsaw puzzles with a million pieces?

I understand vision has rules. The simple purpose of vision is to navigate the surroundings.

How often do we break free of the visual obvious to find that floating absurdity and journey its path unbothered by the loads of visual rules?