

# *Needled Thread*

(CRUISING ALTITUDE)

**Part 2**



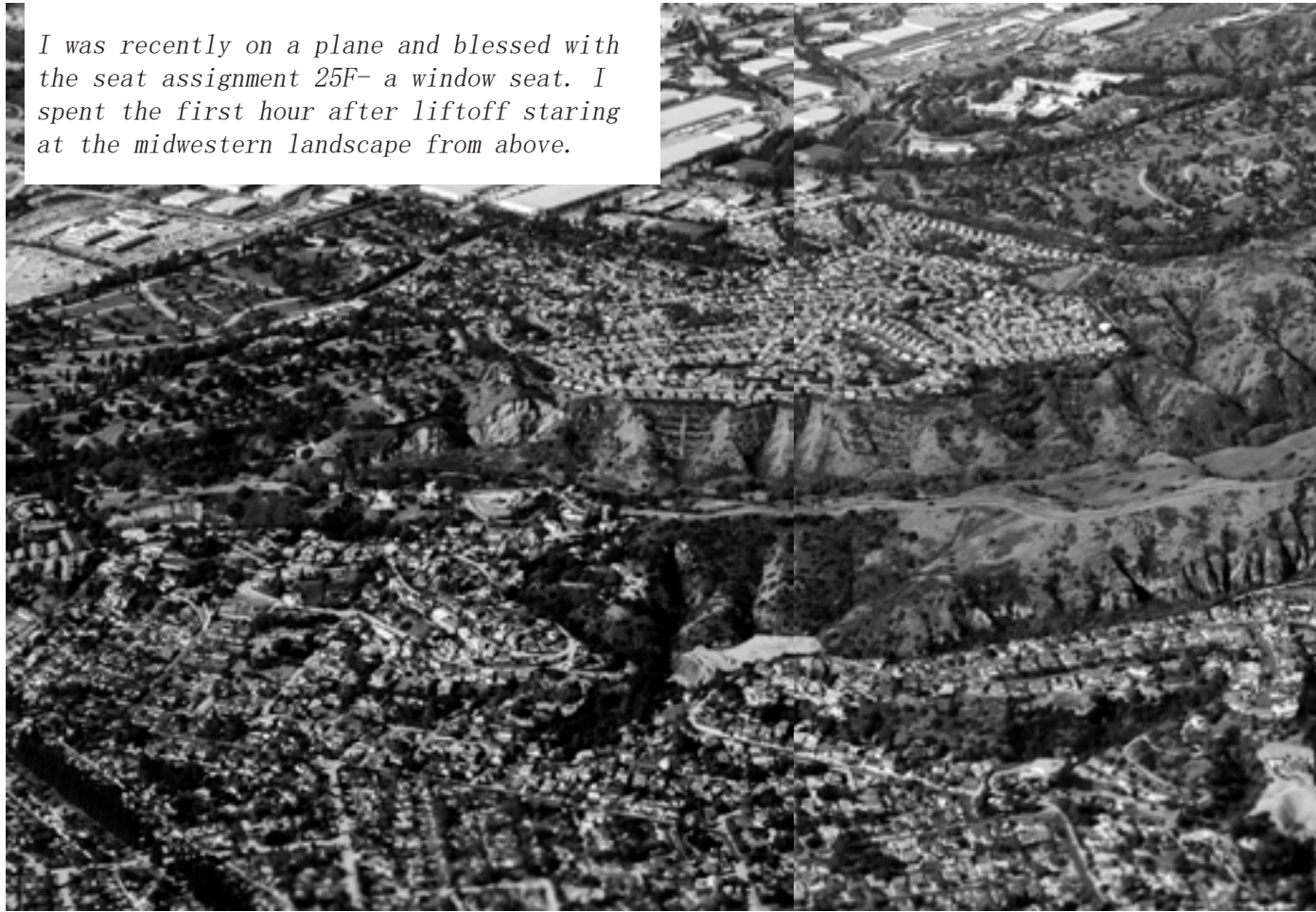
*Maybe my interest in this line is to view my body with a degree of objectivity and continuity reserved for other things. We have well-established ways, ancient and modern, of mapping and keeping track of the general form and activity of land.*



*Early humans tracked plants and animals by the seasons and drew maps of cities by surveying them from the highest vantage point. We have satellites now, which I think do a great deal of all of that for us.*



*I was recently on a plane and blessed with the seat assignment 25F- a window seat. I spent the first hour after liftoff staring at the midwestern landscape from above.*



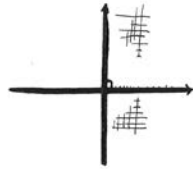


*At 33,000 feet up, the gridded lines between farm properties become a visible pattern,*

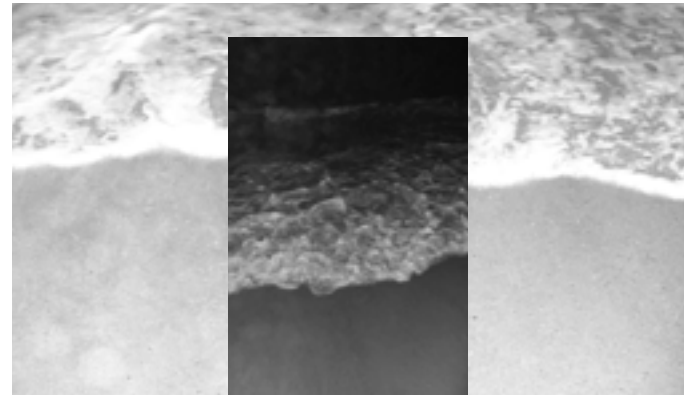
*hills and valleys at any size look like piles of dirt you could form with your hands,*

*and the formation of life and activity along bodies of water becomes visually apparent.*



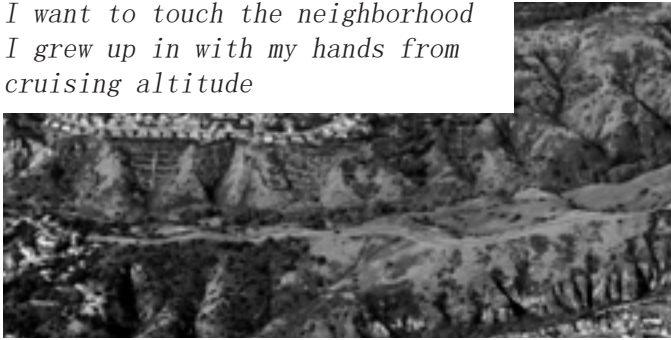


*As we ascended into the no-space of the clouds, I closed my eyes and tried to feel the texture of the landscape as the pores of my skin.*



*Perhaps this is all to say that I feel like we, as a species, have a great understanding of the simultaneous-ness of the world, and that I am trying my hardest to internalize it all.*

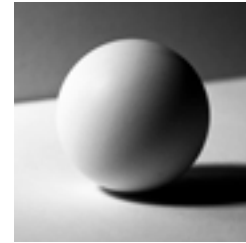
*I want to touch the neighborhood  
I grew up in with my hands from  
cruising altitude*



*I want to know what it's like  
to have a migratory instinct or  
to live rooted in the ground.*



*I want to find the Rosetta stone  
of my body and understand how to  
read it properly.*



*What is it like to be the  
biggest or most basic form of  
something?  
To be featureless?  
To be a baby?*



