

# How to Travel with your Demons (1)

*by* Lillian Ann Slugocki

She considers and reconsiders, she gives up and looks out the window. It's snowing. Someone's shaking powdered sugar on the tree limbs. Someone's turned out the lights. It's a beautiful morning. She tries again to write the first few sentences, but no, it's not what she's looking for. She thinks about Virginia Woolf and that decision, that moment: What is the point of attack? What is that tiny second, where the river is diverted and the story begins? She considers it down to last the possible second. Not 7:02, but 7:02:56:23 and counting. That's molecular time. Down to the atomic particle. And not only that but--- what is the first thing we see? The first image might be a plane ticket on the kitchen table. But no that's wrong. Nobody has real tickets anymore. They're digital. They're on our handhelds. Yet there is something atavistic about an actual ticket. In an envelope. As a symbol. Not just of travel. Especially if that ticket is placed on the bare wooden table in the kitchen. Which is in shadows because it's snowing. But the colors on the tickets are so bright they are almost glowing. Or maybe we see an upright black canvas suitcase, on wheels, parked at the door. Or do we see a wide shot of the neighborhood, the Italianate brick townhouses, the alley of ailanthus trees on both sides of the street. And is it snowing like it's snowing today? These are the details that she considers, and reconsiders, as the snow falls fast from the cold air down to the cold street.

