

## A Drifter's Guide to Cities

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March 6, 2023



Can you capture the feeling of discovery? Balancing the territorial need to own our places with the curious desire to change our experiences over time. How often do we actively work to outweigh the fear of rewriting in order to see the world around us with fresh eyes.



It has been 1,200 days in Detroit. Having done this twice, it's addictive, the sharpness of experiencing a new city alone. The feeling of novelty always fades with time. The city features eventually smooth and then fade, your eyes skidding across them. I am an expert at folding myself up like a pizza slice, at scooping myself up and transferring to a new container. Nothing about moving is easy but energy is a renewable resource.



When finding inside spots, the initial exploration is key. Moving from city end to city end, speed meeting multiple spaces, the first question could be “does the space’s size accommodate your emotions?” The size of the chairs and the placement of art can create pockets for interactions. The ceiling is low and warm, but you are small and you can sit open to the crowd. Pleasantries exchanged, people drawn together through space and music. You repeat. Focusing on the time of the day and echoing the interactions. Where can I be found? Hunt me, and I would be caught dead here. Pulse proximity and repeatability.



Chasing outside spots. The spots, the gems. These are swapped, shared, and described by all those you meet. You visit them one time and then again an earlier time. You do this to understand what was described to you and yet the spot remains unrecognizable. The spot changed, a chameleon to everyone. You time your day's transition to meet the spots. Finally aligned, the direction of the path and the time of the day. Nature is virginal with every visit, the climate keeps its pace. The natural phenomenon, you are chasing them to their best every day. The nostalgia of first spots competing against a new exposure. Which ones will you keep?

Observing rituals. Observing your friends. Writing down their quotes and dreams. They don't appreciate the transitions in your home, the settling process moving at a slower pace than their visitations. Make your rounds frequently, leaving letters and fruit. Possessions are sent through circular motion, briefly ending up in everyone's homes. Their history is actually two versions and the two versions become ten stories. You know some of them and can remember the places you heard them first. Yes, everyone is outside.





Making mind maps. You start to move through the city. Your desires and errands become paths. Relishing the ability to truck it home from anywhere. It's always faster to speed back. Eyelids closed, I see the street view. You know you can walk yourself from end to end, crushing miles in your mind. You learn everything there is to know of the left side and then you work on the right side. A short description of a feature is quickly a map and then you can go. Once the paths become established, you begin to space out in motion. At first, the newness on the way there had slowed you down. Eventually the drifting begins, ending up where you've been but not where you are headed.