

Idea

Idea is white with traces of gray and outlined in purple. It is quiet and still. It is like a late summer afternoon at the end of August with a bleached sky when the air is close and dry and turns whatever grass is left brown, never to be green again that season. It hovers like a faint breeze wafting into a room, barely perceptible. It causes filmy white curtains to billow, as if they were reacting to a baby's breath.

Idea smells faintly like marshmallows, but also like tweed coats that have been kept in a closet all summer. The scents are bundled together and stored in the part of the brain that processes memory, the amygdala. When these aromas join together again, they will provoke a feeling of *déjà vu*.

Idea is the sound of rustling in a shrub near an open window. The sound is faint and intermittent due to the wings of an insect that vibrate at a frequency almost too low for the human ear to register. The wings are thin, and the late summer light

penetrates them, but filters out like smoke. The wings could be made of powder. If somebody blew on them, they would disappear. Who knows what holds them together, what causes them to cohere? Any breeze could be their last.

Idea is faint and elusive, yet it is fixed. It is rooted in something invisible. Its traits may be counterintuitive like the properties of particle physics.

Idea can be exhausting, causing one to lie atop a bed over the covers under a ceiling fan. It can induce drowsiness and in those slim moments before sleep takes over, the delicate scent of marshmallows and tweed coats might drift in. 🍃