Transported through the Senses

1. My nose fills with particles of concrete and oil and gas and metal when I breathe the cold air of the Syracuse airport parking garage. When I smell it, my brain interprets the data and tells me I am not in Syracuse – I am in an M577 tracked vehicle, hunched over cold war technology that will help me calculate artillery math. The heater is broken, and in January 2007 in Korea, I acquire a new understanding of what it means to feel cold. My fire section takes shifts at the computer, listening for fire missions on the radio, frozen in a state of readiness. We are at our stations, partially inside sleeping bags, hoping to be relieved and at the heaters, which are very far away. We live like this for days and, when I walk through the Syracuse airport garage, my skin and my senses remember.

Write about the last time you were somewhere but, through sensory data, found yourself transported elsewhere.