

Here I am.

A point.

Zero, Zero.

A unique location. A timeless moment.

Dimensionless. I am 'that which has no part'. I have no form.

Or rather I don't know that I have one, or that you could have one. I have no eyes, no head, no part of the body that is any different from any other. Inside and outside is the same. I can feel all possible forms in myself, and all actions and possibilities of expression. There are no limitations to my thoughts. Or rather, they are barely thoughts, as I have no brain to think them.

I withdraw into 'me' – the only way to be. Every cell on its own, thinking every thinkable thing at once, not through images, since I have no images of any kind at my disposal, but simply in that indeterminate way of feeling oneself there, which did not prevent me from feeling myself equally there in some other way.

I stay still, observing myself – 'me' is all that I know. I feel full. Bursting with myself, full up and fed up of only being myself. I am drowning in my formlessness ... My inwardly-directed frustration with my situation leads me to the discovery that I am, in fact, surrounded.

(time begins)

There is a blackness, a *nothing*, an empty space that begins to push in on me from all sides. I become certain that though it is not yet *something* out there, it is outside of me and therefore could potentially become me – the space of my potential future. I focus on the feeling of this pressure on all sides and my attention is drawn away from myself for the first time. This presence reassures me, frees me from the fear of being an alarming exception, which I would have been had the fact of existing been my fate alone, a kind of exile.

I begin to experience a change in me, and all of a sudden this 'other' feels to be a part of me and the void is filling up with my feelings. I am escaping the timeless existence that was my eternal present but is now my past.

I *love* this thing that is not me, *because* it is not me and because *I* am no longer me. I bind myself to it / release myself into it, intertwining we dance, dizzy, drunk, spinning...

We want to MAKE something - every form is our potential future. *We want to MAKE something* – to unmistakably mark our new individual presence, defend it from and engage it with the indis-

criminate instability of all that could be 'other' from *US!*

We spin outwards, around and around. In becoming form we have made an image of ourselves, an image with a past, present and future. An image to be seen, if eyes will open to see us.

(the stability of the system)

OPEN EYES the inventor of the moving image suffers blindness from experiments staring at the sun, heaving red, heaving red, while the sun vomits corpuscular radiations, noise becomes light, all is enveloped in a flaming chromosphere ... the hole in the film, a dislocation point induced by extreme vertigo of sun burning crimson through lids ... combustion chambers churning orbs of blood as the descent begins, perception heaving, stomach turning, on a geologic fault that groaned within, between heat lightning and heat exhaustion the spiral curled into vapourisation, all existence tentative and stagnant

A GIANT SHEET OF SOLID BLACK spread over the land, the black water of a lava wave swept by the wind from the sunken crater to deep beneath the sun's reflection, the lava field as Ganzfeld effect, absorbing the red of the sun, a loss of vision due to monochromatic noise, a flickering field of indescribable colour, yearning for geometry, all sense of energy acceleration expiring into a rippling stillness of reflected heat

ABSORBING LIGHT

the black surface area grows and grows, the site of absorption, empty black capillaries drinking all reflection, clinker towers of molten sponge become mirages, invisible horizons become reality, leaching into the pink waters that crystallise in mimoid forms ... geological time felt *fast*, resolutely disorderly, a silent desert of profound anguish, the inhospitable mineral world as something to step into, a relief and retreat from the atrocity of acknowledged time

MASSES BEING THROWN DOWN the reflection-less field as the tomb of all energy, the gravitational effect of such a mass of darkness, deforming spacetime and dragging particles and bodies into infinite gaping mouths, this mass spinning inward and down, falling felt in the labyrinth of the inner ear – the spiral sensation again, willing the hypnic jerk that will not come, unafraid of the crash, the eruption, the explosion, the consummation, the communion, the swallowing and spitting out of land,
unafraid of the geology of death, unafraid of the death of geology

ABSORBING LIFE into vast clouds of electric dust, split summits, fiery lakes, sounds of thunder, whirlpools of rubble, tectonic collisions, contorting strata, the furious ocean, swallowed land,

ash-filled air for hundreds of miles, a windy silence that swallows all pain, brain spilling with thoughts of flesh snagged on rock, bodies encased in magma, burned noise and neural panic, pineal gland secretions dripping through lava tubes into the sea

ABSORBING LIFE spiralling into a self-fulfilling prophecy, floating, tripping, splitting rocks, gaining history, isolation is a singularity, isolation is a hallucination, acid language ends in isolation, a potential is a refusal of nothingness, a potential is a refusal of nothingness, bodies of water, spiralling in, spiralling out, mollusc, shell, fossil, rock, temple, mollusc, lifespan, baptism, evolution, floating, sinking, rising, spiral, salt lake, floating, darkness, deprivation, perfection, potential, sinking, timescale, gesture, acid, language, collapsing, floating, sinking

I was slipping out of myself again, dissolving into a unicellular beginning, trying to locate the nucleus at the end of the spiral