

We enter a room. An anomalous space. Perceived anew by each of us, the room is a reflection of the viewer, yet to each individual it retains distinct features; limited light, a derelict environment, objects of nebulous meaning.

*When I enter the space, fissures of light scatter the walls, dancing the
circumference.*

The light is incrementally diminishing.

*At first, shards subtly illuminate the space, just enough to make out the
disarray, the dust.*

*But the cracks are becoming obscured by time, transforming, calcifying
inwards. There seems to be a purpose for this concealment, something
necessary about the veiling.*

*Over time the cracks become narrower and narrower, the light's reach is
decreasing, never dimming, but becoming ever more hidden from view. I
scramble to make out the forms, vestiges of figuration, my eyes lingering
over brushed steel vistas, images of panoramic nostalgia, horizons of ash
that wilt into shadows.*

Before, there seemed to be forward momentum.

A direction of thought, quivering, so slight that it's becoming lost.

A dimming that results in repetition.

*Platitudes plateau into deserts of false knowledge,
stretching out infinitely-before sharply dropping,
sliding downwards,
pooling in gullies of false certainty.*

*As the light fades so does my desire to discern, my need to etch out a
meaning dwindles.*

Maybe if I could get another look, a clearer image.

The room empties, another enters, the cycle repeats.

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*Bored,
cold,
too late to enjoy myself,
too early to leave without excuse,
too dim to look closely.
It doesn't matter much anyway.*

*More inside my head than out.
I can't seem to recon with what it means, these external interactions,
placements and positions.
Inside, it's all just synonyms, conjunctions and connectives, tissues and
membranes.
Inert.
My eyes move from one phrase to the next, but the blankness continues, the
depth I thought I desired - flat, plain.
I know it's not my surroundings: it's me, it's internal.
I'm starting to feel tired.*

*Eyes becoming hooded, lids opening less and less with each blink.
Then, just as they begin to shut, a dim outline of something.
Something intriguing, something shiny.
An idea with potential, depth even.
Slowly slipping behind.
Slowly closing eyes.
Maybe next time.
Maybe later.*

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Flecks of memories float into the foreground, ash-stains mark the surface.

Autopoietic,

self-repeating,

metastasising.

Figures drift in and out of focus.

Voices rise and fade in a radio chatter - clicks and stutters crackle out of earshot.

Among apparent bodies, heat signatures shift.

Sometimes almost a feature, almost a face.

Then, more grey, static, a blizzard of unknowing, sand in eyes, ink stains spread:

a spectrum of separation.

Variable distances, shades of interaction.

Opacities fade - almost exposing something, receding just before clarity, crystallising in a new obfuscation.

New barriers, end points.

No one can be known here.

It's all just fractions, shifts.

A growing definition, a lingering sense of certainty, definite eyes in the mist, recognition closing in.

Too little, too late.

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Internalised digressions into narrative collapse.

It's all in the journey, but the journey has to end- there must be a solution, a conclusion, a reason. Maybe the answer lies in the question, it is the question, wait, it's the words that make up the question, it's the letters that make up the words, it's the pencil on the paper or the pixels on the screen.

Constant divisions of meaning, a probing search light, a microscope, a dissecting table. These dissections feel productive, they lean forwards but get us no closer. To divide and conquer is only to spread, to dislocate, to create new territories to map, to continue to mistake one for the other. The map is not the territory, and semantics are just that.

Questions are becoming lost and the answers are sinking deeper.

Thoughts that lead nowhere lie with thoughts that must be commuted to.

A soft touch, a returning son, a mothers discourse.

Sound from vibrations from actions from thought.

Entanglement.

Maybe.

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