

Blue light
pings
off polished alloy -

chromed shapes,
unknown geometries.

Knife edged,
protruding with uncertain clarity -
carapaces that glint in the every-light.

Continuous,
resolute,
bathed in the same glow,
in the same nameless opalescence.

A misting of vision,
a fogging of the the screen,
the visor.

Air ripples-
like heat-shimmers,
no temperature,
just minor fluctuations in pressure.

Minor fluctuations in pressure.

A solid-state waiting game.
Each component trickles out from white-noise,
the fizz,
lending itself some unfortunate trapping hazard,
a
trickle
down
dormancy of superposition,
accounting dots,
scores on a line in a malware plot,
stones in Jacob's ladder -

When did I arrive?

I have no memory of my arrival. Each blink reveals a new world.

The perimeter of my experience fades into white.

And at that perimeter this voice awaits.

Without memory there is no question of arrival, there is no prior.

I have no point of comparison, I am void, unspoken.

And yet I know that something came before, and thereby something must come after.

To presume that one can lead to the next presides on an order that can't be proved.

Without embodiment, time ceases, consciousness is granular, is mist.

Where am I?

Steps to the final plaza:

Terminal Parlour