

## 1. The Rite

### 1.0

Through her slowed pupils  
dripped rights  
for the rite of humans.

### 1.1

A branch full of houses opened up to the edge to the city.  
Small spaces, broken off hallways, uneven  
step counts and a bounty of muddy shoes  
-always before doors.

'We were running before but now we are resting' they say,

And we,  
we were smelling grasses, we were catching air. Gasping away into oblivion, we  
tried to breath in as much as possible.

We thought about it  
- breathing,  
and the more we though the harder it became.

To catch the moment of the breath not in passing:  
We had to stop thinking.

We discussed,  
we decided:  
We will spend the day wandering, not thinking.  
Breathing, not communicating.

We marched out as a peace corps,  
shoes in hand,  
not thinking.

### 1.2

We followed her blindly onto a wider street.  
Down the cities west vein.

To cross the road we watched the red light count green.  
Our edges grew a defence, and our vows compressed a warmth around us -  
ghosting became our adopted style.  
Then with speed a train entered from life.  
Steel on Steel grinding out the noise of the soft swimming car traffic.

A small silence.

A short rest in material reality,  
and we came to think:  
'We made an outsider'  
Before we thought:  
We forgot to breathe together  
Rhythmically dragging through  
Our long,  
World like Snails through sand

1.3

- waking on construction gravel  
with fantasies bound to the 'we',  
who was sleeping.

## 2. IMAGE

I approach an image whose frame is slightly bigger than mine. It's green glowing edges draw me closer. I near it and am now framed by it. I try to determine the space in which I have found myself. It is a black and white surface composed of grain, which lightly dusts a landscape and the emptiness of the areas where it falls out of focus. Within the frame of the image my position is uncertain. The grain suspends vegetation whose scale I can not determine. So I lift up to see a house barely caught on the edge of the image. I reach the top of a hill from which I am now observing people hidden by the grain. I know now my place. I stand in an empty space in front of an image. I am a foreigner peering into an unfamiliar land. I seek what I know, but my lexicon falls short. I am standing in an empty space in front of an image, facing a timeless vision of alterity that I feel also from within.



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### 3. Supersounds of the Atonal

*A black leader runs into a blinding streak of light. A vision too bright for my wide pupil to decipher.*

*The streaks keep on coming, they bend into the frame with a rhythm.*

*They are elongated swimming at their own pace on a strip rushing 24 frames per second through the space of my vision.*

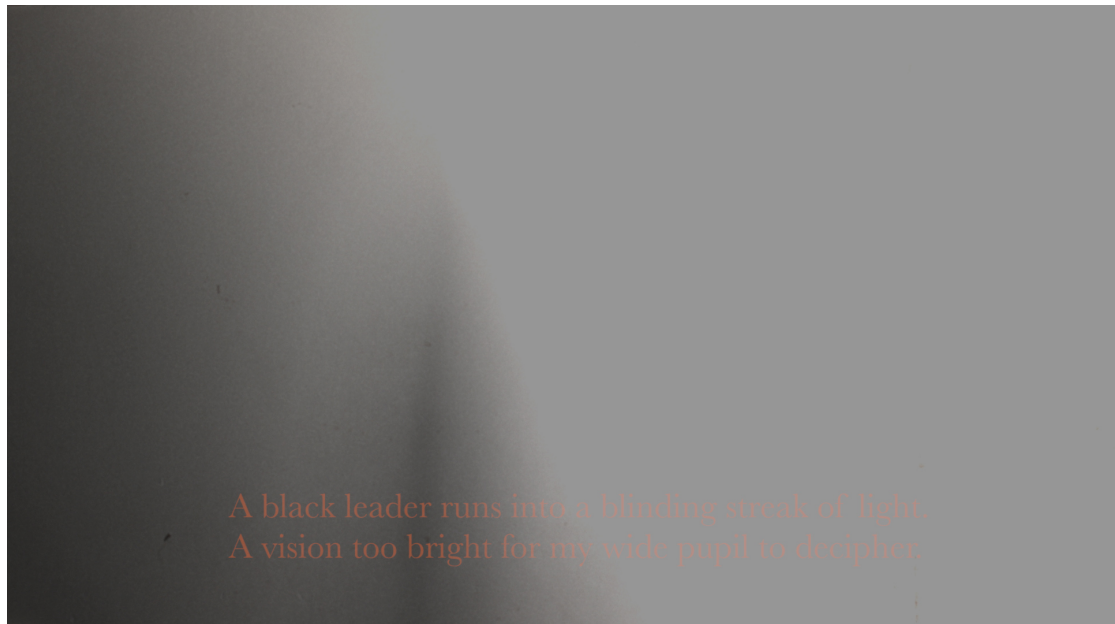
*They come in waves.*

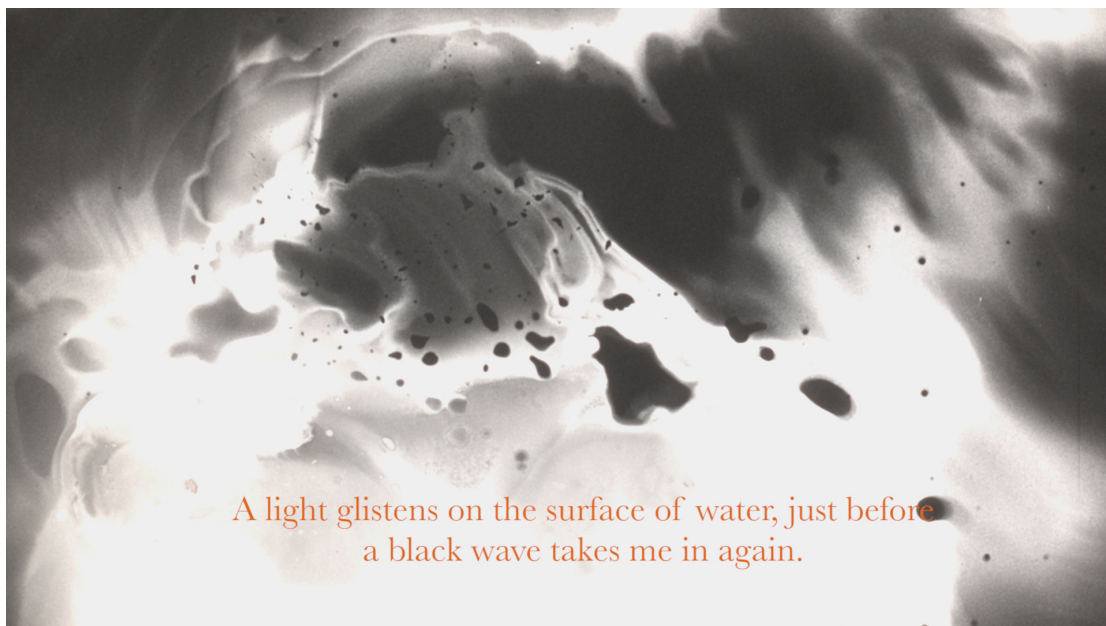
*They allude to each other.*

*The light is full, viscous, warm.*

*In the constant struggle within the face of abstraction, I want to recognise a familiar form. I search inside me a memory, a sensation that could hold me in this disparate vision. A light glistens on the surface of water, just before a wave of darkness takes me in again.*

*Something moves around me imprinting a shadow on my eyelid.*





A light glistens on the surface of water, just before  
a black wave takes me in again.



Something moves around me imprinting a  
shadow on my eyelid.