

Collect it to compost
Collect it to conceal scent
Collect it to clean the living
Collect it to expel the dead
Collect it to fill-land
Collect it to sculpt with
Collect it to wear away the inanimate
Don't collect it at all

Let it pile up where ever it falls, a continuing mass of potential degradation.

\ *Sediment*

Emerging from the crystal depths, manifestations of a familiar reality, alchemy our god, repetition our sacred rite. We all know this dictum. The grit tenderly presses against the glass, limitless refraction of our polished facades; mirrors looking at mirrors, endlessly exposing old problems to old light.

There are no people here yet, they are everywhere I look.

A tired hand grasps at a rocky outcrop for some measure of stability, privileges long enjoyed by the natives of this landscape. I remain still, failing, helpless to recognise any part of this world. Uncertain fingers claw at the oily darkness for those echoes which form our new realities. It demands total submission. Our mortality ebbing away, silently degrading beside the mineralised solution.

\ \ *Interval*

Drip, Drip, Drip, times processional protest.

I, like many others, fantasise what form a world outside of time would take. Outside the rotarised hands carving out all possible futures. A landscape emerges and I am tormented by fragmentary signs, they anticipate my misunderstanding. Retain. Discard. All the while that nagging compulsion, that profound sense of virtuous guilt. How I became entranced by it,

its crackled lustre,
its dulled destruction;
all is preserved,
all made anew,
the clunk of every shutter,
every last mouthful,
time filters away.

\ \ \ *Residue*

What rotten luck...to live and die and live again! Resurrected, an individual distinct from reality, slowly, I slip into repetition. Memory, mine, yours, a habitat growing exponentially in all directions. I remember, grounded, there.

- formulaic ruination -

The observers passively objected from the safety of the margins.

Stone – hacked, exploded and dredged from the earth – cut, shaped and polished – ground into exquisite powders, classified and curated for consumption. Devotees prepare the chemical lather. The same rituals, the same residues, again and again.

Superheated waters surge the silted boundaries of my mind.

Desperately I reach to the ground for some affirmation of permanence.

Lifting the closest stone towards my eye, eager for the relief given by virtue of its form.

I rotate my hand relinquishing my grasp

sand sifts between my fingers.