

String Tracks

1:1

Lilies on a small island that has risen from the sea. Oil spills make mounds in the ocean, and plant life grows in almost any condition. Birds frolic in toxic dumps, oblivious to what they are breathing. Like us. We find comfort in the shade of trees that will never again see the light of green. At least the decay is inspiring—twisted branches on a skinny bough. It is daylight, or are we still in bed.

1:2

Knots and strings wrap around the foliage. They give shape to empty space. Between is matter, the dark space beneath the forest. Black spots across the path of the sun. Light falls and makes the tops of trees move. Across the ground, into the clearing, a creature not yet born lies waiting for a sound.

1:3

The tree finally gave up its hold and pushed him out of its sap interior. Unlike a leaf, he was chlorophyll. Cold, he could not imagine that soon he would learn how to fall. Pushed into such a crude awakening. He was solitary, not unlike the tree. We feared he would take monstrous delight in obliterating our tranquility.

1:4

In the night trees reach out their bony arms and strike their claws at the air. They eye campers and forest walkers and pounce at the call of owls. They swallow small creatures resting between their limbs. The night activates the heart of tress. Rises from the interior of bark. He lies in the crevice that shaped him and then walks, hesitantly at first, until he is no longer embryo.

1:5

There is a symmetry to all shelters, no matter how square. Three-tiered trunk, the place of worship finds patterns even in foliage. Within every leaf. If the branches form an arc then the gods are within. Stand firm at the base and make bird sounds. This is how we communicate with all that has fallen.

2:1

In this landscape we are in a building with no sides. Exposed interiors, all the floors are visible to the outside. And there we are, standing close to the fire on the fifth floor. Ready to explode the surveillance. We touched and then saw what fleeing looked like.

2:2

What center were we trying to hold? Out of thin air, an impossible flood. Momentarily we were safe on the earth side but then slid away. I thought of windows and then saw you drowning. If not from lungs then what liquid makes us breathe?

2:3

Just then, the beams fell. The landscape was lost in layers of sound. Waves, not liquid but just as dangerous. He was born from the sludge, and grew up as if he had never been rooted to the ground. Love divided us: old human, new consciousness.

2:4

He made tracks. The forest was marked by his thinking. Now entering thought. Prepare the landing. It was dark when he came out of the forest. Because the trees had been covered with soot. Covered by the sadness that trees are no longer in the picture. With the green, we faded away.

2:5

Reflections of space travel on a cosmic lake. It was a place to remember all that had been left behind. We stepped from stone to stone in order to make it across the water. Our journey made tracks to four destinations all possible. Our location was not simultaneous, but later we spoke of physics as if the laws could be rewritten.

