

A P R I M A R Y M O T H E R

after Stanislaw Lem

for the devastation you opened,
our awe before it

THE MEANEST LIGHT DEFENDS YOU

Around the Arctic is an imagined circle, and its resolve depends on our shared imagining. We keep it knit there in a version of stasis with our most basic comprehension: our having to triangulate with harsh extremities from vast distances.

That circle might now be shrinking or vast quantities of it set loose to fail. Sunblindedness is no longer an epiphenomenon, an attendant attitude of danger buried under mounds of quiet. As a roving brilliance, those caught in it truly reckon how the meanest light defends you. Crackling is a great disturbance, but the surface of the sea quietly absorbs even the deepest, most damaging frequencies.

If brightness is a quantity while oceans writhe and heave around it, if the lifeforms that manipulated and characterized the wintry impossible we imagined are true, then we must resolve ourselves to differences, to hazard alongside insight at this—the cold navel of the world.

IF THERE'S A UNITY IN SENTIMENT

It hasn't been uncovered. To remember something long afterwards without blood ringing in the ears is a small step forwards in the long stream of being. It is beautiful to remember pastels after sunsets, to savor an imagined snowcone when the red lip is all remaining. It is beautiful to love the sound that fails to echo down the hallway when you depress the word for light. If there's a unity in sentiment in language after you dove into the sun, if there's a place on the page to be discovered that can replace body heat or human voices unmarred by space, then it is the most beautiful space, the most beautiful sentence.

Inquiring into replacements for LED lights, of the possible electronic emanations in a freeze, of remaining evanescent without excitement, of broadcasting some haze—these are the semantic blueprints we should build by, the prints in the sand towards various crystal palaces by “sea.” The ancient starfish understands this quest, the sea dragon is of a kind. This is the fifth day of February and it is one thousand eighteen degrees outside.

AS A MODE OF DAYLIGHT

The phenomenon appeared again as a metaphor for dew. The effort exerted to coalesce was found to clear toxins from our blood. We struggle to recognize how these aberrations are in fact larger consistencies in a system we cannot fathom. Such dynamic capacity is at base to us a non-entity, a silence in our understanding we now seek to set aright.

The timetables suggest another minimum, and we turn to the solar system's adrenal storms for any suggestions of a stable core or what our currency might turn into next. Foreign researchers on hand struggle to decipher any synaptic message that would be on par with measurable progress towards an integrated universe. As if silence were ever a simple response. The marginal differences between one magnetic delivery and another require variables of unknowable quantities. The matter is distinctly beside us.

A R O V I N G B R I L L I A N C E

An economical manner of saying our animal resilience keeps pace with technology in how our understanding goes hurriedly from here to over there. Determined to overlap with obsolete wires or vatic birdsong, these instruments rely on more than our standing inadvertently on the corner, attentive. Educational ministries mandate how we can alter weather patterns by holding our breath in the bathtub. All of which conforms to suggest that how you make some efforts seem effortless belies the utilitarianism of shine, or keeping pace.

A N A R R A Y B E C O M E S A N O R G A N I Z A T I O N A L M E T H O D

That we circulate becomes elemental profusion, which we indicate meticulously along a 3-dimensional grid. I move, enamored with a haphazard sense of longing. We dismantle gently. It is a profoundly necessary task.

It grows more difficult to track the space between a transmission and its objects, many of which we capture only via rotation, like a suggested threat. This is filmed—a durational container. The sequence captures both what we are seeing and have ever seen, but backwards into a non-periodized span. A gradual violence takes shape, here in the space we renamed twilight. Its halo hangs over the single ocean, radius a triumphant index of all the walls we've left to climb.

The study proves inconclusive. Our samples suggest a recurring discrepancy, meaning we have to trick the light.

THE DISTANT SUN IS NOT
SO DISTANT AT ALL

It may be more interesting from our point of view to observe the enigma as it appears in fully developed stop-motion photography. How does light arrive? Those fleeting satellites overhead are no matter, the last trails the garter snake left in the grass portend only the patient gap between blindness or solitude (alert to whose suffering). Being alive has again made something new, something that may not be true of justice but is a basic commonplace in evolutionary theory. To forebear is one attitude, rising in an infinite return another.

WHEN THE TERRAIN IS
A BODY OF WATER

This romanticism is a voracious shape between all things in motion, reminding us to stare upwards into the negative space that once housed the brightest phrase. From such a vantage point, the earth's axis intermittently debuts across uneven shores. It reminds us to hurry, to make way across the sliding plateaus whose multi-crested cascade of waves signal the onslaught of an unknown delivery.

Tell me again: how is it that summer stands now for the place where the body becomes a reservoir, a still placid, a home. That yours was so distantly and fragile, too. And how I ached to move towards.

*the place inside, bright thing star
a common citizen in such tense array
insight—the things we read that aren't
addressed to us at all*

A D E V A S T A T I O N O F U N K N O W N
M A G N I T U D E

To the small star inside, we set up a makeshift rotation that gives us each a momentary relief. Watching is a rudimentary course of action, and we detail each thought as it appears. This is a gentle activity, despite the aggressiveness of the surround. A thought is the beginning of an opening, and we work diligently to trace its aperture, the outline of its extent. When he tells us he simply doesn't know and is unable to track any origins, we recognize the rotation has failed. The small star inside is an obvious integer, but to this he has become blind.

Our job is simple but can lead to a devastation of unknown magnitude. The inconclusiveness of feelings that arise moves with a heat and dynamism analogous to the surface of the sun. In the end, our documents amount to the need for a primary mother. One member of our party becomes obsolete.

EVEN THOUGH THE COMPLEX
LANDING WAS ACHIEVED

Ultimately, those scarlet engines of speculation penetrating this contact lead us into more vigorous wilds. Veridical obstructions refract insight into starlings, plover, a swath of pomegranate seeds scattered on the snow. Now populating an amorous distance, we find it impossible to speak or shape any sounds like the absent moon overhead. The rover addresses itself to a storm. And we, too, stand affixed before that maw.

We give in to a generous blindness that rises like decanted myrrh, a holy perfume. A childish pleasure emerges from this unlikely abeyance. The “sun” spins indeterminately before our dazzled gaze.

A MANIFOLD BEHAVIOR

From the stereoscope, we categorize alternative kinetic potentials. These indices take on their own volitional energy and move silently—eagerly—across the unfinished floor. Lost scent of magnolias permeates as we navigate through the negative blades.

What happened in the future was graphic. It stands now without a traceable semblance, rather emotional in the way that we’ve come to trust anger’s initial version of events, the posture assumed in a cry. The great task remains: Can we distill the future down to its sheerly psychological components, balancing unresponsive spaces with filled ones—an infinite duration of active listening. Sky.