

My bones shudder, brittle, between rows of cars. Headlights off, dormant. Floating lights illuminate empty bays, white markings, structured grids. There are no planes in the sky. Grounded. My being reflected in the space around, no separation: the world in our image. Left to rot, with all that remains, the debris of our hubris. Perfect detritus.

Lines on the ground, controlling space. A set of instructions. A step-by-step logical procedure, the core of computing logic. Myself within this system, directed from place to place. Ritual, routine, organisation of space and time; human longing for pattern and order, seeps into all that is around.

Landscapes of ever-expanding human systems, the altered world as abstract pattern.

Technology accelerates the perception of space as much as it morphs the perception of time.

How can we see within these conditions, when seeing is a precursor to action.

The meanings and hierarchies of life stripped of information. Naked and bare, shivering. I breathe deeply, inhale, exhale, what else is there? Continual repetition, day after day, year after year. Zeros and ones. X and Ys. Now beyond the limits of space and time, outside of nature and the material world, into a new dimension with its own temporality, spatiality, and modes of being.

The Earth from the sky always seems so static, calm seas, still trees. The vision of a machine closer to reality than that of our own, skewed by a false premise of stability. Invisible to the retina. Vibrating atoms and shifting tectonic plates. Barely visible entrails of verisimilitude.

A dark beautiful underbelly.

I wipe my glasses, clearing the splashes of water from the light drizzle.

Repetitive code, repetitive shapes, repetitive action.

A carcass.

'Now objects perceive me', wrote the painter Paul Klee.