



nothing is cheap. not even polyester.
value from other places. history maybe. alluring big bang.
Made into a single use snack. Yum yum. Eat it down and filter unknowingly.
The wrapping now becoming lodged. Stuck.
Stones are easier to pass than this carnarvon bilaterian.
now we share body. Held by the same edge.

This is a tension holding itself.
Overflowing to make time.
Sometimes material challenges the medium it's held within.
Sometimes a place will work to reject you on the grounds of your spilling.
This history begins at the ocean's edge.
filling with more surface than volume.
future shock. Projection fear.
How much is too much?

ocean, we want to dig through u.
get to the gooey center, we're just so cold- u know?
I'm thinking about diving in a storm, like poor visibility , particle smog.
mirages, but not a homogenous island, more like an archipelago of surface; an exterior
only cosmos.
this anthro-cosmological point of view seems like looking in the wrong direction when
concentrating on the new syphoned grounds, impermeable topsoil, ungrounded islands.
picture a barely contained unfixed shape.
everyday liquids. liquid everyday
made through synthesis. string 0 and 1 together. world building. metamorphosis.
metabolism. modification. transcription . translation . bondage . secretion . across an
epoch .
Fixing a semi- permanent place in time
tho time isn't solely geological
(seconds can be deep)
count the clicks.
Time poverty. Clock in clock out.
the fruits of modernity aren't vegetative. they're a process.
condensing matter expediently
refined tastes harnessing deep time and throttling it

tech mag flick silver chrome matt gun metal grey,
the future is a powerful object
not of earth, blue screen brain, smarter than you.
It's matter plus.
Virtually possible, Impossibly virtual
petro-weaponry, petro-sterilisation.
imagery of a now imagined in front of us.
you're getting on in krill years.

Some planktonic grinding translocates across selective membranes.
Sneaking. Smuggling. Harboursing.
gag spit swallow
cancer pieces scorpio.
moving into a new sign... ophiuchus maybe. What element is that? (C8H8)n? CH4?
Elements. categories. types. kinks.
Laying in the toilet bowl. excrete mirroring. Looking back at you before being shipped
out to sea.
it's hard to recall original content from what it will become.
photograph all meals.
archival accessibility
IMG_C₁₀H₈O_{4n}.jpeg

what memory is held in consumption?
“Scatologically speaking. Scatologically thinking.”
- you
matter memory left after digestion
refinement for some.
Becoming difficult to trace
tritulating stomachs. weathering, degrading .
own gyre of mixing
everything touching, becoming, assimilating, passing through.
consumption is a mechanism that fractures
parts to become something else.
Shit is a cheap word

Everything is degrading in some form. An attempt at making something available,
like, maybe if we make it smaller it will fit.
Be useful or be anything but it's source.
Reappropriation. Cyclic
or jam pack, brimming, stagnant.
It either goes through or enters deeper. Stretching.
Something without a centre cannot be drained. It can only divided.
It's smaller parts wedging, cracking, splitting, driving separation further
Pregnant with possibility.
Like collapse. Pliocene , Pleistocene, holocene , jenga.
pain of excess. Food babies.
Memory hoard. Data.
I hear that water holds memories of past solutes.
Whilst suspending what is impregnable.

Let's talk baby names. Let's argue over the noun of our time.
Not forgetting that a geography is not a map, but a 4 dimensional meaning.
How many years can you see in that microscope?
It's ok to not know.
Moreso, how do you treat an unknown if you can't measure it,
dissect it, study it, subjugate it, put it in a petri dish,
just to taste.
interfaces numb our reverie, skewing mystery into a quantifiable amount,
just enough to consider empirical knowledge as a right,
a potential for greatness thus aspirational.
i don't know what's out there.
what will happen. how things feel.
changing cene now
plastic wrap, imprinting on earth.

We have made a whole lot of hydrophobia.
Materialised it without memorialising it
Then tried to drown it.
sinking it into the hands of ocean species. But even hands can't hold enough.
my fresh polysynthetic microfilaments strain through two layers of phospholipids.
Becoming part of my world. part of my time. part of me
a whole new world. A new fanplastic point of view
Reverse mermaid.
Virgin Plastic
Let's talking crudely
(emotional?)
Who else here has a vagus nerve?
hbu crayfish?
bio geo chemo fatedness
sweating inwards.

indirect, misdirect, contact high, passive smoke, environmental ambience

you don't need to set fire to the oceans to burn them.
If metabolism is irreversible
Then what can be said of things that cannot enter it's process.
Are they too irreversible?
A prevention of life processing
Sterile trophies
Haltering trophic morphology
Only to repeat itself
differentiating synthetic from living
Insides and outsides the same
Aesthetic functionality
The repetition of a structure
rather than a system of reproduction
Devaluing services
Blooms like our krill
clinging onto an iceberg
Drifting towards the equator.

How do you navigate that which is inside
I'm doing my best to be put myself into the rocks.
Lay a boulder of my own shit.
wishing i had enough faith in the bank,
at least to pray and believe words enough.
Commitment enough.
Vowels, fidelity, compatibility, progeny, lineage, genes, legacy.
eating the excess of what i can't.
Still there's more.
Shells without fillings. Slicked surfaces
Glazing over what can't be handled
A critical mass of everyone else's food chains
Can't you tell i'm drowning from the inside.



there's an ocean between us and i'm wondering
when it will stop being a place of rejuvenation
and becomes a place of hurt; of failure; of thoughtlessness.
a future waste.

walking the south west coast of tasmania picking up fragments of plastics
The casings of fishing industry as contact points
sites of pivot
away from where we are
though we are everywhere.

i cut my fingers open on a can of beetroot and for a moment couldn't tell what was blood
and what was the beetroot. The boundary of body and action blurred.
i walked to the first aid kit and unwrapped the bandages from the sterilised plastic
packaging.
in ways this is necessary. sterile environments stemming from becoming worse.
plastic allows this peace of mind. Without it life flourishes in the form of bacteria. Abiota
preventing biota. funny how far refined something must be until it is able to prevent life.
We deemed bacteria more damaging to our fibres than our synthesized structures would
be, but we can't fully seal away our futures.
You can only prevent becoming something different for so long.
a state of sterile stasis stays until exposed. until it's tossed aside. used.
Everything dilutes into tomorrow.
We drift away from the future we're trying to seal.

Consumption is to break into parts that cannot be reunited
A mouth is one mechanism
As are skin and scales and shells
Osmotically taking without consent
We consume simply by being in place
Pushing away what we don't need until it pushes back.
Somewhere in the southern ocean a school of krill push against a drag net.
Pulled into it's oily crosshatches. pulled through combustion above.
"Come here, you are meant to feed us" someone shouts above the swell
The light shines onto our apparatus, breaking it in parts
nano-flavouring of material Creeping into the cells of netted lives
The next generation look on from their possible futures
trying not to be eaten by our relationships.
We were meant to be eaten from above
Not from below or from inside.

The ocean wants to eat us as much as we do it.
I'm just trying to be reciprocal with this desire.
rachel carson said we are destined to return to the seas from which we came
often we only consider the transition from oceanic to terrestrial
But not the other way round.
There's an unfortunate association of water with stasis
alongside contradictions of progression, development, and expansion.
to suggest that seas are level
is to stand at the edge of a history
and to only talk of tomorrow.

We are to be consumed by the ocean
Broken, separated, strained, sifted, sat on, pushed, kneaded, cooked, burst, needed, taken
the calcium from our teeth is soluble
reappropriated from some mollusks home
coming from the eons of ocean.
as was the rest of you

fossils make more fossils.
300 years later ur sweatpants are unrecognizable
The new breathable polymers sit awkwardly in you
Blocking ur future for new furies
Ur 5 yr old hand waves hello from the cement.
We making way for the future - that's entropy right?
Filtering matter until ground zero
Dominance; homogeneity; toxicity eventually collapses
taking its parent with it.
Over time, everything decomposes
But time is not homogenous
New matter makes new time
At night i keep a glass of seawater next to my bed
And listen to 10 hrs of deep sea noises on youtube to fall asleep

I've been sleeping on this island for three years
Tho it doesn't feel that way
The wild forests i came for have disappeared
swallowed by warming oceans
migrations of new sea currents
a symptom of place feeling presence
following our own latitudinal displacement.
beyond this south-eastern cape
there are only 20 island groups
Until antarctica
We're a last stop from impermanent occupation.

Name me just one ocean
Reaching tidal zenith, it hangs like cancer
Lighting my back as i pick up pieces of blue and green
I wonder what they will fuel if not new shells.
Call these underground nadirs histories
And eat them too

A queer landscape is one weird even to itself
Decomposition perhaps
Or something with an unacknowledged reality
Arsenic rather than phosphorus
Carbon blockaded with methyl groups
These landscapes are transitory states of being on the outside yet unfixed
Not like an Aivazovsky
New lives learn to form on the smallest fibre
Microbiomes like bread, folding into themselves
Marginalising the middle, like life as we know it
The edges are where we breathe.
We are turning in on ourselves
Digesting
Becoming or unbecoming
Shooting blanks maybe
Or just fucking ourselves in the ass.

ok deep breath now
Imagine you are the tides
we are all breathing together
a movement towards connective tissues
seeing deep sea horizons
uplifted from the sea floor
every second breath
some ocean bloom is consumed
their ancestors fossils providing a more

industrial breath, smog maybe
uncombusted carbon
once life form
becoming the same salty soup
i dive under and hold until my lungs scream
waves crashing and lulling. crashing and lulling.
resurfacing and looking back towards the beach
new fragments of single use shells
a footprint forces a hermit crab into its new yoghurt cup dwelling.

over your right ear place a shell
over ur left, a plastic cup
but what do you hear?
the ocean and what it moves towards

Watching Deep sea vents on live stream because my body is not equipped for the pressure my friends say I sound nostalgic I said no just watery, in search of a language that can say sacred is beyond knowing and i'm beyond searching for a rationale for feeling, a hypothesis for complexity, a body for identity
Shit i'm still mourning the loss of gills 430million years ago

let's talk about the production of the idea of production
what it means to convert material to nrg
what it means to break something into something new
harnessing horsepower. we call it breaking in
breaking into the composition of covalent bonds. refining production. doing doughies.
perhaps production itself is artificial. or least, void of meaning, unwhole, missing ecology. the difference between burnt or rotted isn't only time, but the space it makes in tomorrow. things grow in a rot. what grows in a flame? burning and rotting don't only produce carbon. it's an allocation of energy. fire as a reset. throw it in the air. it's a riot. taking the building blocks of infrastructure to break the windows of the building itself. i'm thinking about michael browns step-father screaming "burn this bitch down" after his son's killer was acquitted. when desire lines don't match your desired path the infrastructure is broken. a new path beaten. maybe we do need a reset. maybe we need the walls to oversaturate and burst. cytolysis. too much of a thing. refined into a singular product. like you said, CO2, CH4, CFC, HDPE, gas. petrol.
Shit, petrol. like fish- a slur. something is not what it emits. that's a part tho. petrol is a relationship. algae and zooplankton and time and pressure. surface level interactions releasing ethane and butane and propane even before heat is applied. just pressure, or lack thereof. a process, extracting, converting, consuming. research, drill, evaporate, breathe. think about all of the relationships that you released in this world. life to data. think about your products that have been assumed into something else. is that all that you are? all that you were?
we don't have boundaries like we think we do. we have relationships. i love you. marry me. fuck you. get out of my space. maybe fire is the perfect symbolism for now. does it matter? does it point to the notion that we have been trying too hard to make things matter. again, we don't have boundaries like we think we do. it's something i've been thinking about a lot. that boundaries aren't points of separation but connection. sites of interactions. where things happen, an agreement or exercise of power. convergent, divergent, transform. scraping frictions and outgassing. hot air. deep sea vent. i'm venting. but just because boundaries are relationships does mean that they're not real. the stories we tell are types of matterings. processes of materialisation. fictions matter. as i said, let's get married. contract each other. breed. spread.
blooms decide what is kept alive. it is not the matter that matters, but it's distribution. it's spread. the bloom over the organism. the motion in the ocean. open wide. you can only be sterile for so long.