



It starts with blemishes on the surface, dividing into deep trauma and memory deposits – scars. Openings. Pores. Gluttonous leakages, and a reopening that calls greedily for more pain. Desperation is communicated by puss. Secretions of sticky liquids ooze out as expressions of the need to cling and pivot towards annihilation. Blisters into Black Death – affirmative holes passed through the dark ash that now corrupts what was flesh.

Splits, tears, and ravine cuts into the post-biotic surface of hardened pain. Utter desolation of the surface remains, and habitability drops to an irreconcilable abyss. Death is now permanent, but not static – it spreads and threatens and corrupts the now hopeless. It ecstasies into sublimity, to oversaturate each space into epi-thermic equilibrium.

To ensure not only an erasure of memory, but an overriding of all previous tribes and nations. The land is now empty. All that is left is the breakage, it chisels off into the void. The dis-continuity is jettisoned out of this register, and depleted into dissolution. It spins out of existenz, accelerating by a euphoric furry until it becomes a negative space which annihilates itself with its surroundings into pure satisfaction.