

Everyone Is Noah

Diagnostics breached, she swims outside her science. The charnel instant-upon-instant begins to occupy every frame. The future is no longer limited to previously documented nature-footage necropoli. Even her most intuitive sensations are now only carcasses of animals she finds in dreams, though she still calls for them, away from the disconsolate daily weather where meaning gathers its poor likenesses. Will she still hear a low whistle singing into shape the next apparatus she thinks of as a world? Dying grasses are thick with insects soon extinct, sending their mating songs into the air she cautiously grazes and that her dead heedlessly graze below.