

Entry. Through massive doorways, offices opposite lifted atriums stacked libraries, tesseract skylights reveal uncorrupt living material.

See. Inside, bay windows pull in pale, sliver liquid light, defining the bends of unending spiral staircases. Outside, vast scaffolding constructions attach themselves to dispossessed towers held by makeshift pipes bearing problematic water, guided outwardly to underground sewers draining shame.

Listen. Level by level, above an energetically hyper series of ravines, river beds, and underpasses are sprawling auditoriums where center-stage history access cannot be granted. Parallel bordering arenas hold up crystalline domes touching Orion's corridors.

Silence. Catacombs candlelight bends dark corners, and its shadowed sides decorated with walk-in closets harbor obsessive spirits. Tumultuous uncontainable edging ocean crashes at the feet of formless cliffs upon deluged degraded land in all directions whose trespassers, without permission, request absolute exploration.

But. If not for aboveground caves wherein sunlit rubble animates butterflies — mated pairs never meet.

Gravity. Roundabout attics with unknown proportions spread out like cul-de-sacks, inherently interconnected and governed by a throbbing pulse; the feminine. Though broken, these complex systems of remarkable coherence choose to remain undefined.

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