

On a sliver of medium, fixed to a fine sheet, appears a photograph. A filament of time, a shadow of an alleged reality, outlined in silver and staged on a plane, slices through our dimension.

The photograph, once a marker for history, a fine plane of silver evidential for what was. An encapsulation, time entrapped molecules in an eternal frame, its preexistence proven by contours of the enclosure, a cavity made by an existence that has passed on. When something is photographed, does it die? What was once there is no longer. No, it is not a death, but a die to stamp to snap a shape a picture

The body of history is of an immaterial weight, the essences motivating our bodies are formless, and memory has no mass. More truth is contained beyond a perception that is contingent on the demarcation of substance and shadow.

How can we take a picture by another means than light? If we tried to photograph it, the picture would be pure black. Truth is contained in total darkness, not so in contrast to light, but to knowability.

Could we build a camera to capture a picture of the forces that propel nature, propel time? We collect old parts of attenuated apparatuses, disassembled for other means. Haunted appendages, infused with the motivation to capture through ulterior senses and material transference. A feint, a phantom enters the frame. An invitation to spurious perspective.

Our apparatus is a stoppage point placed at the intersections of light, sound, and material projections. A disruption in the hum, a rupture, a whisper of light, wind, and sound, whipping molecules to their fated encryption.

Through a hallway of mirrors, cacophonous with representations, at the interstices of reflections, we get a truer image. What we tried to seize has a frayed, patinated pulse. A molecule of rust is more truthful than a pixel. The essence we are trying to capture is too sacred to be seen and primordial to our nature.

What we are, what we witness, and what we attempt to picture are the remnants of light-emanating effluvia, and the soundings echoing from the scrapes of its passing through the barrier from the unknown into perception.

Could we be so arrogant to attempt to apprehend such a depiction. No amount of photos could ever picture her. Foolish as the man who asks for proof of a god. The totality of existence confounds conception, engulfs and reveals itself every moment that passes at the rate of infinite minutiae. Just slow enough to leave an impression.

Maybe we can only be so audacious to attempt to take a picture of ourselves. Not just the passage of our bloodlines, but our blinking consciousness. An interiority that we can only perceive through our parietal awareness. Against the backdrop of total absence, the outline of darkness.

- Destiny Be