

Soil Horizon (O)

Decoherence, a heat bath of Dresden blue, Azurite, Pompadour, rising in brownly pink. In the garden, light receptors form a membrane in the cells, the motion of undergrowth, sharp below bare feet. This is chemical communication. Shared carbon and nitrogen, filamentous network, the way leaves curl upward when touched, touch back. Proffered in skin, between litter and humus, an accumulation of bacteria, decomposition.

Orange and grey ochre, weathered bedrock, ink strokes against memory, ancestral ghosts, spike mosses, a true horizon, kept whole in the flickering shade, unpicking of time. Its illusory lens refracts through deep roots, radiating energy upward through the singularity. If we survive long enough, this is the shape of transformation, dispersing and combining into new shapes, recognising how closely entwined we are, with loam, insects, the tall eucalypt with peeling bark, lichen-covered boulder. We will look back with newly strange eyes, recognition expressed solely through colour, sound and shape, and know by our shame that we have succeeded.

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