

I have been floating for some time -

How do I breathe?

And where are the people around me?

(I THINK I CAN HEAR SOMEONE SNORING)

I think I am moving up

Because when I look down my feet are  
moving further away from me

What if I get to the boundary of the museum?

How will I know?

Once I am in a gravitational pull?

I have probably already fallen out

A small constellation has captivated me.  
At first it seemed just as a face in a crowd,  
right up until the moment it winked at me.

I have tried to steer course and willed to  
do so. The museum is listening.

Closer now and the constellation remains small, as if an artefact or rendering.

At first it remained still (AND CONFUSING), an illusion of a faraway galaxy, until its surface bulged forward, gas funneling from a tear forming...

... in the very fabric of the museum.

Is this an exhibit or an irreversible fault?

If I go inside

will I return?

(I SHOULD PROBABLY REPORT IT TO THE  
ADMINISTRATION)

but

Perhaps I was in

the waiting room

all along.



I willed myself closer until the constellation bulged again forward, and I slipped through the gap.

It feels like a surface more than a space

If you could apply viscosity to the dimensions of force that hold your body together and working

I moved from stone into an expanse of  
water

my matter still bonded but drifting into the  
gap

Looking for the other side.

Small green spheres moved past me at  
pace

blobular and coconut scented

I suppose I should follow

if I could

Suddenly

My vision blurred  
first to blue  
then green hues

I burst back  
into the sense of  
my body

Contained safe and warm in this vessel

joining a chain



as it snaked  
with purpose through the countless  
expanse

of my own curiosity

Perhaps the spheres

contained others?

Do we move by our collective desire?