

WONDERFRED



Work Description:

Meet Fred, a pig with an ID number etched into existence. While sensors and trackers map Fred's every move into data points and charts, beneath all this technology beats a heart that can't be quantified.

Through Fred's story, readers are invited to pause and reflect. In a world where our attention is constantly fragmented by endless streams of information, how do we stay connected to our true selves? As we follow Fred's journey, we're encouraged to notice the simple joy of being present in our bodies.

By viewing human experiences through Fred's eyes, we gain a new perspective on our relationship with technology and self-awareness. The story weaves between Fred's experiences and gentle invitations for readers to check in with themselves, creating moments of quiet reflection in our increasingly noisy world.

Fred two o five is a pig and it's pink
Before the journey waves its bound
Fred wonders the physical means
of its own body
It wonders if being pink
was meant to be
Does the body dream while consciousness sleeps
Transformation or deformation
What form will be

Following the true wonder
Action through curiosity as no ponder
That's the one thing Fred desires

With care Fred discovers
The marks on its body with some numbers
Are tattoos for tracking it as part of a system
Measurements of breath and sigh
Fred moves towards a different sky

Scoping out the landscape
Spot the light from the sky
Sometimes early, sometime late
Sun is not appearing everyday

Wonders about the sun's secret heart
Does it feel lonely when no one is watching
Would it be holy if no one owned it

One morning a friendship was meant to be made
Fred observed the change of the shades
Together with sun, they shared the rhythm of days

Once sun asked about Fred's earthly shape
Fred looked at its forelimb
Gave it a good gaze
Followed by a gentle touch
First with the eyes and then the hoof
Exploring the landscape of flesh and bone
Where the blood flows, pushing one along

“This is my limb, and I can move it around”
Fred made spirals by degrees from small to so large
that the forelimb felt alive
like electric flows
from some high voltage source
Fred sang to the limb
for it’s love with the purest hum

Fred observes its circadian rhythms
Tunes its body to harmonise with nature
Met sun’s friends like the moon and stars
Micro and Macro, inside out or outside in
In relative, correlate Fred’s body with the moving lights
A body score Fred study that vibes the sphere

For considering the organs as time signifiers:
9am to 11am - the spleen working with enzymes;
it’s a good time for petit déjeuner.
11am to 1pm - the heart pumping nutrients;
a little nap would be appreciated.
5pm to 7pm - the kidney maintains chemical balance;
dinner and a walk help active circulation.
1am to 3am - the liver release toxins;
some new blood is being made.
3am to 5am - the lung replenishes with oxygen;
wrap up warm, take gentle care.

It is the ritual no one can erase
Fred found the way to dig down and up
To reach out for the richness
To capture in tunes, with paint grains and words
Photographs even
The soon departing parts

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