

**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