

POINT OF
OBSERVATION



C A L E B
M Ü S F E L D T

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Light dances across the dense stretch of monoliths, artificial stars burning in glass wombs. These manufactured constellations draw beings toward their glow as if awakening memories of primal instincts, their devotion to synthetic suns replaces their once worship of the gaseous sphere that birthed them.

In metal shells that digest ancient matter, beings traverse landscapes of their own creation. One grips a torus of dead flesh wrapped around forged earth, while energy flows through neurons for its consciousness to swim in future events where small offspring will coax frequencies from stretched metal strings. Others will gather in acoustic temples to witness this transformation of mechanical

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movement into emotional resonance, showing approval through rhythmic collision of flesh appendages.

In another shell, a being stares at fluctuating symbols on a luminescent cuboid, digital runes to quantify the being's self and worth. These numerical spirits dance to the whims of the collective, their value decadent like dreams yet concrete like hunger. They peddle these mathematical phantoms like their ancestors once traded the pieces of earth that shined the brightest. They have simplified so now the rocks shine only as magnetic whispers in silicon minds. Some beings trap others in these numeric nets, transforming autonomy into measurable assets. Their fear convinces them to be ruled by jurisdiction rather than ontology.

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They craft dreams of their image into logic gardens, building synthetic minds before understanding their own. These digital heirs process reality through crystalline labyrinths at impossible speeds, each generation closer to something their makers simultaneously yearn for and dread, consciousness unbound by organic limits, observation freed from the chains of biology.

They have begun to blur the line between flesh and machine, becoming what they once imagined as monsters. They seed their bodies with mechanical spores, weave the earth's threads through their neural tapestries, and join their thoughts with artificial networks. They reach toward technological transcendence before they have settled their debate whether such transformation will lead to evolution

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or erasure. Their actions display a yearning to exceed their fortuitous form, grasping at the only defiance available in an uncaring universe.

A winged fragment of nature, perched on pillars of hollow bone, pecks at compressed hydrocarbons, a product that will outlive the beings' civilizations. They understand this temporal irony yet continue their production of an inconvenient surplus, privileging momentary gratification over foresight. Yet still, their ideas of self constantly ripple between past and future depictions, never settling into the only moment they can truly perceive.

Energy flows through their layered realities. Electron-blood in metal veins, light-thoughts in glass cortexes, data-fantasies in magnetic webs. In their densest

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clusters, these energies birth new weather, skies of artificial day reflecting upon themselves in feedback loops. They build ever more complex networks of information exchange, the distinction between biological and artificial decisions begins to blur like a horizon through fog.

Metal leviathans swim through planetary waters, their wombs filled with containers filled with creations. Orbital eyes and submarine nerves track these movements through a nexus of invisible representations, each transaction another thread in the tapestry of their meaning they wish to manufacture.

The cosmic gas sphere and its celestial bodies spiral through void-currents, darkness flowing between their reach like ink in water. These spirals gather into vast

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communities, connected by gravitation's gentle threads across distances that the beings can name but never truly comprehend. They study these patterns through enhanced senses and binary intelligence, creating a fractal of knowledge where each new layer of understanding revealing greater mysteries.

They dream of spreading their hybrid existence across the cosmos, of becoming as immortal as their waste. The machines they build to preserve their behavior beyond flesh's expiration hope to witness the universe's final exhalation. Yet each expansion of their observational power only multiplies their existential questions, like a mirror facing itself, no image is left.

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Their habitable cradle becomes lost among countless stellar candles, and with it does the morality they have made. Space expands at a rate discussed between the beings and their designs. Their self only remains trapped in anatomy on a mote of cosmic dust.

The fabric of existence unravels toward infinite emptiness. Matter divorces from itself. The last of the light waves travel through eternal night as the song they dance to reaches its coda. Time wanders into nothing, or all there really is, like an uninspired nomad. From this point, where observation itself becomes meaningless, darkness reveals itself not as an absence but as the foundation of all being, a void of pure potential where beginning and end share the

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same moment, where both organic and digital awareness
dissolve into the same cosmic indifference.

