

~ [you]

As the sun hit the edge of a plain far away and sunk below the tall grasses, *you* gave the tree a pat and said goodnight. It didn't answer, but surely it was registering its own shift into the night as the light died out by the fuzzy edge of the horizon. Soon the tree would be chips, pulp and then sheets of pearly white. Where in the world? In how many different places, rooms and paper plants? Light was disappearing and it was the time where *you* could see the green flash at the last moment of sunlight before it slept away. And now it was night, and realizing this, *you* fairly turned away and made *your* way back home, as the purpur in the sky darkened overhead, the tree left vigilant at the crest of the hill.

original text,
links (models,
these aren't
written yet).

some of these represent
the state of the air around
the spot, the [currents] of
the second text and the
saying of the word
[goodnight]

[tree]

a blunt object struck the side of *the tree*, not disturbing the leaves. its rubbing on the bark sent minuscule tremors into the nascent heart of the wood. Waves of human sounds brushed around the leaves who slowly acquiesced. In the way of mechanical switches, wires were being tripped in each leaf of *the tree*, when the salves of radiative light on green surfaces weakened enough for the cells to shift to the vigil hours. finally the object left *the tree* and thuds rang resonant through the roots of *the tree*, intact and standing guard, leaves alert to currents and distant forces. the shadow left the suckers be.

here tree is
clicked opening
the text for
the word [tree]

[time]

t: 2459977; every second a little lower, the plane of ovals and arches sees one object fall and another rise

every second it gets a little more tired, a little bit more of the self is shed into movement

things pass and react and live at *a pace* enforced by an absent marshal

then despite the slow lukewarming of the world *it* will begin again tomorrow, indifferently weaker

here in the first and
original text time
was clicked on and
showed [time]'s
perspective (draft)

[fairly]

The pursuing of nature by other means. Harmony, justification, and necessity are all the manifestations of *the fair*. Indiscriminately stars move around and away, below and above us, in the pure exercise of their reality. One supposes it was decided by someone who was not yourself that you would be brought back home. When you turned away from the tree, did you know? Would you have told 本? Would

fairly selected.
fairness is the angle
of attack,
(draft)