Tensing circle-

s tighten. The path winds, flutters. You place

foot upon

the tile. Measured.

Light leaves your heel.

The path is unclear-

you mark a

dotted

line, but it

meanders

through itself. You

request that the Director

choose a way.

You blink,

hold. Your tongue

pressures your

mouth’s ceiling. A glossy

splintering in

the darkness. As

if the web

cracks further each

click.

Illumination flips from

your left- right-

left. You count

under breath, then edge to

step into

the space. The path

firms under your placement.

Your eyes flick

upwards. Above

you, low, an-

other grid shifts. It

parallels

your path, with s-

light alteration.

You wit-

ness.

No long-

er can you

hear

the echo of your careful foot-

steps. The black

seems to

contract. You expect

continuation where

there is none.

Ob-

served, your movement

seems broken

now- disjoint from conscious progression.

Saccadic masking is

a phenomenon that

occurs when

the brain eliminates

the blur of rapid

eye-movement by temporarily

blocking

visual processing.

When

looking into a

mirror, observers cannot

see their own eye movements. They

cannot witness

their own

observation except

as static.

You

witness this

space. You witness static.

You w-

it-

ness a

series of

shuttered frames.

It feels as if the path

itself is

processing; the light

is itself

a binary. Each

time it collapses

the absence is darker.

At once the

path holds

the

entirety: laughter

like vine, rise and

fall of barred chest, the

temperature of steel, so

on. You blink at it like

recurring cobwebs. Strung. Innate.

Perhaps it is

instead the darkness.

Your

back stiffens as the line

of

the path weighs into

it. The grid be-

low is flat- without conscience.

To accept

the Direct-

or you must release

momentarily, planarize into

the ink. That instant

is uneasy. You

fidget on

tile.

The sens-

ation you feel

is

all sensations. Of

course it

is numbing.

You inti-

mate.

Does the path care whether

you walk

it? Or does it

process end-

lessly into? You are unsure.

As you leave their cold/

warmth behind, the tiles flicker

and

slide into

blackness, no

long-

er necessary: dispensable.

Is

the flickering

accelerating? Is

it your imagination? How

many

moments have you

lost?

Though the

tiles blink,

they do not

leave. You

consider: perhaps it is

that death/birth that keeps

them.

Can any one

light explain

the path? What about all

of them? What

about the darkness?

You pause; the

lights seem almost to

fall through.

Your expectation animates

them. The path leaves

you

behind.

There is

pressure against/within

your skull. You

get

the impression your

feet are sinking

slightly into the

tiles.

The thread-

ed dark is all

move-

ment. You feel it hum.

Proceed if you

wish, but

your thoughts will

be

your own. The path will continue.

The Director will

decide.

….

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