



At blue hour inside a vaulted hall that feels like a cathedral of computation: dark basalt floors, warm oak benches, and brushed-aluminum ribs. Slender arches woven from fiber-optic bundles rise overhead, their cyan pulses traveling like breath. Center frame: a low altar of polished obsidian with a subtle recursive inlay; on it rests a shallow bowl of mercury-like liquid acting as a calm mirror. Encircling the bowl, a thin copper ouroboros is etched as a circuit trace. From the altar radiate clear glass pipes and copper rails like an organ: tiny teal and amber beads glide through them, splitting and merging at clean fork and join nodes—tangible combinators and mobile processes. Some pipe segments glide along magnetic tracks and re-dock elsewhere, suggesting channels that move; brass sockets pair and unpair like interaction rules. A few rails loop back into the same node, hinting at fixed points and looping logic. Suspended in the nave, transparent panes behave like quiet terminals: soft monochrome panes with faint, illegible code-like glyphs, connected by real glass pipes that “pipe” the glowing beads between panels, plus minimal play/pause/check icons for command execution and user interaction—no readable text. A handful of panes are veiled with translucent scrims, implying consent and privacy. Bordering the aisle, a hyperbolic garden of pale succulents and moss forms rippling lace-like beds, dotted with tiny LED votives. Under each arch, micro-lamps tick in gentle binary rhythm; volumetric rays mix warm amber candlelight with cool cyan fiber-light, with lavender edge glints on the mirror bowl. In the air, small cursor-like arrows and punctuation shapes drift like fire-

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