

# To Be

At first, there was nothing. And from the vastness of nothingness, there came everything. The pure essence of it is entropy, and at the centre lies chaos. How much time has passed since? What even is this strange construct, what meaning does it carry without the perception of conscious beings?

## I'm dying.

We all are, constantly; with every breath that we take, and every strain of our beating heart bringing us back to the state of living. I like to believe that my life belongs to me, that I hold control over it. But I have found that it is mostly about creating sense out of this chaos, out of something that is perpetually out of order, and follows no rules.

When I was little, I felt it to be true, though I couldn't tell what was happening around me. I grew up in a broken home, around diseased minds, and without a tangible sense of safety. My father had fallen to addiction, but he was not always addicted. Somewhere in time, he still has dreams, and hopes for the future. Somewhere stuck, he is breathing in the crisp air, eating his favorite meal, getting ready for work.

## He died when I was 6.

But he's not really dead, for I carry within me the memory of his last faded days. And this memory, it works in weird ways; our experiences shape us. Yet over time you fail to realise just how much of them go missing. The details, the colors that you have forgotten, somebody's voice, or even their face. You no longer remember.

I suppose a memory is characterised by the way that you felt, whilst you were experiencing it. They leave us with a feeling – an impression. Oftentimes, even the reasons for that feeling disappear, leaving us only with a bleak representation of what it once stood for.

And like my father, I too, am stuck somewhere in time. Infinitely, all the people that I have been, and who I am now. If the circumstances around us change drastically, and our values shift, how is it that we remain the same person? It's as if somebody else had experienced these memories, staring at the world in a completely different light, not knowing what is to come. And when I forget, for one day I will, how do I even know it happened at all? It just simply won't exist anymore, only in that one point in time, where it was real, does it remain.

When the universe dies, will all its stars and energy, and no traces of our echoes are around any longer – what is left, except for endless time? When the last black holes disappear, and there is only darkness, how is time still around? It has no meaning outside of us, outside of our consciousness. At that point, all that matters is the end destination, which might not even be a real concept. But it is chaotic, so very unpredictable, and if something changes within this structure, do new things come to be once again? Will time regain its meaning, or does the cold death of space consume us forevermore?

## Light.

Enticing, showing us distant remnants of the past, twisting imagery, shaping our reality. And within this light, in the warm embrace of our fiery star, exist all sorts of beings.

From the small crawlies, their life being worth nothing, ending shortly. Then the bigger – sheep upon stormy green pastures, behind them a gray sky. They perceive, and they exist. But then a wolf comes around, and devours their bodily energy to fuel his own feeble body. The entire structure of our existence is built upon the consumption of one another. Whether it be the celestial black holes, or our very own flesh. We consume, fuel, die, and feed.

**Here I lie awake, the yellow pastures below my feet, I am free;**

**my eyes wander off into the distance, I wonder what there is to be seen.**

**And the others around me, ever so keen;**

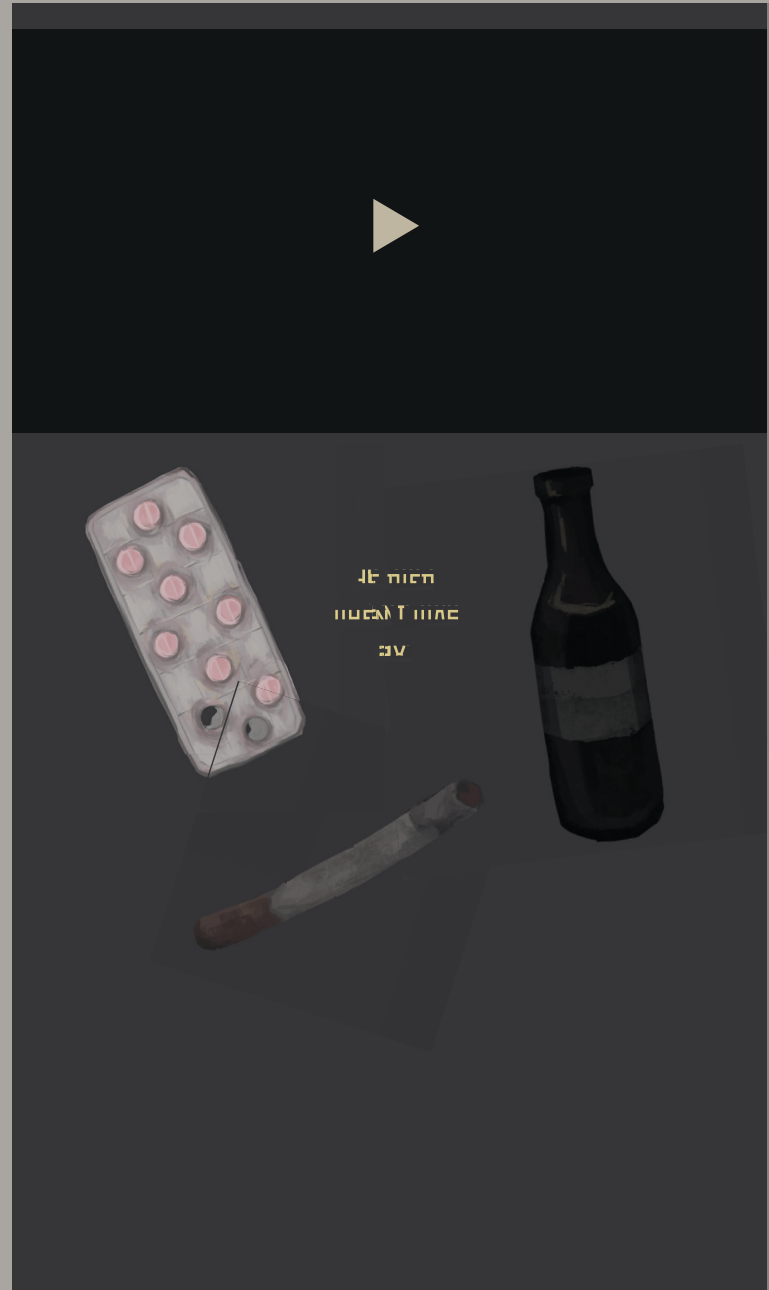
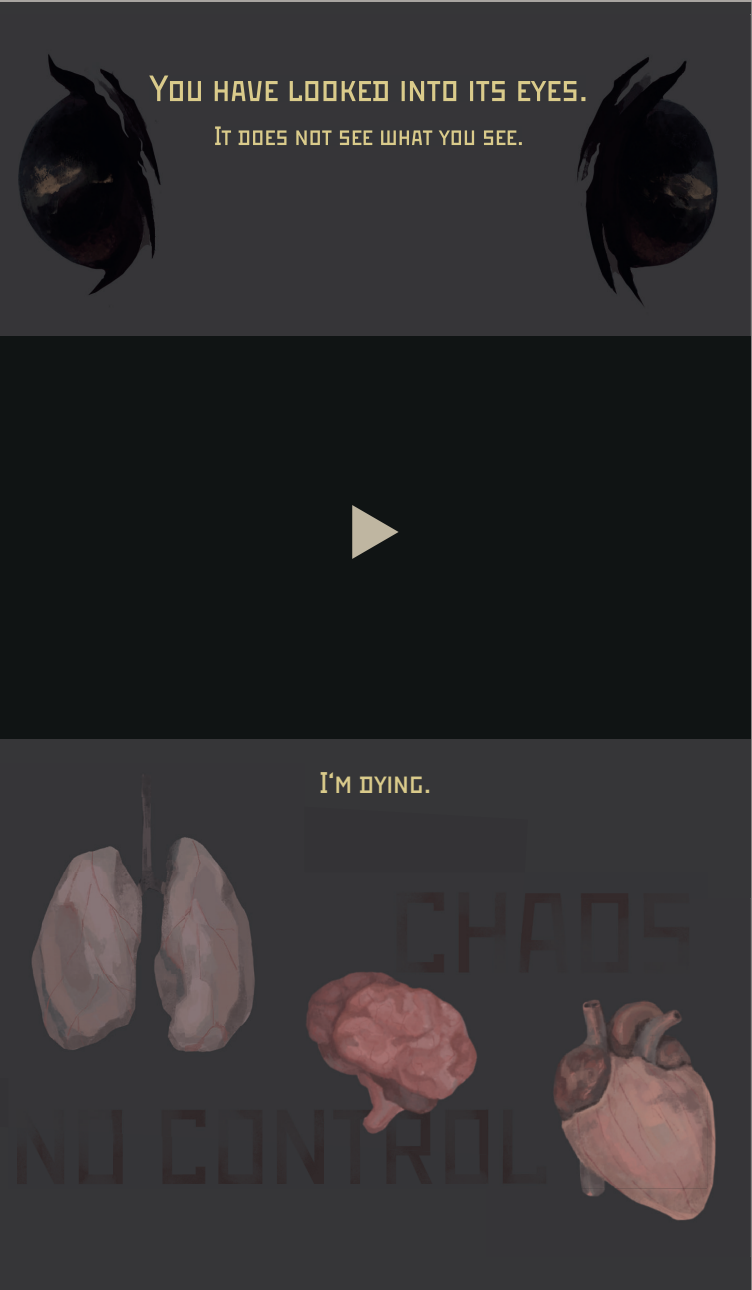
**to explore what stands tall beyond these pastures of ours. But through these thoughts unforgiving, I know that I belong; here, where there is my home, upon which I have placed my comfort for too long.**

**My curly wool shines beneath the blue gray sky, and these days it's getting colder outside. Please, don't avert your eyes around me, I will be back someday; once I have seen what others have not, bringing back the glory of the stars – then there shall be no delay.**

**As I set to face it, I tremble, and I stand still; Past these mountains of grass – nothing worth being seen by my eyes. And only danger awaits, for there in the distance, a strange sheep appears. Of unknown origins, black fur, and its teeth so long; Bite down on my flesh and spit out the bones. I now know, that I'll never come home.**

So what does it mean to be? Is it just the fleeting ability to be able to perceive this momentary experience, while we are all here together, sharing our space with all these other beings? We receive this time on account of others, who had theirs taken away.

I see the beauty in futility, through all of our struggles, and absolute lack of any meaning, there is life within us. All of these experiences, though fated to fade away, are still ours. We get to sense the chaotic way of this universe, and most of all, we get to perceive. And eventually, when it is time to give our time to others, our turn to let our energy continue on in different forms – there will always be this point in time where we exist – for we truly do.



# ASSETS





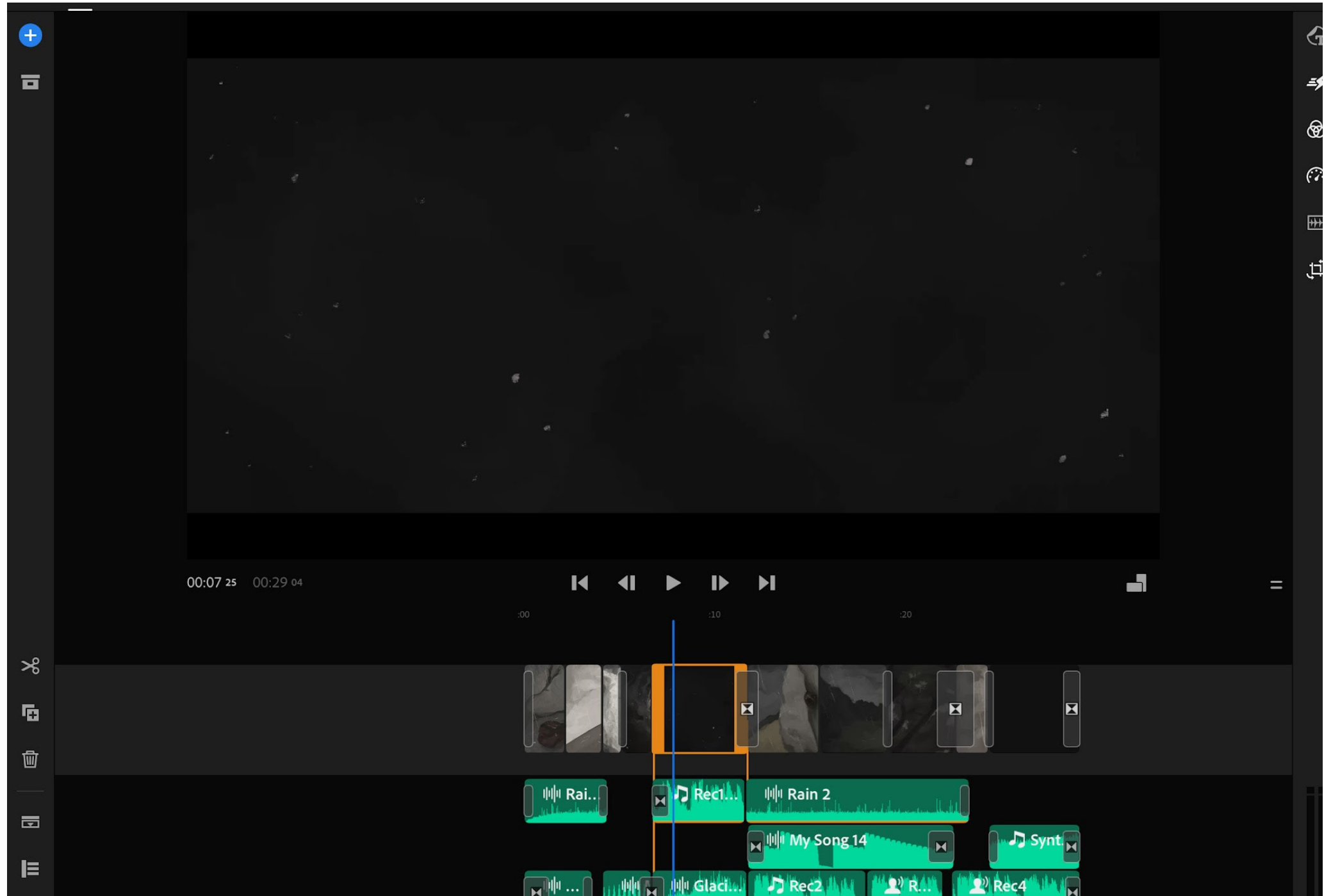
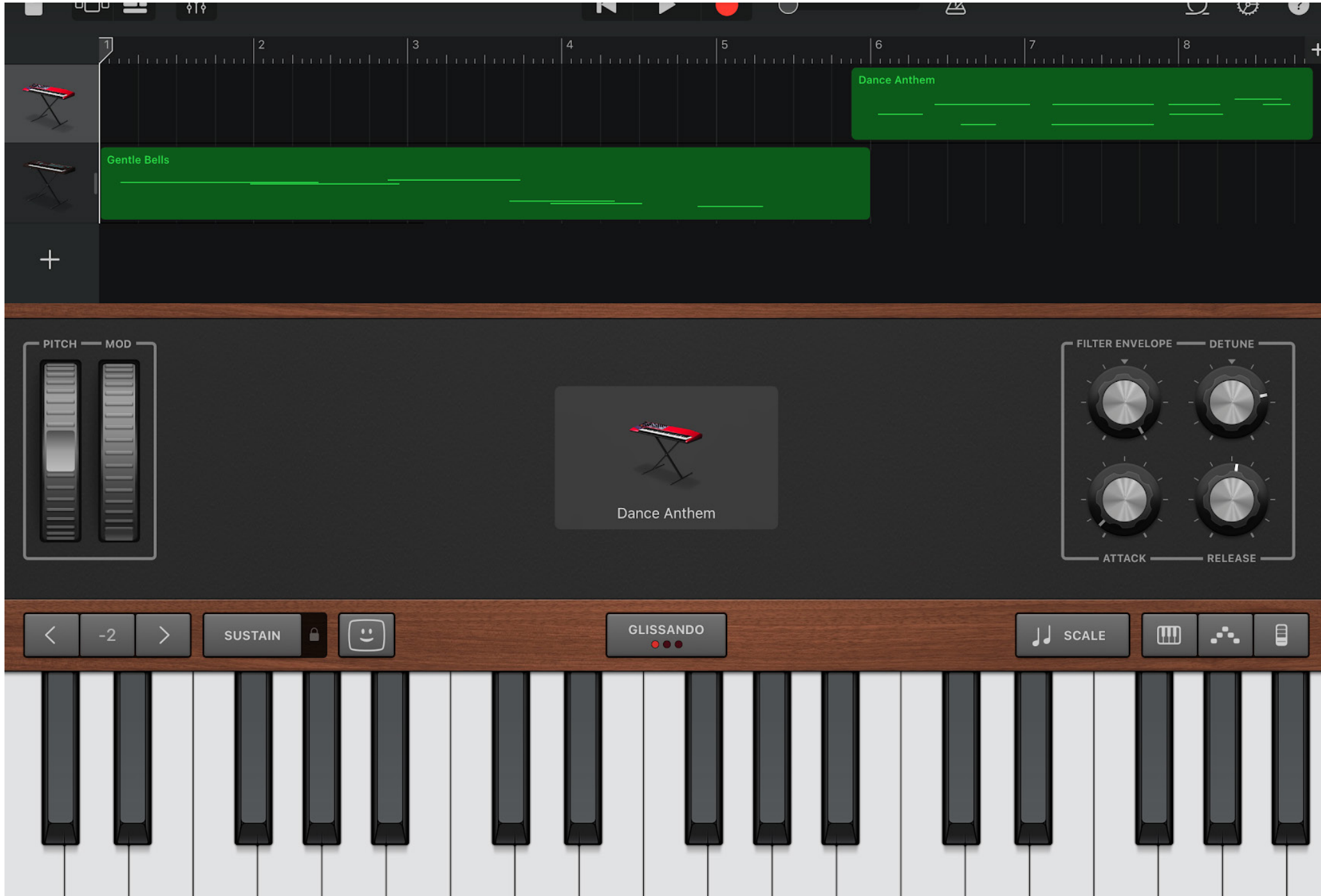


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117 }
118 }
119
120 .sf_gif3 {
121   width: 45vw;
122   z-index: 1;
123   top: -40vh;
124   left: 10vw;
125 }
126
127 .sf_gif2 {
128   width: 40vw;
129   z-index: 2;
130   top: 18vh;
131   left: 62vw;
132 }
133
134
135 .sf_gif1 {
136   width: 40vw;
137   z-index: 3;
138   top: 1vh;
139   left: 50vw;
140 }
141 }
142
143 #rotate-warning {
144   display: none;
145   position: fixed;
146   top: 0;
147   left: 0;
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149   width: 100vw;
150   height: 100vh;
151   background-color: #1A1919;
152   color: #FFDD68;
153   font-family: "Amatic";
154   font-size: 6vw;
155   text-align: center;
156   padding-top: 40vh;
157 }
158 #rotate-warning {
159   display: none;
160   position: fixed;
161   top: 0;
162   left: 0;
163   z-index: 9999;
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166   background-color: #1A1919;
167   color: #FFDD68;
168   font-family: "Amatic";
169   font-size: 6vw;
170   text-align: center;
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176   .text_2,
177   .text_3,
178   .text_4
179 }
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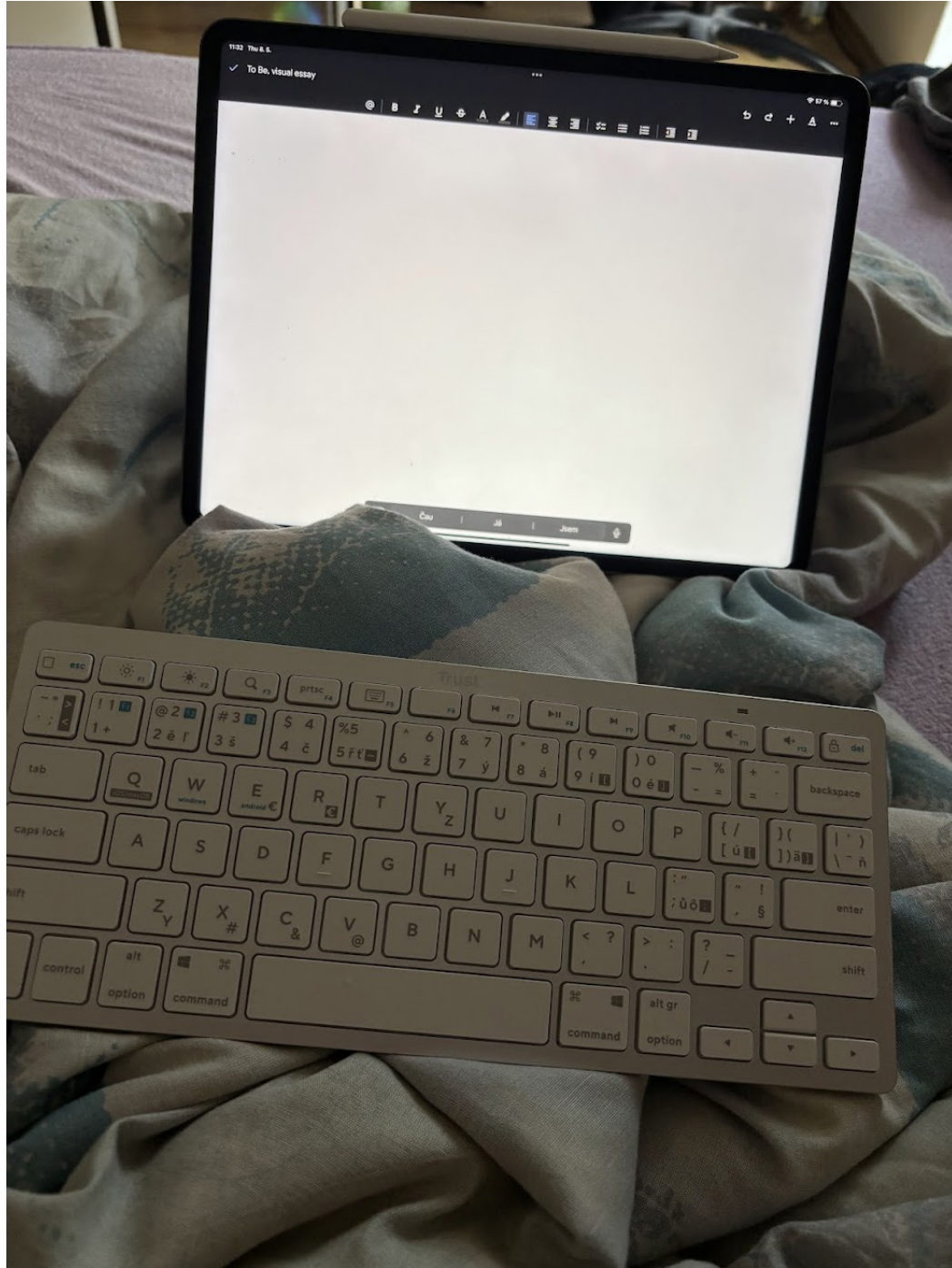
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22
23 <div class="text">
24   <h1>You have looked into its eyes.</h1>
25   <p>It does not see what you see.</p>
26 </div>
27
28
29
30 <div class="video_1">
31 <video controls style="width: 100%; height: auto; display: block;">
32   <source src="videos/blackhol.mp4" type="video/mp4">
33 </video>
34 </div>
35
36 <div class="text_2">
37   <h1>I'm dying.</h1>
38 </div>
39
40 <div class="organs">
41   
42   
43   
44 </div>
45
46 <div class="video_2">
47 <video controls style="width: 100%; height: auto; display: block;">
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49 </video>
50 </div>
51
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<video controls style="width: 100%; height: auto; display: block;">
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</div>
<div class="text_4">
  <h1>Light.</h1>
</div>
<div class="face_img">
  
</div>
<div class="text_5">
  <p>So what does it mean to be? Is it just the fleeting ability to be able to perceive this momenta
  All of these experiences, though fated to fade away, are still ours.<br>
  And eventually, when it is time to give our time to others, there will always be this point in time whe
</div>
<div class="black">
  
</div>
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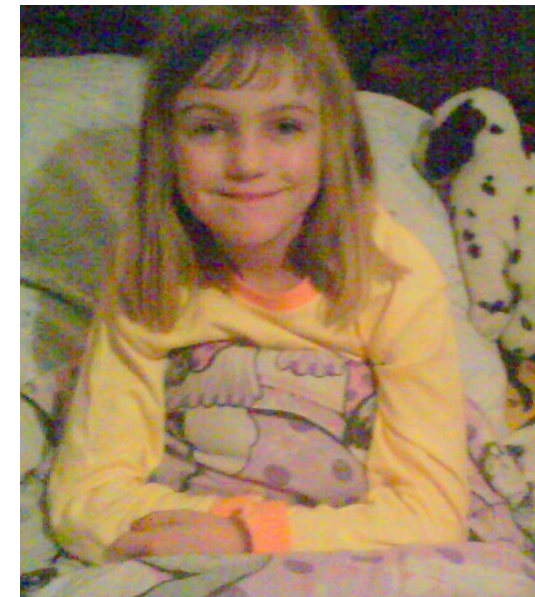
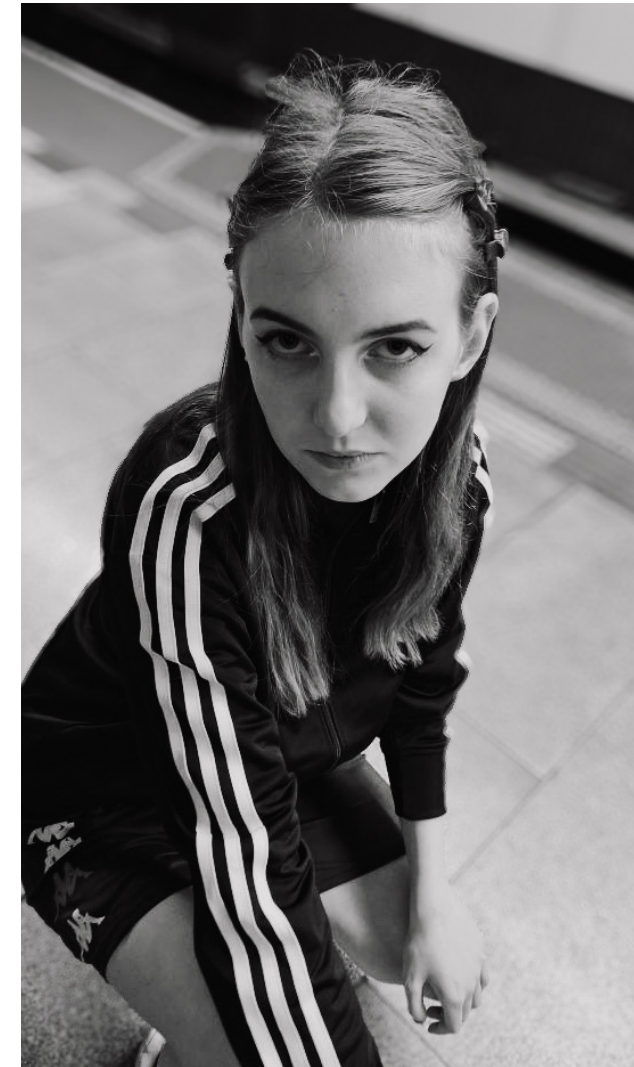


# SOFTWARE:

Adobe dreamweaver  
Adobe Fresco  
Adobe Premiere Rush  
Adobe Illustrator  
Garage Band (sounds)

GitHub (website hosting)

# PEOPLE:



**IN THE LOVING MEMORY OF MY  
FATHER.**