

Death

Gui Machiavelli

You are a block of ice, as big as a continent. Your limbs are hardened layers of water; your organs are pockets of gas; your secretions are the remnants of creatures and minerals locked in your cold embrace and slowly oozing out through fractures and fissures. And your heart, your heart is the bedrock below you. It stirs, it breaks, it flutters: it wishes to be free.

Your life is a lethargic flow of solidification and your death is a melting interpenetration of gases and liquids. You are an old silence eroded by screaming air that pushes against your surface. It eats you raw and, never satisfied, defecates minor streams of decomposed stillness — now so energetic — around your borders. Your heart cracks from the inside, licked to liquid slivers by bulging oxides.

Your life has become your death and your death is a piecemeal becoming-ocean. Glorious chunks of yourself slide into warmer waters in a low-pitched screech that says “Hosanna in excelsis!” Your becoming-ocean is first a becoming-many. Your final breath shall be a tumbling requiem, an avalanche of icebergs crashing down. A whole planet will stop to attend your funeral, their tears of acids, silicates and salts will be one final silence before you erupt, reborn, again.

Your death, your birth. Filling vast plains, drowning the world. Your white cells shall be millions of jellyfish enveloping the wreckage of previous lives. Your limbs shall be gelid acidic waves; your veins shall be new rivers. Your secretions shall be the storms that carry helpless beings from one side to the other, from a monolithic piece to a shredded crumbled assemblage. And your heart, your heart shall be a coming and going, a longing to halt, to wait, to sleep: it shall wish to be perfectly still.

Change

Gui Machiavelli

You are a running pack of huge mammals, you move across plains and forests. You tumble through landscapes, your blood and your excretions are juices that mix with the dirt and fertilise the earth.

You are plants stretching their roots and drinking humours of your dead past selves. You are lymph plowing through chlorophyll-lined vessels. You are soft new shoots covered in insects. You howl milk-white liquids that sublime in ever-warmer atmospheres.

You are burnt, you are fire; you are dissolving in air, making it wetter and heavier. You are wind currents, you are the flutter of wings, you are a hurricane, you are spinning, spinning, spinning. You are chaotic atmospheric conditions and carbon dioxide, you carry millions, billions, trillions of small particles and cells. You are a merry-go-round of improbable chemical reactions, all exploding and promiscuously intermingling. You are avalanches of lifeforms and nonlifeforms.

You are warm, you are melting; you are altered temperatures, you are dissolving; you are boiling seas, you are changing. You are the phased object that hugs and breathes this fragile ecosystem until it is altered. You are the shattering of chains, you are the runaway breakdown of brittle mega-organisms. You are invisible tentacles violently separating matter, you are an alchemical wind mindlessly reassembling materials. You penetrate reality through time and fire, you are the releasing of the sun inside a living rock. You are an event, a geochronological timescale, a one-member species.

You are pressure fusing organic and inorganic structures, crushing them beneath layers of soil and rock, creating micro-organisms and micro-non-organisms. You are inflammation; you are fermentation; you are a poisonous vitalising melange brewed through geologic epochs occupying planetary sizes. Ill life-transformer, pervasive carbon causality, balmy watery embrace of living deathly alteration.