

It had been raining, switching between downpour and sleet. The puddles slapped beneath their bare feet, six in all, and resounded against the trees. This was felt movement of waves upon tissue, calmly lapping at the busy mind of the traveler. The trees wept calmly in passing the figure, just as sure that they were moving as the one marking past them on a path. Their feet fell regularly, explaining the space between in stride; the space between the movement in pause becoming less and less in the hurry of falling step. The downpour lifted to a drizzle rather than harshening to sleet again, and the traveler sighed at the spaces of sky between the trees' passing.

What trepidous plot is this? The opening in rain, the figure a movement like spiders, spinning something from no particular perspective to contemplate the movement of a thought, of a foot, of a mind 'busy'. Trepidation in extenuation of interruption from some kind of narration, in plot, the character has no place to go. Stillness would let them realize the trees are not the ones passing; the trees would realize their vertigo and possibly topple them, wherever they may be going. There was an important place this character needed to go, out in a rainstorm and all.

They stopped on the path, recognizing a familiar glare and roar; described as the sound behind your eyes when you squeeze them shut really hard. The blur hazed out and cleared into a view of the mountains from the other side of the path. The rain had calmed on this side of the mountain; they set their feet walking again.

"this means I've started over again." They said, a bit surprised by the sound of their own voice alone in the woods for so many days now, surprised they could sound, surprised they could be found. The dimension they speak cannot be caught outside dimension like their bodies seemed to able to do; surprising to them that in a time warp such as this that they could hear their own voice. The hum of the rain makes sense; it's prattling diction a refractory as part of the trees moaning grasp of the water swarming their roots, as part of the storm, as part of the scene in which they existed.

This had happened to them many times by now; a sudden phasing phrase in time differentiation large enough to not just cause vertigo, but to snap dimension like teleportation. The trees sighed at their mucilage, sap heavy from the rain, and noticed their movement past them. There was amalgamous clarity in motion of thought to the fall of path in feet, to the fall of path in raining, to the fall of the path in swarming water and brushing against of branches. The dissonance of a shadows fall on the trunks of trees, barely enough to witness the symmetry of another let in wind from the breathe of cause in condensation to water—the dark breach of a reach past the space between to touch barely the trunk of another tree. The felt hum beat of the resonating reasoning patterns in trees about that you've known and travel with, brushing arms, quaking limbs for refractory pulsing, ligands reaching skyward. The dark, the strangers passing, like the diagnosis of death uncaring.

In trying to leave the forest all together, they turned upsidedown and had to spin a quick web to not fall. The strings held them firmly to the ground until the trees turned upright again. The rain never switched direction.

In days of walking, and rain, in moving as they saw movement, they had not come across another being; what reprieve it would have been for this spider to find some ceremony in the woods, goodman gathered and drinking. They had imagined this several times in revery, but the reflection cast long shadows on the present situation. They guessed at times that the imagining of happiness in such solemn situations actually made their optimism dissipate, (no better to imagine some situation where you are worse off though, they decided) there is no gathering in the woods, there is more walking, more rain, more unexpected shifting, more trees to carry.

The mountains back grinned, flexed a bit and sighed, and again the creature started at a different place in the path. They couldn't even be sure they would come out at the beginning, wouldn't know if it were the end, and anywhere between was negligible at best. Even as their feet felt like motion to their bodies, they could not be sure at times of moving; the trees gave a glare of moisture, like slyly winking as they moved along their own path of stillness.

A creature is moving in the woods. See it moving, in jerkish, awkward fits of motion proportionate to a

corpse dancing along the shadows of the forest floor? The movement usurped by the lashing of water along the petals of chrysanthemums, smashed beneath awkwardly curved feet, two of them, patterning a gain in step width by width, their pauses defined and grotesque. It's arms frequently seem to outweigh its body, heavily leaning one moment, and ferociously heaving itself back over its own center in the next movement. All this accompanied by audible winces the trees in balmy shadow couldn't seem to soak up even in all their misery, decaying with their passing into the periphery like plague when accommodated in shadow over its head.

"you keep thinking the trees are sitting still, don't you?"

"That always happens when it rains; the trees fail to differentiate between their own movement and that of the rain about their roots and branches, causes the dimension vertigo; they slip in their perceptions of space and time, and are able to carry you there with them."

This voice came as part of the patterns in the trees hum beating in the soft craters of sounds left by the swinging of branches, in the steps long swing and hiccough between boughs, between a grimace and swing of limbs. In resonance like a thesaurus of only sound; a motion to a motive behind saying. Intuitive linguistics in template of reverberation based on thresholds in beat, in tonal inflection, in posturing of recombinance in speech. The voice moved imaginary sensory, accommodations of path in resonance according to attitude, and was heard internally.

"why don't you carry with them?" they asked in what they thought was aloud without moving their mouths.

"You're trying to find vectors of dimension that don't exist to us. are you creating them?"

The weight shifted, the grimace widened on its face at the moment they stopped.

For moments between shifting, it's face became...between the dimensions contortions of space about their limbs, about (its) movements, in glimpses of shattered paces reflecting shadow space in distance flickered across a splattered backboard...there was no grimace.

The shadow fitted spider limbs about the shapeless curvature of space, writhing itself the micro-villa quickly disappearing into shade and gray. Static clashing in symbols of paradigm, neither could remember, the trees sighed and shoved their weight, the rain splattering sideways at upsidedown.

"a rainstorm can last forever."

A voice from the bodiless space in momentary loss, as if whispered from within.

"Observer, your minds achy, limbs and doorsteps and calmness exacerbating non-sense in boredom... you see, it's partly based on their knack at a certain pace, partly based on the accident of finding such an entry, partly based on finding it at precise moments when a carrier is present at a certain entrance, also based at least partly on plasmic gradients in the surrounding rhiticulum. And since they'd never tried it before, it was all the more time consuming and irksome. knack at pace, they were told, Na+K+ATPase"

The narrator took a step back, deep breath and gathering of the continuum. The bodies amorphous movements digesting outside this dimension stared like shadows in the back of the mind at the scene unfolding. The six legged creature was now dissipated almost entirely, its limbs con-flux coordinating with the grimace on the face of the other traveler. It was just a face, at this point; the limbs of the spider had become entangled with the conundrum of hanging apart from a web, and confusion said the monster was one and the same creature. The narrator doesn't know the perspective this is happening from. There isn't one. Write ourselves into all these tiny curvatures of possible corners in misunderstandings. Find the pockets, the swing beat a bit off and telling.

There was music.

There was a roar of sound, emitting from a channel, (the six legged creature had been looking for it) there was shadow and depth so shallow neither body could step past it, but both were of it. It settled, there were no trees left. No rain, no forest.

The glare from the moon on the lake shone brightly on the dock from which the swimmers could see clearly in the vibrancy.

“(it takes a certain channel, at a certain frequency, you see?)” one looked at the other.

Did you hear that?

Yeas, I thought it was you.

“(Nope, I asked rosenkrants and gildenstern after they was dead, but he asked about the plot again, so I dropped him.)”

Was that?

No.

Are you apart from me?

In body? It seems so. But it doesn't.

Are you a carry?

Yep.

To the specific channel, right?

Yep.

Did you change my limbs this way?

To be digested as part of the schema dimension-ally we passed into, I had to change your limbs. Well, if I wanted to get through the channel myself

“(you ate the planet in a peatre dish, and threw up!)”

They had swam almost to the side of the dock by now; they each climbed out and layed on the wooden Planck, constant in sure inconsistencies as they were at this point, one kept turning to the other at the exact same time and saying the exact same thing by accident. ‘Similarity in path was the accident, not the deviation from it.’

They stopped trying after a while, just laying silently and breathing, free radical in their identity, they turned to one another and sighed.

If I no longer can recognize myself, does that mean I exist?

“(there is no answer)”

If I fail to differentiate myself from this dock or this body beside me, do I cease to contemplate as if from my own mind?

How can you tell there's a difference between what you imagined as yourself before and what you are now, wet and gasping on some constant conform of Planck?

“(No mind).”

I remember my legs, all six of them, they were tangled about your features in the channel, they were the shadows of the dimension themselves, they were the trees that wept and the colour in the flowers that fell beneath your step. My limbs! They were the persistent beat hanging in the back of my mind for all those days I couldn't stop walking without being discarded in some roar. Now there are four, and two of them I'm not even sure how to use.

“(Walk the Planck)!”

The body beside them reached past the foam engulfing this misery and calmly grasped a hand.

What is that?

A hand.

Where does your perspective come from? How could you know that? Didn't you pass through the same channel?

Yes, but I'm a carrier; I'm coded with certain information necessary to carrying other elements into separate dimensions in body.

How did you recognize me? Didn't the channel fundamentally change the makeup of my being, for this digestion?

“(The path is the data in nutrients needed in resemblance and application; you were digested as path; that you are)”

that movement changes your structure

how are you able to hear me?

Its coincidence

How are you able to recognize coincidence?

My mistake.

Did you carry or did i?

neither could have passed the amphipathic without the other.

Is your hand in mine, or my hand in yours?

That's why we hold hands

They stood, and walked, slowly, in pacing patterns of weary continence, convincing themselves of each other as the other. They wondered which was which;

“(the bird and the fish had both wings and gills, and neither could tell which was which).”

The meadow past the dock was lowland and seeping past their ankles, grasping gently past the mud their toes sunk into. The swamp slurped at their legs as they moved; the flowers gasped practicality and bowed their heads in ease to each other, blue flag iris and licorice fanned the calves and neared the hips of the passers. Flowers bobbed their heads languidly at the dreaming, at the walking. The willow was blooming, tufts of hair soaked and grinning at the fever.

Is this dreaming?

Are you the dreamer within the dream? whom is dreaming? And which of you are watching?

They continued watching, walking, speaking sometimes accidentally, sometimes in a common off-beat and listening. There were shadows in their minds, in their limbs, in the way they walked. There was no halt, no halting persistence, there was no jerking or exchange of weight passing; there was walking.

And hands.

extremely small, extremely dark; shadows effect on velocity and our capability in perception of dimension. That's why we hold hands.

They came to a river and soaked themselves. The rocks on the bottom were smooth on their backs and shoulders in turn. It was cold and clear water, tributary, the moon was almost full, almost set, almost welling up the wave forms of their bodies to swell into each other, almost finding a means to tell the river of the way one shore meets another. Almost telling of the lash and pull of the current, posturing excitably in place, ferociously in moving in another, but with stillness. The rapids lashed at their bodies and lapped quietly at the shore of the creek, tickling the sand beneath the rocks in little pools of commotion with every movement, stirring calmly and nervously in need.

They crawled and laid together like the salamanders shifting anxiously from the distortions of their brains; shuffling backwards, feeling upside-down. Hounds tongue, snake grass, mallow crushed softly beneath their bodies in the marsh. Breath, the night sky cut the ring of light around the moon, the darkness hung gently at the gaps of horizons, billowed at the edges as if the curve was their bodies, not separate. They wandered in words from voiceless mouths carried by lengths of days passed and void-less persistence in revery. Some calm, whisper, still silence hands almost crackling in comparison when put together. Shuffle, slight and morose, arose around them; the wind hummed amidst the tall grass and shaped their forms from the marsh, from the soft curves of the sky in horizon.

*Hanging out in cytoplasm; the filtrate is toward the nucleus, aint it?

A very tall, bright red bird with a long, curved beak stepped on past timbered legs. Water shimmered in droplets down its folding wings, dipping softly amidst the down. It raised it's head in inquiry, letting out a bleatingly loud call, harsh and high pitched.

*thinks not to describe your bodies to you, I asked the narrator already. Also, I won't ask about names, but do you have a pronoun preference?

They both looked at each other quickly, and shook their heads.

Whatever you think.

*oh, great, so it aint the narrator, and it aint you, and it aint the damn stumbling trees in this shit, it's me. Got it.

You're a fragment of a dream scape imagining possibilities in the micro coincidence in the macro, the

narrator can't narrate about themselves, because technically, we're avoiding an autobiography with this 'shit'.

*I like that colour!, but tell me, why is my voice cast the bird?

You're bright black and red, loud and gawk at us, come up from the water after eating with some kind of supposed penitence, your mouth is still watering and your feathers are a bit ruffled from this one; and by the time you've finished it none of the characters can say I.

*aye~! That's no shit, I heard about the come, I heard about the rivers spread and the lake some new poison had showed up in, I wondered about eating it.

You, look like a mitochondria, to me.

You can't see the beak?

No, I can't

Or the feathers?

Nope. Amorpheus blob of invaginative particians from your nucleus

How is it that you could see something entirely different from me in such similar perspective? Our eyes seem matched, our hands, our feet, our bodies went through the same channeling, but you can see a creature as a blob, and I can see the splendid detail of their feathers.

*external stimuli for a consistent apex in thought correlating with...

“(In the frequency of analogous occurrences alone, a permanent nuclei to prove an apex of existence, a bodily nuclei of external stimulus that is not pain related and remains visible does not seem to exist).”

*pinch me.

They both turned toward each other, touched a shoulder, turning some embrace carefully within itself to sense touch from some minuscule chance at breath between their mouths.

There is no apex with which I could hold you with a kiss; there is the feeling of the moment, the subject in my mind, the sensation of parting lips, of tongue, but there is no 'lasting apex' according to these conditions in the frequency of analogous occurrences alone. Not a permanent nuclei—and what has a permanent nuclei? A scar? Were I to remember your hand on it, would the scar then become a permanent nuclei of you rather than pain associated in it?

You have a scar?

*permanence in an apex from pleasure rather than pain? You must be thinking of a different dimension The cells in my mind remember you; the neurons remember the paths they were firing, I could look at them beside dying, but the hormones released by their interactions still exist. Though, I can't see them, I can sense them.

Cellular dimension, then. apexes are based on past and current chemical and electrical influences on and from external stimulus.

*memories, remembered from external stimulus, but not actually of them

I don't care if you see a bird and I a blob, but what do they see as themselves?

*my pronoun preference is he, thanks for asking (at a squawk), the narrator said I can look at myself and not describe you, but every time I do I see nothing. So in your words, whatever you think. The narrator fucked up and described me as a bird, found some strange drawing by audobon of
“(Guara rubus—scarlett ibis, and was going to have penstemon in mouth, but it's a marsh.)”

*outside what either of you were saying, but between just us, I don't think I'm a bird or a fish, to be honest. And I don't much care for roses.

“(red roses your going, white roses you stay; the train station had some idea, but the conductor snidely tipped his hat with no mention of the afore-grounded ceremoniously astute concept in reserving roses for other than a lover.)”

*(loud screeching squawk)

“(Busy wavelength, what are you tethered to? They didn't notice themselves together.)”

The wind startled branches nearby to a shiver, the three of them moving alongside one another, hissing fervently at their paces, wondering the steps of filament between, the air slightly waked in their path

came to touch a bough.

*Filtrate toward which nucleus?

The willow hissed slightly, bent to the earth, tapping steady inconsistent beat to the rhythm of the winding touse of air. The ground ahead of them dropped to a slight curve before disappearing altogether. Willows ticking out time upon each others branches, random inconsistent variants of rhythms pulsing with and wondering eucalyptus in breath, the wind sighing a hollow moan upon the branches shaping gaze into the only thing to them un-moving.

what do you think it looks like?

A sink hole.

The abyss.

A void.

Nucleus

Jumping in?

*(The bird started narrating.)””

The trees melded and folded into this imagining of nothing from perspective; the imagining of experiential apart from capabilities therein. (The narrator narrating about the narrator) and isn't actually narrating—

**waves crashed harshly over their heads, and they couldn't hear apart from the roar of the tide. They kept moving, to tread, to breathe, the rain loud and pelting. They found quickly they couldn't touch each other at all, they worked to stay near one another in the tremulous crashes of screaming water. The thunder shook them within a wave. Lightning lit brightly, illuminating the horizons of water for moments and crashing back into the loud rumble of darkness, ambling in every direction and furious in gale.

**They floated near each other like that for days, splitting off with the rain when the rush of current shoved in the stormy waters at them. One of them floated with the other decaying, [always the other was sure they were the ones dead] having to heave them to float with them at first, but then using them to float with when they grew tired, all the while slowly eating them. The storm never passed, the rhythm of thunder was always variant and the lightning couldn't tell it's timing either. The clouds poured out continuously, with no more tell of timing than the thunder itself.