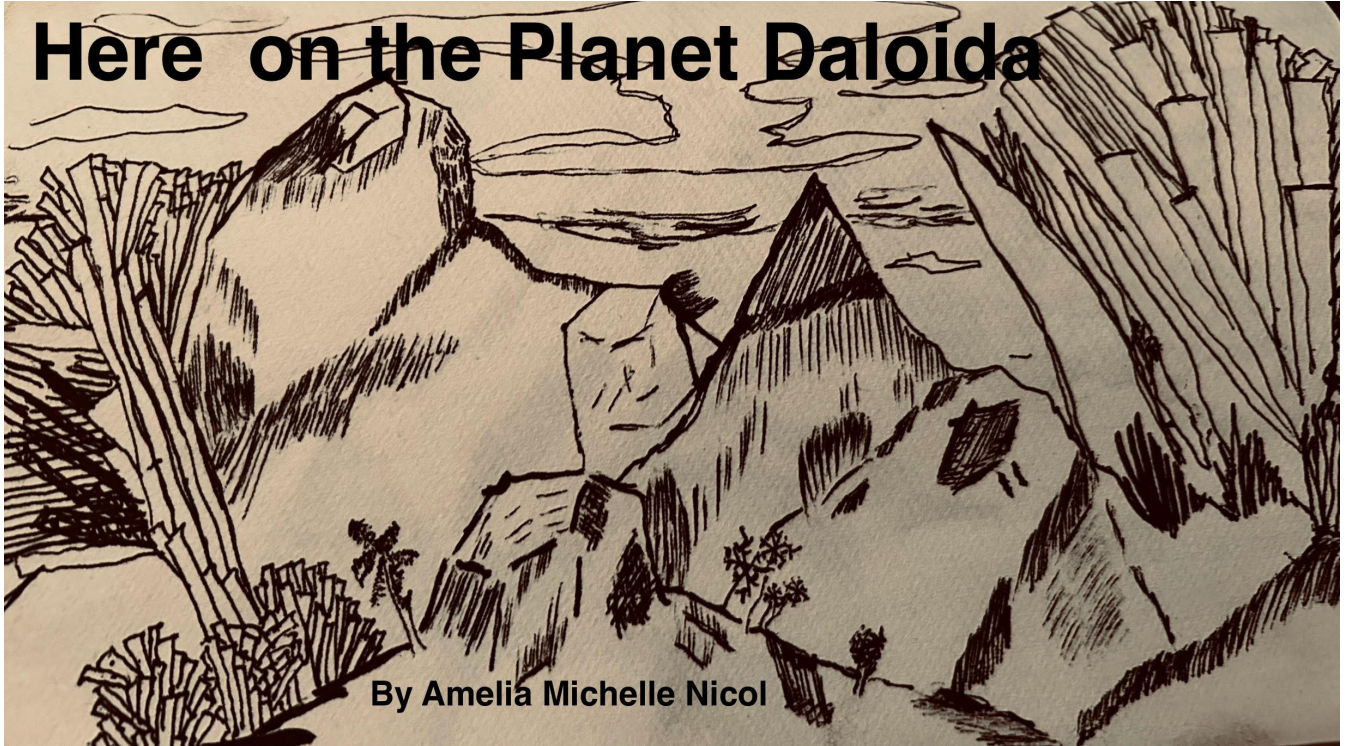


Here on the Planet Daloida



By Amelia Michelle Nicol

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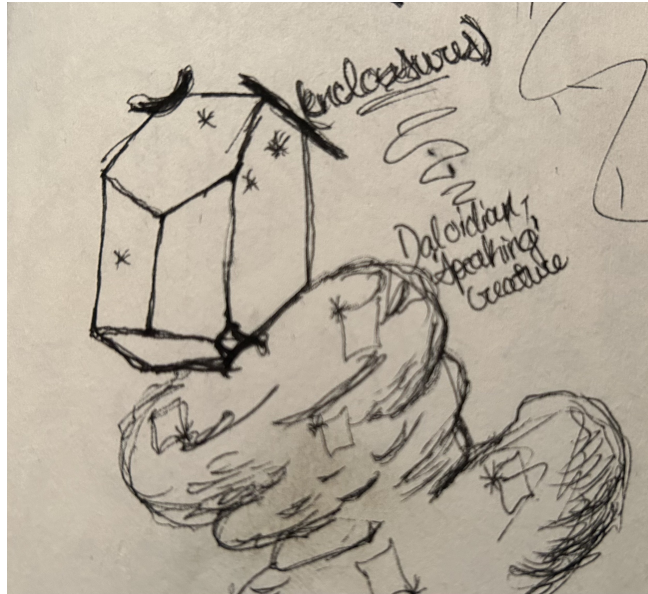
By Amelia Michelle Nicol

Water could fill an abyss
this source-less electric
within, if there were
perspective of this planet's
center illuminated
these measureless assurances
decidable weight

Water holds its place
in movement
decides density by
erosion, conditioning shapeliness
to vast space
moved and formed
to surround an abyss
a bottomless assurance must have
been here to begin with
but could never
be filled

There has been so much caution and wonderment warning us away from this water. The bottom of this supposedly bottomless chasm somehow filled, an endless lake, a mystery that has focused the curiosity of so many over the years. This planet being made of mostly pectolite, the weight of water compared to its hardening in solid mineral has been a pressured issue for a long time. There is persistent belief that the center of this planet called Daloida would have to be the bottom of the lake. The reaches of imagination in a few had hypothesized that the center of Daloida would be its actual stopping point. The only actual solidified density or pause to this continuously changing planet in liquid, solid and gas being a gravity at the center.

Turquoise creatures of parted phosphate, we float and build from other phosphorus and metals in the atmosphere and whatever can be derived from the formations of pectolite. Our language, Daloidian, is the refinement of the light around us into colors and particular flashes of frame and image in the metal between the dimensions of light we occupy. We can stand out to each-other, or become part of the background, we exist in translucent partially mirroring enclosures that we can choose to discard, but not change.



As if existing in a spacious enclosed chamber and continuously sweating to different dimensions wasn't bad enough, outside the work that is automatic to systems of phosphorus on a planet of mineral and metal, few do much at all. Not to mention, traveling through pectolite that is continuously vaporizing, liquefying and solidifying to shapeliness and pattern and path is difficult at best. Some have wondered about the possibility of the center of the planet, the bottom of the bottomless chasm, holding a place for actual stillness and the density necessary to forming pattern, path and shapeliness that is somewhat more permanent...

Mountains of the sharp translucent yellow brown mineral part the mustard colored sky in every direction, always moving and changing form. They reflect the eight suns in splendors of colorful prisms and mirror lights in the lake. Nearby, we all work and spend most of our time. The curvature of the lighter bulbous formations of pectolite under the water contrast the sharp dimensions of skyline and density of atmosphere while we condense formulate to path and message over and over again.

Brightly flashing lightning works light through the sky, illuminating along with the suns and casting shadows with enormous and colorful and bright clouds. It's usually snowing here, though it is extremely hot. Small vaporizations of crystalline pattern hang in the air and float, oftentimes lost and gained in the shifting between states of matter.

The shards of pattern and message we work with often reflect parts of our own thinking and we exchange these parts of information through image in reflection. We sometimes remove our coverings to speak in clearer images, but only on very special occasions. We illustrate shapeliness and formulates of togetherness and the idea of separation, and sometimes even the idea of actual stillness. Being in a plane of existence which is constantly shifting states of matter from dimension and field, it is difficult to hold actual form or path for very long, and none of that which we exchange with each-other has ever been recorded. Some parts stick with us.

We have noticed over the years how strange it is: how close we are to this lake and the fact that none of us have ever been in it. How interested we were at some point, based on the parts of path and pattern that stuck around, in the idea of actual solidity of some sort to this place: of the possibility of a center or stopping point to these constant shifts to other states of matter. And, we have definitely focused on how sure we all are of the intense excitement and danger we show anywhere too close to actually contacting the water. Still, we work nearby and often remain near the water. Flashing from place to place in intervals of light between the rays cast by the pectolite means we oftentimes end up having no idea where particular places are, and constantly shifting to other dimensions makes directions impossible. But, we recognize the water.

We all look into the water. Bottomless wonderment, the clarity in the shallows showing the bulbous formations of mineral at the shore, the constant shifting of a shoreline to clarity and then background, from solid to liquid to gas. The assurance of grit beneath me, the sense of departure wanting to move into something that has no ending. Could its beginning really be here? This surface that moves so much like any other water, but could shield endless depths. The surface of this lake don't hide the nature of this imagined abyss: the reflections of the peaks, radiating aggressively toward the sky could tell of the reaches to depths beyond.

Globular masses beneath the water shift to the hexagonal weight of their surroundings and then back to a crystalline form in gestures of velocity. Is it bottomless or is it really just hiding its depth to the imagining of so many glancing at these reflections? The water drinks in the colors of sunset, drowns these reflections in the imagined abyss beneath. There must be caverns, cliffs, drops to nothingness, somewhere the planet must stop this pressure, this weight must meet other density: free falling set to place. I look into the water, myself.

I fell into a bottomless lake. Or, water rose up around me.

Water could fill an abyss
if I could see this electric sourcelessness
within

if there were
perspective of the planet's
center glowing

these measureless assurances
a decidable weight

Forgot while remembering something that is actually entirely new: Was moving toward the center of the planet, the density and pressure confused and caused illusions and dense conditioning to obscure sight for intervals of shifting, and movement

Light has weight at the center of the planet?

These disruptive occurrences of message in me, suddenly.

The center of the planet, a source-less electric field of musical imaginal infinitude!

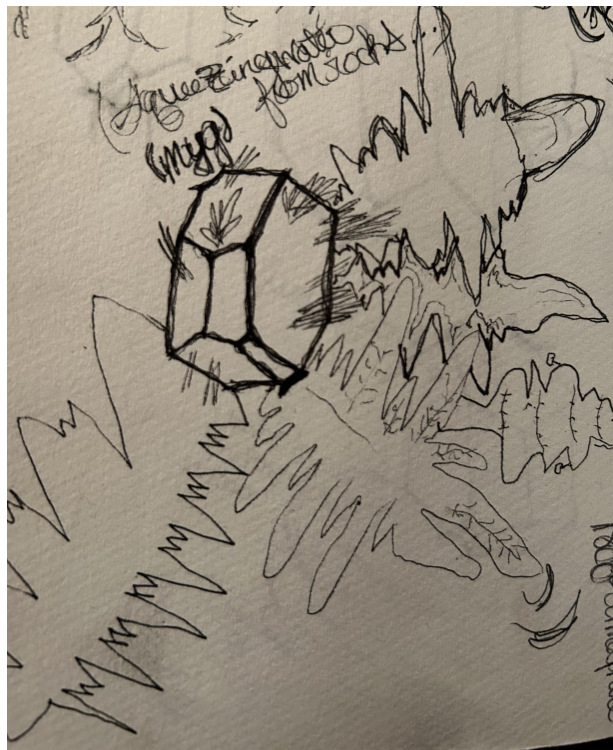
There is music everywhere. The weight of it, the sound is different: not harmonious or melodic, the humming continuance of spaciousness, condensed to a strange chamber, reverberating. Echoes of repercussion colliding with each-other to sound like layers of song or close to some form of rhythm. There is no underlying sense to the beat, spread out in the echos, catching these meta-chromatic accidents of noise and timing.

We need to guess something we could never know we needed, and have prepared for solidity, I guessed. I felt without knowing feeling, thought without knowing thought. I? Remembered the Daloidian we all know: remembered I had already remembered parts of it, so differently in those enclosures, shining back at us or removed and flashing parts of image and path from potentials we had collected working. I imagined. Imagining?

(The vibratory patterns in each form of matter through music could solidify to actual path and continuity with environment and balance the shifting states of matter in

timing each-other.)

I could remember the place I was from, the lake and the others I had worked around,



the structures we were and the one I have changed to now. I am still a creature of turquoise phosphate, and still wanting to and being built to work for the returned parts of metal in the atmosphere: making refinements of path, message and pattern. While I can clearly remember knowing the language of images that we shared before, which we called Daloidian, I now know my people have a name, and have a definitive shapeliness and form.

I could perceive my surroundings, barely. I was still near the center of the planet, the globular masses of pectolite shining and reflecting light from no visible source of light. Source-less electric and the fields created by vapor from formations in minerals of perfect tension held my place. Now, instead of constant and inconsistent shifting to the states of matter around me, there was solidity in balancing and timing that allowed for the idea of actual stillness. I was able to rest, and not be in constant change and flux. I can choose to move or be still, and won't decide. Every part of this modified existence is in morphological balance with parts of my past.

This triclinic shapeliness remains, though not as the coverings that we used to wear. The smoke-like substance that used to mark movement has been replaced by

structures, radiating dendrites of cristalline patterns from every angle. The triclinic enclosures we used to use are now parts of our features, every potential another possible limb growing in conjecture or reflection from these centers of defined shape. Whereas before I could take off my covering and sink into the background, there was now a stillness that would not allow for the shifting between dimensions and field. Before, I had no control whatsoever over where I was or could be. I can sit still, now, or choose to move.

The music around filled me up, suddenly. Every part of my anatomy shimmers and reflects, mirrors the sounds and movement made in the center of the planet. With every thought of action or conjecture, some part of music could move a limb of mine to a placement of my choice, and grow another potential pattern for my limbs. The gravity of music and source-less electric structured me to recognize the movements of my limbs and the possibility of other motion. To recognize I could move in transpositions of field and space: glances of light and the shades of dimension move me as part of any environment I choose. Problem now is deciding exactly where to be.

The music lifted this wonderment, and me, as though part of its movement, and confronted me with a place I was already. I needed to be back at the bottomless lake where I was from, and as I imagined needing to be there already, was transposed to my place. I noticed a violet horizon, and its slight curve, to the usual mustard sky. The contrasting sharpness of the mineral jutting upward obscured parts of the day in a bright spectrum of color flashing light from the suns and lightning. The mountains of mineral are solidified to calm curvature and beautiful deviations of sharp formations. I can see the bottom of the clear lake, now, and it is filled with lighter, bulbous translucent bright crystals that shine through the clear water. The reflections of the bright sky and jutting mountains interrupt the surface of the tranquil lake.

The clouds are so much of the same, and seem a lot like my old form, suddenly. But, the color is so different from mine, from what I was and especially what I am: the clouds seep in every hue, in every concentrated form of color. Violet undersides of tall columns growing to a bright yellow and orange of heavy seeming cover. Thin, wispy collections of atmosphere move a little quicker in dark green, they lighten and darken with the lightning and the suns. Far off in the distance, there are very low, golden ones hanging over the landscape. It is as hot as ever, and still snowing.

I looked at the landscape and felt the sense of being at home, surrounded by these familiar elements that had changed so slightly. Now, instead of constantly shifting from solid to liquid to gas, the planet has stabilized to a stillness that can exude all of each of them without shifting to dimensions along with all of us. When I couldn't look outside of myself any longer, I tried looking at myself, now that I'm on the surface of the planet. Remembering the forms I could remember having before: almost smoke-like

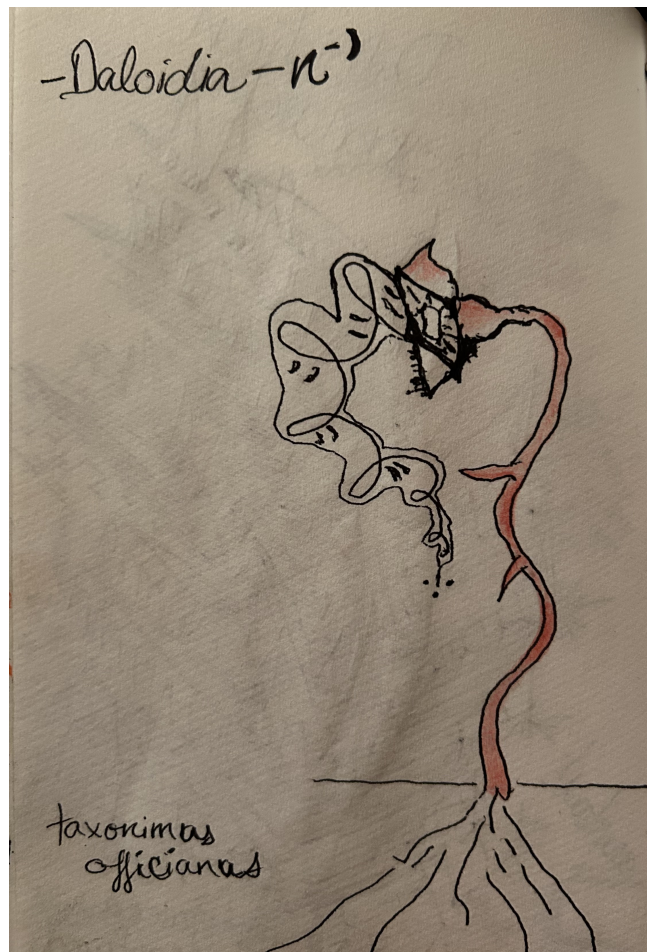
departures of phosphorus, turquoise hues with gem-like growth at our centers, opaque mediums of sparks lit to distinguish in image and frames within our bodies, to form path. Now, we form path without exposing it, I am no longer opaque, and this darker color of turquoise has hardened and solidified in a triclinic form that we used to just wear, and from it we can project limbs of possibilities in path and movement that are shaped aliken to the limbs of some of the snowflakes always falling around us.

I noticed a group of beings around the lake we all used to work next to. The others I used to work around looked the same as me. I could choose where to focus instead of soaking in the surroundings without meaning to, and could decipher that which I could actually perceive: these creatures that look just like me, that couldn't be just like me. Every glance at their anatomy made me feel so foreign to myself, knowing I look so much the same, knowing where I've been and wondering what may have happened. What used to be a sense of them filling up the space around me and shifting to their own gatherings has now become a solid being of separation, that cannot sink into the background.

Each one of us were looking at each other, and could almost sense when another were looking at us. **Being so used to automatically sharing our information, it is different, now: a choice in communication.** Instead of flashing an image from within my phosphorus being, I can project an idea as a limb and focus accordingly. We all started practicing with each-other, jutting out new positions of pattern and message in image and shapeliness to discover what could be shared or digested of each other's messages and work. These projections are soft and hot, at first, then cool for moments to solidify a path, immediately softening again to retract into body and form. We exchange messages by touching these projections together.

Now, we are all concerned with these new dendritic shapes silhouetted on the horizon: on the bulbous and flattened portions of minerals there are strange new formations. Parts of these new formations are hidden beneath the top part of the planet Daloid, only some of the similar patterns could be seen or perceived by me. The formations were dark red and grew without moving from one place to another: they bent and swayed in the atmosphere, to the bustle of the snow and shone bright in the flashes of lightning. Examining them closer, I found that their texture seems like the planet's surface, but also much like the outer part of mine has become, soft and hot.

These dark red formations have brightly colored growths, of every imaginable color. The contrast of the bright mineral beneath lit with these prisms of vibrance, collisions of geometry. Bending forward and turning slightly, spiraling and jutting out suddenly: I wanted to reach for them, but they retracted every time any of us tried. We wondered with each-other about them, and realized we used to do our work right around where they are now standing. We also realized they probably can't move: as far



as they can retract from us, they can not actually change positions on the planet at all.

We adjusted ourselves again, and reckoned we should move as close to the site at which this had all started as possible. We all look into the water, and realize slowly that the lake is swarming with other beings, nothing like us or these strange growths we had just encountered on the surface of the planet. We recognized the same messages and paths that we had worked with before are now in the water, and are no longer the still, stoic portraits worked from the metals in the atmosphere to path before. These vibrantly colored creatures use air bubbles to move through the water, the reflections of daylight brighten parts of the ripples on the surface and illuminate their quick movements. The richness of clarity and the depth added by the water lit the texture of their rounded and gem-like shapes: mostly clear and covered in these colorful projections of dots and bars. The light makes prisms of each of their different coverings and they each project small rainbows, which vibrate and produce sounds. The sounds sometimes break the surface of the lake in color and loudness: can't be seen at all unless you're right up close to it.



It sounded like what I remembered hearing at the center of the planet, and I tried recounting to the others what it was like in that echoing reverberation of sound. Instead of the non-congruence of echo and random parts of beat happening upon each other and sounding intrinsic in echoes and reverberating potentiality of meta-chromatic resonance, this music is melodic. The water has a tune, and these creatures in the water are the ones producing it. We stand still and listen, close to the water, gathered near the dendritic forms that we noticed earlier. We started to move along with the creatures in the water, just like I had at the center of the planet, growing new limbs of possibility from our centers, each path and pattern produced a potential we could choose to move as part of or deviate from. This continuous growth of limbs and their internalizing and reformation helps us move around.

We can also move from one place to another by needing to be there, and we found that our new movement formulated paths for us to work in that we hadn't experienced. We used to condense parts of atmosphere in metals with the pectolite of the planet to new paths and messages, and now we are part of the messages and have become the paths ourselves, while formulating new ones within ourselves as well as from without. The instant we recognized our movements, we were near where we had begun before one of us had fallen into the endless waters, working to pick up after the movement we had made to be there in an instant, and formulating messages with each-other.

The lake waved in patterns from the creatures beneath it, each of them

condensing forms to our movements, and we to their sounds. The sun's continuance of daylight reflected every motion and color in vibrance, the snowflakes falling in soft reminders of depth and the glory of the clouds above us. The curve of the horizon was disappearing in violet clouds and bursting in dimensions of quick lightning and geometric outcroppings against a mustard sky. Endless snow drifted down in the hot air, disappearing when touched, retracting like the new growths did.

We worked, formulating messages and moving with the music of the waters, wondering about our curious new stillness, this planet's constant shifting from liquid to gas to solid now stable and allowing us choice, stillness and rest as well as movement. We all gloried and reveled in the idea that the endless chasm has a center, and we have possibly been there. We could guess that when I fell into the lake, it caused the shapeliness and stillness we now have: but we aren't sure. Overall, we can't be entirely sure of anything. Now that we have perspectives ourselves and a choice in communication and messages, we also have the responsibility to know that we could conjecture, but not absolutely know. We're pretty sure.