

Entangled

Homophones and homographs are words that respectively sound or look the same but have different meanings. Both types simultaneously express multiple temporalities: homophones with the same wind, so to speak, the same sound, the same vibration of air; and homographs with the same material trace. There is an intimacy to this shared space that can easily be ignored or go unnoticed. It reminds me of the nonhuman symbionts — the bacteria and microbes crucial to our existence — that live inside us.¹ When one meaning is contextually appropriate and used in a sentence, the other is like a symbiont living inside the sound or shape of the word.

Because a spoken word is made with breath, I think a lot about all the words in the winds. Newton's law of the conservation of mass says energy can never be destroyed so the energy used within our throats to vibrate air to then be shaped into words is never destroyed; it merely ends up elsewhere.

winds/winds

A breath is when the intimate winds itself amongst the atmospheric. Like the atmospheric change a pedestal fan makes compared to that which rips people's homes apart,² it is difficult to grasp these two scales at the same time.

I wonder if casting allows this type of synchronic grasping. Casts allow me to grasp the past with an incredibly beautiful closeness. They materialise the atmospheric space we share with things, allowing us to explore it in a way that is more sensorially tangible.

But at the same time, I wonder if they are so beautiful and unsettling to me because they manage to fold time upon itself. Reminiscent of a three-dimensional negative of future fossils, they allow me to imagine their inverse — the artefacts of our extinction. Perhaps, in the manner of a wormhole, casting gives space a density which collapses time.

to fold/twofold

*As I encounter a cool breeze cutting through a balmy night, there are ungraspable atmospheric changes above. Part of the same pressure system, my flapping curtain threatening to rip off its rail scares me twofold.*³

I am scared too. There is the scariness and disorientation that comes from knowing time is not solid, from the contrast between this and the solidity of the concrete cast through which I encounter human responsibility for a mass extinction event, from that event's inevitability if we continue as we are, and, from realising that on a geological time scale it has already begun. Numbness, too, is something that I feel. Timothy Morton writes that this "is a feeling of protecting yourself from a shock. Be very careful with this numbness."⁴ They advise against trying to peel it open to get at what's inside, liken it to a blackhole — an infinitely dense point that occludes time and cannot be

¹ Timothy Morton, *Being Ecological* (Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 2018), 16.

² Tiana Jefferies, discussion with the author, December 1, 2021.

³ Jefferies, writing sent to the author, November 24, 2021.

⁴ Morton, *Being*, xxxix.

escaped, a point where space and time collapse. Morton suggests instead we study the numbness from the outside.⁵

I am comforted by this — that I can feel around the edges of my fear rather than going straight to the centre of it. It reminds me of when I get that big anxiety that sits in my stomach. The meditations say just try to soften around that feeling, examine it with compassion, realise an intimacy with those visceral forces, acknowledge the texture of my ecology.⁶ Jefferies' works do all of this.

Finding material pleasures

When objects speak up, act out

Do you soften as the wind caresses your skin

Raise a hand to guard your eyes from the sun⁷

raise/raze

...

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Emmalyn Hawthorne

⁵ Morton, *Being*, xl.

⁶ Jefferies, writing, November 24, 2021.

⁷ Jefferies, poem sent to the author, November 24, 2021.