& forever dress up (Nature Making Word)

William T. Hunt
Bard College, wh1486@bard.edu

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Will Hunt

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“Movement happens because appearance and being slide over one another, are different yet the same, as if being were the loop and appearance were the twist in that loop that creates a Mobius strip. You simply cannot tell where that twist begins. There is no nice little dotted line or city wall or hedgerow or concept of inside or outside that will tell you. A Mobius strip is a non-orientable surface, by which topology means that it has no inside or outside, no front or back, no top or bottom. A lifeforms is exactly this non-orientable entity; if tiny mirrors in a vacuum at absolute zero can emit inferred light without being mechanically pushed, you can have a beautiful wing case for no particular reason, and you can find it sexy just because.”

Timothy Morton, *Humankind*

“I had to let you Go.
It’s not your Fault.
Every Thing is Different Now.
Dont Feel Examplized.
It’s Just Nature
<<Making Word>>”

Ryan Trecartin, *K-CoreaINC.K (section A)*
I believe in a kind of strange knowing, a knowing in a loop, a knowing that knows itself which is a fundamental substance of a world. I believe in my house as a single organism digesting itself into feeling. The sliding door to my back yard rests slightly off its bearings. I have gotten into the habit of jokingly performing my inability to open it, laying bare a truth of love. I believe in the truth of things which are more themselves than we can ever fully comprehend (a God of this impossibility). The illusion of a stable thing: knowing that if we were to see its implosive worlds, the most ordinary thing would be terrifying. "Youtube": How to turn a sphere inside out. Experience having virus. How to see a dog as an essence. How to diagram an argument into a house. I believe in a pain becoming a theater of itself, a cartoon macabre, the condition of which is a chaos where both trauma and imagination become possible. I believe in a beauty that is grotesque because of its component micro-particle drama. A fight erupts over group text while chickens silently graze. An impossible humor destabilizing enough to make vivid a truth of embarrassment and thereby love. Or at least care. Moments before our minivan crashes, Master of Disguise has long since finished playing on the built-in VHS player as my siblings and I begin to doze off. I am staring out the window.
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