

I heard my biometrics.  
Coded in rejected hierarchies  
simultaneously transmitting as receiving data from that place.  
I heard rumors  
of other Listeners in stories traded for carbon SpineTabs.  
Whispers  
that they desire our evasion techniques.  
Most survivors will stay in these cities because they cannot know the terrain,  
forced to rely on falsified maps  
which all have roads that lead back the way they came.  
Lawless listening devices prey on wandering Locatables.  
The only true survival technique is to Listen.  
Sometimes I only imagine I hear it.  
“Just to the side of now is an infinite silence called the future”

And while I stood there I saw more than I can tell and I understood more than I saw;  
for I was seeing in a sacred manner the shapes of all things in the spirit,  
and the shape of all shapes as they must live together like one being.  
And I saw that the sacred hoop of my people  
was one of many hoops that made one circle,  
wide as daylight and as starlight,  
and in the center grew one mighty flowering tree to shelter all the children  
of one mother and one father.

And I saw that it was holy.

They are appearing, may you behold.

I was in public and I met an old friend  
and he said our other friends were nearby  
and we went to meet to meet them  
and they had a book of photographs.

In this book there were images  
of many girls standing in a line,  
faced away from the camera,  
short to tall in vibrant colors.

I turned and there were two young men with dolls.

I turned back to the book and turned more pages.

The more I turned between the photos and the dolls,  
the closer in similarity they became  
until the young men became twins.

I turned and I saw and I turned and I saw and I turned and I saw

Dark drift

Verbal shift

Turn towards

Come forwards

Quietly

Silently

Verbal drift

Verbal shift

Turn towards

Come forwards

Quietly

Verbal drift

Come towards

Quietly

Verbal drift

Come towards

Silently

Verbal shift

Come towards

Silently

I had an inaudible dream:

you heard me before\_I am here

echo\_here\_when you leave

In that dream, you hear it:

time disintegrates as\_we\_ observe

a spiral\_breaking down\_before you

They say:

that which you cannot hear is audible long

before you begin to hear it and

it will be audible long after you forget it and

in the silence you will go insane.

I know you Listen to static

Listen in a darkness

You hear:

obliterating blindness\_

a bright white sunlit\_song.

I am only here to hear it.

I could not begin to tell you

and you could not begin to hear it:

echo\_here\_when you leave

In that dream, you will hear it:

time disintegrates as\_you\_ observe

a spiral\_forming\_before you

Don't ask me how this was built