

The Zone of Forgotten Things

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In their environment, those things which are forgotten form themselves into systems of systems, each made up of differently scaled components and the pathways that link them both to each other and to other networks comprised of fragments from other pasts, each of which points beyond itself to still other systems made from other fragments of still other pasts.

Through everywhere fall elements that are sheared off the present. Sometimes they come as pieces of collapsing buildings. Sometimes they come as assemblages that wobble across a flat space in the form of interactions between agents and elements that have been reduced to a tiny temporal slice by the drift of attention. These repeat and repeat until they fade away. What is not noticed falls as columns of dust; in deeper regions, it becomes the haze of small, bizarre creatures that hang in the air that all other systems rely on for food.

In the zone of forgotten things, everything moves through a weak gravitational field beneath a multi-colored duplicate sun. The systems make of it a space of scaffolds. Each is made from thin, fine black lines. Each scaffold and its environments move like they are underwater in the way they appear to float upward and settle back again. They drift over a level inhabited by amorphous plants.

I get to the zone when I fall through a hole in remembering. To be here is to be in motion within a network of thin black lines. It is a momentary awareness of my body as I try to balance against my own strange momentum. Then I am falling, tracing an arc into the

heaviness where vision is reduced to fragments: the flux of creatures and the ways they are illuminated; the array of openings in the layers of amorphous plants below. Then the white light comes. Then the hum of a florescent nothing comes.

Each text is a modality of falling. I collect and arrange them into figures. It is difficult to see what is outside them.

