

## Inside the Lacuna

The extension of a body begins with a mutual act of balancing out the new companion. Feeling and being felt, sensing its gaze and staring back, reacting and conducting, a beautiful maze of getting to know each other, valuing mass and volume, function and structure. A dance with the other that forms a new state of being. A sensation of devotion or rather an experience of merging and sharing the lead.

Weight is a unique sensation that tells you a lot about the other and affects the way you move and use your body, gliding along the cut wavy surface. Giving you the chance of finding the balanced space between the cells and float inside the lacuna. It is the weight, as the physical sum of a body, that lubricates the path for a perfect glide.

With the steady spread of crystallization, a certain calmness comes into the hasty world of moving beings. Glee and trust are what overcome most living souls as they inhale and touch the crystal crust and its spreading vapor. It's gorgeous to see the frozen smiling faces shimmering through the thick slates of crystallized turf, ice-wrapped trees and houses, as well as the still moving beings looping in graceful jumps of joy, trapped in the present moment. All detached from continuous time.

Still with one foot in and one foot out, I focus on my favorite skill with my beloved companion. Shaped like a new moon it carries my digital eye, cushions it, suspended in-between our body-weights, creating this unique image movement that only mastered fusion can bring along.

Pushing the right buttons I set the apparatus to begin its rolling, as I easily find a balance in this trusty setting. With the red light blinking I dive into the vapor of crystals and capture the blissful light that refracts through all the shiny gems. It will be the last take on moving things in this space time continuum, a present to the gods, as things are leaving its shape and entering new states of existence.

Every turn I make incorporates my whole attention, a focused experience of presence, recording the uniqueness of independent movement in a shifting world, that is opening up and closing down in favor of the collective mind, veering towards new perspectives.

As I glide along through rainbow colors, projected by the gleaming gems, I feel the wind blow through my hair singing to the libidinous prey, telling us all about the lustrous feelings that a life in crystal ice has to offer. You can see it in the people's eyes and feel the conjoined ecstasy that flushes through the crystals, as fast as light hitting on glass appears on all its edges.

Sprinkles of ice come with its haze, hitting my skin like tiny needles, impacting deep into my body, feeling cold on the surface but spreading in heat waves inside of me. I sense the invasive jewels slowing down my body as the blast of crystal wind is growing stronger. But there is nothing that can disturb the dance with my rising moon, eager to extend the experience of our bodies moving in space and time, we move on. Well knowing that there is no running away.

Moving my right arm slowly down to the left, turning my shoulders followed by my hips and legs, I turn around step by step, filming back, away from the center of crystallization, as I am walking backwards. A hush of fear shivers through my body, slightly making space for questioning the coming future. The sky extends in a deep gray black, of washed out tinges. Light seems scarce in the air on top of the crystal surface, as the gems absorb most of the day's light, fueling its massive glacier and the ever growing members of its collective crystal society.

Focused on a pan from left to right, exited about this magical almost black and white landscape imagery, I crouch and limit my movement just to my torso, twisting it far to the right as I bend backwards. Reaching a impossible unbalanced posture, I notice a change in my body feeling. My feet and legs all covered with a crystal crust already projecting into my skin, it extends my perception of myself as my body seems endless, reaching downward into the gleaming darkness of the eternal glacier. Enjoying the shift from cold to warm, I drift away into new extents of myself and feel the presence of so many more, all sharp and bright clearer than white, detached from known space and time.