

.’s chest fills deep with what . envisions to be pure, delicious oxygen when . thinks about it. . was sitting on the ledge of a rock wall that surrounded the perimeter of some hot pink municipal building in Oaxaca that was architecturally reminiscent of a soft serve machine. .’s legs dangled from the wide limestone slab as . waited for the rest of the group to amble up the sun-beaten hill, hot rocks crunching below their sneakers like a metronome anticipating their arrival. . was feeling the kind of patience and contented detachment one does when included as a guest to someone else’s family’s vacation. In this state of mind, . can achieve near-yogic levels of focus. Like sitting in an airport terminal, or accompanying someone to a doctor’s appointment, sitting on this ledge is a little temporal purgatory in which the lack of agency over the next move seems to relieve the mind of the burden of choices.

The most interesting direction to look towards was undoubtedly the green sloping hills upon which locals had, over centuries, built bright squares and rectangles and placed them in such ways that the volumes interacted with the sunlight and make patios, doorways, windows, and pagodas. It was far enough away for . to see it that way, as shapes rather than places. Naturally, . began to imagine that the tiny, multiplicities shapes could move, some hand of god shuffling them around like children’s blocks. In fact, even the hills themselves began to move at that delicate pace that something massive does. Some hills reached their crests up a bit further into the sky, while others bobbed downward and sunk into the general mass that contained an unknowable depth of material. The hot rectangles and squares clung to the surface of the earth as the hills’ movements intensified, undulating faster, this time at a different pace, still the delicacy of something massive moving quickly but from far away, but now in tandem with the movement of smaller peaks whose movements resolved at a cacophonous pace. The hills seemed to occupy multiple scales at once, such that it was indeed massive if . calibrated .’s eyeballs to the general form, but less massive as . indulged in the details of each and every crest, of the buildings skidding along, in and out of the waves. In this moment and in all moments since, . has been able to calibrate .’s perceptual

apparatus to different time registers, which is to say at different scales. . imagined themself very large, to the point at which the Oaxacan hillside seen across millennia very truly operated as if it was a liquid, no difference in movement between the gulf waters and the landmass that emerged from them. Then . imagined themself to be the size of the ant walking along the limestone ledge, or rather something even smaller—the size of what an ant would see as an ant. And as a result, . found themself squinting their eyes, keeping their head down as they marched through the yellow-brown haze of dust that perpetually hovers above the surface of the limestone. The ant's ant takes calculated, deliberate steps along the narrow pathways so as not to fall in to the cavernous holes which, as . often forgets from this perspective, are the negative forms of the past's old faceless dinosaurs in their shells, their place in the sediment wedged into solidity over time. No longer do the hollow, fluted outlines represent the graves of those creatures once nestled into sand, who've long since turned to pigment and ash, maybe petroleum or something inside the television. It's been long enough that the concavities seem like a plain structural reality, an architectural or geological feature of the place.