

Visitants, 2024

Stories do not have a beginning or an end, not really.

Stories do not have protagonists or, for that instance, plot. Just adulterated perspectives, myths, synthetic descriptions of reality, far too complex to be expressed in words.

We are, at best, secondary characters of our own stories, mere anecdotes in the flux of time, homeopathic time, a second dissolved in eternity, no big finales. Stories last for as long as there's someone interested in its narration, or an audience interested in listening

This story is no different, it does not really start here, and will definitely not deliver an ending.

It was dawn at exactly that moment when the reds completely abandon the horizon, everything becomes cut-outs against a dark blue sky gradually fusing to black.

We turned around and ran, desperately, as if our life depended on it... it did, as everything behind us crushed into obliterated landscape, instantly forgotten in the vastness of time. We kept ahead, consuming moments that seconds later never were... We were late. Chillingly staring at the horizon we cried... the wind softly hitting our faces, the mist slowly washing ashore, washing assured, washing.

We waved a mental goodbye to those leaving as we followed their fading white trails left behind. History departed with them, never to come back. Humanity had departed well before it ever knew, riding on the jet stream of a forever-fading sense of belonging, waiting to fulfil its destiny. They left behind a dissolving world for us to escort into oblivion. Humankind has left the room.

Smile and wave.

There's no reality, realities maybe, only pockets of consensual "what's going on" and "what has just happened"... Our being will not be recorded, categorised or analysed, we will just be, time encoded in life itself. Our narration will end with us. Our voice will extinguish naturally, it will not be censored, ridiculed or dehumanized, only humans can do that. The present is all we have, the confluence of time and space

Smile and wave... smile... and wave... Smile!

It came. We could see it coming, we could, but could not do anything but stare, a scene of beauty, like everything that threatens us, both exciting and scary... absorbing. A breath on our faces... maybe that was it. For as much as we were there, that fact could only mean one thing, and that was too terrifying to accept, so we ignored it.

Life had embedded itself into structures and places oblivious to our understanding. Its provenance: unknown. Who cared. It camouflaged itself into our everyday lives exo-organically harbouring the spread of a new dawn. Not a hostile take over, in-seeded, genetically transformative imprints without return.

We are leaving, we are living, we are leaving, we are living, we are leaving, we are living... devoid of our own history. Destiny has the habit of knowing what's best. We are leaving... We are living!

We left our bodies, bio-suits, which only purpose was to keep us alive while transitioning. We were no more, but we still were. Stared at by our decaying materiality, flesh abandoned like a serpent's shed skin, carriers, delivering that which cannot be preserved... the archaeological destiny of design. A history defined by that which is lost, inferred from the permanence of the disposable... wine, a perfume... a soul.

Remained, not as we were but as we became. Better or worse, that's a dilemma for history to resolve, if indeed history remained a thing, not for us but for those who left. For us it just was... it was. It felt good, but maybe there was no alternative, but it felt good. We could finally just be... undead in the renewal process of nature, life and death as an inclusive regenerative continuum. All that was left were residual memories, scraps from a roadside picnic... perhaps.

El Ultimo Grito