

The Contortionist

"Exoplanet I: Void"

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We long to feel our bodies outside centrifugal conditions.

An orderly solar system will outlast this guiding center system.

As we leave our galaxy, every certainty abandoned.
The referential laws of man are lost, nothing is relative.

Cold and empty space surrounds and swells.

Time is moving at invariable speeds and our instruments are useless.

Oscillating obsession, beautiful apparatus.
These cycles put my mind at ease.

Bodies cannot sustain what this was built for.
The body cannot sustain what this was built for.
We worship oscillation, no other way.

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