

Meredith Parkin

*On: Passage, Willie Doherty*

In viewing this, one puts it into practice.

Everyone walks right past it. The room has changed; walls have appeared, and no one ever wants to look through the dark. It is found then, by accident, almost a constant in great discoveries. This time by curiosity unwilling – the darkness now seems obvious.

The low hum that is always present in that space, is today accompanying the darkness in a symphony of solidity.

You can feel it weighing on your skin, the immense pressure of nothing. Alone in the dark. The intensity is of course, imagined.

Without truly perceiving it at all, the sensory composition, without subsiding, becomes a deep void. You find that you are not alone at all, and yet suspension of disbelief does not apply here; this is suspension of time.

Extreme nearness in infinite space, over and over.

As they get closer, speed gets faster, sounds get louder. The dark gets darker (fear is the most instinctive emotion).

Not alone in the dark. The propensity of course is imagined.

In this time, you don't even exist. Your response is not your own, neither is your trepidation. This isn't about you. Or me for that matter.

Both real and imagined, we have distinguished each as the other. The decision has already been made before the circumstances even happen.

This is about everyone, looping in isolation and separation.

This is about a ridiculous situation of the utmost importance.