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Self Portrait from Series Three

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It was a line (what is a line singular in shape and form) and he stood facing it (he did not know the size, millimeter or larger than he knew) His conscious thought told (but he knew he could get and in this world of black he could) because if he did he would not!

But he knew something about the line obscured his vision (other side) and he did not know reason and an understanding of he knew he had to get there he approached the line feet yet drawing nearer to the line (he drew them back) to the line drew up before (he touched a smooth surface (down) the side of the line (down) the line (searing pain shot through him) on it) The pain reminded him (he could, there was no)

—"Dr. Somaton, a flare"
"Where?"
"Here."
"Nothing to worry about"
"Sure?"
"Yes, perfectly normal"
"Sure?"
"Of course. He's been braindead."—

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