


**THE SLEEPING
LULLABIES**



A Flying Blurry Being





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SLEEPING
LULLABIES**
A FLYING BLURRY BEING

Maud Paul

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INTRODUCTION

After scrutinising these opaque and large stains of black, thinking that I am watching the emptiness and that I am ready to fall into it, I am actually observing every part of the darkness of the night. With my eyes wide open, trying not to be afraid, I realised something that amazed me.

The world is divided into two opposed periods of time, -day and night-, and in these two there's not a lot of similarities, even less in how I feel about them. They are indeed extremely different, as much as their natural light prove their divergences. They both transcript very different obligations toward us. They are also a real illustration of how the process of planet Earth and our galaxy work, scientifically and more precisely, astronomically speaking.

We, citizens, discovered while growing up how these two sides influence our activities, and how important it is to be aware of this in constructing a healthy life. But I also believe that they affect the way we connect to reality and the way our minds relate to the imagination and dreams.

It is my perception that one conforms to a tangible reality, while the other emphasises an impalpable fabled world. Throughout this text, I will share my thoughts and research about these two periods, and I will also explore fiction and illustrate experiences I had or imagined, in both this impalpable fabled world and in our tangible reality.



A SPLIT BETWEEN DUTIES AND "OFF MOMENTS"

One is filled with sublime luminosity, clearness and action, and the other represents deep obscurity, calm and secrets. Our days are divided into days and nights, which permit us to target our activities differently.

If I needed to assign a purpose for days and another for nights, I would say that in general the day, from approximately 8 am until 7 pm, asks us to complete civic duties toward society. In other words : going to work.

On the other hand, I would say that the time from 7 pm until 8 am, which would correspond to night time, would be moments to relax, release pressure on the mind, take care of ourselves and our biological needs, and desires. So probably a more personal, private and intimate moment.

I suddenly wake up, open my eyes, horrified by this terrible noise exploding out of nowhere, putting me out of my dreams so quickly, resonating into my ears so drastically. But, unfortunately, I understand pretty quickly that this noise isn't out of nowhere... it is my alarm. This delicious, soft and gentle fucking alarm.

Once more I woke up by the noise of the pressure of a day starting. I am once more taken out of my rest. I am once more, awake with a gigantic slap of stressful thoughts in the face.

I have to be fast. Shower, food ... I don't even want to eat this early. And then I have to do this "jump" out of the house, in this overwhelming humming of action, pressure, and pollution, smashing what ever I had left of serenity from sleep. And the sun is not even totally up yet.

Here I am. A big, long day of rules ahead of me. A day that require facts, rapidity, efficiency and certainly offers no moments to escape from this rude reality.



7 pm. It's time to go.

My day wasn't as terrible as expected. I could have a break at 2 and talk about irrational stories with my colleagues for fifteen minutes.

I get up to take my jacket and run outside to enjoy the last sun rays before it gets dark. I have ten minutes, more or less. I feel the sun hitting my face and I start seeing all of these little white and red shiny stains in my eyelid, the eyes closed. I was white light blinded. All of the movement around me gets deeper but distant, like sinking in the earth while I feel elevated, becoming totally disconnected from the lifelong perpetual action.

Dragged by my own fatigue, I am walking through the streets to get home, like a zombie, not present, not reacting to what is surrounding me. I am just imagining stories in my head.

I can't tell how good it felt after I let my body fall into the couch a few minutes ago, an "off moment". I am allowed now to not exist for anyone but myself until my alarm cracks up my sleep tomorrow morning.

And actually, because I don't exist for you right now, I won't tell you what I am doing.



Children's Duty - The Function of Playing in Childhood and the Role of Imagination

When I was a kid, I had the feeling that the sunset was a call for the end of the "game".

A scientist from the University of Calgary, Ayman Aljarrah, said in his article *Play as a Manifestation of Children's Imagination and Creativity*: "Play is our children's serious business; it is their way of being in this world."¹ As kids, our civic duty and activities are to develop ourselves, to grow up and learn to be able to work for the society, and to become well integrated in the society later on. And most of this development - if not all of it - is practiced through playing during childhood, which asks for the use of imagination and creativity.

¹ Aljarrah, A. *Play as a manifestation of children's imagination and creativity*, Journal for the Education of Gifted Young Scientists, 2017. https://www.researchgate.net/publication/316891077_Play_as_a_Manifestation_of_Children_s_Imagination_and_Creativity

They speak a language we forgot.
Their eyes roll up and down, their arms aren't controlled
and their legs run above their reasons.
It looks like a ritual dance.

From the noises they growl out, these little persons exist-
ing since only three to four years live stories.

Testing limits of danger and tasting the availability of
freedom, they are tracing a long, invisible line on the
earthy ground. One jumped over the line, then a second,
and a third. The choreography of these tiny humans
seems guided by their vitality and by their active imagina-
tion unconsciously orchestrated.

One fall down and abruptly, tears overflow his big eyes.
Captivated by his own reverie, he thinks that he cries be-
cause he burned his leg with the imaginary lava pouring
on the left side of the line.



We commonly use expressions like “I play with numbers” or “I play around with this topic” to explain that we are searching and working around those. It is often at the begging of a task or exploration that this action of “playing around” is set. This reminds me of this quote “The first stage of contact with any material, at whatever age of maturity, must inevitably be of the trial and error sort. An individual must actually try, in play, to do something with material...and then note the interaction of his energy and that of the material employed. This is what happens when a child at first begins to build with blocks, and it is equally what happens when a scientific man (sic) in his (sic) laboratory begins to experiment with unfamiliar objects.”²

When I was reading this part of the book *Teaching mathematics: Toward a sound alternative* written by Brent Davis, a professor and scientist, according to what the psychologist and educational reformer John Dewey claimed, I thought it would be a good explanation and example of how the verb “playing” could be a synonym of “learning” or “searching”.

In his book *Truth and method*, the philosopher Gadamer wrote about how we can use the word “playing” to explain that something function, works or happens.³ From this I could gather that “playing” also means to operate or work.

That is interesting, in short, “playing” can mean working.

I allowed myself to dive a little bit deep in research about the meaning of the word “playing” and how it is used to illustrate a big part of the educational process of children because, I think it is important to understand where the imagination is coming from at the earliest state and I deeply think it comes from playing.

² John Dewey in Brent Davis, *Teaching mathematics: Toward a sound alternative*, Routledge: 1st edition, 1996.

³ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and method*, Sheed and Ward; 2nd edition, London 1989.

I read a lot about creativity, imagination and education without being so surprised by their close similarities. Being in a process of education means learning. And as we concluded together earlier, it can also mean during childhood to play ; especially when we are “asked” or I should say when we have to develop our creativity. And indeed Jean Piaget in *The psychology of intelligence* has explained that the conception of play is the starting point for creativity and inventiveness.⁴

Imagination and creativity are two terms very well linked, as Ayman Aljarrah explains in his article : “Creativity, play, and imagination are interrelated and interwoven as one fabric.”⁵ I would say that to reach creativity we need imagination. In other words, creativity would be the result of the imagination, as much as a creation is the result of a concept and a design imagined by a person.

Maybe, “to create” is the physical manifestation of “imagining” which I think is a mental action.

⁴ Jean Piaget, *The psychology of intelligence*, Routledge, New York, 1963/2001

⁵ Aljarrah, A. *Play as a manifestation of children's imagination and creativity*, Journal for the Education of Gifted Young Scientists, 2017. https://www.researchgate.net/publication/316891077_Play_as_a_Manifestation_of_Children_s_Imagination_and_Creativity

Adults' Duty as Citizens and the Role of Imagination

Our civic duty, the tasks we, working adults, have to complete to be integrated and to keep society functioning (like going to work every day) is not to play or learn anymore, but to be effective in what we already know and have learned because our world is all about practicality and efficiency. So because this process of learning by playing and using our imagination is finished (as we think), adults would use their imagination less during the day, also because imagining is often seen as a childish or immature act.

Of course I am generalising a lot, and this does not apply to everybody. Although I do think that people who exercise their creativity in their work, are using a different type of imagination, an imagination maybe more directed toward a special goal, than the type of imagination which is totally free and without any boundaries that kids could use. And that's also why we have other times dedicated to imagining freely without rules and goals to reach, at night for example.

This is a personal point of view, once again, of course, I don't claim that I say the ultimate truth can be adapted to everybody.

To go deeper in this subject in our society, I think that imagination should take a bigger part and not only in childhood, and I truly agree with what we can learn from the poet, writer and professor Archibald MacLeish, cited in *A little Treasury of Modern Poetry* by Williams. MacLeish claimed that modern society had a lack of imagination. He wrote of the then-impending nuclear crisis during the Cold War but I wouldn't doubt for a second that his words are still true nowadays

in our society. "To me – not many others think so – the real crisis of society is the crisis of the life of the imagination. Far more than we need an intercontinental missile, a moral rearmament or a religious revival, we need to come alive again, to recover the virility of the imagination on which all earlier civilizations have been based: Coleridge's 'synthetic and magical power' by which 'the whole soul of man' may be brought to activity and knowledge may be known."⁶

I find it easier to imagine while I'm doing something physical. I can dive in my thoughts and imagination while I am driving, walking, painting, cooking or even sometimes when I watch a movie. Christopher Bergland, a world endurance athlete, public health advocate and author, wrote in his article called *The Neuroscience of Imagination – Aerobic Exercise Stimulates Creative Thinking*, "Aerobic exercise clears the cobwebs from your mind and gives you access to insights that are out of reach when you are sedentary. On the complete flip side, rapid eye movement (REM) sleep (when we are dreaming) is probably the most creative state of mind we experience daily."⁷

And that leads me to one of the conclusions about why the adults are more imaginative in the evening and at night rather than during the day at work. First of all, as adults, we do sports after work, and as plenty of psychologists like Christopher Bergland have said, imagination takes the biggest place during our sleep. Also a tiny remark that just came to my mind : I never dream during a nap in the middle of the day, though I often dream at night – I should probably better say "remember my dreams" –.

⁶ Oscar Williams, *A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry*, Charles Scribner: 3rd Edition, New York, 1970.

⁷ Christopher Bergland, *The Neuroscience of Imagination – Aerobic Exercise Stimulates Creative Thinking*, Psychology Today, 2012. <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/the-athletes-way/201202/the-neuroscience-imagination>

NIGHT'S LULLABIES

After the sunset, the moonrise

Nocturnal walks are strange experiences. Everything is obscure and shadowed, this hidden visibility is keeping some aspect of our reality invisible.

I believe that at night, our eyes adapts to the light fast enough to be uncertain, and not too long to be lost. Just enough to be aware. By this I mean that this short amount of time of complete obscurity, I could even say that these seconds of total blindness are provoking a small feeling of disorientation and bring to mind a lot of questions. Before the light comes back up to our eyes, nothing is certain anymore, everything could quietly happen around us without us noticing. But this amount of time where our eyes need to adjust and to get out from this darkness allow us to be more aware and to focus closely on what we want to look at, similar to the way the lens of a camera needs to accommodate to its landscape to produce a clear picture.

Time is here playing a role, night and time walk together to lead to visibility. I mean that in obscurity, we need to be patient to get to see something. The senses are also often more sensible and sensitive when one of them isn't fully performing, because our brain starts looking for answers to these questions that obscurity causes us to think of, so we will need awareness and concentration to understand. This can put us in a strong connection to nature, to the environment we are in, or to the world as a whole.

At the end, a nocturnal walk is full of awakening and consciousness. But after a stroll under moon-rays, comes stillness and maybe rest.

I am walking through waves of fog, delicately sinking me in blurriness. All details above me are erased by the darkness of the sky, this deep black, almost velvet cover enveloping the top of the planet. The stars can't shine today and the moon is difficultly giving me a timid ray of blue light through these opaque clouds. The darkness and the moonlight determine what I can see. I can barely recognise the shape of the building next to me, it looks like a big spaceship. I am walking in a peaceful, refined world. No buildings, no cars, no trees, no roads. Only shapes. It turns from indiscernible to invisible, then within that invisibility, I imagine.

They are here but I can't see.

If I started running, I would smash against something, but when I slowly walk, the world gives me the right amount of brightness to see and imagine.

Fear of the night

I believe that night time is meant for releasing, but it can often be a minefield and a subject of fears.

When I was a kid, I was extremely scared of the night, mostly because of the darkness. The fear was so strong that I was getting anxious every evening.

It is very common to have this fear during the night as kids but also not uncommon among adults. I surely am scared some nights. I could find few explanations for this. First of all, sleeping puts us in a state of altered consciousness characterised by one of the 5 cycle of sleep called REM sleep, which is defined by the online medical dictionary as “rapid periodic twitching movements of the eye muscles and other physiological changes, such as accelerated respiration and heart rate, increased brain activity, and muscle relaxation.”⁸ The Merriam Webster dictionary also added that “dreaming with vivid imagery”⁹ is a characteristic of REM sleep and it is also the most efficient moment for dreams to come up of all of the 5 cycles of sleep.

As L. Strümpell said in his book *Nature and Origin of Dreams* «He who dreams turns his back upon the world of waking consciousness”¹⁰, this can indeed be scary to understand that we have to let ourselves go and to lose total control in our body and surroundings. We could feel more fragile and vulnerable while we are sleeping, because we are not conscious about what is happening around us and during this time of sleep. Colleen Carney, a psychology professor at Ryerson University, cited in Time said “They think, ‘What if someone breaks into my

8 *Medical Dictionary*, REM Sleep, The American Heritage® Medical Dictionary, Retrieved July 11 2020 from <https://medical-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/REM+sleep>.

9 *Merriam Webster Dictionary*, REM Sleep, Merriam-Webster.com, Accessed 11 Jul. 2020. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/REM%20sleep>.

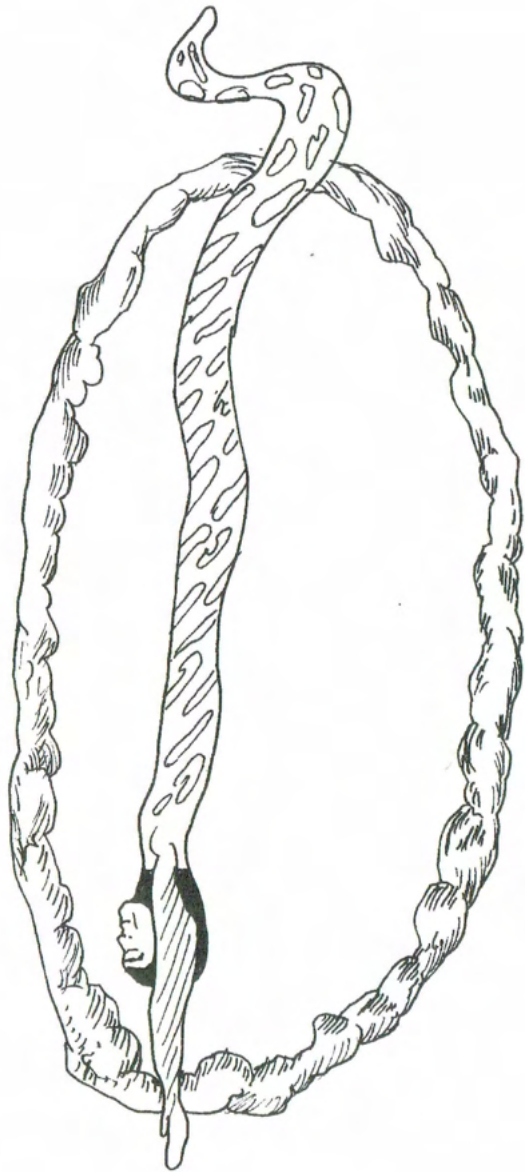
house?” Instead of realising these associations may indicate a fear of the dark, they skip a step and assume they have a fear of burglars.”¹¹ This attitude typifies a distrust of others confused by the fear of darkness.

Nonetheless, at night, the vision is of course more blurry and shadowed or even in certain cases non-existent compared to the day, and this is also a form of not being in control of the space around us, which can create also anxieties and fears. “An individual may not be able to fall asleep once it’s dark and their mind starts to wander,” said psychology professor Colleen Carney, when the mind starts wandering it means that it starts imagining rational and irrational things.

I think that since we can’t see, our brain tries to invent an image of where we are as a survival instinct hard-wired into our nervous systems. Human beings have terribly low light vision and that can often provide us with scary images that reflect our fears, of dangers, maybe a way to get ready if something happens for real, maybe an unconscious way to make us aware.

10 L. Strümpell, *Die Natur und Entstehung der Träume : Nature and Origin of Dreams*, Leipzig, 1877.

11 Colleen Carney in Alexandra Sifferlin, “Can’t Sleep? You May Be Afraid of the Dark”, *Time*, 2012. <https://healthland.time.com/2012/06/11/cant-sleep-you-may-be-afraid-of-the-dark/#ixzz24x5rCyIC>



In the bed, I observe these shiny stars glued to my limited sky. The room is dark and I am suspicious. I can't tell if these stars are reassuring, maybe they are the big eyes of threatening monsters looking at me from above.

I suddenly see something moving. It was fast and clearer than shadows. I have this prompt reflex of hiding under my blanket, I feel more protected now. But can a blanket protect me from thoughts or nightmares? I guess I am just imagining ... Something just touched my feet, I am sure this time.

Maybe it is this faceless man in the corner of the room behind the curtains. Wait. This room seems filled with ghosts who are looking at me. I can't breathe, my heart starts shaking and I just need to turn on the light to know what happens. I have to take my arm out of the blanket, but what if someone grabs it?

Okay, let's do it: One, two, thr ...

How fear comes before ease and pleasure

We are told from a young age to learn to protect ourselves from different dangers: to be careful not to cut ourselves with a knife when we cook, to watch out for cars before crossing the road, to lock the door of the house before going to sleep, and so on. In a way, we pay a lot of attention to the potential consequences of a lack of awareness, even from the beginning. This too could be defined as a lack of fear.

Even in society, I perceive that often during big crises, the media likes to spread fear in order to scare people and because of this fear, people will trust the government without questioning. Look at the Covid-19 pandemic, this is a very real example. The propagation of terrible videos without much explanation, articles diffusing a general panic, the exposition of numbers of death caused by Covid-19 everywhere without showing the yearly numbers of death due to any other kind of well known corona virus. Anyway I don't want to go too deep in this political subject because it is definitely not the topic of this thesis.

My point was to show how the lack of precision, the brainwashing and the insistent request of attention can easily and quickly develop fear. This could be one of the answers of why fear comes before ease and pleasure, because we've learned to be in control, to feel safe and as a result, to be aware of dangers.

Imagination can transform rational thoughts into irrational thoughts and that would also explain why we are easily scared when we start thinking. Also our imagination gets its inspiration from real facts that existed, like dreams, and Haffner confirmed it, quoted by Freud in the famous book *Dreams Interpretations*. "*To begin with, the dream continues the waking life. Our dreams always connect themselves with such ideas as they have shortly before presenting themselves in our consciousness. Careful examination will nearly always detect a thread by which the dream has linked itself to the experiences of the previous day.*"¹²

Another line that I liked for its simplicity was one from the French scholar and physician Alfred Maury in his book *Le sommeil et les rêves*. "*Nous rêvons de ce que nous avons vu, dit, désiré, ou fait.*"¹³ Which means in English : We are dreaming about what we saw, said, desired and did.

¹² Haffner in Sigmund Freud, *Dreams Interpretations*, France Loisirs, Paris, 1989.

¹³ Alfred Maury, *Le sommeil et les rêves*, Paris, 1878.

**IMAGINATION IS AN IMAGE,
THOUGHTS ARE SENTENCES**

For me, imagination is an action, something that we experience but in another dimension if I may say so. Thoughts are more about studies and investigations. Imagination would be an image, a thought would be a sentence. The imagination is the opportunity to construct something irrational (or not) in our head, to live something unreal. Thoughts on the other hand, would be more the tool to try to make this irrational thing, rational and realisable in real life.

The Bijlmer Mirror

For example, artists are dreamers and thinkers, they invent, they imagine a world, a thing, a place, an object, and then they try to make it real. They have ways of translating their imagination into the world in order to bring life to their ideas.

The Bijlmermeer neighbourhood was imagined from the dreams of a group of Dutch architects; Georg Siegfried Nassuth and Pi de Bruijn, very well inspired by Le Corbusier's design.

This architectural project was the opportunity to realise the dream of the after-war, to realize the hope to a relief and to build up a dream into reality. They wanted to create the perfect city.

The architects of the "Bijlmer Mirror" as they called it, were describing it as a real paradise, a revolutionary modern city, peaceful and where everybody could be equal.

The Sleeping Lullabies

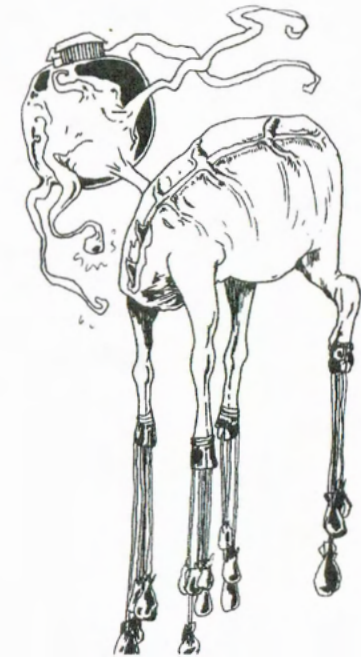
As I heard in a podcast called Bijlmer (City of the Future), they wanted to construct the apartments up in the sky, and share the ground to everyone : “The hexagonal grid would allow each apartment to get some sunlight every day. The apartments were meant for the middle class, and no apartment was designed to be “better” than another. Every man would be equal to his neighbour. (...) The ground was meant to be a collective space for everyone, according to the principles of modernism.” “Live in the sky, play on the ground”.¹⁴

I lived there for two years at the 10th floor up in the clouds, above the trees. I could feel free and relieved from the action of a city. This imaginary area is letting your mind free and inspired to fabulate. I think this is an amazingly inspiring place, full of lights during the day, surrounded by nature, and at night, the neighbourhood transforms into huge creatures and spaceships, obscurity and shadows. “Bijlmer Mirror” was a dream for its architects, now Bijlmermeer is a reality.

¹⁴ “Bijlmer (City of the Future)” Part 1, *99% Invisible*, episode 296, 2018.
<https://99percentinvisible.org/episode/bijlmer-city-future-part-1/>

The bass rhythm of these big drops of water exploding along the metal fence resonate into my chest. I can feel this wet wind blowing, like breathing in the atmosphere. The trees are below, I could walk on their crowns, jump from leaf to leaf and plunge into this fabulation.

Seated on the edge of this gigantic, geometrically shaped ship, distracted from observing the galactic vastness, I see thousands of lamps flickering in the blue invisible finite space, in discordance to my eyes blinking. I can only hear the weather growling and the nature moving around me, cutting me out of the anthropocene, throwing me to this indefinite land of uncertainty, back, back in time.



A FLYING BLURRY BEING

Along with this reflection about our different perceptions of imagination and our relation to reality, I am forced to admit that the place imagination takes in our life is drastically reduced after childhood by the amount of information we are exposed to everyday.

I think that we should practice imagining more to let ourselves dive into our minds with no limits and no control, to experience something different from the reality of duty we live in during the day.

We are dictated by the idea of learning and executing, but as adults we lose the part where imagination and creativity are the main tools of the process of learning. Imagination and creativity means freedom, it means new possibilities and new experiences, but also an opening of the mind and a break from rules.

In *Developing Critical Thinkers: Challenging Adults to Explore Alternative Ways of Thinking and Acting*, the British scholar in adult education Stephen Brookfield claimed that writing poetry, creating fantasies, drawing, photography, song writing, and so on are activities that stimulate imagination of alternatives.¹⁵

After all the research and thoughts that overwhelmed my mind for these few months, I chose, inspired by Stephen Brookfield's suggestions, to use my imagination - to practice it once more and to make you practice yours by writing some words - poems if I dare to use the term - that would relate to total fiction, talking about the dream of a wandering creature in a process of metamorphose, looking for accessing to the second side of a two parted world.

¹⁵ Stephen Brookfield, *Developing Critical Thinkers: Challenging Adults to Explore Alternative Ways of Thinking and Acting*, Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, 1987.

The Sleeping Lullabies

And remember, as Northrup Frye points out in his book *The Educated Imagination* "The art of listening to stories is a basic training for the imagination."¹⁶

The following reveries might sound abstract, or blurry by their metaphors and subjectivity but the essence here isn't for you to understand plainly the meaning of these words, but rather for me to give you enough freedom to imagine and go for a walk in another atmosphere.

¹⁶ Northrup Frye, *The Educated Imagination*, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Toronto, 1963.

He needed to transform.

This voice in his head was whispering "the midnight sun will burn you up".¹⁷ Spending his days alone, spending his time to dream, far away from the residents of earth, he is not a human anymore.

Sleeping in his indistinct cave, barely real, maybe just imagined, situated outside, on the top of this asteroid we, human, are living on, this creature was trying to be as close as possible to the planets. The moon was watching him, like a big eye. The monster's big eye. His small, illuminated and dusty comrades in the sky was luring him, they were blinking, they were maybe even calling him. All of them, with a millions of mysterious creatures, lulled by the tones of a song.

He got blown away into a dark, cold but strangely reassuring atmosphere. Swimming through the resonance of a sound captured into a wooden curve, the midnight sun burned him up.



¹⁷ The Cure, "Piggy In The Mirror", The Top, Fiction Records; London, 1984.

Feverish of reality, this man became a monster. A beautiful creature trying to reach the gravity to fix his broken dreams in another dimension. Fed of stars, this sleepy creature is gliding around the heavens, looking for loneliness and peace.

His try-out as a human-being failed. He was breathing like a drowning man¹⁸. He needed to sleep, he needed to dream. He couldn't dream downstairs. He needed to be the furthest possible from human beings.

Towards the stars, he attached his cave to the crescent moon, animated by these light forms, appearing and disappearing in a split second, like shadows weave in and out of the atmosphere.

Trying to leave reality, living in his illusions, he is swimming through words and thoughts in a deep black galaxy. Does he still have a shape, is he still alive? A day dream or just a dream, a nightmare or hallucinations of his old nights, human dark nights. Human mind agony. These untouchable words becoming real, he needed to escape from this terrible reality.

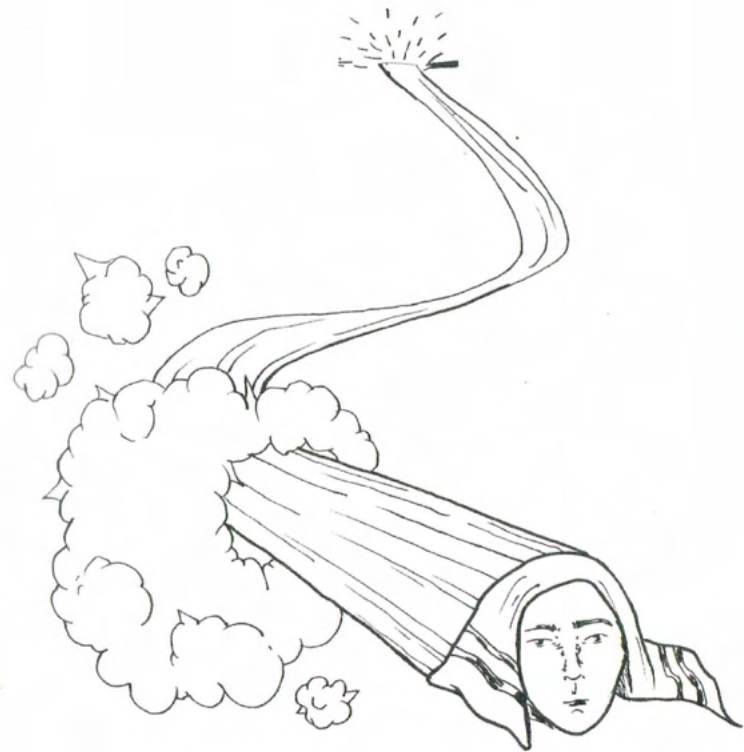
Kept physically conscious by his hopes, he could not stop trying to run as fast as he could on the sea, to reach the end of the ocean without being eaten by the depth of the water, and to get to the sky. Jumping from the last wave, jumping from sepiolite to clouds.

Once he succeeded.
Now, from the night he is suspended.

¹⁸ The Cure, "The Drowning man", Faith, Fiction Records; London, 1981.

It's a frozen city jammed into the clouds. Wandering the streets, blowing into houses, flying above the darkness of the sky, a creature without shape is slithering over the pathways and tenderly, he is remodelling the houses of these imaginary residents. At night, fixing the depth of the night, like fixing a point which doesn't exist, he is trying to grab the moon lulled by the clouds'.

He cannot perceive the rainbow dripping onto his nose. If he has a nose. It is a dark rainbow, a rainbow from black to black.



Feeling lulled by the softness of the sky's opacity, the creature is floating above the Earth watching it and trying to recognise the countries. He can't really see, it is blurry, some of them are covered of a massive layer of smoke. Falling in a trans by watching this infinity, he suddenly feel something grazing his nose. An ultrasound so deep approaching, louder and louder, until it explode into his ears and goes away.

A line of dust stayed suspended in gravity, that's the only thing he can see. He's nose is cut. A tiny cut, bleeding and dripping.
The blood is flying, it smells like metal dust around here.
Now he understands.

The creature is in a cemetery, a metallic cemetery. Thousands of dead pieces turning in the space without ever stopping. It feels like death is awake. Some pieces are so small, it's like they are not here...
Some are so big, bigger than him.

Encircling him, these metal chips are orbiting.
He is just afraid that one hits him again, they are so close, so fast, so numerous.

He just saw one hitting another. It provoked an explosion of powder and a rain of shiny chips. It just multiply the amount of flying metals, a multiplication of stars' forgery in the sky.

It makes him feel sad, he is crying silvery tears.

Mutated creature, he got to mourn from his own death. Walking slowly into the precious lair, he has to be careful, the mourning shell do not accept negative energies. Constructed out of a special weaving, the walls contains a certain power, an emotions' filter, putting to the side sadness, anger and vice.

The monster is lying down and being lulled. The stars devour him through the holes of the shell, and this is how it is suppose to be.

Starting to hear acute sounds, he realises that the ritual started. Hallucinating, he sees shapes dancing along the walls, the shadows of his old life saying goodbye.

The space is getting transformed into a reassuring cave.
Peace and acceptance reign in here.

He swings in this tilting apparatus.
His head still floats around in the life side, but in the same time he is being devoured by death through his feet.
This is the loop from life to death, to death to life.

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