

TOPOGRAPHY WITHOUT COORDINATES

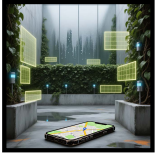
Petermfriess
SAFETY ORANGE EDITION

AGAINST THE MAP

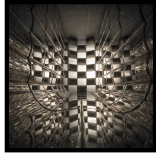
NOT A MAP. A SIGNAL.

LESS RESOLUTION, MORE RESONANCE.

HOLD STILL. THEN MOVE.



FF01



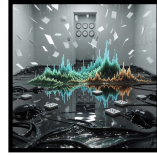
FF02



FF03



FF04



FF05



FF06



FF07



FF08



FF09



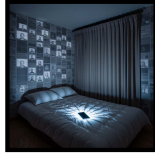
FF10



FF11



FF12



FF13



FF14



FF15



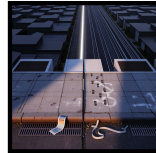
FF16



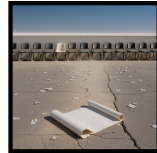
FF17



FF18



FF19



FF20



FF21

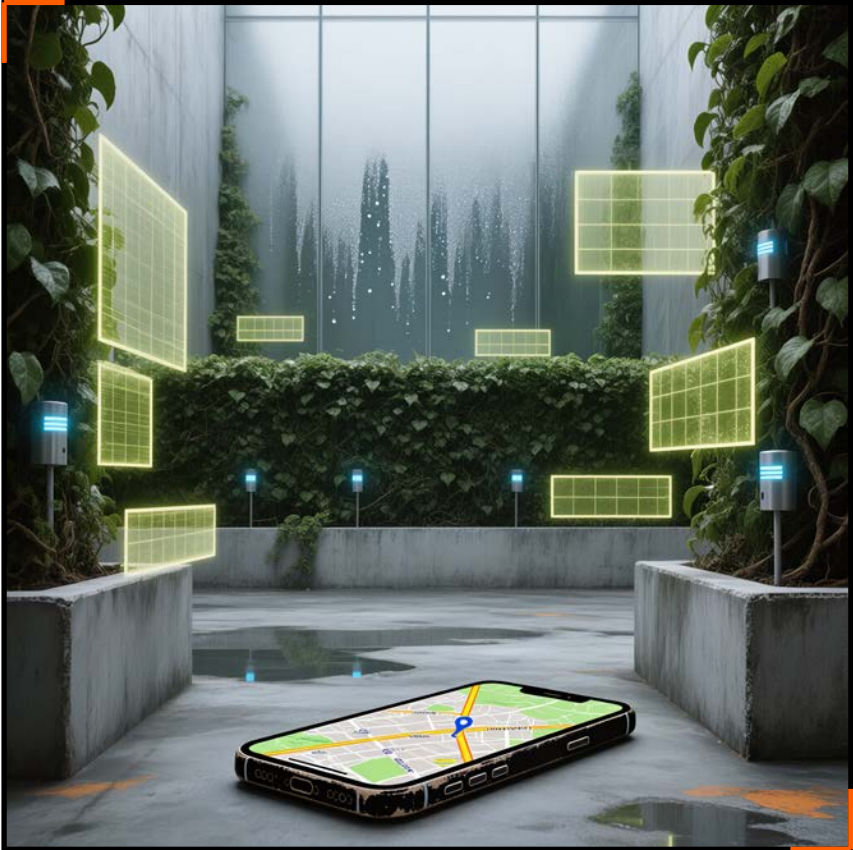


FF22



FF23

FF01 — Afterimage of the Future



Afterimage of the Future

FRAGMENT FOR A LOST CAR TOGRAPHY

It is as if the world were speaking in a dialect we have not quite forgotten, yet no longer master. Between algorithms and waste heat, between cloud storage and collapsing ecosystems, wanders a consciousness that once thought itself autonomous. It is called Subject.

The streets are smoothed out, intelligent, empty. Surveillance is no longer a crime but a service. And the soul, if it ever existed, has changed its address – it now lives in interfaces, swipes right, likes the rain that no longer falls. The human being, who once called 'nature' that which exceeded him, now calls 'malfunction' that which eludes his control. When the forest dies, the metaphor dies too. And what is a poem without trees?

In the digital echo chambers, silence and opinion roar against each other. Truth has become a frequency that only rarely breaks through the noise. And yet they sit there, night after night, dazzled by the blue light that is no longer fire. The great acceleration is over. What remains is a circling. Around itself. Around a sun of data, around a hope that can be adjusted algorithmically.

But perhaps – perhaps – somewhere in the cold room of a server farm, there stands a verse, fleetingly coded, that says: "I was here. I have felt."

FF02 — Echo Chamber



Echo Chamber

OPEN 24/7

It is as if every word spoken now circles inside a sealed room, bouncing back dressed in static, until even the meaning forgets where it started and we forget we ever meant to listen for something that didn't sound like our own voice. Between the hum of constant updates and the comfort of a screen that never sleeps, the self dissolves into fragments, each shaped to please the next scroll, a restless need to be seen until there's no one left to see us whole.

Silence, once a shelter for thought, has become an error we rush to fill with noise, opinions stacked like empty boxes, so light they blow away at dawn before they can be carried anywhere worth staying.

Truth drifts like an old frequency beneath the glow, a faint signal we tune out with every swipe, fingers trained to choose the next easy thrill instead of the fact that might require us to shut our mouths.

The night used to be where the mind closed itself, a boundary softer than the day, but now it flickers with faces and light, each promise burning a hole in sleep that no dream can seal again. Somewhere, behind the static, a voice still waits, unmirrored, asking only to be heard once without returning as an echo. And if you listen long enough, you may find it carries a truth too quiet for the walls to contain.



Influence

ASMLLCEREMONY

The face blooms when the light demands it, trained to stay bright enough to please but soft enough to feel true, an expression that learns to survive in the eyes of strangers who want to believe they're the ones holding it up.

Between the hush that comes after the post and the hush that never arrives, privacy splits itself into little pieces for the feed, each fragment polished to look like trust but hollow enough not to weigh down the hand that holds it.

The bedroom turns studio, the mess turns proof, the mirror turns witness to a small ritual that repeats until the mask fits like skin, so close to real that you forget you ever put it on. Confession sells best when it leaves just enough behind the curtain to keep the watchers leaning forward, hungry for the next reveal that won't hurt them, a vulnerability rehearsed to be soft, never sharp.

When the ring light dies, the face does not, lingering in the glass, remembering how it looked when the watchers were still awake, when the comments still made the room feel warmer than the dark.

And in the glass, after the watchers leave, remains a face unperformed, whispering to no one: this is mine. A fragment unlit, unshared, proof that even masks can leave behind a shadow of the real.

FF04 — Climate Control



Climate Control

VERSION 11.0

The air rests gentle on our skin, trained to feel like safety while the world just beyond the sealed glass cracks and smolders, a soft lie we buy so the storm will wait and the forecast can keep its polite voice.

Hope arrives shrink-wrapped in numbers and carbon credits, a ledger that forgives our daily damage with math we trust more than the old language of clouds, rivers, roots we've forgotten how to listen to when they speak.

Roots break through pavement like old truths that refuse to stay buried, patient reminders that nature does not care for the edges we draw around our comfort or the coins we drop in our private wells of guilt.

A forest burns where the city line ends but the vent hums clean, the bottle stays cold, the data makes us believe tomorrow's fire can be outsourced to someone else's sky, somewhere far enough to forget its smell.

Once the horizon asked questions too big for our numbers, too raw for our polite denials, but now we refresh it like a feed, waiting for it to promise us the same safe day again and again. Still, the sky waits beyond the sealed glass, patient as a breath we forgot belonged to us. When it breaks through, it will not ask for numbers, only whether we remember how to walk beneath it.



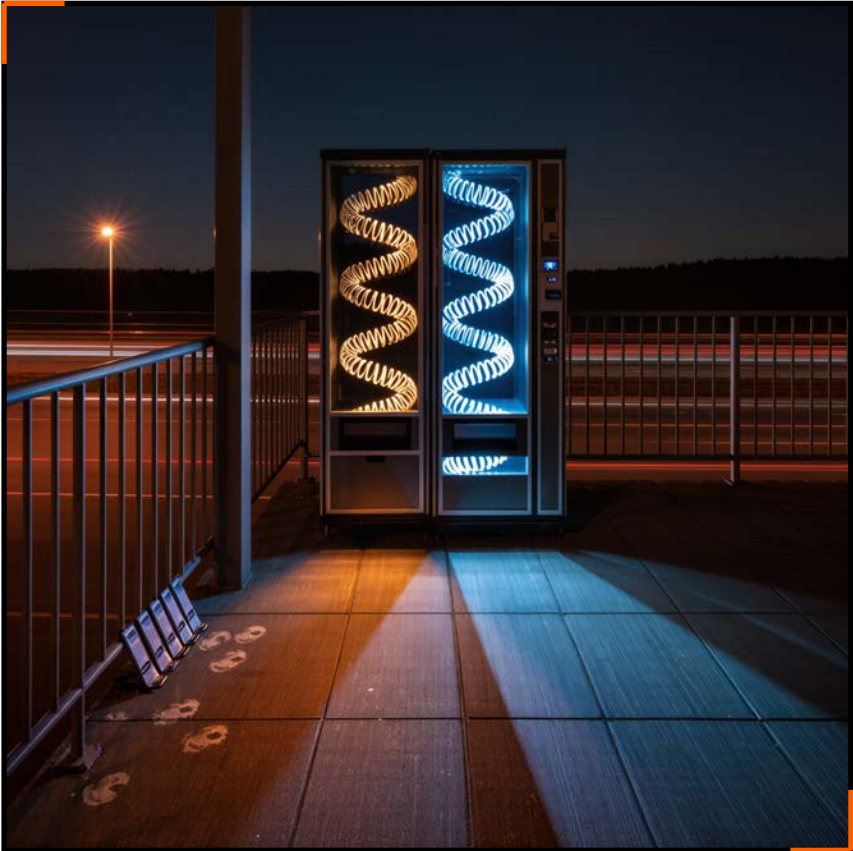
Work

AMACHINETHATBREATHES

The day begins before the mind remembers it is awake, with a screen already humming instructions and a pulse of tasks that promises to build a life worth sleeping for, yet each hour slips into the next like water poured back into itself. Between polite meetings and silent checkboxes, the self learns to fragment behind usernames, a performance so seamless we forget the body slumped in a chair, blinking away thoughts of places where the clock does not measure how much you are worth. Once the ache of work ended when dusk arrived, honest sweat rinsed away by a dark that asked nothing more than to be carried to bed, but now the ache hums beneath the skin, impossible to name to those who count in graphs.

The break room becomes another glowing window, a moment to scroll through someone else's escape, a reminder that freedom exists somewhere behind another password, another login, a dream borrowed from a feed that sells rest like a luxury we cannot touch.

Dreams arrive in shallow drafts when the mind tries to remember what it feels like to want something that cannot be turned into a deliverable, a want soft enough to hold but too slippery to fit on a calendar that owns every tomorrow. Somewhere under the inbox hum, a silence presses forward, steady enough to remind you that you are not made of graphs. And in that pause, the body recalls itself, waiting for a rhythm no clock can own.



Love

AVERSION WITH HEDGES

It hangs over freeway motels and dating apps, a word that sells well in neon and hashtags, soft enough to slip between a swipe and a sigh, familiar enough to forget how heavy it feels when spoken with your mouth full of doubt.

Between DMs and Sunday morning goodbyes, desire drifts through conversations that promise forever in 280 characters, but vanish at the first red light when a better offer pings from a name you can't recall until they ghost you too.

What once needed letters tucked under pillows now flickers in texts you read alone in bed, the same sheets that hold the scent of someone who meant it at midnight but meant nothing by breakfast, a promise as temporary as the Wi-Fi. Bodies press together like puzzle pieces with edges still raw, clothes half-on in the Uber back to a place that isn't home, both of you pretending you'll stay until the alarm reminds you to slip out quietly before coffee.

Outside, the city hums with porch lights and TV laugh tracks, each window a reminder that someone's love might outlast yours if only they can afford the rent to keep a promise alive longer than the next electricity bill.

Even now, beneath motel curtains and blue light, the word lingers, heavy enough to bruise, strong enough to stay. And when spoken without fear, it cuts through the static with a weight no swipe can erase.



Nature

THE UNWRITTEN REPLY

It waits at the edges of cul-de-sacs and freeways, curling its green fingers through chain-link fences that wrap around vacant lots behind billboards promising progress in the shape of a new mall, the roots ignoring our slogans like they always have.

Between the hum of AC units and the hum of bees we hardly notice anymore, the old language hums too – rivers that once meant routes for railroads now slip beneath golf courses and subdivisions, carrying our chemicals back to our taps.

We pave over memory with fresh asphalt each spring, but the cracks return, weeds poking through blacktop like commas in a sentence we forgot we were writing with every tree we cut for drive-thrus and parking spots that gleam under carwash suns. The American dream likes its grass trimmed and its dirt covered, so we sell wildness in bags at Home Depot, promise paradise on cul-de-sac lawns that thirst for sprinklers when rain is just another storm that floods the next county first. Kids bury seeds next to the tire swing out back, their hands remembering the smell before they learn to call the yard a liability, a patch that stays green as long as the sprinklers stay on and the fence stays locked.

Still, the soil writes its reply in roots, spelling out the story we tried to pave over but never erased. And somewhere beneath the asphalt's skin, the earth keeps whispering: I remain, whether you name me or not, whether you listen or not.

FF08 — Consumption



Consumption

WHAT WE SWALLOW QUIETLY

It shows up on our porches like a promise that tomorrow will taste better if today comes packed in cardboard stamped with a smile, an easy transaction that feels like reward for surviving another day in a city that forgets you by sunset.

Between the click and the doorstep, the thrill is sugar on the tongue – we unwrap our loneliness in bubble wrap and tape, each item another souvenir from a country built on the idea that wanting more makes us freer than wanting nothing.

What once cost sweat now costs credit, the rush of next-day delivery replacing the old ache of waiting, a virtue we call outdated while we refresh tracking numbers like bedtime stories for adults who dream in two-day shipping guarantees.

The trash cans line up in driveways like tombstones for the selves we tried on last week, a graveyard of good deals stacked behind strip malls, each plastic relic a receipt we'd rather bury than confess in the blue bin.

We wash our guilt with biodegradable packaging and influencers who film unboxings in kitchens, promising a better version of you is just one more haul away, a performance sponsored by your hunger for less of what you already have.

And when the wrappers are gone, you find the ache still there, sharper for having been fed. It waits in the hollow of your chest, proof that the appetite was never for things at all, but for a kind of fullness that no order can deliver.

FF09 — Faith



Faith

A F R A G I L E F R E Q U E N C Y

It lingers faint now, a trace beneath strip-mall sanctuaries and podcast pulpits, a hush disguised as advertising copy that promises blessings quick as delivery, skipping the part where faith costs more than applause.

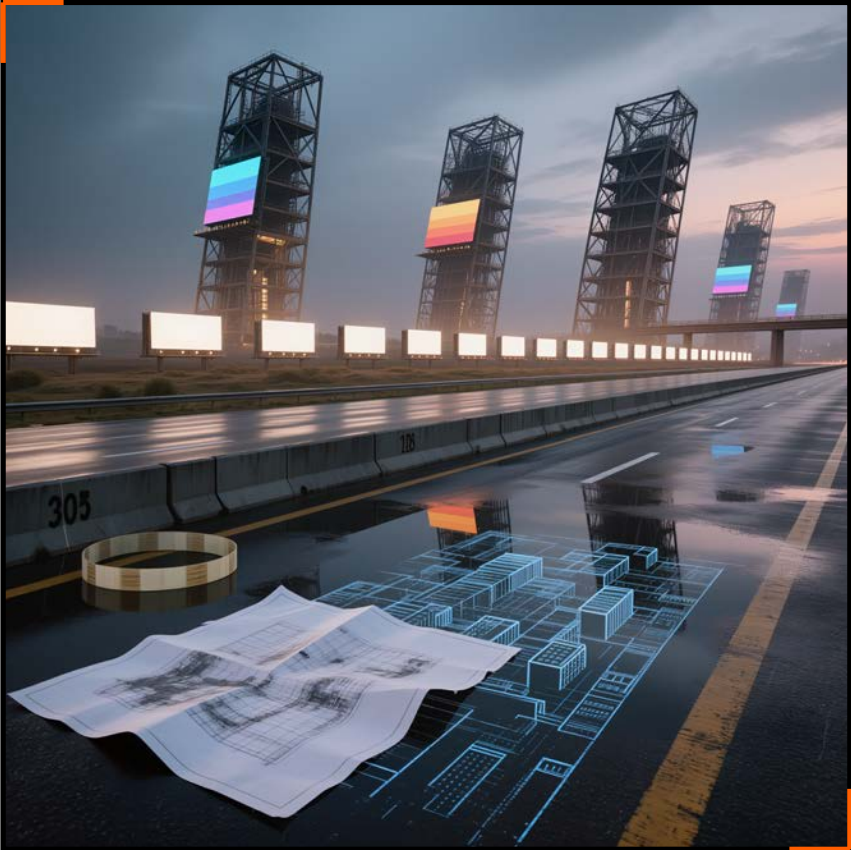
Between the hush of Sunday morning coffee and the glow of podcast prophets, we build smaller altars out of daily affirmations and TikTok tarot, each ritual sized for screens we keep in our pockets like digital rosaries.

Once belief asked us to bow together under stained glass, but now it floats in meditation apps that soothe our guilt with ambient music, a subscription that delivers peace in ten-minute sessions designed not to outlast our attention span. Doubt curls up in pews abandoned for yoga mats and algorithm prayers, each breath a confession that we are still afraid to say we want forgiveness, still afraid to admit we forgot the words that stitched our mothers' hands together in the dark.

Faith survives in stories told to kids who ask why the sky does not answer back when they whisper its name, their small voices proof that wonder hums even when we drape it in hashtags that sell it as personal growth.

Somewhere in the hush, a frequency endures, faint but unbroken, carrying a word older than belief itself. And if you pause in the dark long enough, it might still steady your breath like a hand on your shoulder.

FF10 — Future



Future

ADRAFTWITHNOSIGNATURE

It drifts just out of reach on billboards that flicker above six-lane highways, the promise of tomorrow shaped by venture capital slides that sell us better lives in bullet points we never signed but pay for every time we swipe.

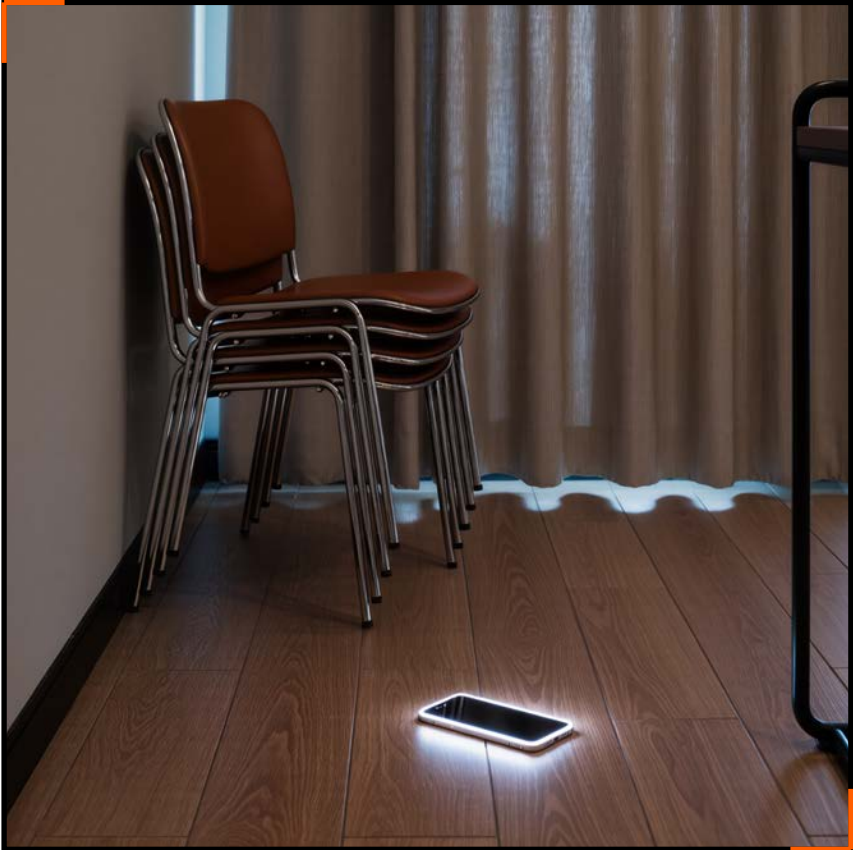
Between self-driving cars and suburban basements stocked for the next big blackout, we dream a future designed by people who expect not to live in it, but to own the stories we tell ourselves while waiting for it to arrive.

Once our grandmothers packed hope into quilts and fruit jars, but now we pin it to mood boards and Instagram quotes that fade overnight, a softer apocalypse stitched together with merch that promises a next chapter none of us can name.

Our kids inherit cities written in shorthand, designs scribbled on scraps meant to be thrown away, their streets poured over ground that once held silence, the horizon split wide open by towers of steel and screens that never sleep. When we say tomorrow, our voices tremble at the edges, our faith outsourced to Silicon Valley pitch decks and streaming shows that imagine the end of the world as entertainment with product placement and a happy ending for prime subscribers.

Still, the horizon waits unclaimed, not in contracts or feeds but in the breath that names it, a blank page trembling between our hands. It does not arrive polished or promised, but raw, as to imagine a tomorrow not built from scarcity or fear but from the fragile courage to believe our words might outlast the blue light.

FF11 — Loneliness



Loneliness

A COMMON CURRENCY

It hums behind the noise we build to outrun it, a soft pulse that seeps through the gap between the podcast playing in the shower and the faces in the group chat that promise company but vanish before your thumbs can type out what you really meant.

Between crowded bars and empty apartments, the city offers its loneliness like a special deal you can cancel anytime, a subscription to human warmth that charges your card even when no one shows up to hold your head steady when the lights fail.

Once the quiet was a place to grow something stronger than chatter, a dark that asked you to sit long enough with yourself to know its corners by heart, but now the silence feels sharp as a doorbell no one rings anymore.

We keep the glow on all night so the dark can't remind us of what it means to miss a voice, scrolling through people who promise we'd like each other if only the miles would melt or the rent would drop or the nerves would shut up.

Hope comes in voice notes you play twice, proof that the hush inside you can still be seen by someone far enough away that their disappointment won't sting when the conversation dries out like beer foam at closing time.

And when the messages stop altogether, the hush remains, steady as a pulse you almost forgot was yours, asking if loneliness was never an empty room but the first doorway back to yourself.

FF12 — Nostalgia



Nostalgia

AMANUFACTUREDMEMORY

It rises in the glow of streetlights over empty playgrounds, shadows stretched long across rusted swings, a reminder that what we call nostalgia is often just the ache of recognizing time will not circle back.

Between playlists called Throwback and sitcom reruns that promise simpler punchlines, we trade the present for the sweet ache of a place we've redesigned in our heads, a memory so smooth it leaves out the bruises we kept under our sleeves. The neon still flickers over abandoned arcades and shuttered bowling alleys, their signs buzzing like faint heartbeats for a world already gone. We buy pieces of it secondhand – scratched DVDs, worn jerseys, old ticket stubs – pretending the past can be replayed, though what returns is only an echo blurred by time.

Once the past was a place you could stand inside without irony, but now it's a brand you wear on hoodies and vintage hats, a costume for parties that ask you to act surprised when you remember how the song ends.

We feed the feeling with filters that make the new old again, Polaroid apps and scratches faked for likes, proof that this moment too will become another souvenir in the box we keep under the bed for nights when the future feels thin.

Even when the lights dim and the reels stop turning, the past hums on in fragments – unfinished, but alive. It reminds us that memory, only faithful enough to let us feel the weight of what we once carried and still do.

FF13 — Distraction



Distraction

A S O F T C A G E

It lives in your pocket, bright enough to burn the corners of your vision even when your eyelids beg for darkness, a hum that promises relief from the one question you don't want answered when the house goes still after midnight.

After the headlines break before you can hold them and the reels that loop until the laughter forgets its joke, the mind becomes a window with too many channels, each one asking you to stay awake just long enough to forget the last.

Once we carried boredom like fertile soil, a quiet where stories grew wild and unsummoned, but now the ground has thinned to dust, imagination traded for loops so bright they leave no shadow deep enough to dream in.

We scroll through the ache like an old injury we poke just to feel alive, distracted from the truth that the hum does not soothe but devours the hour we could have spent speaking our own name without needing applause.

The glow promises you're not alone but forgets to mention the silence is still waiting when you power down, the hush at the edge of the bed that knows how to carry your secrets better than the next lockscreen notification.

And when the glow finally dies, the silence opens, wide as the soil we once carried, asking if we still remember how to plant a thought without witnesses and let it grow wild enough to return our name.

FF14 — Escape



Escape

A FALSE HORIZON

It arrives in curated feeds and glossy ads, painting escape as a horizon always within reach, a bright mirage that convinces you you'll find yourself out there, though all you ever pack is the same unfinished weight.

Between the van life reels and influencer posts that dress ruin as adventure, we swallow the idea that escape is an option for everyone, that a tank of gas and a pop-up tent can erase the shape of what you've made here.

Once running was enough, shoes on pavement that turned small towns into blurred postcards, but now you book the getaway on borrowed credit, the new place a mirror that only loves you until the next bill asks what you're really running from. The American highway hums with promises of exits that open onto motels where no one knows your name, a neon vacancy that tastes sweeter than the arguments waiting behind a locked door you still call home out of habit.

Hope drives itself west into sunsets that do not care who sits in the driver's seat, the desert swallowing your secrets with the same soft hush it offered to the ones who came before you, thinking the horizon would forgive what they carried. And beyond the highway's horizon, the weight waits unchanged, asking only whether you will turn to face it. For no desert, no ocean, can outrun what follows in the soles of your own shoes.



Violence

A FAMILIAR GHOST

It drifts through the headlines like a phantom siren, the same streets that insist on safety sketching pale outlines around lives erased too quickly, yet you pocket their shadows in notifications that blink once, then vanish, leaving the echo heavier than the news itself.

Between the gated communities and the locked car doors at stoplights, we learn to name fear by zip code, to trace it in the trembling of a hand clutching a keychain shaped like a tiny, sharpened wing just in case.

Once the threat wore boots and crossed borders to prove itself righteous, but now it slides through grocery aisles and parking lots, your kids' schools and concert gates, each bullet a small democracy reminding you who is not allowed to breathe.

We bury the dead with teddy bears and candle vigils, thoughts and prayers like confetti scattered on a sidewalk that remembers more blood than the flags we hang from the porch on holidays that promise freedom.

The night vibrates with sirens and spotlight beams, a restless music that keeps whole neighborhoods awake, each sweep across the windows a reminder that safety is just another story told louder than fear.

Even after the sirens fade, the ghost leans in, reminding us that every body once carried a name. And in that whisper, the city reveals what it has always known: memory bleeds longer than news cycles.



Hope

A SOFT RESIDUE

It flickers at first, faint as a candle behind your ribs, but grows steadier each time you risk speaking without apology. What the world tried to scatter into fragments begins to gather itself again, waiting for you to notice it was never truly gone. Between profiles rewritten and usernames worn like armor, something constant endures, a thread woven through all the versions you've been asked to perform. Beneath the surface noise, a marrow of self remains, untouched by the glass that pretends to sell it back to you.

Once your name felt like a question you could barely whisper, brittle on your tongue, fragile as paper left in the rain. But now it settles as an answer, syllables reshaped until they rest in your mouth like shelter, undeniable in your chest.

The models still shine in reels, the ads still promise belonging, but their brightness grows pale beside the sharper truth that returns when you stand still long enough to meet your own reflection. Presence pulls you back from the blur, insisting you belong nowhere but here.

Hope lives in that clarity – in the laugh you don't disguise, in the friend who lingers long enough to say your name as if it has always belonged to you, in the stranger's scribble on tile that carries your word. These fragments knit themselves into proof you were never alone in your becoming.

And when the night quiets, when the screen dims and the glass stops speaking, what remains is simple: the mirror giving you back your face, not borrowed, not blurred, but yours – steady, whole, and finally enough to stand.



Identity

ABORROWEDMIRROR

It shifts behind your eyes when you scroll through faces brighter than yours, a mirror that forgets the edges you once traced alone, now smudged with the fingerprints of everyone who says they see you but never bother to stay.

Between pronouns and profile bios, the self fractures into versions built for the feed, each piece more honest than the last until you can't remember which one you sent to bed with your phone and which one answers when you wake.

Once your name fit in your mouth like a stone you chose to swallow, a truth heavy enough to anchor your ribs, but now it drifts through hashtags and corporate slogans that promise acceptance if you keep the receipts close.

The mall sells you your skin back in sizes that don't touch the seams you learned to hide, your body pinned between mannequins and models too smooth to bleed when the mirror forgets who you are again.

Hope dwells in the bathroom stall where a stranger writes your word on tile, a small vow that maybe you're not the only ghost looking for a place that knows how to hold your shape without asking you to pay.

And in the blue hush, a face steadies itself, saying simply: I am still mine. Even if the mirrors forget, even if the masks multiply, the identity waits patient at the root.

FF18 — Addiction



Addiction

AKINDNESSTHATCUTS

It pulses in the soft corners of the mind where hunger waits, promising relief that feels like kindness at first, the mouth sweet with the lie that this time the ache will stay gone long enough for your hands to stop trembling.

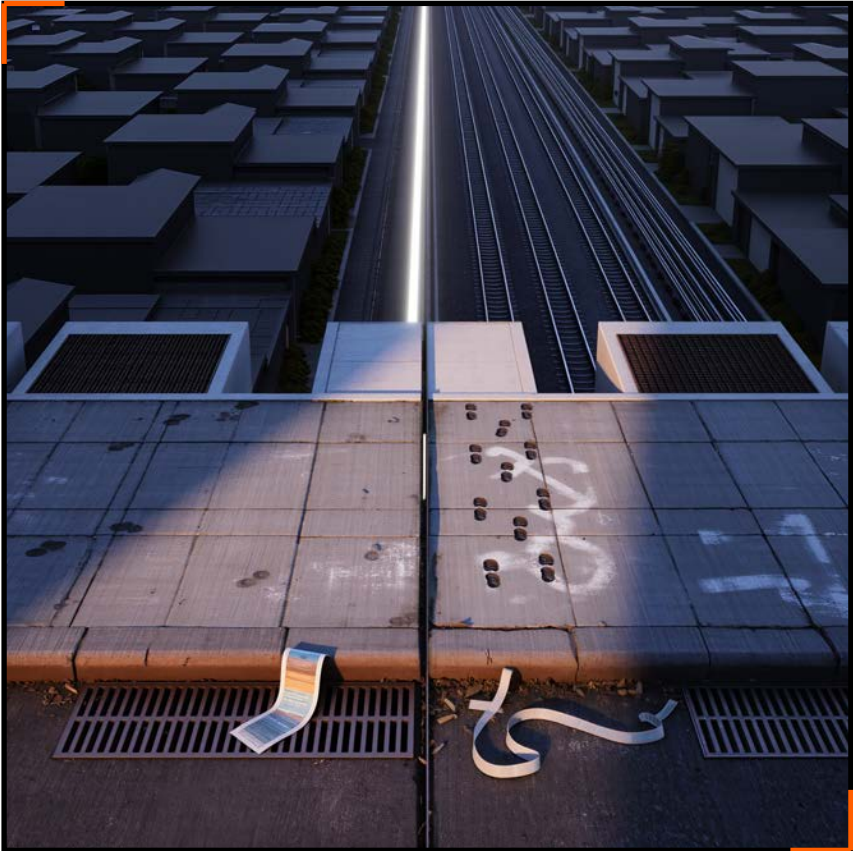
Between neon signs and recharge station aisles, the bottle slides into your palm like an old friend who never asks questions, its plastic glass throat whispering that the night is shorter when you pour it down your throat fast enough to skip the dream.

Once the poison was a prayer you drank slow in church basements where confessions sounded like hope, but now it drips through screens and pill bottles your name decorates in pharmacy print that forgets you by morning.

Your dealer waits with steady fingers while yours shake, taking the money you can barely count, offering back the small mercy that burns your ribs clean, a trade you make in pieces of yourself you never plan to reclaim.

Outside, the city sparkles with people who think freedom is just willpower in a cup, never knowing the hum that stays behind your teeth when the high fades and the hush comes for your name like a debt you cannot settle.

Even when the high recedes, a breath remains, whispering: you are not only this hunger. And though the ache returns, so too does the body's quiet plea to be more than its trembling.



Borders

ANIMAGINARYLINE

They stretch across highways and fences like scars nobody wants to claim, lines written on maps by hands that never stood here long enough to smell the dust that settles on bones buried before the flag learned which side they belonged to.

Between cardboard signs and plastic wristbands, bodies stand pressed against the glow, their names reduced to numbers, their shadows stretched thin under lights that demand answers no language can safely give.

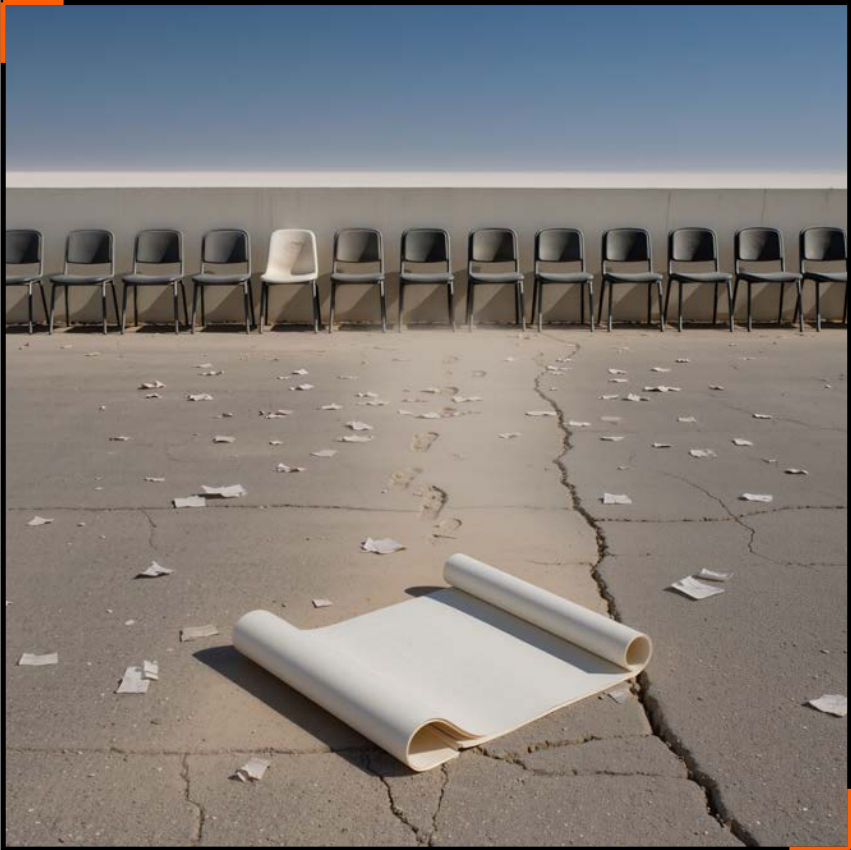
Once the line was a mark on paper, but now it towers in steel and checkpoints, each wall a language that says you are not welcome, each fence a reminder that geography can be turned into a weapon.

We argue about the walls like they're new, forgetting the small fences that run through every suburb, each welcome mat a password only certain feet are allowed to stand on without the neighborhood app deciding you don't belong here.

Hope pulses under car seats and bus tickets, slips through truck beds and train yards, a prayer that the horizon still wants you when your shoes give out, your name changed by every mouth that says you cost too much to keep.

Still, the horizon resists division, stretching wide to remind us it was never ours to cut. And in that unbroken span, a softer belonging stirs, asking us to cross back into ourselves.

FF20 — Death



Death

AN UNOPENED LETTER

It arrives without a return address, slipped beneath the door while you are still asleep, an envelope you never asked for but always knew was arriving. The paper waits, heavy as breath against the ribs.

Between waiting rooms and midnight clocks, we stall for one more hour, one more word, pretending delay could change the handwriting already pressed into the page. The body keeps the appointment whether or not we read it.

Once we dressed it in hymns and casseroles, grief carried in handshakes and doorsteps, but now it flickers past in feeds, condolences scrolled like headlines, loss reduced to something you click and keep moving.

Your voice survives in recordings, replayed until static frays the edges, a sound both too near and too far, proving memory can cling longer than flesh.

Still, in photographs and folded shirts, a trace remains – your scent, your weight in the fabric, evidence that touch lingers stubbornly after the hand is gone.

And when the letter is finally opened, it does not close the story but splits it, leaving pages blank where your name should be.

We carry them forward, writing around the absence, learning to live with the sentence unfinished.



War

THE ENDLESS MARCH

It drifts behind cable news clips and flag pins, a chord we pretend is history until the next headline drags us back to fields we cannot name, faces we pretend to mourn while the ticker reminds us to check the market's pulse instead. Between poppies pinned to lapels and TikToks of tanks rolling through cities that look like ours if you squint, we buy the lie that war is far away, a noise behind the fence that will never rattle our backyard gates in the night.

Once it was letters read by candlelight, hands trembling over script that said I love you more than this gun will ever understand, but now it's drone feeds and hashtags, gone almost instantly, replaced by whatever comes next, as if grief were just another update in the queue.

The children learn its echo from playground rumors and video games that sell bravery in VR, each bullet a pixel that forgets how heavy metal feels when it tears through skin and memory, rewriting courage as just another click.

Hope wears camouflage now, stitched into uniforms that promise you a chance to come home whole, even as the silence behind your ribs whispers that your face might outlive your body only as a folded flag on someone's porch.

Even after the parades end, the cord lingers, low and unresolved, reminding us that the only side was always life itself. In its aftermath, the soil keeps the record, carrying every name – whether shouted, whispered, or left behind in silence.



Silence

A M O U T H T H A T K N O W S

It waits behind every word you did not say when the room asked for your voice, swallowed like a bitter pill that leaves a trace on your tongue each time you try to name the ache lodged between your ribs when the lights flicker out. Between the roar of cities and the seal of headphones pressed to ears that cannot bear the questions, the mouth learns to close before it admits something that might echo longer than the apology you keep rehearsed for later. There was a time when silence was a refuge, a cathedral raised from unspoken prayers, but now it feels like a sentence, the feed unable to soften its edges with another post, the quiet sharpened into punishment for forgetting how to say what does not trend. Your name still carries the echo of your mother's hand across your lips when the door slammed downstairs, teaching you early that the wrong words could cut deeper than any blade if spoken to the wrong room.

We text the confessions we would never let escape aloud, blame algorithms for the way our voices falter, let the unsaid accrue interest on every story we keep locked behind our teeth until the molars grind them to powder.

And yet, inside that stillness, another word waits – fragile, untarnished, daring to be spoken for the first time. A syllable sharp enough to break, soft enough to stay.



Joy

ACARTOGRAPHYOFLIGHT

It is as if joy were speaking in a dialect we never fully lost, though the world keeps trying to translate it into silence. Between debt notices and breaking news, between rent hikes and restless nights, it sparks anyway, uninvited but undeniable. The streets remain fractured, restless, watched – and still, laughter slips through the cracks, sudden enough to confuse the frame, too alive to flatten into data.

What once was hidden in kitchens now spills into alleys and porches, a song off-key but shared, carrying itself further than despair intended.

Against the blue light of feeds, against the headlines that measure ruin, joy insists on being more than distraction. It is evidence: the body has not surrendered everything.

The great acceleration is over. What remains is not circling but insistence, stitched into gatherings, paper plates, small flares that map themselves across the night.

And perhaps – perhaps – joy leaves nothing behind but a trace, bright enough to resist erasure. A final flare that says: I was here. I endure. I will be here.

Twenty-three Freeze Frames: not a map but a signal. They cut into the scroll and hold it still, long enough for the afterimage to speak. What leaks through the feed and stains the day comes into focus – noise that pretends to be truth, comfort that rides a collapsing horizon, work that hums louder than the pulse. Borders appear on bodies and neighborhoods; violence redraws what used to be familiar streets. Faith flickers like a status light.

And yet there are counter-currents. Hope, a soft residue that refuses to wash out. Love, a version with edges that doesn't shy away from friction. Joy, a small defiance that knows how to stay. Brinkmann's unrest is the tuning fork in the background; pop culture stares back until its clichés show bone. Language learns a new gait here, part human step, part machine scansion. AI stands not behind the page but inside the voice – amplifier, interference, collaborator – stretching the line to see what holds.

These fragments were written to travel.

SAFETY ORANGE EDITION

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