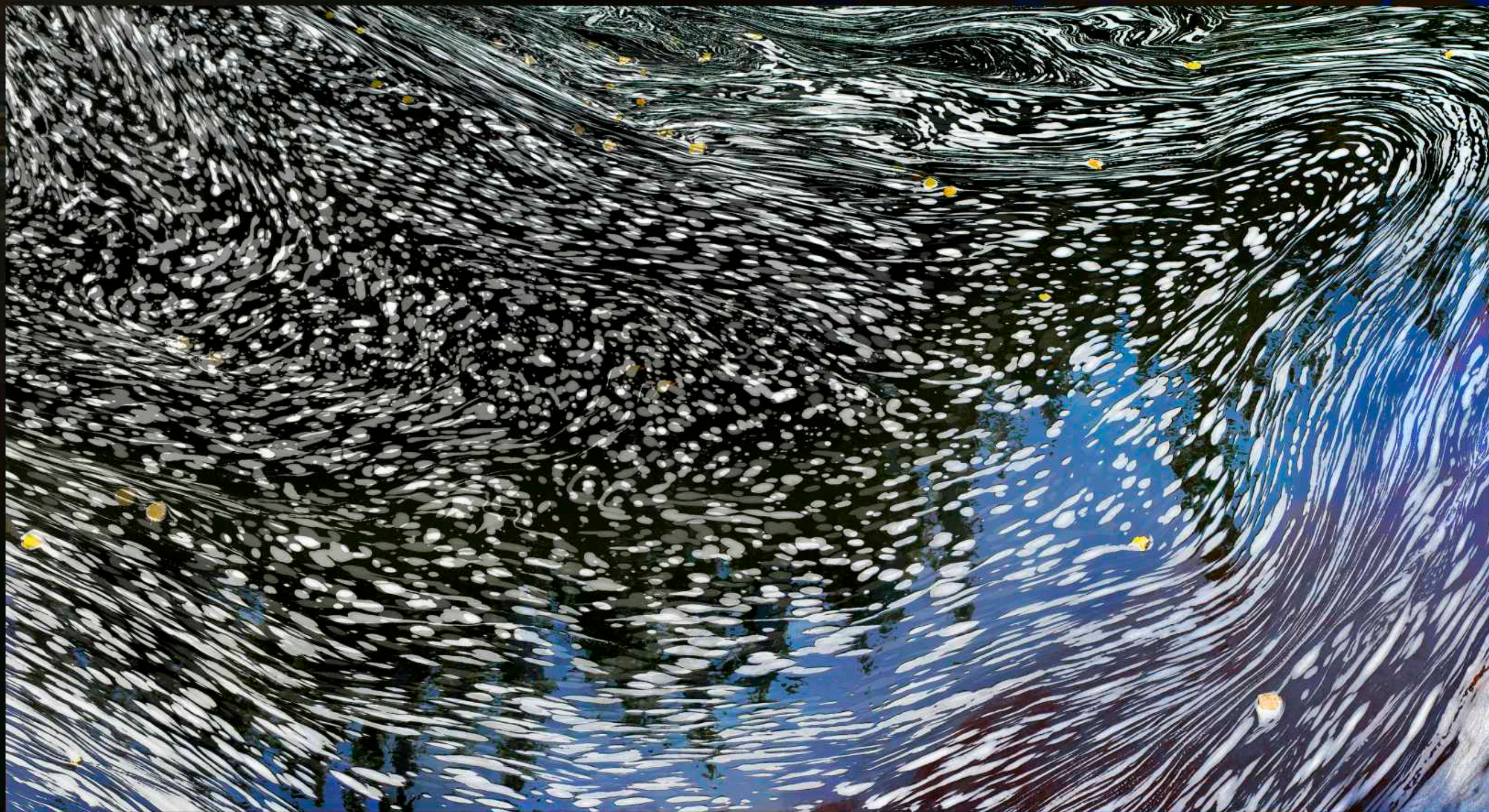


An Aqueous Mind



Janusz Wrobel

An Aqueous Mind

Since birth, I have been using my senses, as we all do, to tirelessly create an image of the world. Despite what neuroscience tells me, it's hard to take that the world as I came to know it resides primarily in my head. Effectively, my experiences or lack thereof, "shape" the world in my mind.

The wonder of human evolution is that it equipped us all to feel in control of reality without often knowing anything about it. Thus, we predict ourselves into it all the time. After all, our consciousness is a space of possibilities, an alternative to a singularity of choice. It propelled us to where we are, regardless of risk or casualties.

My travels had no particular destinations. They eventually appeared in an elevated state of alertness and concentration. Arriving somewhere was to reach some level of awareness. Staying there was the emergence of the understanding grounds.

We are all busy throughout our lives, endlessly mapping out states of being in our brains, a wealth of material to connect with the strands of meaning.

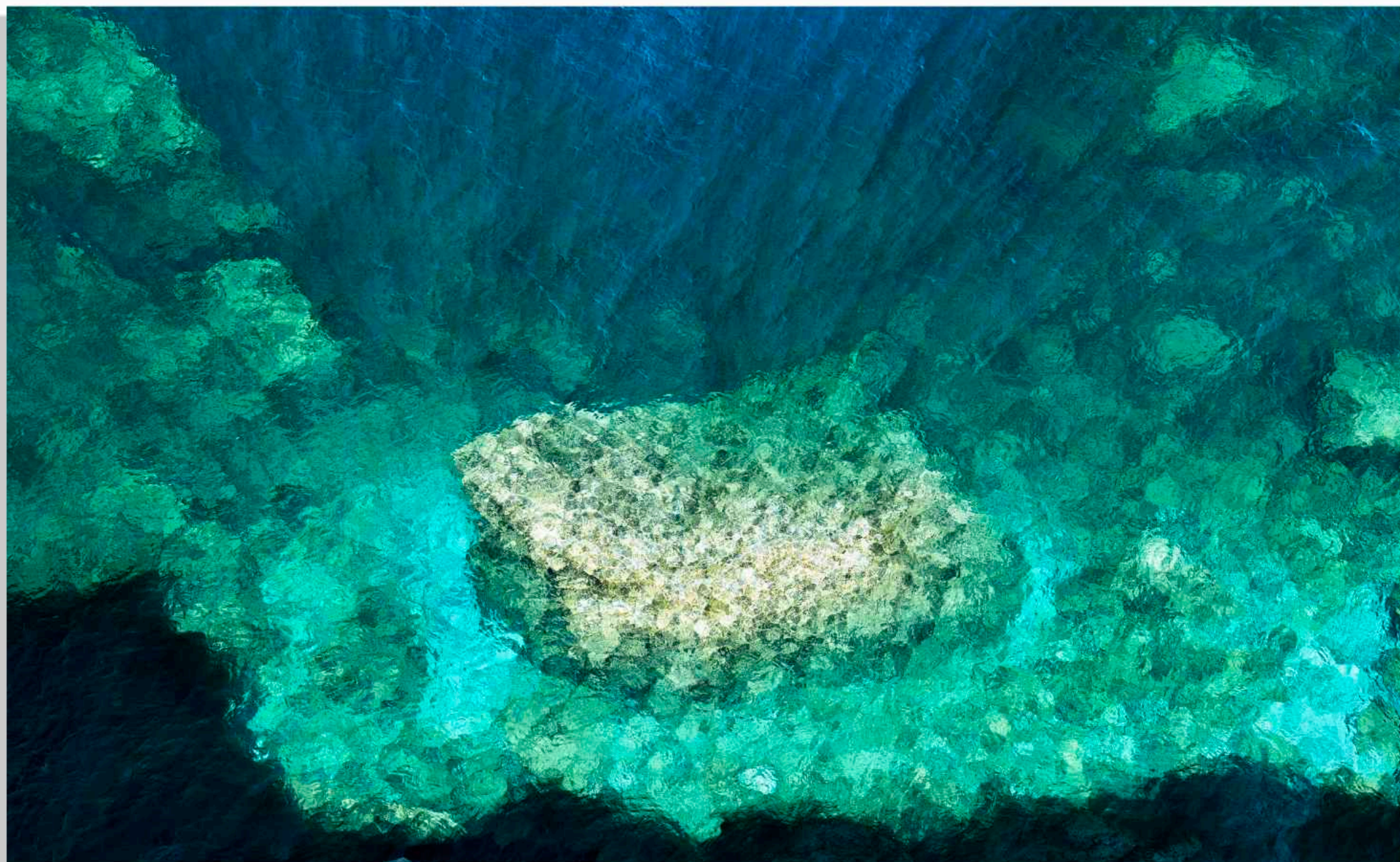
On those grounds, my mind begins to wander. Unhinged, unrestrained by anything but the profound mystery of Life, a knowledge scheme that unravels as an assemblage of the various molecular scripts perfected by accidents in their execution. The outcome of chances once challenged and lived through.

We all travel somehow or somewhere. Common destinations are elusive grounds, felt from distances yet to be breached on this lonely planet.



The sentience of a morning swim, night dreams fast fading.
The coolness of water brushing my skin, the warmth of my blood rushing throughout my body.

Feeling fully alive.



"Life is Motion"

An idea, an electric firestorm across my brain's vast network of neuron connections, a watery vessel, a home to all my thoughts.
Could I ever see the polarity of water molecules that makes it happen?



"Water is Life"

I have seen many records of human thoughts in libraries.
I still haven't found how I could touch or feel Life.



stillness is ultimate
time is ultimate

I was growing up when the restraints imposed on my mind had roused opposite effects.
Now, it appears that I chose them voluntarily.



Why do I keep coming up here?
Is it to escape from a collective delusion, the belief that one can conquer the sun, time, or water?



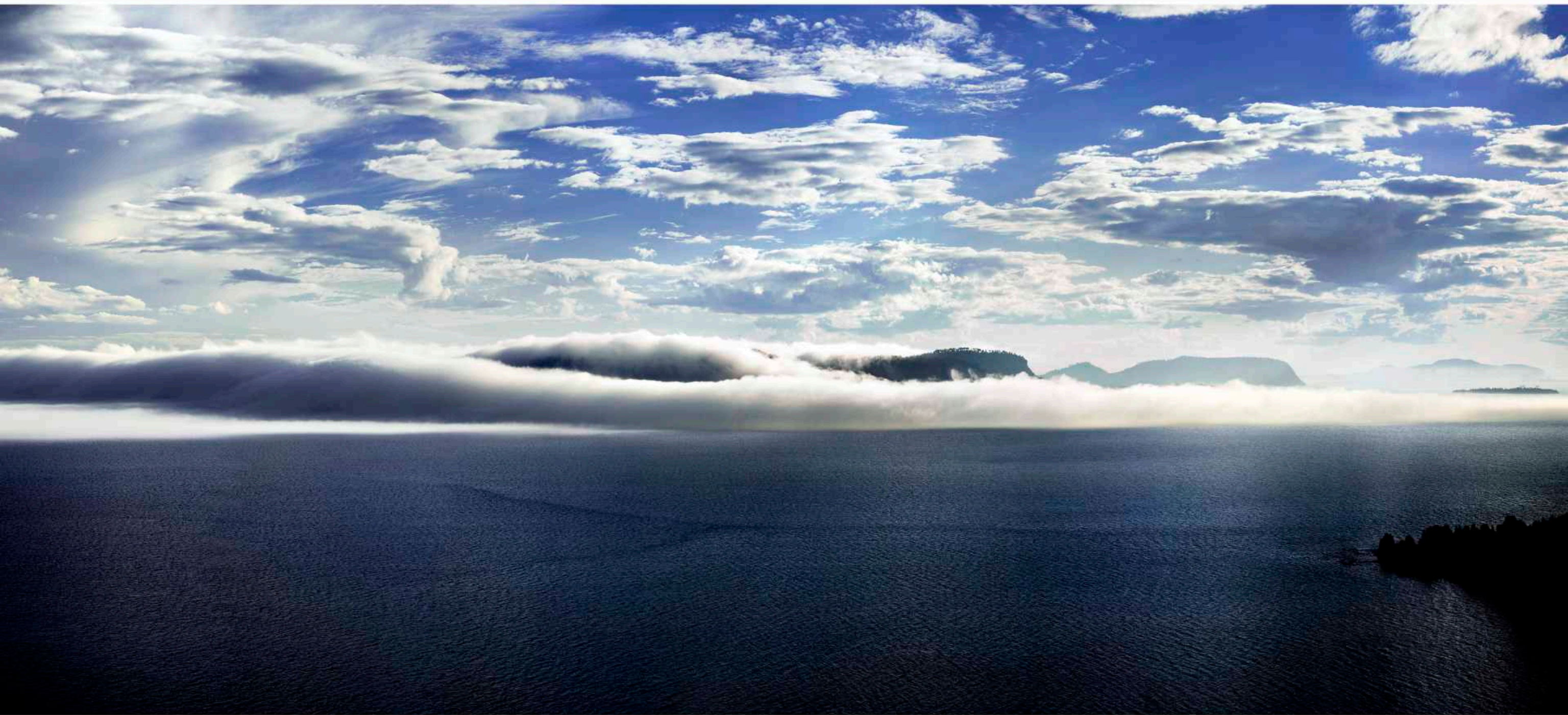
Or have I come to be close to understanding this entanglement of the physical world with a world alive?
To see chemistry exploring itself and maintaining this exploration. To witness a symbiosis between diversity and unity.

Understanding requires consciousness, the brain's connections with my body and the environment around me.





I am water. I want to be drifting high now. To take it all in, my domain, from the high above.



To gauge the depth of my excitements. At scales that matter, from the molecular to the continental.



To touch grounds at will or pleasure. Randomness is codified in my DNA.



I am charged now with the range of the sun's emotions this world has yet to harness or endure.
I'm an invincible explosive, pressure cooker built into every brain, every living cell of every life form.

I'm alive...



I often pause in my mind travels at the Golden Stairs Gorge, the site of four waterfalls on the Montreal River, and ebbs and flows of my thought.
Over two hundred years passed since the "Age of Steam" replaced the "Age of Reason."
Searching the web for it now directs me to scores of board games.

Why am I stuck with the ghosts of the past?

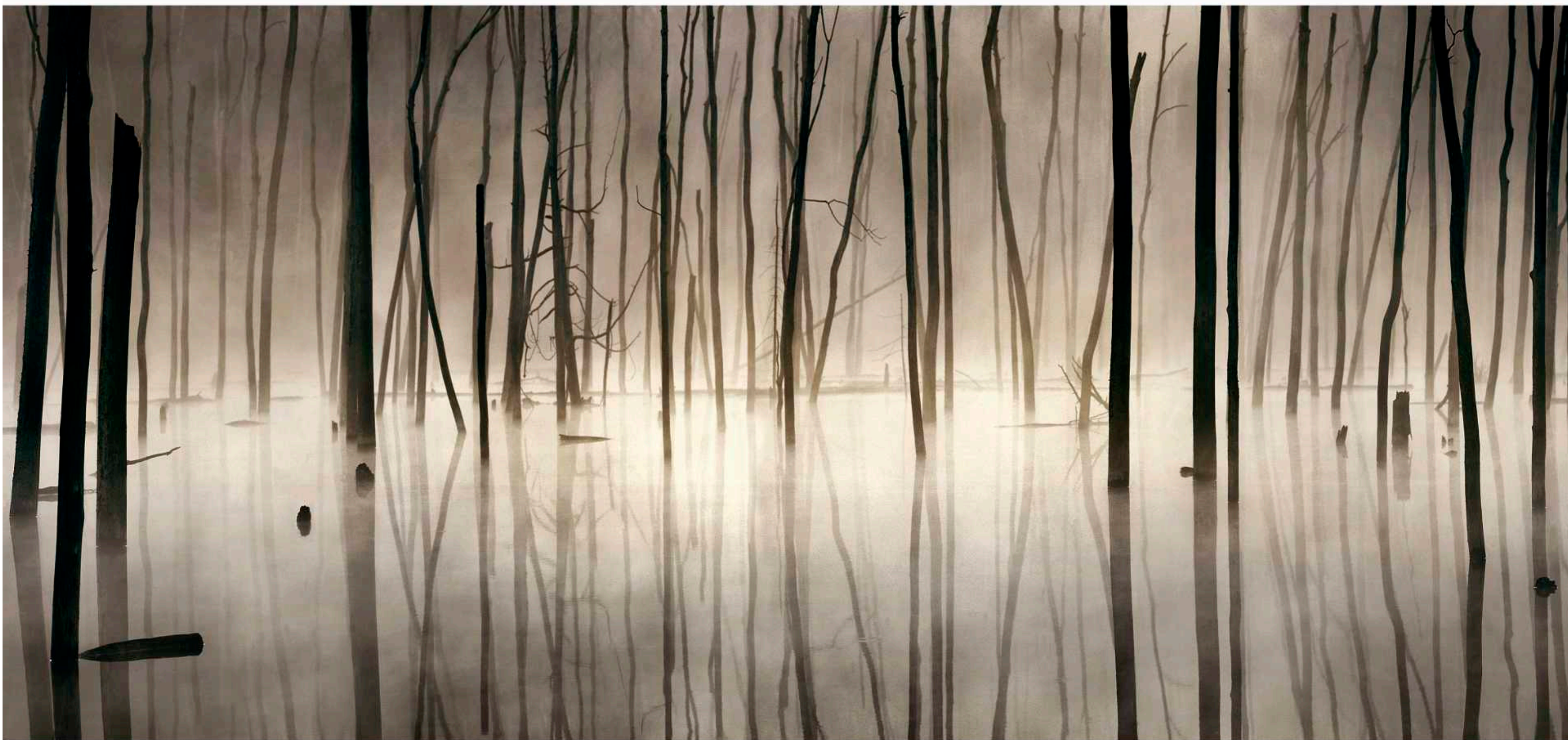


the Great Canadian Shield is today what's left of the biggest and tallest mountain range in the history of our planet

Maybe, I travelled among ghosts all that time. Looking for the mystery of Life, trying to forget about living now?



Maybe, I am just on a treasure hunt to find evidence in the world of Living that things are still working fine after millions of years of trying?



There is nothing, or no one, to stop me from looking ahead. No matter how burdened I might be with the weight of my consciousness.
After all, my mind has mastered processes of self-inventing deceptions.



Yes, things a burning earlier this season. I am staying positive, nevertheless.
It improves the prospect of gorgeous sunsets this upcoming travelling season.



In the evenings, I swim in memories of my innocence.
I am water, and I came from the stars.

An Aqueous Mind

The only advantage of aging might be owning a credible source of material for own reality checks. Everything else might just end up being a fair game.

Sharing it then with you carries some unmeasurable risk for you, as I don't provide you with any disclosure statements. Anything lifted off these pages enters a world that generously offers countless escape roads from reality. A world where the laws of physics or thermodynamics might be of some value only as a script for the entertainment industry.

With all fairness to the viewer, I confirm that an image I call a photograph is what you would see in place of my camera, keeping your eyes and mind wide open.

Indeed, even reality has some conditions attached.



Work Used

| | | | | |
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| Front Page | Current Study #02 | (2012) | Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9) | Intended Size - 60" wide |
| Page 03 | An Aqueous State | (2012) | Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9) | Intended Size - 50" wide |
| Page 04 | Deep (cropped) | (2009) | Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9) | Intended Size - 30" wide |
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