



*Janusz Wrobel*

*Seven Day Island*

I am only an illusion of myself. And I will be so while I'm aging, protecting who I am. That's my brain talking.

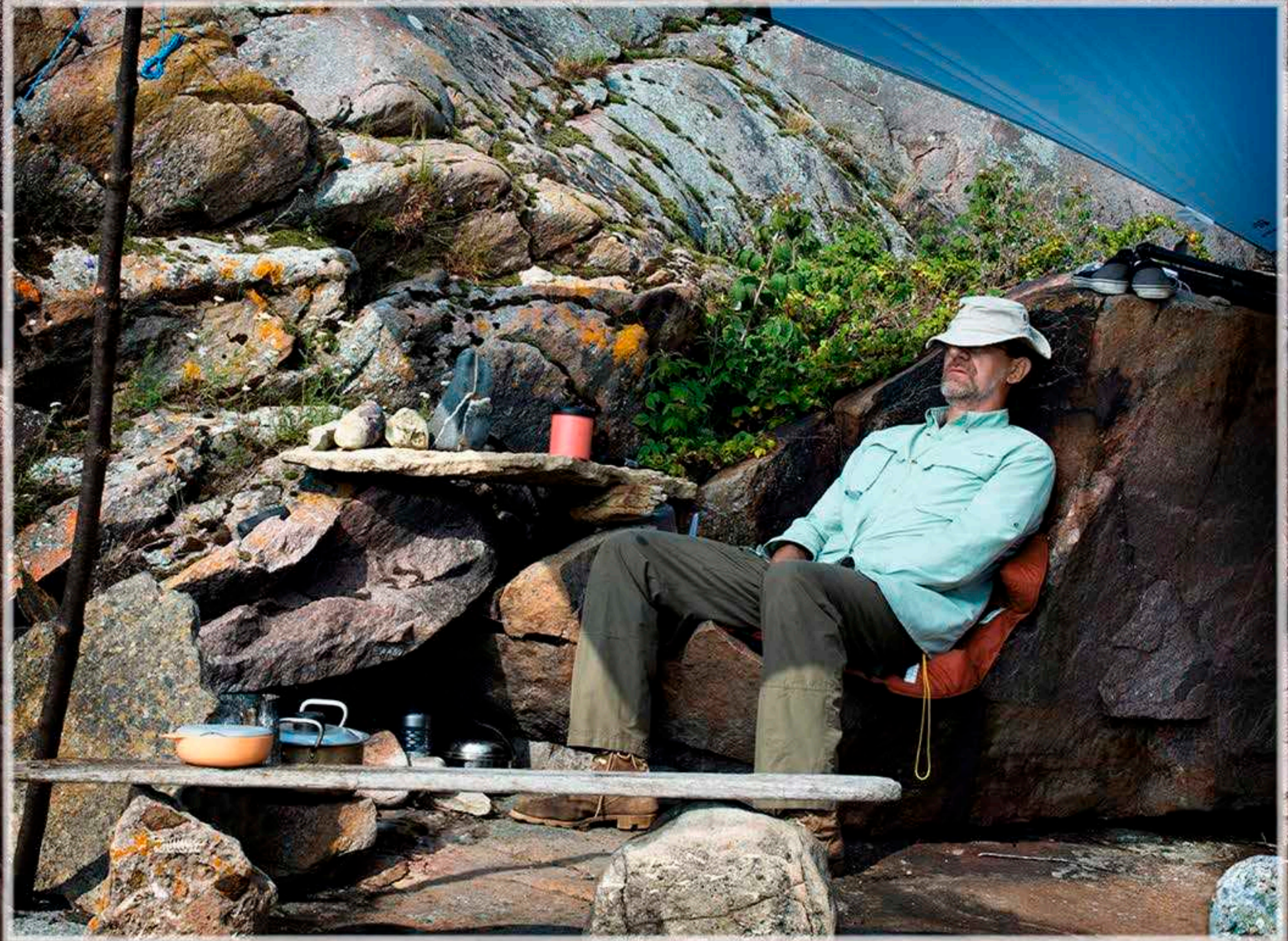
What I often end up seeing, though, is a between what I remember and what I expect to see. An approximation.

The image of everything around me is nothing more than an ongoing update. The movement, colours and shapes are only the moving parts in it. I craved a solid framework in which the world really is. That would be so much more than a million reality versions imposing themselves on my brain. Daily. More than "my world" I can perceive with all my senses. Or, Plato's "world of appearances."

I knew an island from my long open-water crossing. A stopover of size always changing with the lake's water level. And it was going to get swamped at any time by the noisy world of the expanding cellular network coverage. The last chance to be fully alone just before my first grandchild came into this world. To think about what that entailed.

I set myself up for seven days of brain stimulation; what this new, tiny, stranded reality was. A chance to map out in my brain the intricate details of where I was, or what it meant to be. With the only choice being no choice, my brain had to adapt to where it was. A place imposing on my mind, its own sphere of meaning.

A pile of rocks with a few rugged trees and bushes, sticking barely above the water.







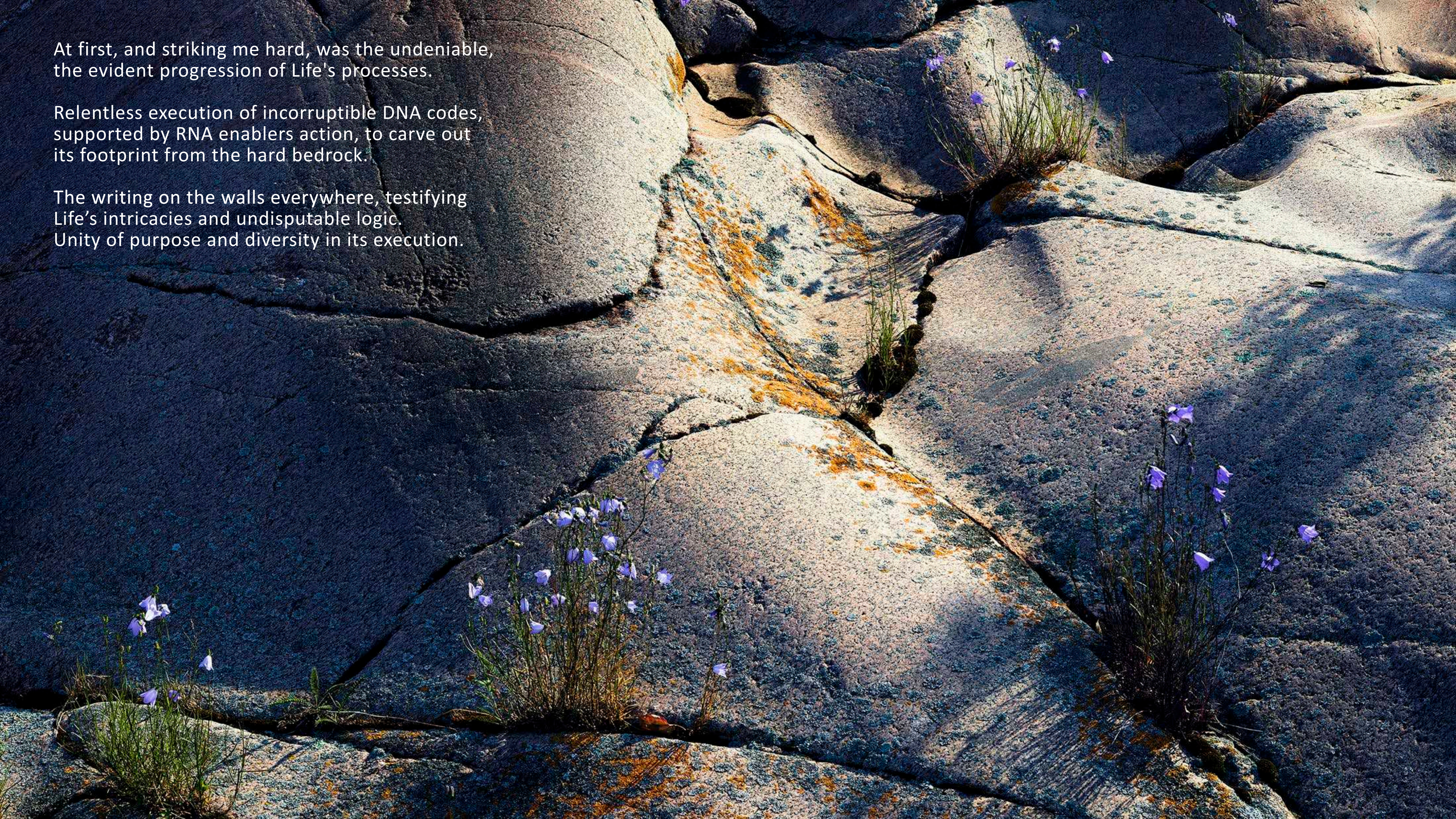




At first, and striking me hard, was the undeniable, the evident progression of Life's processes.

Relentless execution of incorruptible DNA codes, supported by RNA enablers action, to carve out its footprint from the hard bedrock.


The writing on the walls everywhere, testifying Life's intricacies and undisputable logic. Unity of purpose and diversity in its execution.









A close-up photograph of a rock surface. The rock is dark brown and black with intricate, vein-like patterns and textures. A prominent feature is a circular patch of bright green moss or lichen, which stands out against the darker, more textured background of the rock. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the rough, cracked surface of the rock and the vibrant green of the moss.

Then the wave of thoughts about the relativity of time and space in Life processes. Like microbial ones leaching metal from the Sudbury crater spillover two billion years ago. Or fossilized lifeforms brought over by glaciers from the Hudson Bay area, resting on a different sea's shale rock from an ancient coral reef with trapped carbon in a different sea and moved over from Manitoulin Island.

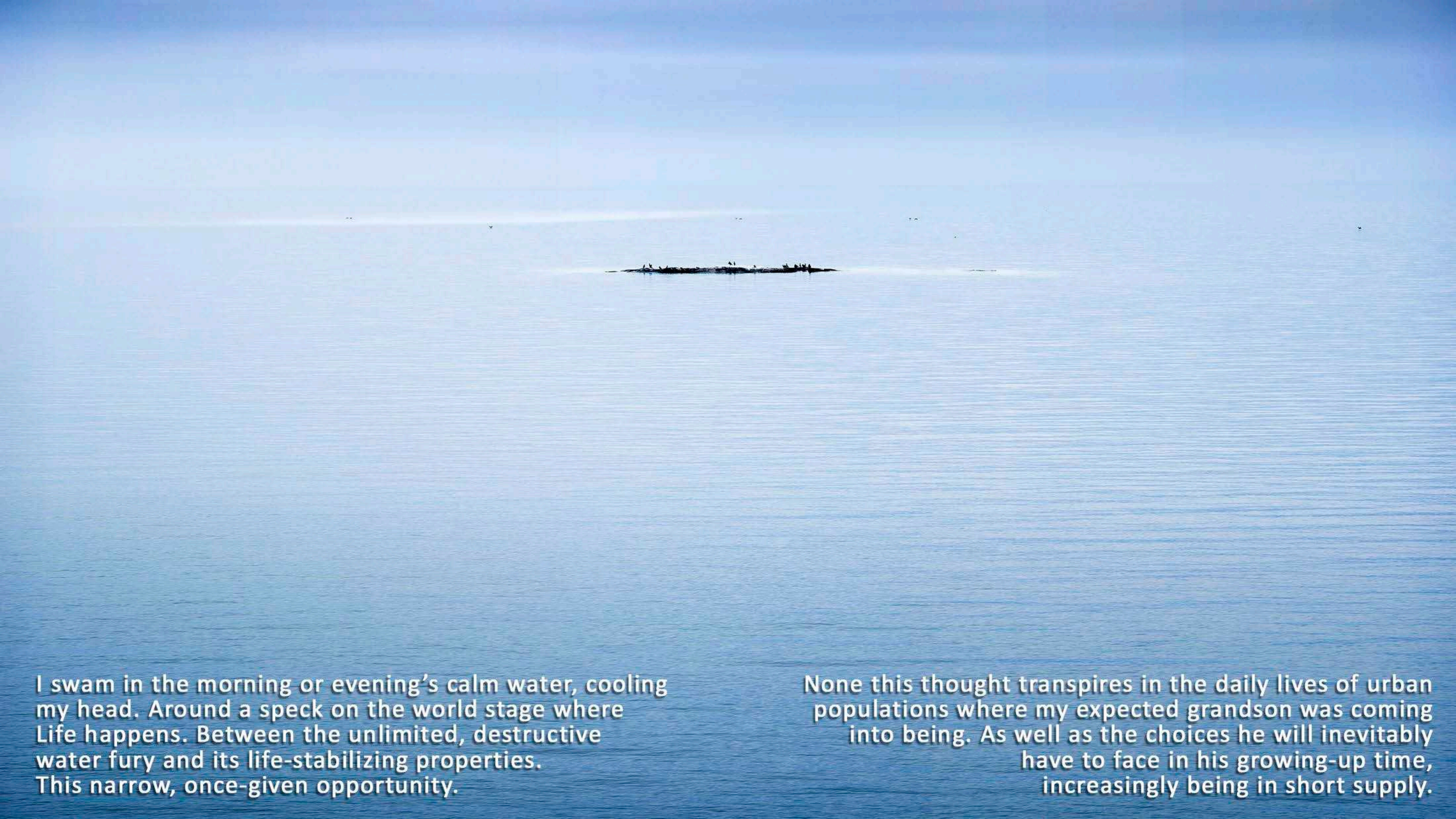
It was hard for my brain to reconcile all these intricacies of spacetime dimensions. My mind drifting untethered was the warning sign. A call to make sense of it all.











I swam in the morning or evening's calm water, cooling my head. Around a speck on the world stage where Life happens. Between the unlimited, destructive water fury and its life-stabilizing properties. This narrow, once-given opportunity.

None this thought transpires in the daily lives of urban populations where my expected grandson was coming into being. As well as the choices he will inevitably have to face in his growing-up time, increasingly being in short supply.

