



Janusz Wrobel

Seven Day Island

The mystery of sight has been my lifelong obsession. What exists between remembering and expecting? A fleeting approximation of reality, or a continuous revision of shapes, colours, and movement?

What frame can reveal the world as it truly is? Or am I only protecting the version already formed inside my mind?

In urban life, endless versions of reality take root each day, fragmenting what my senses once trusted.

So, for one week, I chose to live alone on a small island I had known from years of paddling. Its size shifted with the lake's water level, and soon it too would be absorbed into the noise of expanding cellular network coverage.

It felt like a last chance for undisturbed thought before my first grandchild entered our world.

Just me, and a scatter of rocks with a few wind-beaten bushes and trees barely rising above the water. Exposed to wind, water, silence, and whatever life might reveal in seclusion.





Eastern Shore



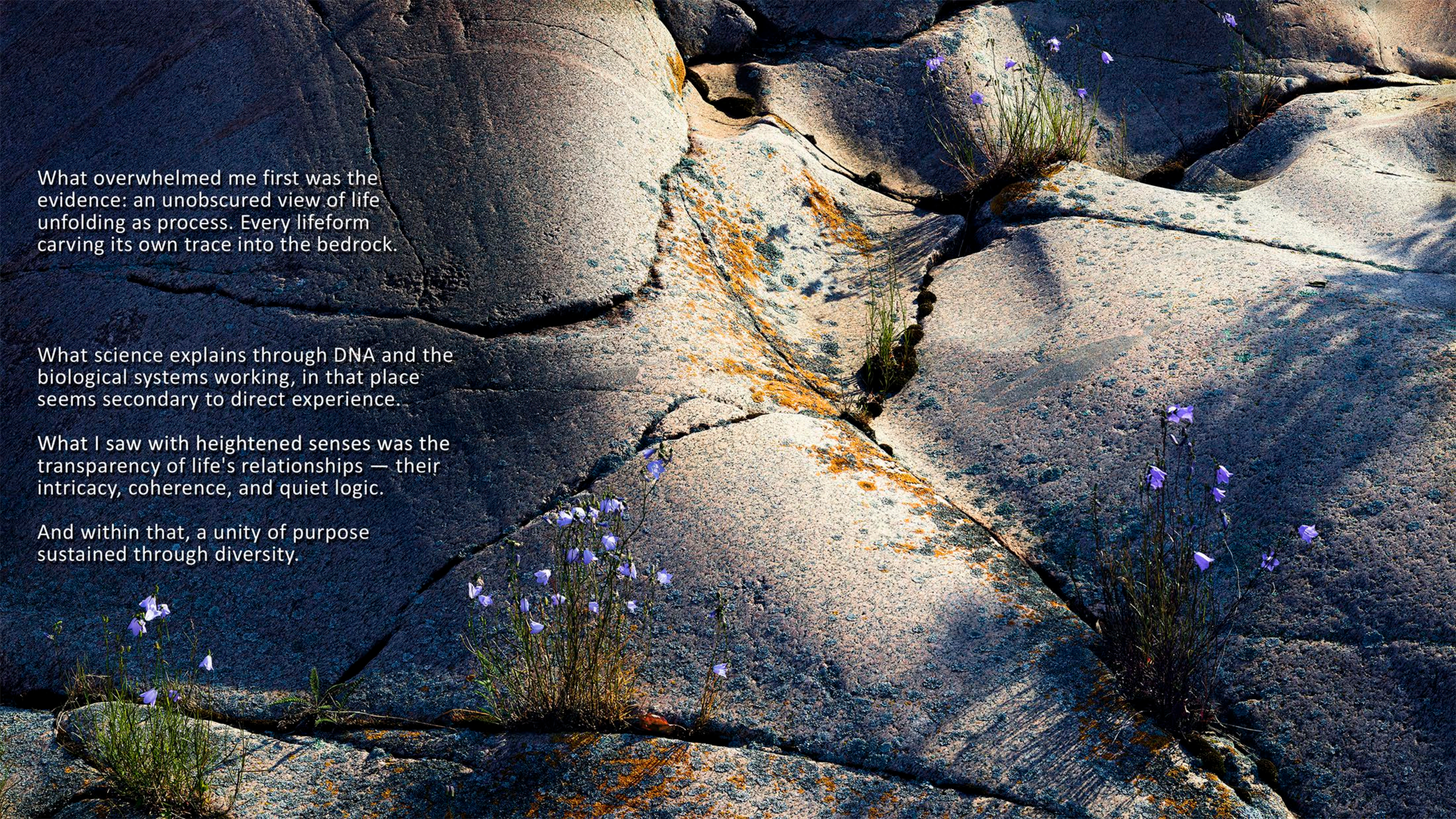
Southern Shore



Western Shore



Northern Shore

A photograph of a rocky landscape. The rocks are light-colored with patches of orange and blue lichen. Several purple flowers with green stems are scattered across the rocks. The lighting is bright, creating strong shadows and highlights on the rock surfaces.

What overwhelmed me first was the evidence: an unobscured view of life unfolding as process. Every lifeform carving its own trace into the bedrock.

What science explains through DNA and the biological systems working, in that place seems secondary to direct experience.

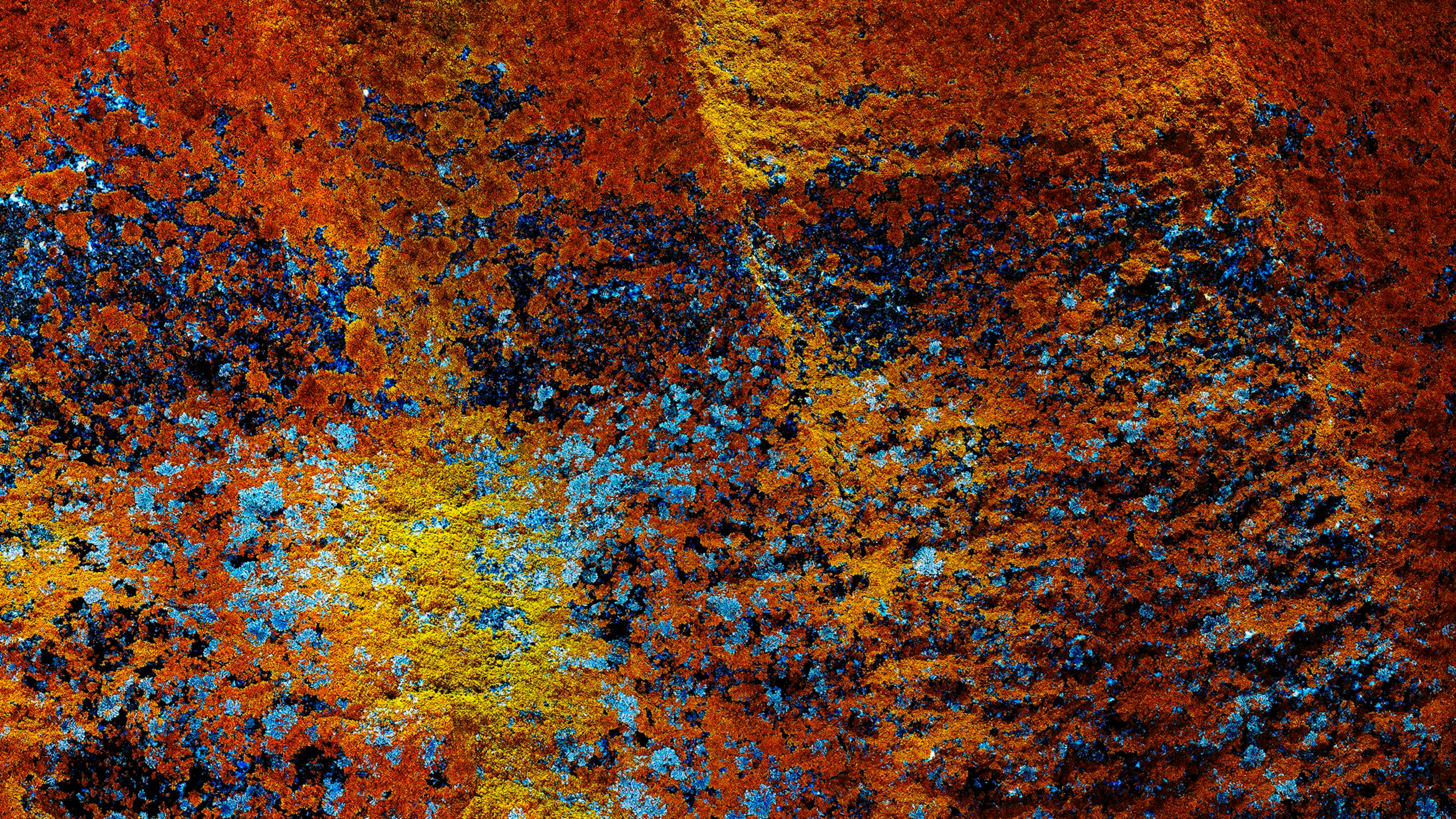
What I saw with heightened senses was the transparency of life's relationships — their intricacy, coherence, and quiet logic.

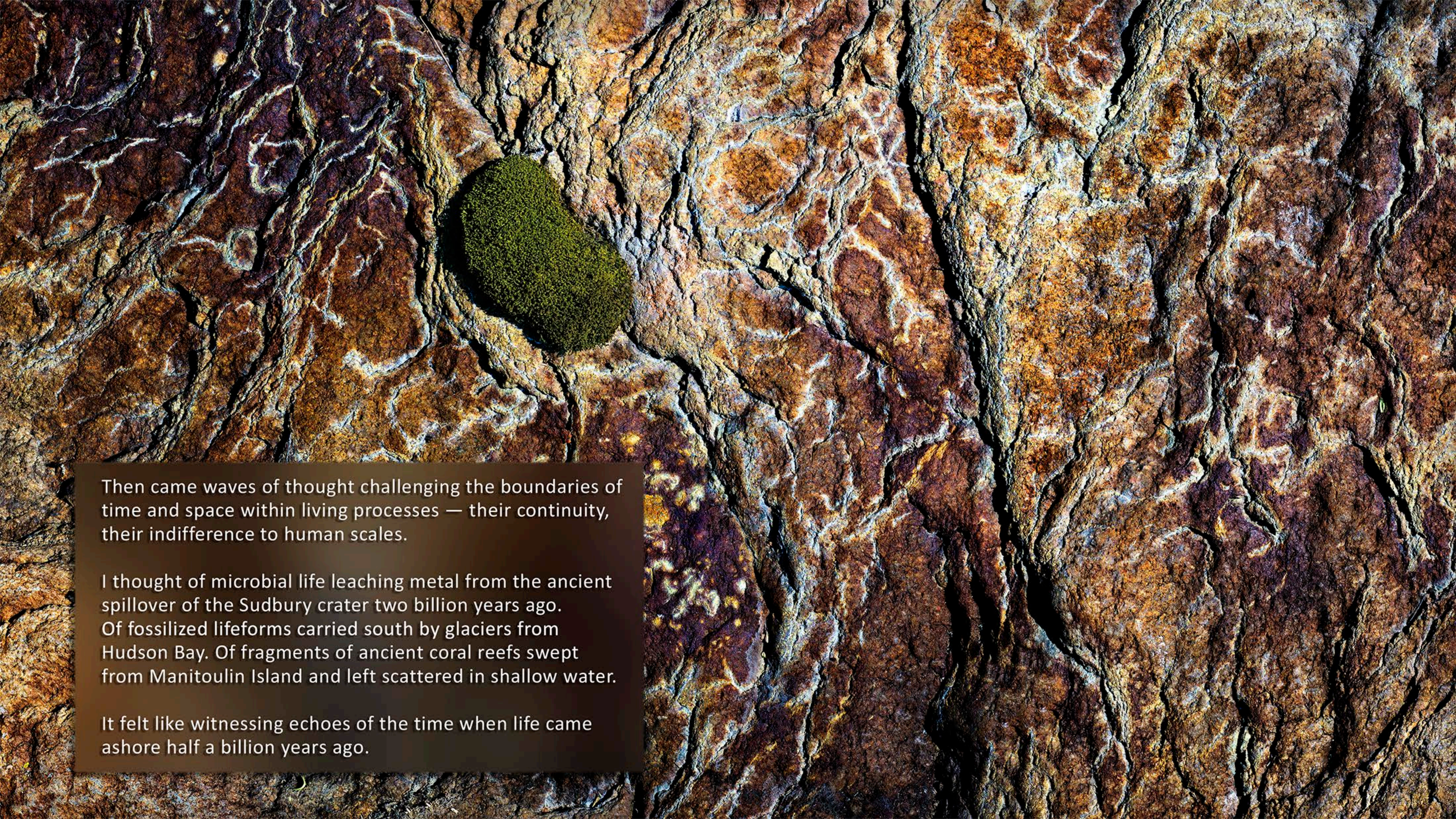
And within that, a unity of purpose sustained through diversity.











Then came waves of thought challenging the boundaries of time and space within living processes — their continuity, their indifference to human scales.

I thought of microbial life leaching metal from the ancient spillover of the Sudbury crater two billion years ago. Of fossilized lifeforms carried south by glaciers from Hudson Bay. Of fragments of ancient coral reefs swept from Manitoulin Island and left scattered in shallow water.

It felt like witnessing echoes of the time when life came ashore half a billion years ago.











Morning and evening, I swam the calm waters around my small garden of Eden, cooling my head.
Wishing my grandson could be born into this bedrock of relationships — into a world
where life's intricacies, fragility, and balance have values derived from living it.
Thinking of my return to the city, to its transactional routines that flatten
witnessed relationships into abstractions, hidden "externalities."

