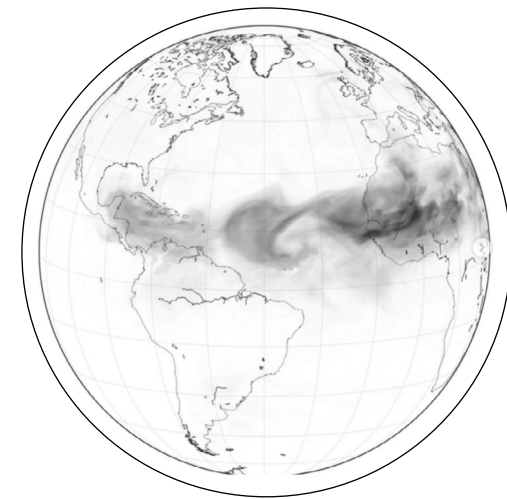


BUSH TEA



HELEN STARR

My family has long inhabited the islands of the Caribbean. In Trinidad, the island we live on today, 7,000-year-old stone *adzes* and pestles have been found in the South Oropouche district. Found with these stone tools were traces of ground red ochre, from the seeds of *Bixa orellana* tree. Used to make red body ointment, *Bixa orellana* is sometimes called the ‘lipstick tree’. In 1772 Captain John Stedman, a half-Scots soldier in Suriname, encountered a Bixa-painted Amerindian from Cayenne, French Guiana, and asked him why he was painted red. The Amerindian replied, in French, that he painted himself red because the substance kept his skin soft, prevented excess perspiration, was a good mosquito repellent, and red is a beautiful color. Red (Amer)indian, red the colour of a newfound race. Red, the colour of blood.

Three worlds meet in my sacred water, two in love and in tribal recognition. By sacred water, I mean the *Sweet Water* of my ancestral blood: my *Agua Dulce*. *Agua Dulce*, still practiced today in the Caribbean, is a tradition in which our ancient gods are still alive, adored, and loved. Historically, Indigenous Caribbean people created spiritual objects called Cemís or Zemis. Made of stone, wood, shell, or clay, these informational objects hold and pass on intergenerational knowing, and can be thought of as similar to living beings.

These tactile conduits depict spirit guides, ancestral heroes and natural deities like the mountain in India, Nanda Devi, whose stamped image is framed, Cemí-like, in the 2020 artwork *Static Range* by Himali Singh Soin. *Static Range* is a multilimbed, critical fabulation based on a real-life spy story set in the Indian Himalayas. Speculations about invisible forces, leakages, spiritual entanglements, nuclear culture, and socio-political marginalisation are woven into this multimedia tale. A 1965 Cold War accord, an invisible agreement, captured like a spell on a document somewhere – stamped, dated, signed. A spell cast, a hexed voodoo, a pox upon the Nanda Devi.

Himali’s work maps onto my own perceived reality, etching itself in virtual-spatial form to bridge transcultural cosmologies. The Spanish named the Caribs, my mother’s people (sub)-Mayan after the Sanskrit word: मया. There is still no proper translation of this concept into English – it glitches when you try. I often wonder that Europeans newly emerging from the Dark Age could sense invisible kin entanglements stretched across the globe. I think of this as I read Himali’s Letter to the Mountain (2020-ongoing):

dear mountain.


*a lady appears with an aluminium tumbler collecting
what for her is sacred water,*

inhalation-exhaltation,

*sipping it, then cupping it in both hands and spraying
it over her forehead, a drop pierces her retina, she
presses her eyes shut. then opens them to see purple for
a moment, blue, then her irises turn an eerie greyish-
green, and the village thinks she is either a witch or a
goddess, keeping her close enough at a distance.*

Singh Soin, H. Letter to the Mountain, 2020-ongoing.
<https://www.himalisinghsoin.com/static-range>

The Greek poet Hesiod’s (750-650 BC) conceptualisation of the five *Ages of Man* are the measures of human existence, according to Greek mythology and its subsequent Roman interpretation. They are Gold, Silver, Bronze, Heroic and Iron. Metalship, working with metal, was the major technology in the ‘Old World’. Metals, stamped with the faces of heroes and kings were used to symbolise economic quotas. Worked metals are also harbingers of death and claimants of land. Death comes by the sword, the axe, the plough and fence. And in more recent times by the bomb and

metal wires that now zig-zag through the earth. 

Heavy metals led to the lead-painted deaths of Caravaggio, Goya, and Van Gogh, and birthed the heavy, silvery-tasting death of the 1965 spy artefact of Himali's tender mythos. The plutonium-powered generator, half the size of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, has been leaking radioactivity into a mountain used without the consent of its people. Abandoned in the Himalayas with its stochastic, cancerous effects, it is still creating tentacular, invisible, deadly corridors between time and across the multiverse of animal, plant, and human ontologies.

Himali and her colleagues have sown, will sow, alien colonies of metal - whispering plants across the mountain. Hyperaccumulator herbs, shrubs, and bushes will reclaim soil made heavy with nuclear process, with Western progress. Indian mustard, water hyacinth, morning glory, and the thyme-leaved gratiola (also known as the herb of grace) will take hold of the land, and Himali must stop the people of the mountain from making new forms of bush tea. She must become a ward between worlds.



Aeons before Europeans, African and Asian people crossed the Atlantic. The people of Ière ('Land of the Hummingbird'), renamed Trinidadian by Christopher Columbus, had long grasped the scope of the cosmos. Today, there is finally a shared consensus among physicists and mathematicians that the multiverse does indeed exist, just far beyond the Western cosmological horizon. Current debates about its reality are stuck on the point that while most agree it is theoretically possible, it has yet to be measured. In some cultures, if something cannot be measured, it cannot exist.

My mother ferments Mauby for me in a thick brown tincture, delicious, iced cold. With fragrant additions of cinnamon and nutmeg, I feel its healing entry mending my body. Mauby is a blood cleanser made from the hyperaccumulator bark of the snakewood tree. I measure these attributes with my tongue in the prolonged, but not astringent, bitter aftertaste. The generic name Colubrina arborescens is derived from the Latin word 'coluber', meaning 'snake', and refers to the snake-like stems or stamens of this native Caribbean tree. The next time I go home, I will send Himali the bark from a snakewood tree, safely grown in the mother-soil of my Carib earth.

According to a Carib myth, the People discovered herbal medicine when they killed a large boa constrictor that had eaten several persons. The corpse of the snake, known as orupéri or aramári, was covered with leaves and carefully burnt. From this flesh-based biochar sprouted different types of tuberous plants. Mostly aroids, some had the rare mammal-like ability to generate their own heat. Their bulbs were taken, grown and harvested, resulting in mixtures called 'Amerindian charms'.

In Amerindian terminology, there is not a sharp distinction between magic charms and herbal medicine. This is because there is no distinction between what is mind and what is body.

If the mind is what the brain *does*, *what* the brain does, is itself culturally determined through the mediation of the socialised sense of self, as well as of the 'social' situation in which this *self* is placed.²

It is through the performance storytelling, vision technologies, dance and water rituals, tinctures and teas that Caribs were able to live well and



Wynter, S.
'On Being
Human as Praxis.'
Katherine McKittrick,
ed. Duke University
Press, 2015, p. 242.

whole-bodied in this world. These sacred tools were a continual reminder that all sentient beings are entangled with elements of autopoietic life. This opening up to other worlds and other ways of being are central to Indigenous, connectionist, multiversal post-human beliefs. They sit well outside of the Eurocentric liberal humanist framework.

Wynter, S. 'The Re-Enchantment of Humanism: An Interview with Silvia Wynter'. Scott, D. *Small Axe*, September 2000, p. 120.

The story of humanism (whether as a philosophical doctrine or as a worldly orientation) is often told as a kind of European coming-of-age story. On this account, humanism marks a certain stage in Europe's consciousness of itself — that stage at which it leaves behind it the cramped intolerances of the damp and enclosed Middle Ages and enters, finally, into the rational spaciousness and secular luminosity of the Modern.³



The most common entertainment was bathing; they enjoyed plunging into the water intensely, until the point that daily bathing was prolonged for hours.⁴

(Estevez, 2016)

The Spaniards noted that the People spent a lot of time bathing or swimming. Considering the humid, tropical climate, a favourite pastime would be swimming. Yet, there were ontological reasons why Las Casas, who wrote the above quote, and others constantly found Caribs in or near water. They were *being in water*. Water, like group dance and online multiplayer games, is the perfect medium through which to experience sensing and being sensed by others — humans and non-humans alike. Becoming one through water decentres the individual, allowing for a deep appreciation for the concept of the *Way of Web* life.

On 12 October 1492, the contrasting hierarchical structures that placed European man at the apex of all living and nonliving beings found their way across the Atlantic. With white arrival came strange notions of the role of man in the forest. This is made clear by the famous French naturalist, Count George-Louis Leclerc de Buffon (1707-88). He felt that:

large areas inimical to man had to be cleared to make the earth habitable, but once societies were established on them, the forests were resources which had to be treated with care and foresight.⁵

Quoted in DeFilippis, R. *Medicinal plants of the Guianas (Guyana, Surinam, French Guiana)*. Department of Botany, National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institution, 2004, p. 3

These god-like beliefs that humanity must shape nature led to widespread deforestation and the emergence of the plantation system of agriculture. Thus, Buffon's studies of the physical effects of man's environmental interventions led him to consider the climatic changes that occurred as a result of tree clearing as being beneficial for all humanity, since it allowed more of the sun's heat to warm the Earth's surface and compensate for the heat lost during the strange cooling of the Earth due to the onset of the 'Little Ice Age' in 1600. There was never any consideration for the ecocidal damage done to those left in the wake of deforestation. Auto-poietic and (allo)poietic beings such as pollinators, mother trees, rivers and rain were disregarded like detritus, like waste.

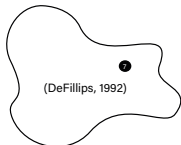
Humanism and colonialism inhabit the same cognitive-political universe inasmuch as Europe's discovery of itsSelf is simultaneous with its discovery of its Others... The anticolonial movement had initiated a radical critique of the heart of European self-consciousness by demonstrating just how deeply its celebrated concept of Man depended upon the systematic degradation of non-European men and women. This, of course, was nowhere more brilliantly articulated than in Aime Cesaire's *Discourse on Colonialism* and Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*.⁶

Wynter, S. 'The Re-Enchantment of Humanism: An Interview with Silvia Wynter'. Scott, D. *Small Axe*, September 2000, p. 121

Rooted in a futuristic, emergent philosophy, the Caribs understood the underlying informational mechanism that brings order to all life. They had a thorough knowledge of botany and how to make plants thrive in the wretched, nutrient-poor earth of their lands. *Terra preta* ('black soil' in Portuguese) is a type of very dark, fertile, doctored soil found throughout the Caribbean and the Amazon Basin. Used over thousands of years as a terraforming technology, it was ignored for centuries by European agriculturists. Today, however, soil scientists are attempting to recreate and deploy their own form of *terra preta* as a way to reverse the current worldwide decline in soil fertility and associated desertification. And as an appealing, biological method to lessen climate change.

Carib charms were also used as socio-political markers and exchangeable commodities – like the gold crowns and silver coins used in modern currency. They received little attention by ethnobotanists and anthropologists, as they were and are shrouded by secrecy and are difficult for outsiders to identify. A famous example of one such charm was recorded by Pieter Martyr d'Anglera around the year 1500. Used in hunting and fishing, *curare* is a plant-derived paralytic. Depending on the measured dose, *curare* causes death by asphyxiation and the loss of control of muscles essential in respiration.⁷ Like *terra preta* it has been co-opted by contemporary scientists. It is used today as a muscle relaxant and an adjunct to anaesthesia in heart surgery.

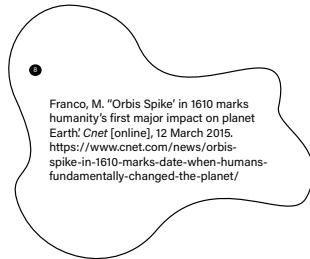
What would a society centered on healing look like? So effective was this way of living that the Caribs lived free and safe from diseases that ravaged the Old-World. Infectious diseases such as smallpox, influenza, measles, mumps, tuberculosis, bubonic plague, leprosy were gifts of white arrival. This meeting of the Old World with the New World is measured as the Orbis Spike. The Orbis Spike is archived in the core ice of the Antarctic. It records the decrease of atmospheric carbon dioxide (CO₂) caused by the mass-deaths of the American Indigenous populations between 1492 and 1601. The 1600s, the Little Ice Age, marks the beginning of the



Anthropocene, also known as the 'Human Epoch'.

For a new epoch to begin, ecologist Simon Lewis and geologist Mark Maslin assert, two conditions must be satisfied:

Long-lasting changes to the Earth must be documented. Scientists must also pinpoint and date a global environmental change that has been captured in natural material, such as rocks, ancient ice or sediment from the ocean floor. Such a marker – like the chemical signature left by the meteorite strike that wiped out the dinosaurs – is called a golden spike.⁸



The Earth has marked Carib death in a Memorial Spike of Gold.

The Caribs refused to work sugar and cocoa single crop plantations, which the French began to develop in Martinique and other parts of the French West Indies. With their Indigenous seven-generational way of thinking, they knew what the future held. Their refusal was so strong that entire villages sat and rocked to death as they were beaten. There was nothing that could make the Amerindians take the axe and plough to their forests and land.

And so, in 1636, Louis XIII of France proclaimed 'La Traite des Noirs'. Following on from the successful slaving commissions of Queen Elizabeth I, this stamped decree authorised the capture and purchase of slaves from sub-Saharan Africa. It legitimised the transportation of humans to the New World, in order to implement those extractive plantation systems.

I remember those history lessons. And the light-flooded, open-air classrooms, words floating in warm, liquid,

tropical air. My gaze lowered to the scratched wood of my desk, as we fell into colonial time. Catected, English history, a noose around my throat, we learn the origin of the word 'cannibal' in the mid-sixteenth century came from the original Spanish for Caribes and English for Carib. I know now that these were lies told to justify conquest, but I will hide my secret life with my mother from my Port-of-Spain classmates. I will hide my wounded history. Salt pricks the back of my eyes and as my mind drifts, I sink beneath the warm, loving blue of the Caribbean Sea.

'There are wounds in the sea.' This is the litany that floats through Danielle Brathwaite-Shirley's water-crafted, critical fabulations. Her new interactive work *Black Trans Sea*⁹ (2021), like ancestor gifts, is a dance between two, with a cast of many. It calls Black Trans telling out of Moten's *space of no space*, with hand-cast spells of finger-licking keystrokes. Between worlds, wounds in the Black Atlantic spiral with lies and half-truths, water falling to wash away Black, Trans, and Indigenous histories from the collective consciousness of the world. As historical records are forced down a narrow funnel, buried memories protrude into the smooth linearity of the narrative. This pushing and squashing results in the maelstroms that abound in the corpse-cold Atlantic of Danielle's work. In the valourous language of contemporary Brex-Empire, Britain was a country known for taking 'slavery off the high seas'.¹⁰ In this heroic re-history Great Britain as a main perpetrator and beneficiary of the Atlantic Slave Trade is gone. Water down, watered down is the violence; the tearing of a people from their lands and one another. The tearing of worlds.

In this interactive artwork Danielle's black pirate ships carry precious goods such as stolen artefacts, hauntingly sweet elegies and the exquisite

red and gold *Flos pavonis* (peacock flower). Colloquially known as the 'pride of Barbados', *Flos pavonis* is native to the Caribbean. In the imaginary, its delicious fragrant scent fills below deck, like a fantasy in the hold. The seed was originally used by Indigenous women giving birth, to help with labour. Later, the flower was used to abort children, a secret shared by enslaved Indigenous and African people alike. A secret shared with the German-born Maria Sibylla Merian, the botanical illustrator and feminist ecologist, who recorded this practice in the margins of her illustration of *Flos pavonis*, published in *Metamorphosis of the Insects of Surinam*, in 1705. A woman's secret shared. A secret for which European women were burnt alive at the stake. Skin scorched, flesh Black.

The wounds of Black arrival were so deep that baleen whales, the singing titans of the seas, were forced to change their migratory paths. When Christopher Columbus sailed past the Chaguramas Peninsula into the warm, healing waters of Trinidad's giant harbour, it was so full of these gentle cetaceans, he named it The Gulf of the Whale. By the late eighteenth century, cartographic sources repeatedly refer to it as Golfo Triste, 'The Gulf of Sorrow', and today its name is settled on the Gulf of Paria, from the word 'pariah', outcast. *There are wounds in the sea*. In Danielle's Brathwaite-Shirley's tender work, history becomes an ocean wild with loss, remembrance, and longing.



The path to the wild beyond is paved with refusal. In *The Undercommons* if we begin anywhere, we begin with the right to refuse what has been refused to you. Citing Gayatri Spivak, Moten and Harney call this refusal the 'first right'¹¹ and it is a game-changing kind of refusal in that it signals the refusal of the choices as offered.

Helberstam, J. 'The Wild Beyond: With and for the Undercommons.' *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study*. Harney, S. and Moten, F. Minor Compositions, 2013, p. 16.

To understand the cultural history behind who and what has the right to refuse whom, is to extrude a conceptual tentacle into Aristotle's *On the Generation of Animals*, written in the fourth century BC. The Greek philosopher Aristotle defines the vegetative soul, possessed by all living things including plants, to be the lowest level of soul. The sensitive soul elevated animals above plants, and the intellectual soul exalted humans from all living things.

It's not just those cells at a plant root's tip, but their interaction with fungus, that determines a root's behaviour. Darwin was onto something. He just didn't have the full picture. And I've come to think that root systems and the mycorrhizal networks that link those systems are designed like neural networks, and behave like neural networks, and a neural network is the seeding of intelligence in our brains.¹²

And humans gendered as female fell below the ribs of men. However, in the matrilineal structure of Carib society, the very concept of gender presented in a vastly different way. In 1541, the stunned Spanish soldier Francisco de Orellana reported pitched battles with tribes of female warriors along the Río Santa María del Mar Dulce, the Sweet Sea River. Pulling from Greek mythology, he likened them to the legendary Amazons and renamed the river known today as Amazon after them.

In Carib culture, gender and species identification were emergent, fluid, transformational and context specific. Sociogenic in nature. The placement of equal weight on the wellbeing of all meant that there was equal investment to design charms for all genres of people. Thus, there were multiple charms to ease menstrual cramps, afterbirth problems, and vaginal infections. There are charms that eased the shared labour pain of both parents (sympathetic or not), and many charms that prevented pregnancies across the fluid binaries of the People.

Ananas comosus was often used in charms to induce labour and for unwanted pregnancies. The green, unripe fruit is eaten by women or cooked with *Citrus aurantifolia* (key lime) as an abortive agent.

The Portuguese took the fruit from Brazil and introduced it into India by 1550. In traditional Indian folk medicine, *Ananas comosus*, was reputed to act as an abortifacient, and in expectant women as a means of inducing labor. Ripe fruit has been used orally as traditional medicine in inducing abortion in Kerala, India, while the juice of unripe fruit was used for abortion in Bangladesh. After being dismissed for over 500 years, in 2018 The National Center for Biotechnology Information (NCBI), part of the US National Library of Medicine, published data on the uterotonic effect of ripe *Ananas comosus*, otherwise known as pineapple.¹³

Across the entangled world, South Asian folk practitioners uncovered the secrets of Carib charms. Tasted more than the sweet water – tasted the *agua dulce*, the sugary, tangy, yellow secret. Folk practitioners recovered what ethnobotanists could not find, discovered what western science could not measure. Plant listening, plant whispering, womxn's knowledge from a different universe across the world.

In order to move through the multiverse, the Carib people practiced ritual movement accompanied by the inhalation of a sacred medicine called *cohoba*. By grinding the seeds of the abbey tree (*Anadenthra peregrina*) and mixing the resulting powder with other ingredients, they produced a highly hallucinogenic snuff. A special blend of both *cohoba* and *cohiba* (tobacco) was called *guanguayo*, and the synchronised dance that accompanied its ingestion was an important part of this powerful charm. Our sense of self depends on our perception of our bodies' displacement of space. When we synchronise with other people, this sense blends with information about others' movements, causing the boundaries between self and other to blur.

Keim, B. 'Never Underestimate the Intelligence of Trees!' *Nautlius* [online], 31 October 2019. <https://nautlius.com/issue/77/underworlds/never-underestimate-the-intelligence-of-trees>

(Facebook Mori), 2019

As the *cohoba* charm snakes its way through shapeshifting bodies, vivid, geometrical patterns emerge. These patterns distort the world, inverting the sky with earth, dreaming with reality. And so, the flowing self transcends and transforms into other virtual worlds and other ways of being. This sub-Mayan worlding allows us to perceive worlds beyond our cosmological horizon.

The night air, thick with moisture, is humming with life. Excitement knots my stomach as my friends, and I cover our bodies with thick strokes of coloured mud. Transformed, spirit-formed we walk to the black river that appears and sink our bodies into its teeming hold. The melodies of steel pan, the communion of stranger bodies, the arrival of La Diabliesse, Douen, Jab Molassie. 'Let the music take your body,' we say, as we flow into one another. Time stops, thoughts stop, and I come to when the sun begins. Unknown bodies drift apart, and I walk back to the car with my friends, holding hands. The rising sun marks the end of this communal healing performance given to us by our ancestors.

J'Ovay marks the summit of Trinidad Carnival and is the traditional night masquerade of the people. Common Notting Hill-like misconceptions would reduce our Carnival to a street festival of *pretty mas*', music and merriment. In fact, this ritual of inversion — this shared rite of ecstasy — is the glue that binds our society together. J'Ouvert, creolised to J'Ovay is a moving, seething remembrance to the horrors of our slave past. It is the living, breathing Altar of the Free.

Wynter, S. Race, Discourse, and the Origin of the Americas: A New World View. Smithsonian Institution Press, 1995, p. 5



How... is the 1492 event to be perceived? Should it be seen from the celebrant Perspective — as a 'glorious achievement,' a 'heroic and daring deed' of discovery and exploration, a triumph for

the Christian West that was to liberate the indigenous peoples from (DeFillips, 1992) their Stone Age, deprived existence without the wheel? Or, is it to be seen from the dissident perspective — as one of 'history's monumental crimes', a brutal invasion and conquest that led to a degree of genocidal extinction and of still ongoing ecological disaster unprecedented in human history?¹⁴

In Summer 2020, Amrita Dhallu, Salma Noor and I began a conversation around our shared cultural connections. We noticed that despite our historically colonised Punjabi, Afro-Somali and Afro-Carib ethnicities, we had all retained similar totemic folk beliefs. This was especially evident around topics such as ancestral way-making, rituals as forms of embodied technology, and the limits of the known laws of nature.

As we rooted ourselves in our subaltern histories, a re-enchanting humanist perspective emerged. That our embodied memories, our ancestral selves do not begin in 1492; 1492 is simply a marker for modern, extractive capitalism. Fred Moten reminds us that Franz Fanon wanted not simply the end of colonialism and colonial thinking, but the end of the standpoint from which colonialism makes sense.

Aeons before nature was de-godded by the Rivers of Babylon, before the shrines of Asherah were destroyed, the Dufaan Ciideed, the sandstorms of Africa connected Salma's people, Amrita's people and my people. She, a nature entity, rises in a spiral from the sub-Saharan desert and flows, daad, across the sky, like a river in an ocean. She follows the cartography of the Horse Latitudes: 30° north and south of the equator. She brings the monsoons of India, nutrients to Caribbean soil, and heralds spring in China.

I used to watch her arrival from our house in Carenage Hills. Leaving precious gifts in her wake, she would come roiling, moving, hot over the

Gulf of Paria and the very air would turn milky gold, as she passed by on her journey around the world. Sahara Dust we say, Sand from Africa we say. We, who have always been visited by her sheltering grace, had long been colonised.

Amrita, Salma and I sang the idea of *Daad Futurism* into the world in 2020. Daad cannot be easily translated into English, it glitches when you try. And with the coronavirus pandemic came a deeper old mythical reminder of invisible, connected worlds. *Daad Futurism* is visually and kinaesthetically symbolised by the sky entity, the Dufaan Ciideed and the collectively made artwork *It was a Roadside Picnic* (2021).

There is no auteur in this community offer. Linked ownership blurs in shared communion within this interwoven thoughtful, generative work. Shared minds melded in futuristic apps created this Sahelian desert world, where visitors' fingertip rhythm w, a, s, d, and e! up-up-up! Until vertigo grabs you down c! Vertigo, the sensation that you, or the environment around you, is moving or spinning. Unique to this artistic medium this must be unpicked, unpacked, rewound. With qualities beyond its artist-parts, an elemental emerges whole. A Spivakian worlding.

This is a multiplayer, virtual, game space with a focus on copresence and the power to move the body or a body part. As yet unmapped, an uncharted canon emerges between meaning and motricity. In *It was a Roadside Picnic*, time is subjective and untethered. There is an innate reciprocity between the notions of image and time. Visual images lose their ambiguity when they move, happening in time. Thus, the philosophy of images and the philosophy of time are interdependent. Time cannot be conceptualised except by metaphors, so ultimately by images, of movement in space. The experience of the passage of time, of the reality of time, is embodied through engagement with this work. Made visible in the bodily gestures, meaning both emotional and cognitive, becomes grounded in the motor dimension.

Like the interactive work of Danielle Brathwaite-Shirley, movement and touch become aligned as you engage with this kinaesthetic experience. A futuristic re-imagining of thirteenth-century Sahel, *It was a Roadside Picnic* (2021) allows the concept of Daad Futurism to be grasped in an embodied way. Here, for example, one can be in an ancient ruin built around the principles of vāstu śāstra. A traditional system of architecture originating in India, in vastu shastra architectural constructions are living organisms and they behave like human beings. Like the living beings, they vibrate and pulsate; they breathe.

inhalation - exhalation

Within this virtual world, you will find a breathing device whose pulsating rhythm will reset your body to a state of calm. Slower rhythms, slower breathing, slower theta time.

inhalation - exhalation

Theta time is the state of being rather than thinking.

A sandstorm should not be understood without its particles, a library without the lives of trees. The physicality of informational objects, the metals and minerals, comes from the Earth itself. And thus data, myths and metaphors collected from humans and nonhumans must be seen as part of a single history. No ecological being can be left out of protocols of respect.