

A young man sits on a log in the middle of a cat shaped lake in late May, shivering and slowly turning purple while under the influence of unknown psychedelic drugs. A child wielding a club is swinging at eagles as they dive-bomb him on the beach. A single mis-folded atom in the world's acetaminophen drifts through supply chains, sparking adverse reactions across the globe. Two pilots are doing *aerial photography* in the mountains of Northern Canada, one has contaminated fuel and loses engine power. Ten people are reported to have lost their vision when a man with a blurry face speaks a chain of words in a specific order.

When two carpet unravellers walk rectilinearly, and two others mimic them in a world of their reflections, there is no threat. But any deviation, any faltering in the correspondence between the two pairs creates a tension no one has agreed to name. It is laid out. A path, leading to a bed. There lies a man who calls out to his son, and then dies.

