

# Entangling

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First edition published in 2018

Printed and bound by Gomer Press, Wales  
Typeset in Brandon Grotesque

With special thanks to Sinead Evans,  
Alex Higlett and Joanna Hounscome for  
help with structure, words, design and  
proofreading.

Image reference p. 122-123 'The Sea of  
Ice' by Caspar David Friedrich, 1824







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## Introduction



To collect is to accumulate and store.

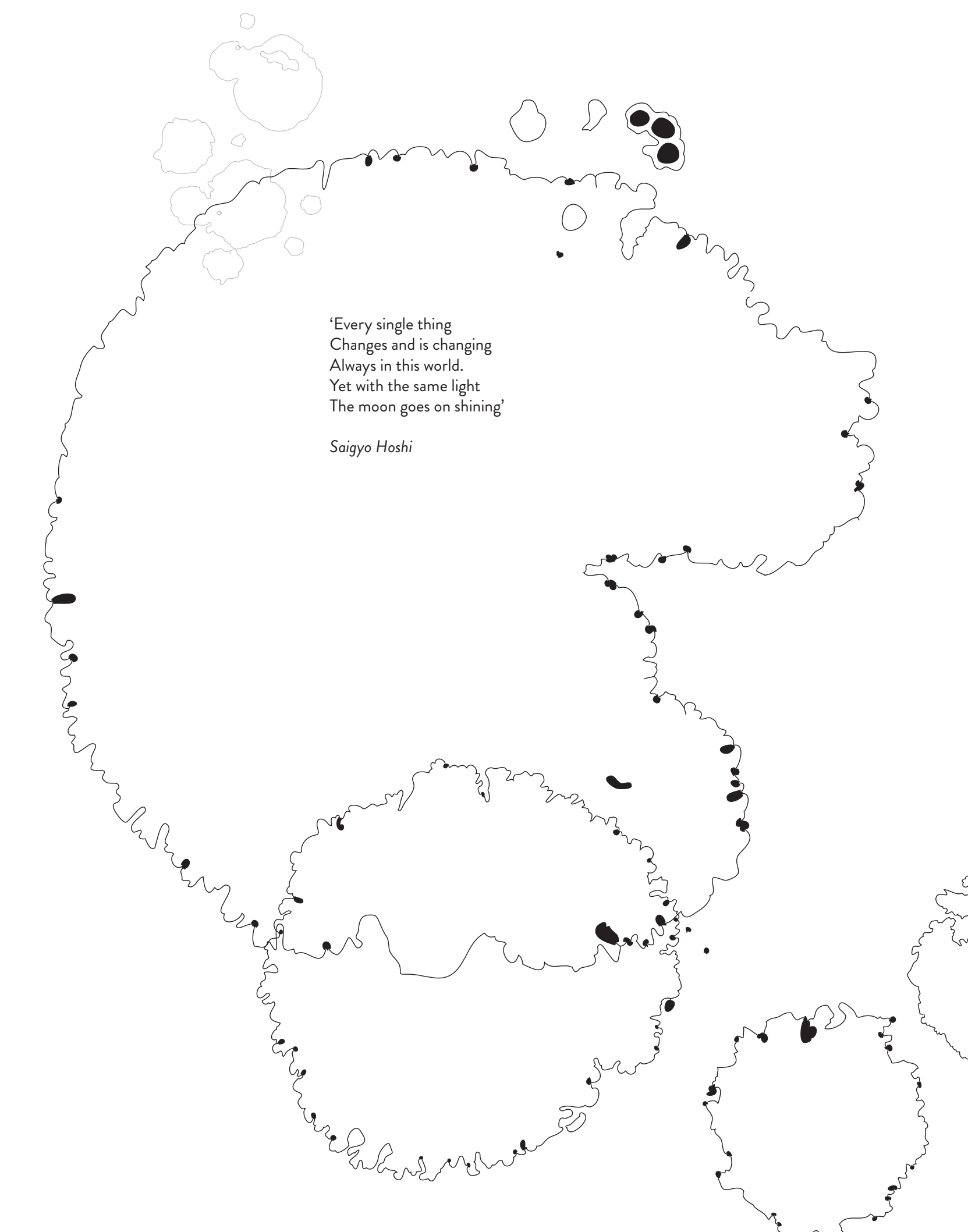
We collect, sometimes intentionally, sometimes unknowingly. We all collect common things; images, words, feelings, stories, conversation, time, memories. Some people collect objects; stones, books, records, pictures, old things, new things, in cabinets or boxes.

‘Entangling’ is my collection of experiences and memories, thoughts in time.

Framed by images and words, and, in contemplating the wider issues of climate change, this anthology attempts to preserve fleeting and unassuming moments.



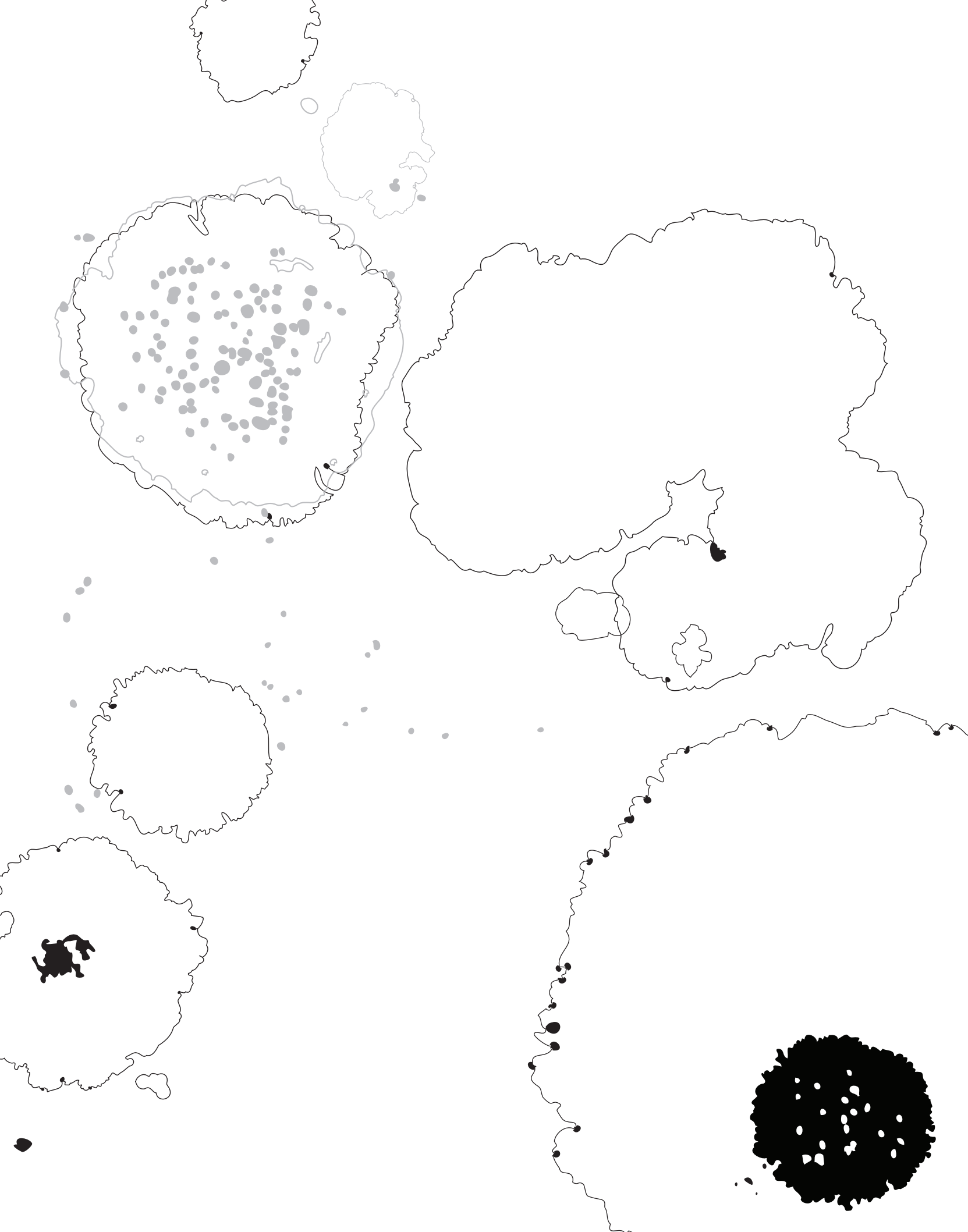




'Every single thing  
Changes and is changing  
Always in this world.  
Yet with the same light  
The moon goes on shining'

*Saigyō Hoshi*





## Time

It begins with the small things – dust, a seed, a germ. The microbe formed billions of years ago that grew life, grew Earth. Earth transformed, adapted, survived.

Beginning to end and everything in-between. From a flit of a nanosecond to unfathomable spans of trillions of years; time frames everything. Time is the narrative structure of our lives. Past history. Future possibility.

Circles and cycles and systems formed of studies.

On the hour, a hand moves, a sundial shadow shifts and a ship's bell rings. The earth rotates, the sun sinks and the moon rises.

But time can be interrupted.  
We can compose unique rhythms.  
Love complicates time; meandering/speeding/  
fleeting/slowing. Fear pauses it, acceleration  
and deceleration exist in moments. When  
anxious, time dashes between past, present  
and future, gathering fragments through  
which we search for answers.

We forget times and remember times,  
through choice or not. In memories we tread  
amongst it.

We measure the passing of time with what we  
see. The day outlined in light. Rising sunlight  
through a window, the density of shadows,  
twilight to gloaming to the moon and stars  
in the dark. Then, seasons of winds, showers  
and blossom. Bleached greens, dusty breezes  
and dry earth. Rain, leaves, soil, frost, bare  
branches and crisp days.

Time has become a commodity; we pay extra to become more efficient, have faster connections and to rush through and past things.

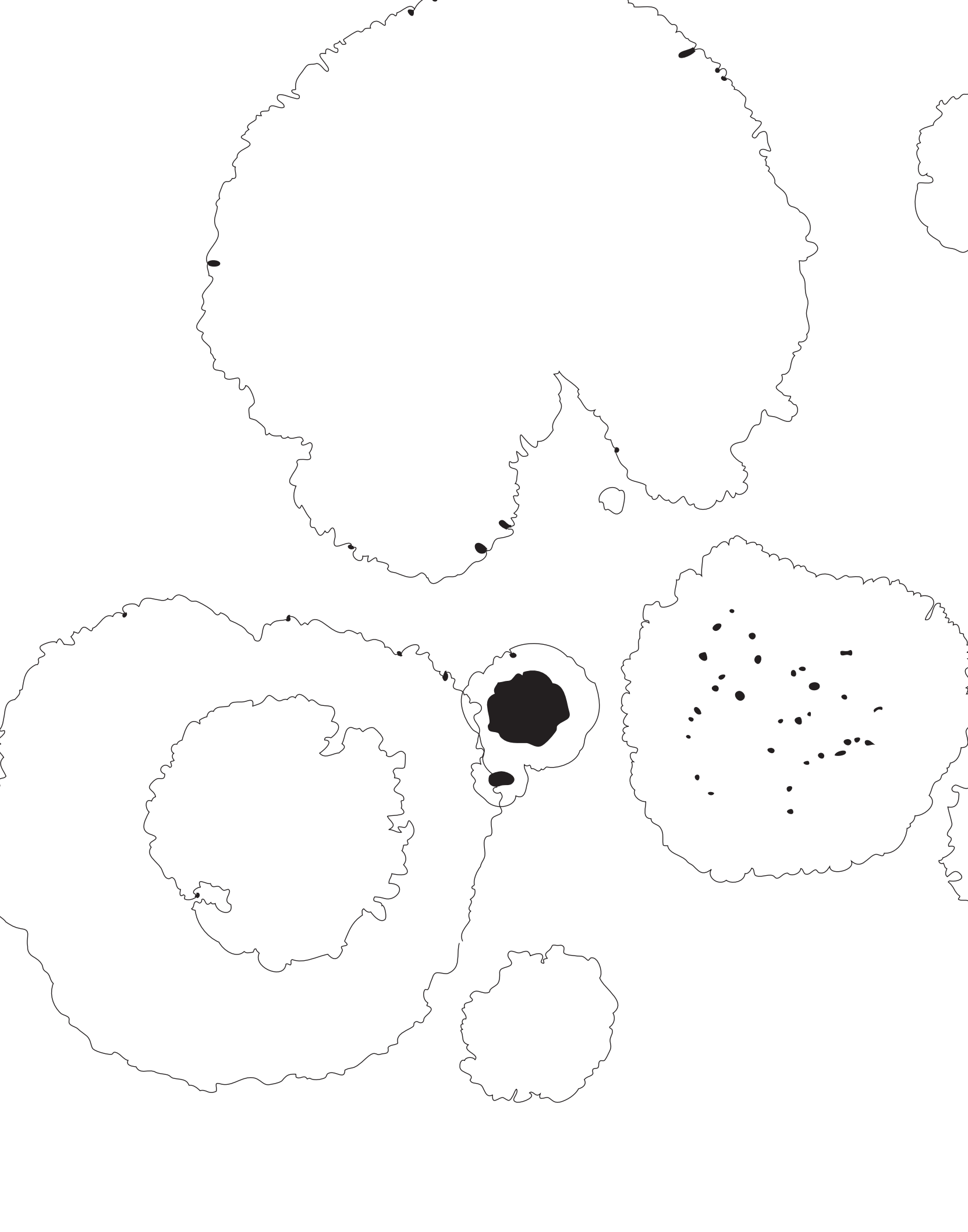
As we move, we weave between each other's time and into Earth's time. Our pathways are directed by thoughts and actions. Our choices in the present shape the future story of Earth. Now, we can protect her; guide her away from destruction. We can slow down. We can repair and prepare. We can extend our shared time. In this shared time, Earth can transform, adapt and survive.

We are in-between and this is where change happens.

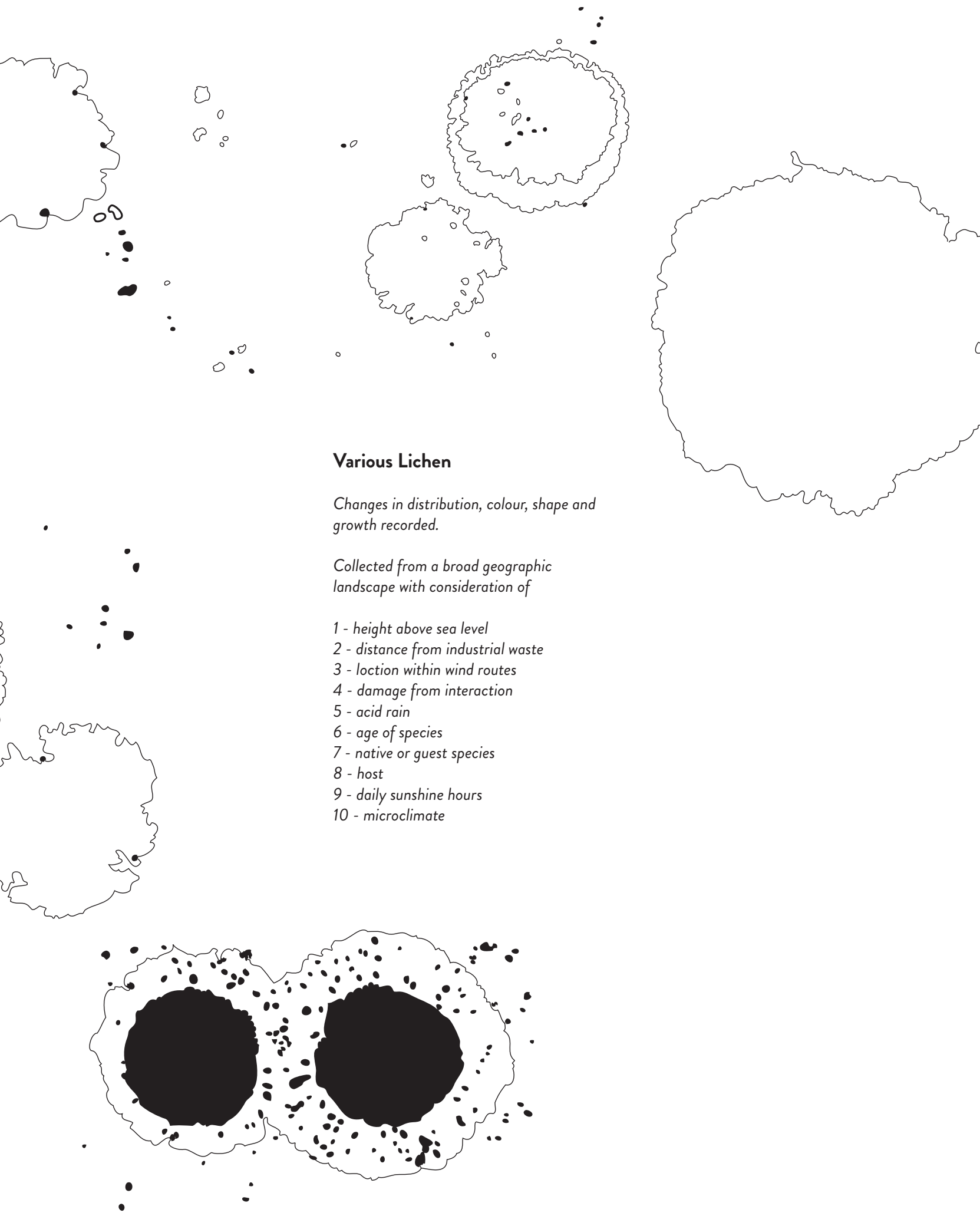




## The Things We Didn't Notice





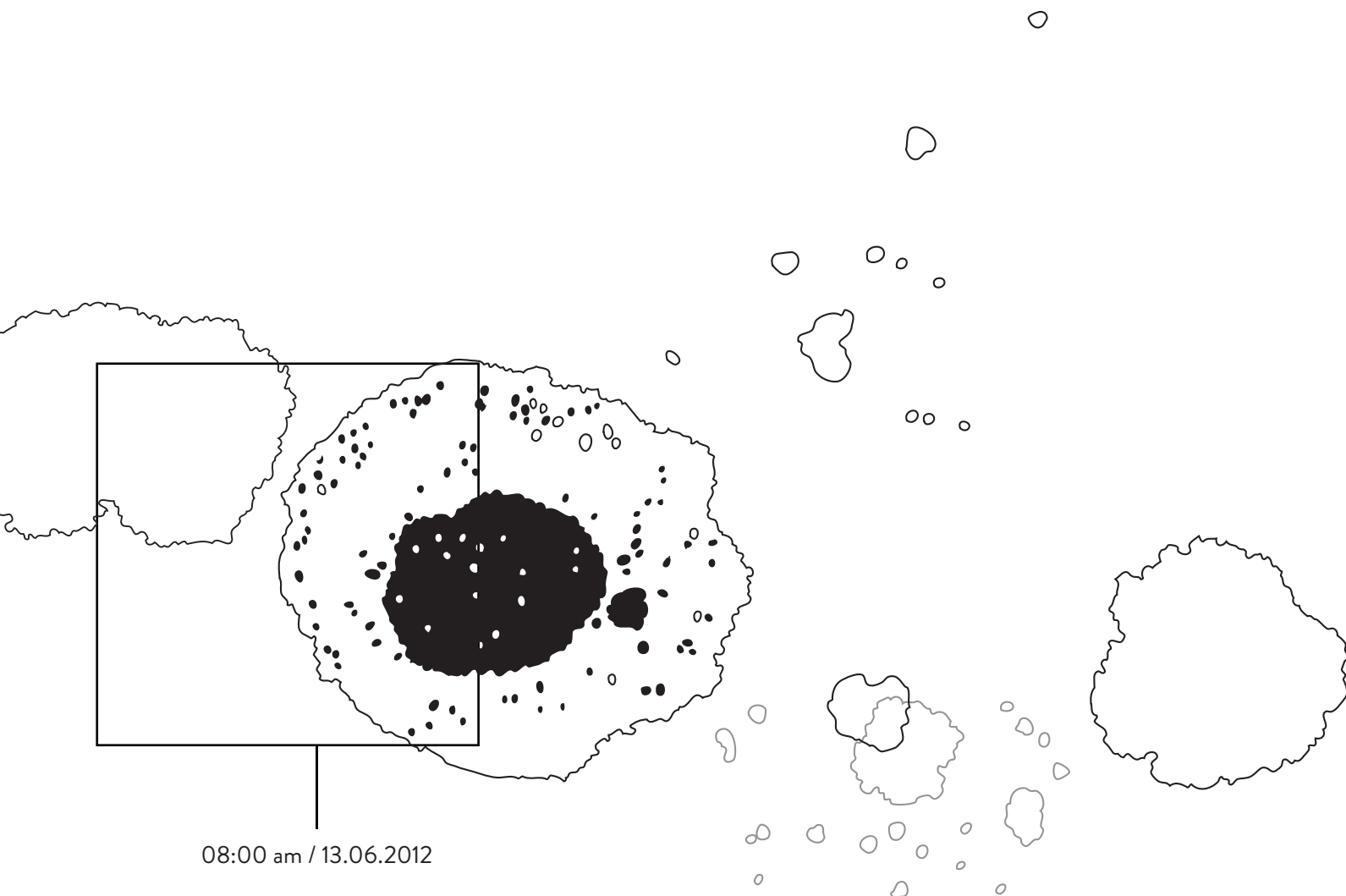


## Various Lichen

*Changes in distribution, colour, shape and growth recorded.*

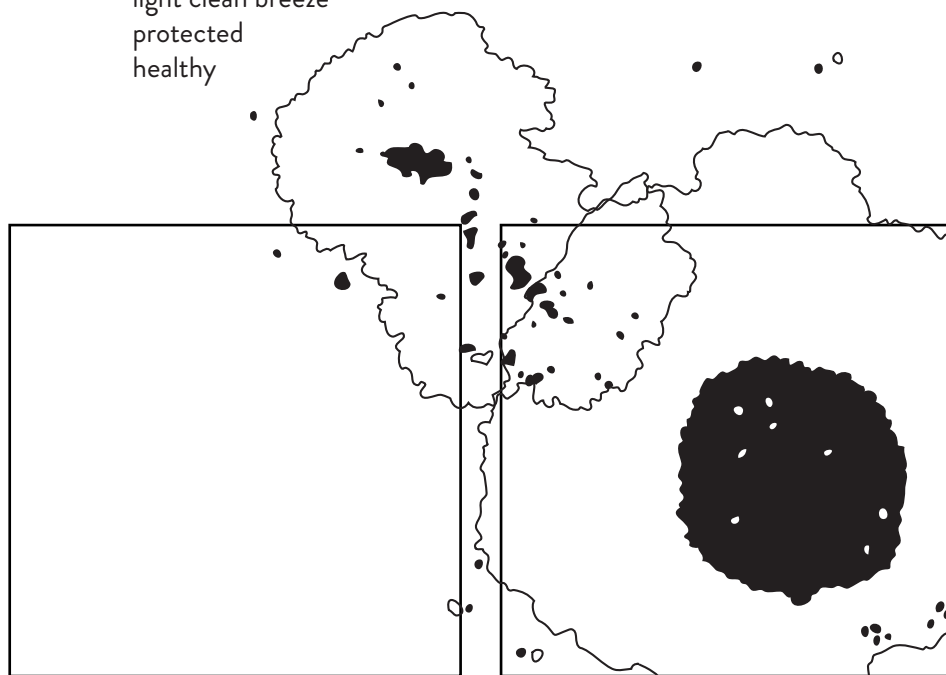
*Collected from a broad geographic landscape with consideration of*

- 1 - height above sea level*
- 2 - distance from industrial waste*
- 3 - location within wind routes*
- 4 - damage from interaction*
- 5 - acid rain*
- 6 - age of species*
- 7 - native or guest species*
- 8 - host*
- 9 - daily sunshine hours*
- 10 - microclimate*



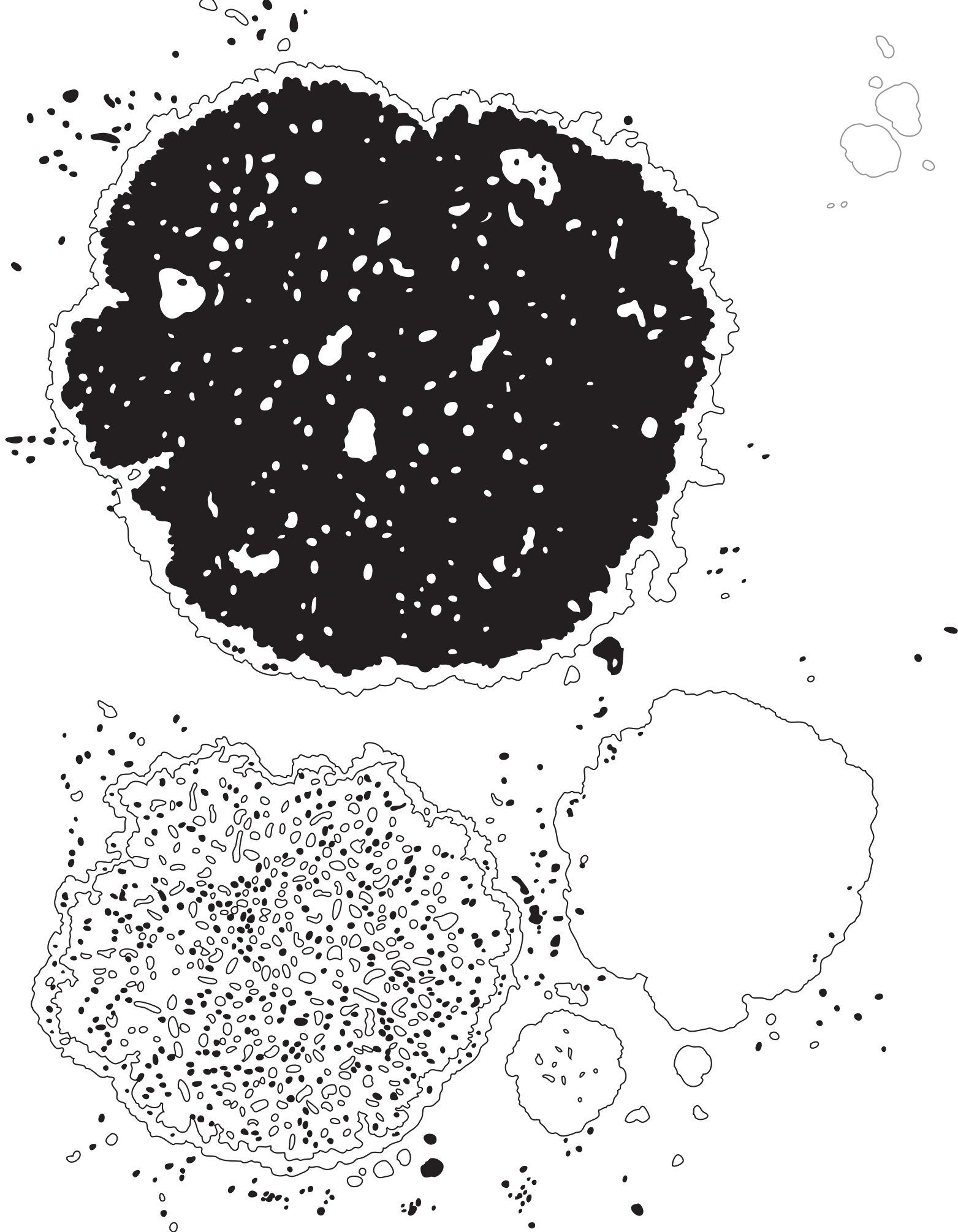
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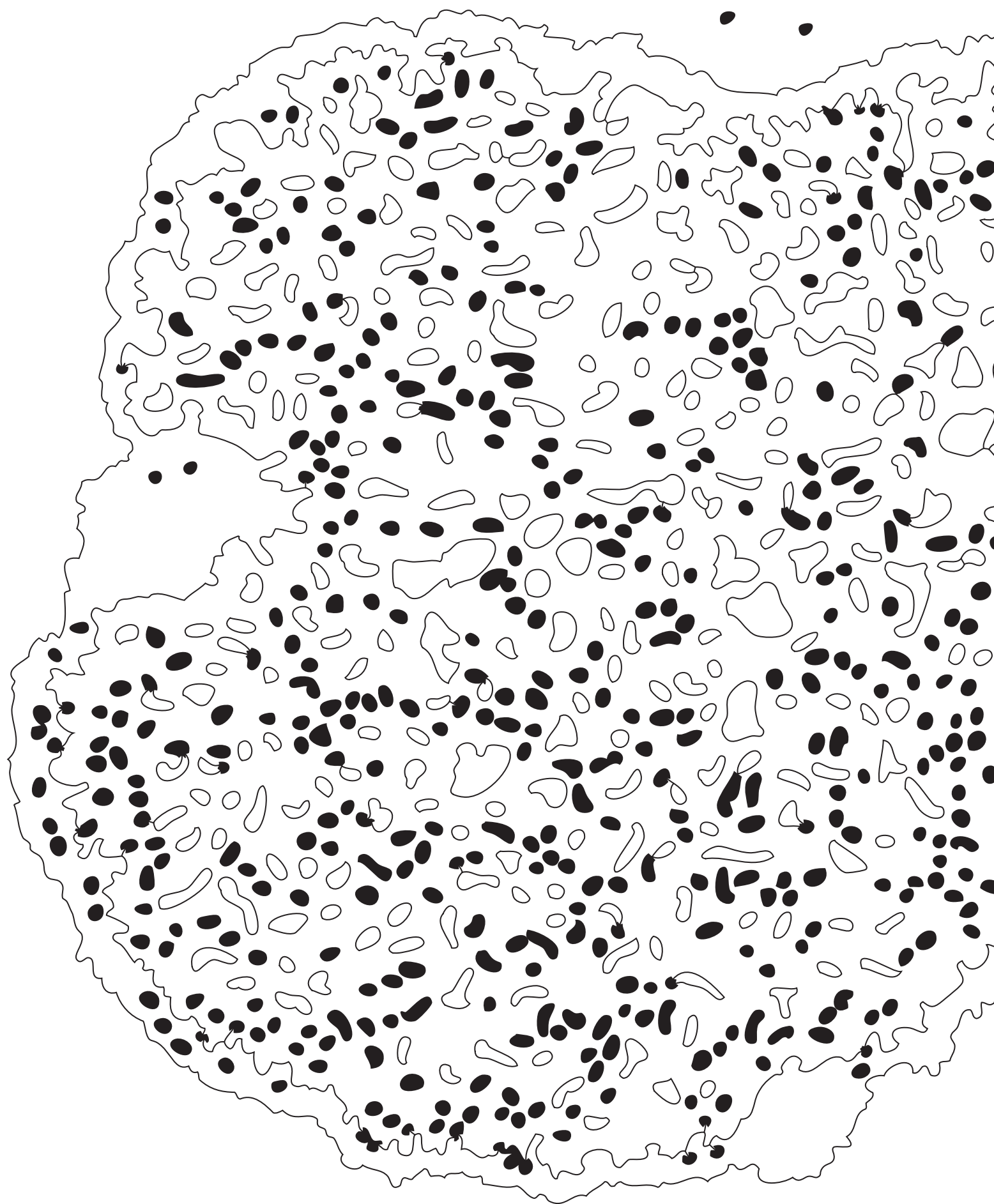
south facing cliff  
smooth boulder  
50ft above sea level  
light clean breeze  
protected  
healthy

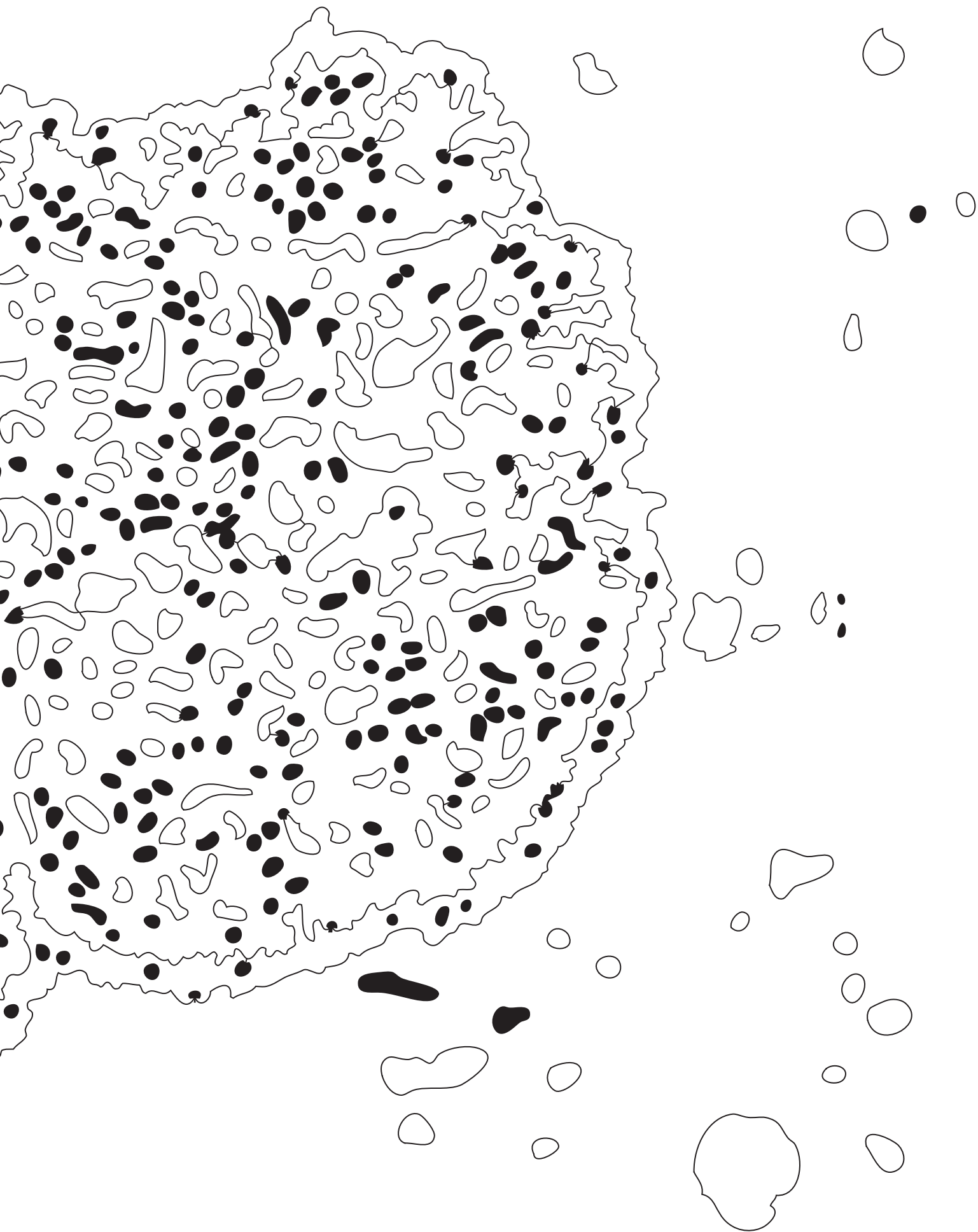


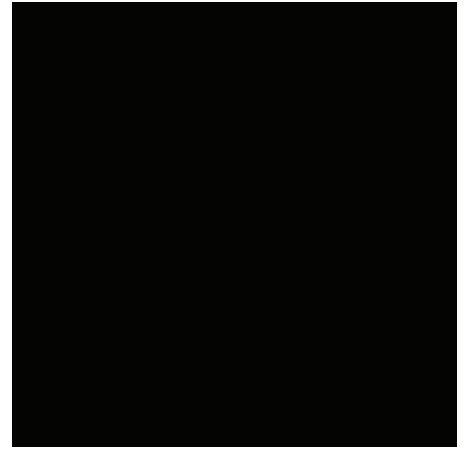
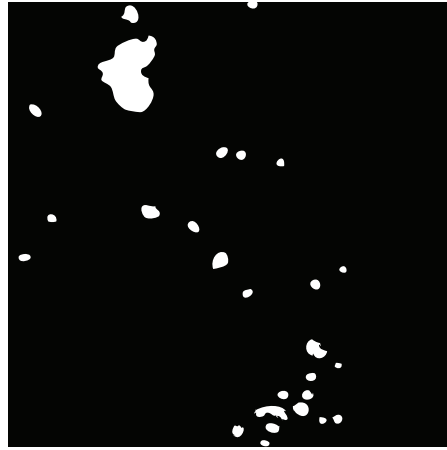
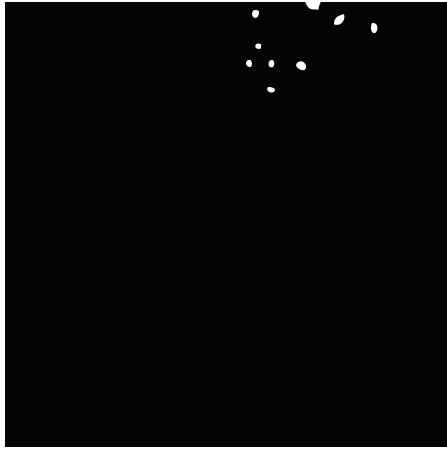
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north slopes  
native species  
50ft above sea level  
no breeze  
settled dust  
protected  
ghost



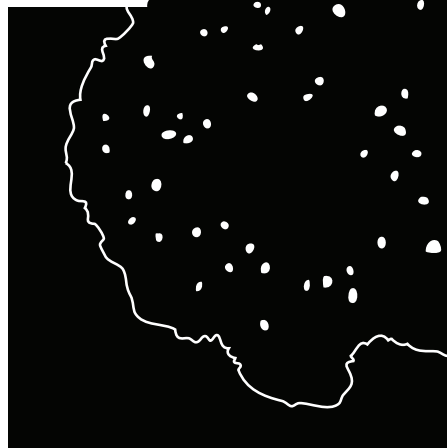
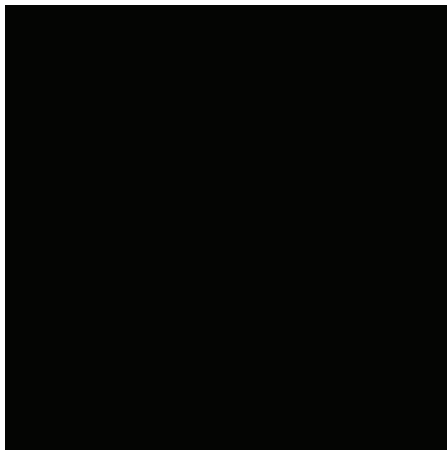


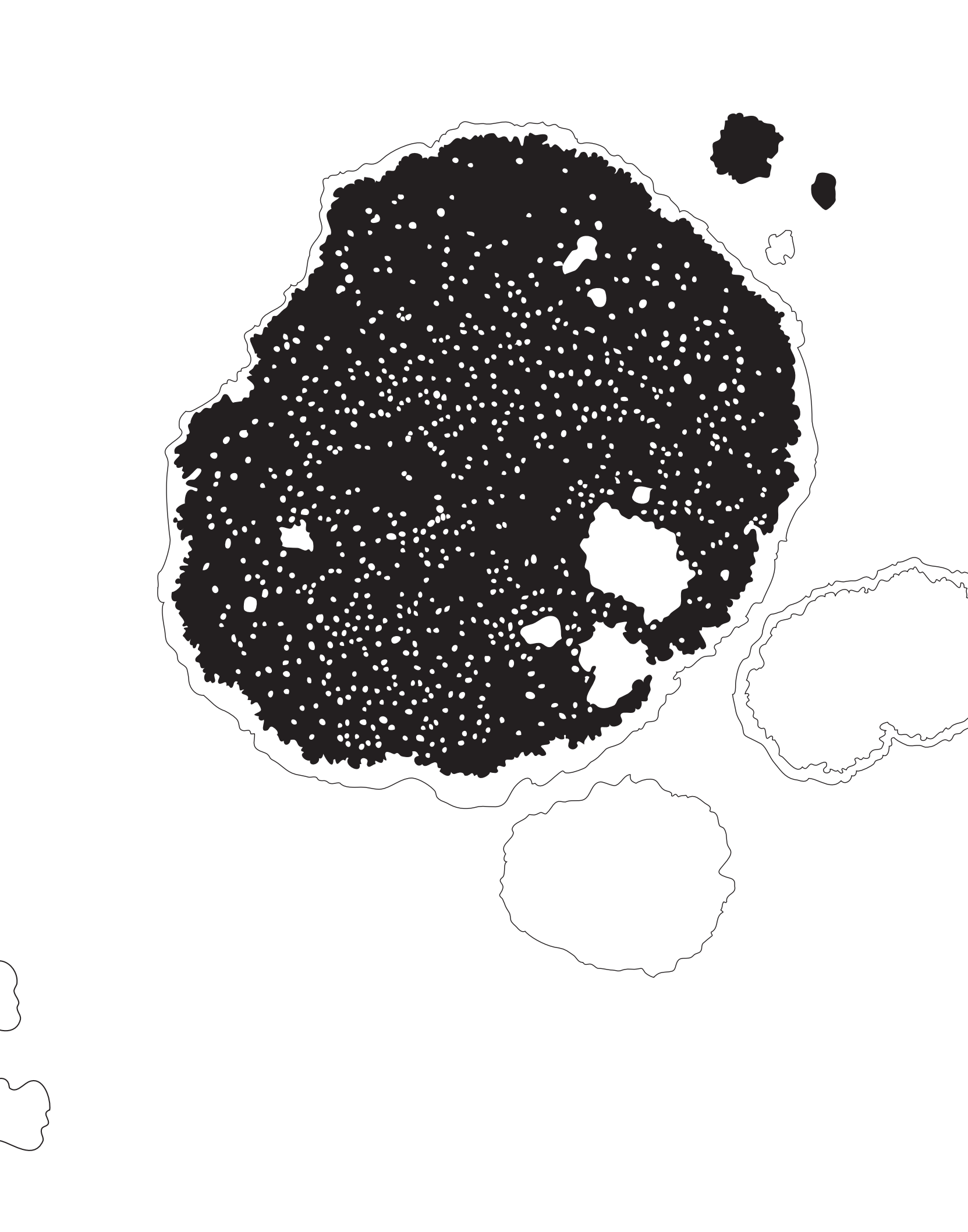




In a second, everything can change.

A cell divides  
An atom splits  
A bacteria grows





## Look Closer

Skies calmed her. The flat soft sky of dawn and twilight seemed like a blank sheet. A kind of forgiveness. She liked to wake early and absorb these moments, free of worry and concern. The colours of this time coloured her thoughts.

She got up and crossed the room to the window. The window never moved or changed, while everything outside perpetually shifted. The sun moved across the sky, buildings rose and retreated. Trees opened and closed, leading the seasons, guiding the weather. She wanted to record the infinite variations of every single weather.

As she walked she thought about nature and time. The outline of a building angled against sky, clouds lifting and turning, moving past into others views, through gaps and windows and between buildings, mirrored in puddles and reflected on car roofs. The tree in the courtyard by the red block of flats that glowed orange in the autumn was now spindly and frail, sleeping for winter.

We are nature - trees sleep too.



She noticed even finer details, microscopic formations. Fascinated with lichen and algae and their miniature worlds. Micro worlds within worlds. She read that the largest known colony of ants was a super colony in Hokkaido, Japan. It contained over three million workers and one million queens, in a series of 45000 underground nests. This colony was part of an even bigger mega colony, interconnected with other super colonies around the world.

It's there and we can't even see it.

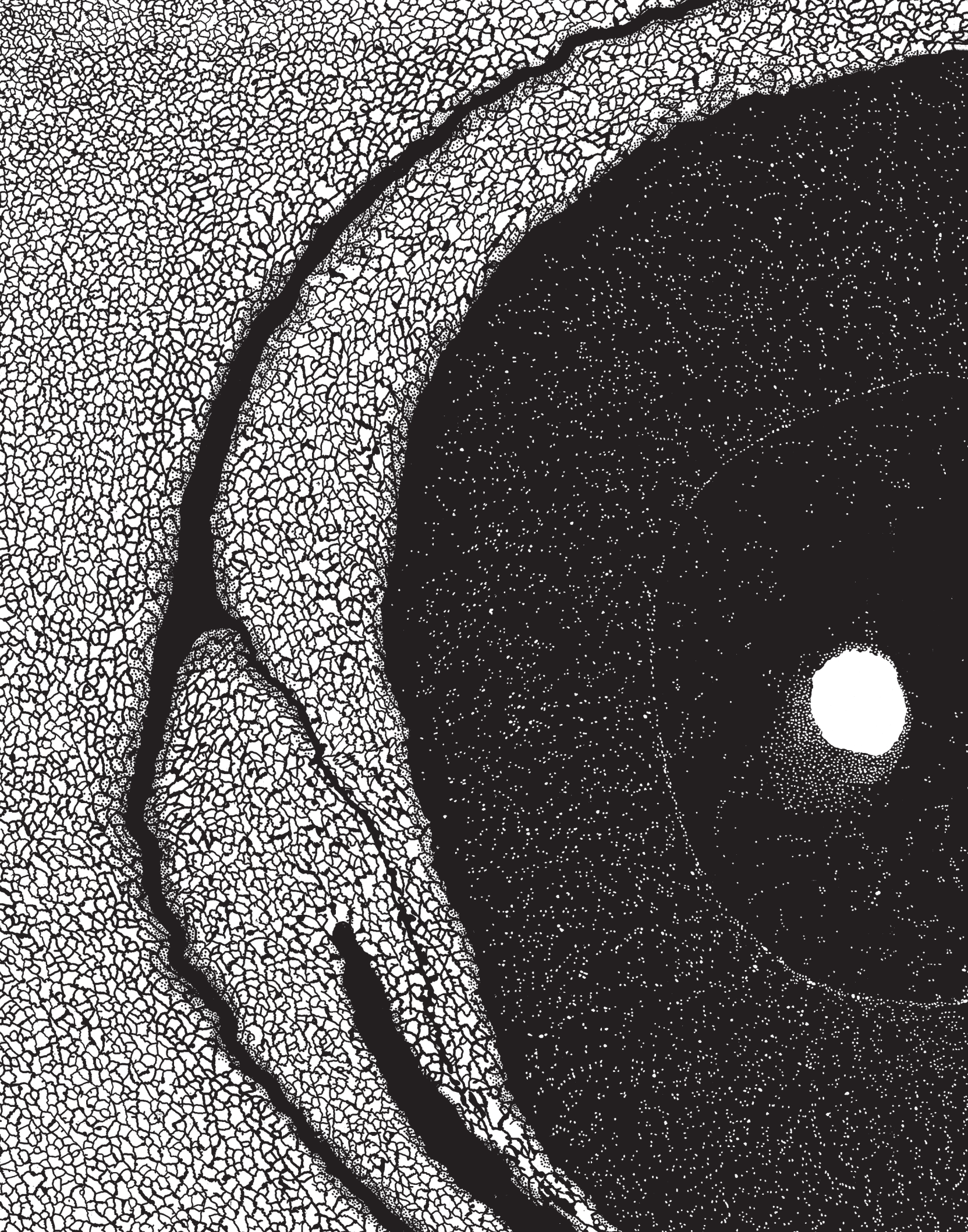
A rock warmed by the sun. Mottled settlements of lichen interrupted its smooth pink surface. A self-sufficient community with the ability to adapt to any surface and withstand extreme contrasts of environment; cold, hot, dry and wet.

*Sensitivity to environmental factors; temperature, air and water means that Lichen are continuously evolving and adapting. They can indicate air pollution and climate change through shifts in behaviour and abundance of species. They also absorb toxins and air pollutants. When faced with extreme conditions, Lichen hibernate, preserving themselves.*

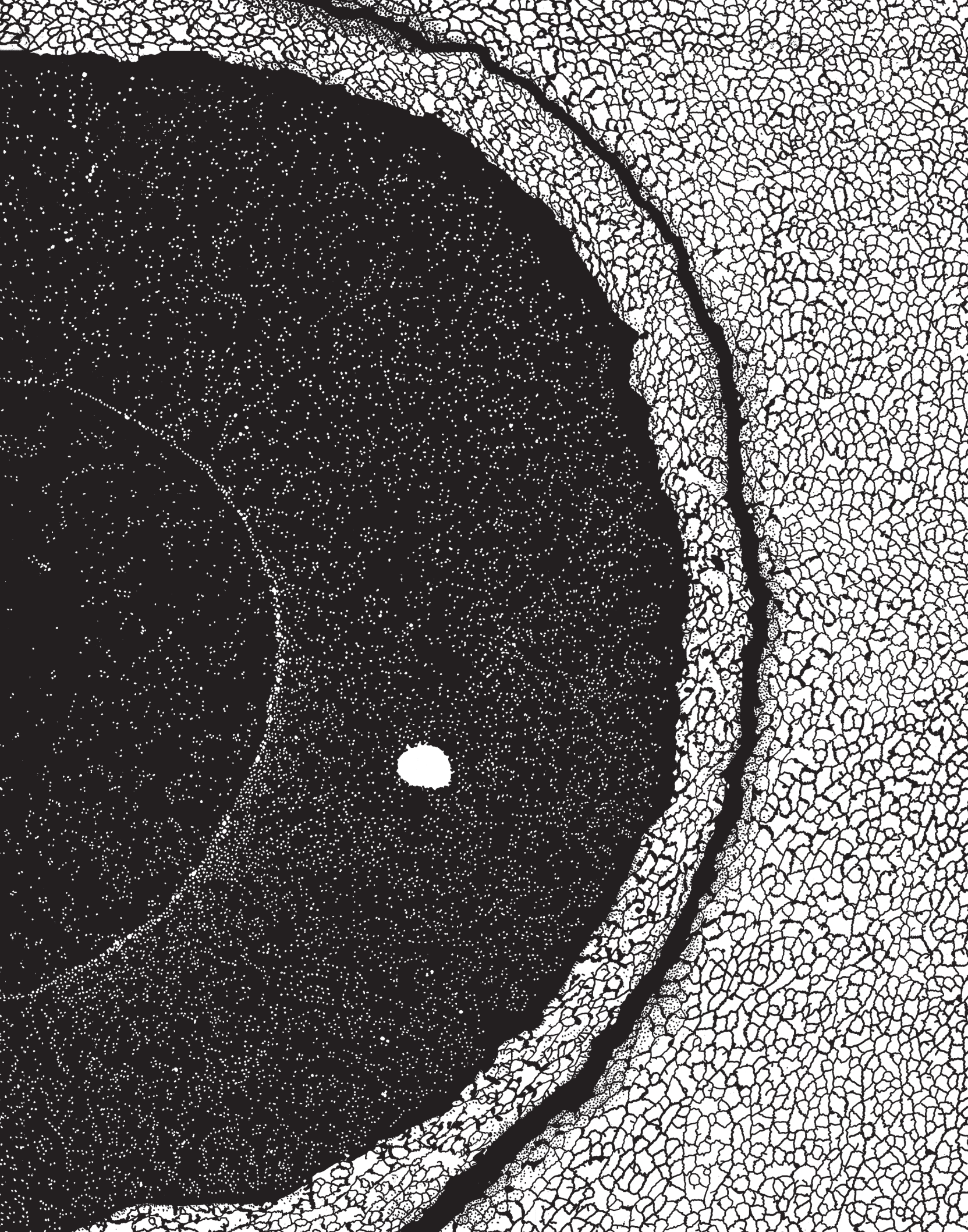


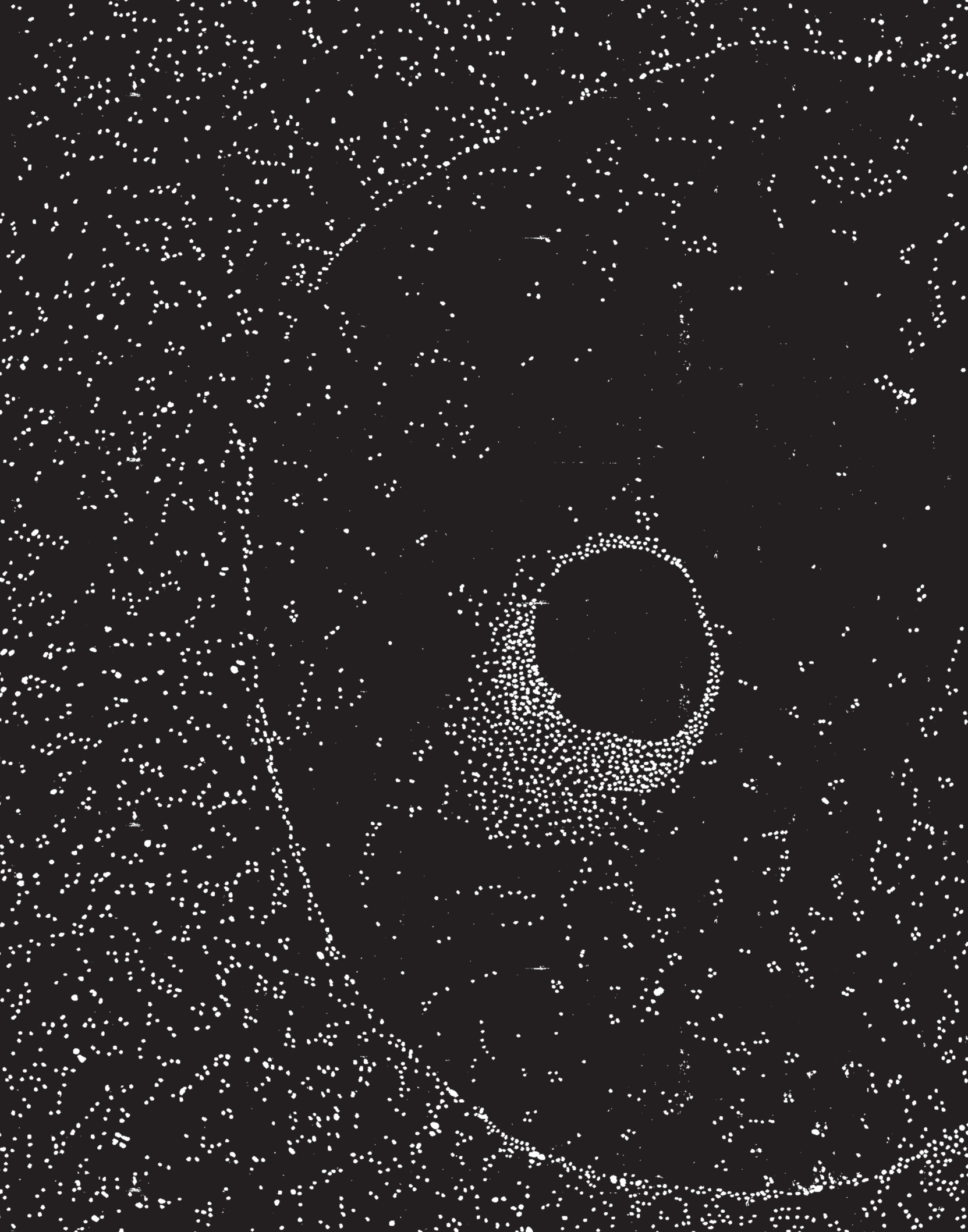
If you look very closely, they look like islands.  
Borders go unnoticed as they creep slowly  
outward. Intricate edges with coves and inlets.  
They are cities, populated and sprawling,  
reaching out to one another.

Territories, terrain, worlds.

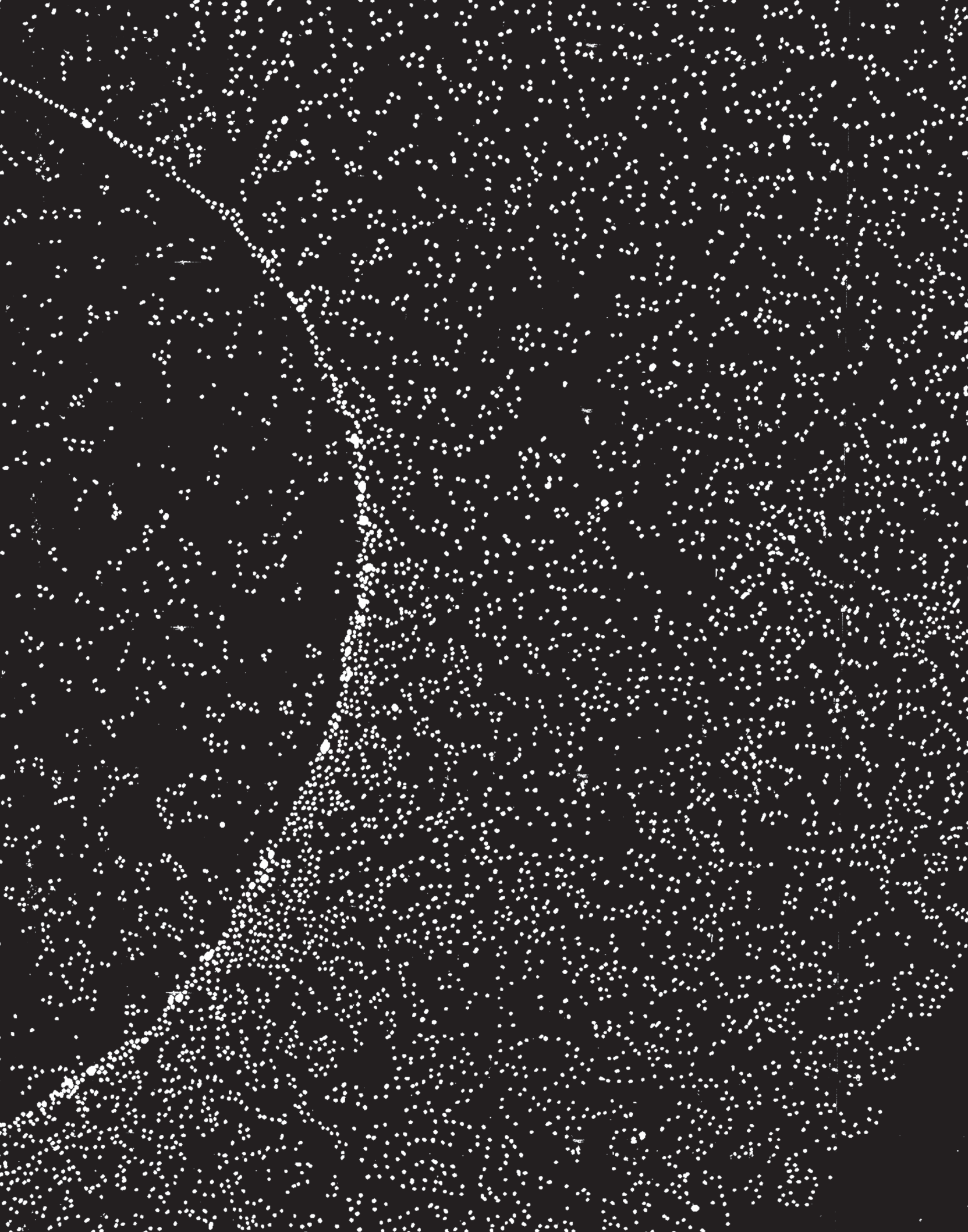
















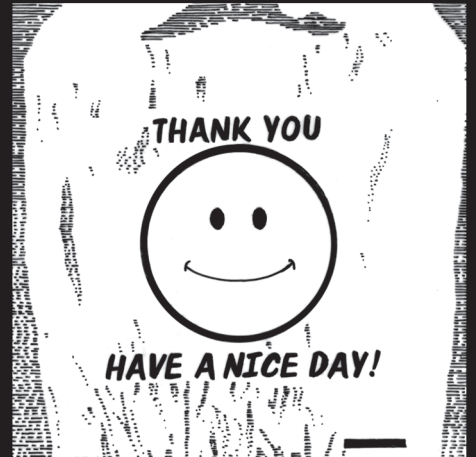
## Choices



In appearance all was well  
But underneath,  
mistakes we couldn't see  
So we pretended they weren't there

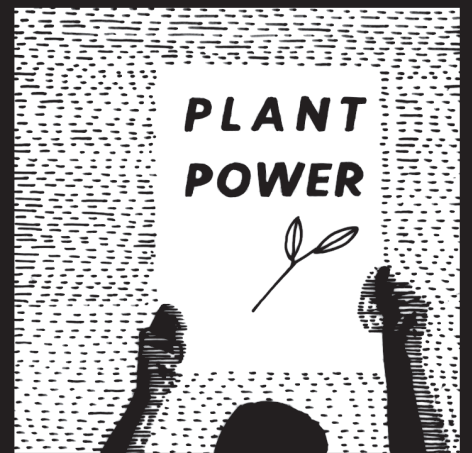
and the people couldn't see that beneath the  
Earth's skin  
she was turning rotten.  
She began bleeding, through cracks and holes,  
bigger holes and channels

and people became separated because they  
couldn't fill the holes and channels  
they were too big and too deep

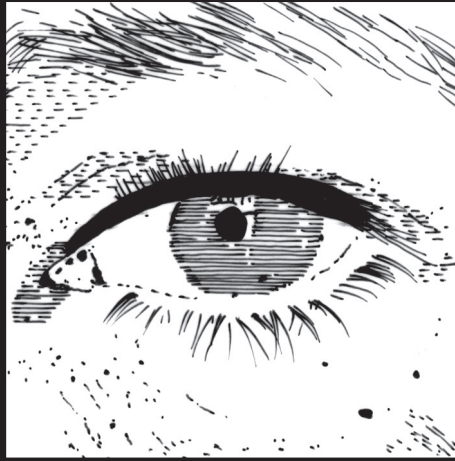




A light left on  
A tap drips  
A taste for meat  
A waste of energy  
A taste for money  
Instant access  
Instant excess  
2.5 minutes to midnight







Woke and decided to change  
A time to remember air  
A time to remember earth  
A time to remember fire  
A time to remember water.

Your soul is formed of the four

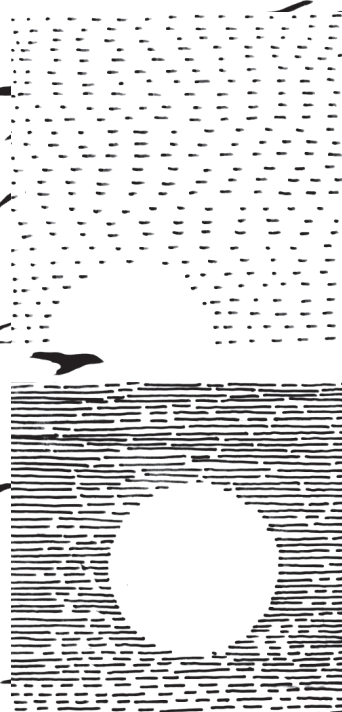
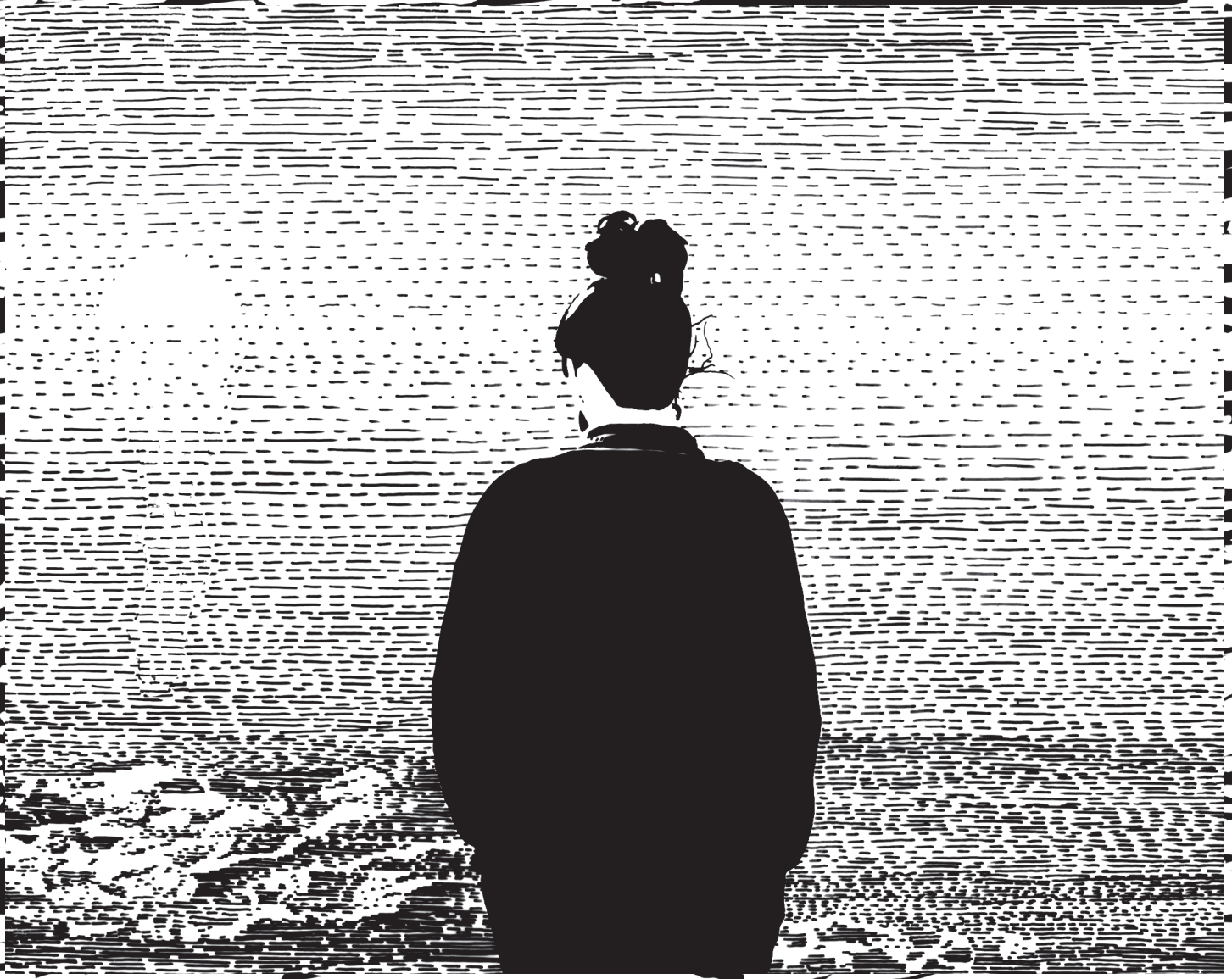
Notice the elements that make up our stories

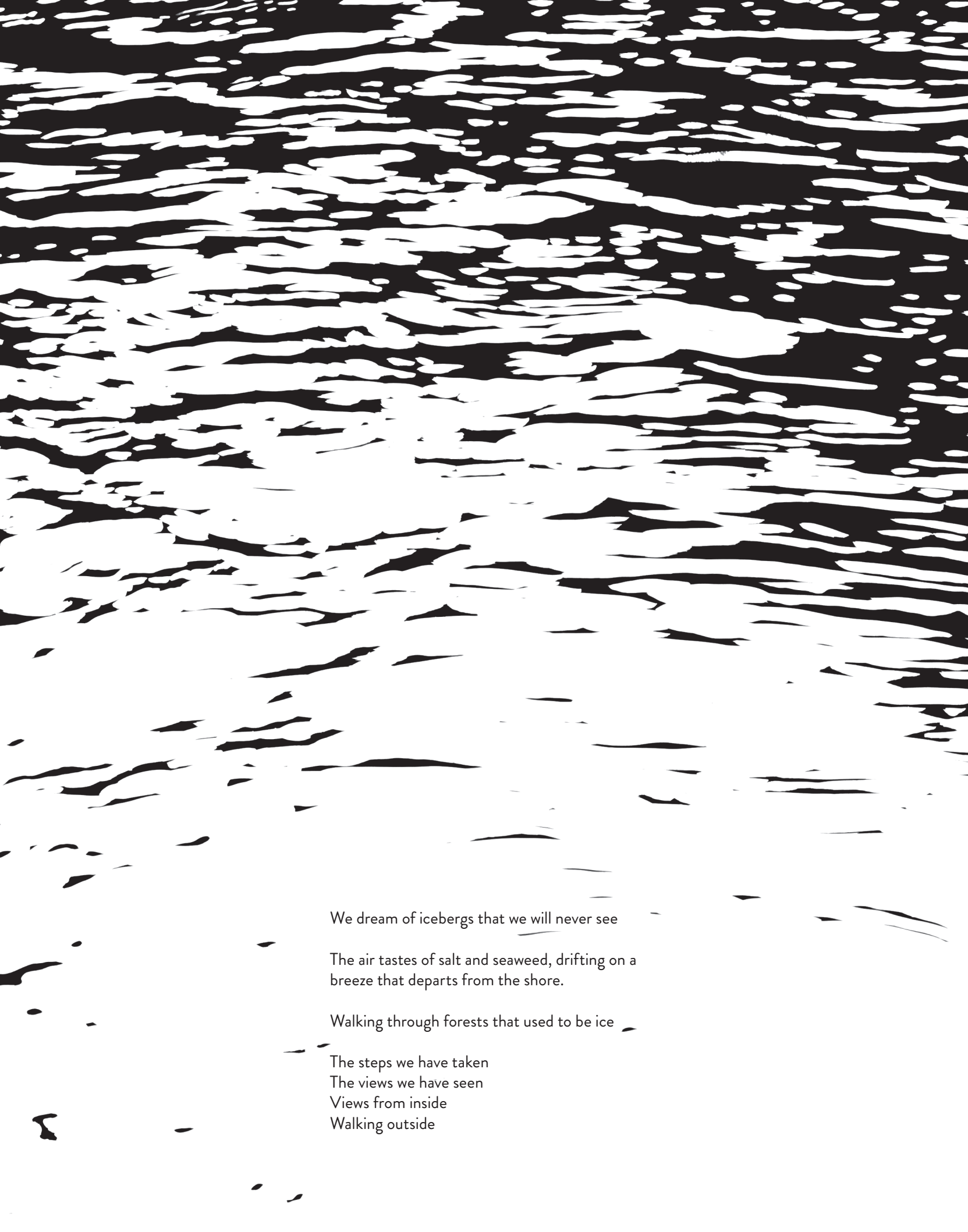
Remembering dreams of looking out to sea











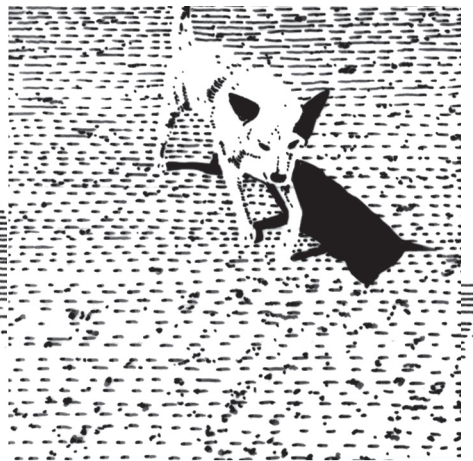
We dream of icebergs that we will never see

The air tastes of salt and seaweed, drifting on a  
breeze that departs from the shore.


Walking through forests that used to be ice

The steps we have taken  
The views we have seen  
Views from inside  
Walking outside









In a new place  
Untraveled, planning routes  
to discover and explore  
through streets  
and spaces  
that tell stories of people and land



Standing in the sun  
Watching a shadow  
Light through a window  
Twilight in a city  
The shape of a leaf  
The history of a path  
The width of a tree  
The texture of bark  
rough and solid, a protective wall

