

You are the weather. ^[1] Liquid forming. Your expressions change. You have the face of a chameleon. I can never predict you. *You are the weather.* You cast me as amorphous. Like glass, but also wind, breaking and changing form, again and again, in multitudes. From solid, to cloud, to liquid, and back again. I had been burned inside a hundred volcanoes and my molten lava formed anew on the ash floor— I am always making. I extracted salt from plant in an effort to be fired and formed. We were rolled on a slab in order to imprint the delicate threads into our bodies.

A merchant ship, laid with nirtum, was moored. The merchants stumped up their cooking pots on the beach with used lumps of nitrum from the ship, which fused and mixed with the sand. There flowed streams of a new translucent liquid—I was the small pebbles under clumps of nitrum—I was born again as *glass*. I am prone to breaking.

I was fashioned for fragile planes and melting landscapes. In Greek times I was marked as *halophile*, ‘salt-loving’. *Silica* is often the primary constituent of sand. It can be used to strengthen hair and nails in the human body. We are always in modes of transformation and becoming. When I recover the image, do I lose the memory? We are looking towards the same horizon, even though you are facing away from me.^[2] Lightning forms across my chest in bursts when I am anxious, furthering the production of the image. My skin turns to crystal in its wake. You melted me into butter. I was fashioned to withstand cooking at a high temperature. Images are durable, to an extent. The window panes are slipping and we are dancing inside the studio. Slide me into wax dripped down your waist-side. Pin me to the floor or wall. Let your plaster mark my corners. Wait for my birthing cry to call. We are already a *sage* in the womb. I am a greyish-green leaf and a wellspring of knowledge simultaneously. A *sage* (σοφός) in classical philosophy, is someone who has attained wisdom. The term has also been used interchangeably with a 'good person'. There is so much goodness to be found within your image. I hold your landscapes in a photograph and my body remains imprinted on your skyline. The light hits the ground and all feels possible. I leak deeply into wax. Butterfly wings are cast as debris. Leaf marks surrender birthright. I am forged and founded sight. Scrunch me under palm like warm butter then let me melt into sky. *You are the weather.* Look up to the light of the falling sun together. Welcome the moon into our living room. The blue of longing ^[3] that hangs between us through mis-steps, mistakes and time-wasted. There is a horizon of becoming colour between our bodies and the shades are shifting eternal. Obsidian, a volcanic form of glass, has often been fashioned as cutting tool. You cannot cut the shifting light of dawn or dusk with a knife. Light bounces from prism too quickly. Ancient glass is fashioned as optical device, but does not have the ability to still motion. Photography is such a slippery tool. The *alkali* of Syrian and Egyptian glass was *soda-ash*, which can be extracted from the ashes of many plants, notably halophile seashore plants like *saltwort*. I came in the form of beads at first. They say that beads were the first forms formed. After glass I will enter into a new medium, I will become the base that dissolves in water, as *alkali*. I am forever at risk of disappearance. *Halophiles* can be found in water bodies with salt concentration more than five times greater than that of the ocean. I cried you a sea of saline to stitch your boat to mine. I gnawed upon the edges of your image. You will find me in many places throughout our lifetime together. *You are the weather. You are the weather. We are the weather. I am the weather.*

[1] Horn, Roni, *You are the Weather*, 1994-95, 64 C-prints and 36 gelatin-silver prints, dimensions variable.

[2] Kelly, Phoebe, *Dusk on Minjertbah (Stradbroke)*, 2019, 35mm colour photograph.

[3] Solnit, Rebecca, “The Blue of Distance”. *A Field Guide for Getting Lost*, Canongate, 2005.