

Our Clumsy Attempts

a philosophical treatise on the formation
and reading of bear tracks

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We fell over the wall, our luggage tumbling after us, falling all around. There's so much! Did we really need to hold on to so much stuff?

When we finally took a look around to see where we'd ended up, it seemed to go on forever. All these remnants and confused trails, strewn all over the place in no kind of order. We should have abandoned it, struck out for the horizon and taken our chances. But the horizon was just more junk - who could say there was anything beyond it?

The wall was long gone. It was just us and our endless, möbius belongings now. So we dug down. Took hold of the things we held dear and tried to make them grow. So fragile we had to shelter them, watch them constantly. They needed so much care. And we were not tender wardens. Clumsy and awkward, we struggled with even the most basic of duties. We trampled more than we ever saw true. It all seemed so fruitless.

But then. A flicker.