

# Iteration

*Tom Eicher*

One step. Up to the peak of the hill. Let the wind blow through your clothing. Cold fingers of frost probe tenderly into the gap between your skin and the cloth. Directly in front of you, in the non-distance of the dark sky, first traces of the rising sun begin to show. It seems, as if single photons strive to outrace their brothers.

Pull the coat closer around your shoulders, raise the collar. While you're fumbling with the fastener, golden fingers try to escape the dark. More and more ambassadors of the new day come shooting past, so now you can make out a centre. A centre, the sun. Her heralds submit the promise to turn the cold dark into a friendly warm, at least for some hours. Not yet are they able to diminish the morning frost, but where they touch down, one is able to foresee their message.

A shiver, not unpleasant. The valley beneath you seems to come to life, at least you now manage to make out some details. A chain of hills stretch as far as your eye is able to follow them.

You step back, against your will. Longer you would like to stay, but a watch, on your arm, which does not belong to you; it says 04:55. Your legs, but they don't belong to you; they take two more steps backward, then the watch says 04:59.

The sky changes color, in an instant. Just a second before, it had been saturated with the burning gold of the rising sun, now it shows the color of a television tuned to a dead channel.

And the floor beneath your feet. And your feet. And you.

Quickly you hit the FR-Key. You look at your fingers. Your real fingers, this time. Dirty and swollen up. Covered with many smaller and larger injuries. Impatiently, you tap the cheap pastic of the playback unit. Your eyes glance around the dirty floor, for a second caught by a lonely cockroach that had not been allowed the see another day. The cheap neon tube emmits an unpleasant humming; it's pitch, combined with the distant grumbling of the air recycling sings a sad melodie.

With a loud rumble, the unit reaches the beginning of the tape.

It's 2 hours, till you have to return to the factory. Still a lot of time, time for a lot of sunrises.

Not that you had ever climbed a mountain. Or seen a sunrise.

One step, and you reach the peak of the hill. The wind gently touches your clothes...

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