I AWOKE IN DARKNESS, WITH THE COMFORTING THRUM OF THE ENGINES HAVING CEASED.

I stepped onto land, or rather a gloomy continent of sinking, abominable mud...

Detestable as it was, it performed the office of half-concealing things out of nightmare, that lurked beneath.

All around me were the uncounted debris of the ages. Whole civilizations, empires, all shattered to atoms.

And I knew that we too would find our place here. That our lives, our efforts were nothing, but a fragment of bone, in that colossal wrack.
I was assailed by mephitic odours. My feet seemed to sink into a hellish mire.

I did not look, I did not dare to see what was being trod underfoot.

It seemed I was stepping on history herself, or her corpse.

This was a place where the categories were loosened, weakened.
The boundaries placed by nature between sea and land, past and future, life and un-life...

...were not respected here.
I heard a low humming...
A whispering inside my head.

They told of things that had been so carefully placed in their containers by scientists.

Things that had broken free from their phenomenological cages.

These strange shapes seemed to change their configurations imperceptibly.
STONE BECAME FLESH, DEATH BECAME LIFE, BY THAT TIDELESS INNER SEA.