

Genus Acacia

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It's like a home. Soft carpets of canary yellow line the structure of ragged surfaces. Abstracted points of white create highlights against the dark shadows of interconnecting layers. Thousands of circular fibres, catching the light of day on its curving edges. A line of reflection perfectly painted on its sunlit rim. Fibres are packed so closely together it can't be known where one ends and the next begins. A waffle-like casing with fillings of fluorescent purple remains wrapped tightly around the globular figures, like the hexagonal shapes of honeycomb - sticky too. A translucent red fills the emptiness of the space, the fluidity and grace of it holding everything in its place. Its flowing currents picking up the spheres of golden-yellow in its trail. The reds are opaque, almost pink. Just so. Looking out through the coloured lens, where a whole new world lies beneath, everything tinted red. Shades of red; scarlet, vermillion, ruby. It's like a miniature portal. Tiny, inconspicuous, almost insignificant - yet, significant in its entirety. It makes you think that life has passed you by; the perfect tapestry. A pair of carefully embroidered cushions, covered in a quilt-like material, like something of royalty. Delicately woven and stitched. As if one perched upon it would beckon the lowering of all heads. A filling not quite wool, not quite synthetic, not firm, but soft and wiry, makes the patterns bulge, deepening the canyons between colours. Abstract rectangles tessellate across the surface, encircled by tori. A ripple textures the carmine red, the wattle yellow detailed with the softness of a luxurious velvet. The shadows grow darker as they descend deeper into its vortex. Further away from the dangers that lie in the infinite space surrounding it. A perfect microcosm within the vast universe, it remains an opportunistic pollinator, where solitary and social bees come to take a sip from the royal chalice, the numbers diminishing every seasonal rotation. Their epitaph remains, *there will come soft rains*. Descending further away from the poisonous toxins of the world, the fumes, the diseases, the contaminated footprints embedded in the native dirts. The two contrasting colours of red and yellow meet at a slight dip, the stitches that join them invisible to the naked eye. Its entirety is encased in a mustard-like fibre, interconnected in a way similar to that of a young girl's loose braid; the fraying strings escaping like aged twine, unkempt, but still holding great purpose. An empty darkness surrounds it, the illuminator shining a spotlight on every aspect of the structure, every small detail magnified, light refracted as if daring for extinction. Reiterating the value carried by every loose thread, every circular fibre. The black backdrop enhances the fiery colours, the careful array of carmine reds and canary yellows. The smooth embroidered edges of the pillows, comforting, beckoning, inviting. The flowing river of crimson, spreading warmth throughout the cool sterility of the space, like embers shooting off on tangents beyond the confines of a campfire. The bead-like fibres holding memories of millenia, of The Dreaming, of place, of space, of rituals.

All of that.

Within the 44 micrometres of a singular grain of wattle.

