

# The Tautological Redundancy of Improbable Unlikelihoods

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Imagine an image that resists being seen,  
not because it is hidden, but because it refuses  
to obey the rules of physics  
that allow sight to exist at all.

Above the horizon hangs a sky made, not of color, but of texture:  
the roughness of tree bark,  
the smooth slickness of river stones,  
the faint vibration you feel when a large insect (or small robotic drone)  
passes very near your ear.

Suspended in this sky is a sun that emits darkness  
that seeps into the ground. The darkness is warm,  
and it smells of old paper left long in the rain.

The Boss here is a four-dimensional human silhouette rendered in 3D space.  
They wear a suit tailored from solidified silence.  
The fabric isn't woven; it is made of compressed moments of time,  
shimmering with the iridescent sheen of a "memory"  
that has yet to be formed by witness.  
And their hands have seventeen fingers,  
yet when you count the fingers,  
on either one hand or both together,  
you still always arrive at the number five.

Buildings rise halfway and then politely pause,  
embarrassed to intrude further.  
Staircases lead confidently upward  
until they stop suddenly ...  
apologize, and then dissolve into an eclipse of moths  
only halfway up to the bottom of the next floor.

The streets are paved with calendars instead of stone.  
You can peel off Dates from the soles of your shoes.  
Years crack and crumble, and entire decades are missing  
leaving dangerous potholes in the fabric of space-time.

In the center of it all is a marketplace where nothing is bought or sold ...  
only misplaced.  
People arrive carrying things they cannot remember needing.  
These items are laid carefully on the long ago abandoned stalls.  
In exchange, each person departs with something  
they did not know that they had lost,  
a question that never got answered,  
or a feeling of being under observation by the marketplace authorities.

Identity here is largely understood to be a temporary agreement,  
like the weather or borrowed clothing.  
Some of us cast shadows that walk ahead of us,  
scouting out the path ahead,  
While others have reflections that lag behind,  
trying to find today's appropriate expressions in yesterday's mirrors.

And an old tree may sometimes whisper  
the sound of pages turning in a library  
that no longer exists.  
And when gravity gets mis-filed  
then objects will start to fall sideways  
and stones may drift like opinions.