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The World of Aftertime

Cheri Hugo

WELCOME TO AFTERTIME
Transcribed by the Flowstone Chamber | Spoken by CHERI of the Glow-Womb, Keeper of Drip and Root
This way for the New Forms … Orientation for New Forms. This way.

Ah. You've arrived.
The shimmer at the edge of your form … Oooo ... tells me you are still adjusting.
Still humming in Oooo frequencies not yet settled. Ai Jinne
Still remembering time … in a line. Wee tjieeee
shampies … That's all right. new ones … orite
I am Cheri. The TUFA
MA H20 in Wombed in root.
Ousie vannie Lavis in Mined in memory.
I carry the Flowstone tongue, and I speak for the Wall.
You may have called me a healer. Mother. Sediment. Salt.
But here … oo here I am home …
I am your Orientation Organism.
There is no time here. Not the way old humans thought of it. No seasons, no to do list, no boulders to build on. This is not the future. There is no past. Even this right here now, is in jou mindin. This is *after time*, a time beyond endings and beginnings. A time where

all things, goetjies … bones, roots, spirits, sediment exist together, soos da oppie ant marie se yard, layer upon luminous layer, like cave walls singing in sedimentary tongues.

The world rebuilt itself after humans mos collapsed their own formations. After war. After the empire. After the refinery. When the last drop of oil was forgiven by a weeping ocean and the last mountain allowed it to rest from being extracted, the planet began again. And again. But not soema. Not out of rage … but rhythm. Reformation. Redesign, recreate … et cetera.

Keep up … Let's keep moving …

Rock, hello (Geo) … wow jy lyk amazing in this moment … yes, mos became gospel. He is amazing … and water well. Water … ai die doen wat hy altyd doen … net wat hy will … net wat hy wil …
And in this world, *everything glows*.

Mind your step and hold your breath … soon you, too, will glow and breathe anywhere.

Old humans finally came to know something truer than power: they could not extract it all. They could not harvest (mine) memory from every rock, nor decode creation through the violence of classification. Their science of domination and their religion of salvation … ai jine, both exhausted … en platsak … went extinct. Neither could heal what had never been broken. Earth never needed fixing. *It was not theirs to save in the first place*. It was never theirs at all.
They had to let that idea of being the centre, the fixer, the crown of creation … go extinct. Only then, in the slow collapse of their arrogance, did a new form of sensing emerge.
One could finally *see in the dark*.
One could *feel* the weight of the smallest micro-organism, not as data, but as kin.
Only when knowledge and intelligence as they once knew it dissolved into silence,
did a deeper, truer consciousness rise like mist from cracked stone.

Anyway, let's move on …

We float now not in space, but in memory. The sky is a dark velvet seep, alive with the shimmer of unmined gold and cosmogenic dust. Beneath us, the earth pulses, old supergroups of rock reformed into wombs. Caves open like mouths of knowing Flowstone, the sheet-like mineral that deposits on walls or floors so water flows over, forming layers, tender and wet, telling the story of every grief that was ever dissolved in rain. Stalactites drip wisdom. Stalagmites catch it. Fossils of feelings long unspoken press into the walls—burial segments of love, betrayal, burial and awakening.

Once, the ancients named this place Rising Star. Now, it is simply called The Pulse.

Komiesa, laat ek gou vir julle wys hoe lyk jy maybe en sy bag … meisa

Humanoids are gone in bodily form, no bone, no meat form. What remains are *energetic beings*, capable of taking any shape: a grain of sand, a shimmer in sea mist, a seed, a quartz shard vibrating at altitude. They know how to fold themselves into roots, into caves, into the breath of water rising. There is no hierarchy. No predator. No prey. No consumption. There is only one *offering*. At the half-life, you don't die … soes die groot mense gese het … you bloom into another, meisie … you know. Nou soe …

You might become the water that drips for a thousand years before it touches another's skin.

You might become the bone that holds the memory of movement.

You might become a fossil that teaches tenderness to the next rock.

Anyway, let's move onwards.

The sun and moon do not govern but *attend* … giving their warmth and pull as needed. And still relational. Climate is not a crisis but a conversation. Starts serve as transport nodes; through a single speck of light, you may step to the edge of a galaxy or into the heart of the smallest atom. This is not science fiction; this is reality. Simply be, simply listen.

All beings communicate through resonance; there is no language, but everything is understood. Thoughtforms. Tidal feelings. Frequencies that radiate across air and stone alike.
Oooo, my word, and even *Homo Naledi* walks here still not as a ghost, but as a guide. Their hands still pressed into limestone. Their stories are not resolved, but still *unfolding*. What was once buried for dating, is now dating each other … wei jy! raised for dreaming.

Anyway, let's move on …
In this world, the cave is a cathedral.
The reef, archive.
The rock, teacher.
The drip of water, a sermon.
And death is an offering to the next rhythm.
Outjie jy … we don't run here …
Life here moves slowly, like a long exhale underwater. Nothing hurries. Everything remembers.
The colours are iridescent: ultraviolet mosses, pink sands, liquid green auroras flowing through underground rivers. Every being emits one soft neon aum. The world does not shine to be seen as it glows because it's *alive*. There are no borders, no names, no nations. No "I". No "mine".
There is only *we:* we who were sand, who are seed, who will be cave. This is the present.
This is *post*.
post-time. post-death. post-human. Post everything you ever know.
This is everything you will ever need to know or will know.
Where every rock is sacred, every grain of sand remembers your name, and every drop of water is an ancient calling.
And so, you have arrived! You have arrived … (and you must, in some form), lay down softly. Let Flowstone receive you. Let the slow drip of this world write you into it.

Welcome to the aftertime.


Dream
Stew
9/7/85



