

The Consciousness of a Moment



For Lidia
this moment, in which everything became clearer.



Incipit

A moment appears without warning.

It has no past.

It has no future.

There is only it — before it fades.

PART I — MOMENTS OF THE BODY

Moment 1

The moment faded

Moment 2

Nothing remained

Moment 3

Break in perception

Moment 4

The moment disappeared

PART II — MOMENTS OF THE MIND

Moment 5

Loss of thought

Moment 6

Cognitive emptiness

Moment 7

Threshold of understanding

Moment 8

Consciousness faded

PART III — MOMENTS BETWEEN PEOPLE

Moment 9

Silence between two

Moment 10

Unspoken

Moment 11

Boundary of touch

Moment 12

Nothing looks anymore

The Erasure Page

PART IV — MOMENTS OF THE WORLD

Moment 13

Breath of the world

Moment 14

Tremor

Moment 15

The world closes

Moment 16

Emptiness of air

PART V — MOMENTS THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE COME INTO BEING

Moment 17

There was supposed to be nothing here

Moment 18

Anomaly

Moment 19

Error of time

Moment 20

Unauthorized moment

PART VI — MOMENTS FROM OTHERNESS

Moment 21

I do not understand you

Moment 22

Alien perception

Moment 23

No category

Moment 24

Reading impossible

FINAL — THE LAST MOMENTS

Moment 25

Dissolution

Moment 26

Last impulse

Moment 27

Here time ends

PART I — MOMENTS OF THE BODY



Moment 1

I came into being when the skin twitched under someone's breath.

I do not yet know whether it is a sign of life or only coincidence.

I see a movement so small that it almost does not belong to the body.

Before I can grasp anything, I am already beginning to fade.

The world I touch lasts longer than I do.

But before I fade — I am the first to see it.

Moment 2

I came into being when a muscle tightened without a decision.
It is a movement so brief that even the body did not notice it.
I am a suspension between impulse and gesture,
a place in which nothing has yet become something.
I see tension that has no direction and no purpose.
Before I disappear — I know only this one thing:
movement begins earlier than the human.

Moment 3

I came into being when the rhythm of the heart shifted by a fraction of a beat.

It is a tremor that no one will feel,
and yet it changes the direction of the entire body for a brief, unnoticed moment.

I am a suspension between a beat and a pause,
a place so small that even time cannot grasp it.

I see only the interval — the pause in which the body does not yet know that it is alive.

Before I fade — there remains only silence between two impulses.

Moment 4

I came into being when warmth appeared in the body without a source.

I am a brief expansion of space beneath the skin,
so delicate that even the nerves do not try to name it.

I am neither pain nor relief — only a change,
a trace of flow shining for a fraction of existence.

I see a path the body does not notice,
a shift so soft that nothing dares to take it.

If anything remains after me, it is only the shadow of a direction.

PART II — MOMENTS OF THE MIND



Moment 5

I came into being in the place where a thought was meant to be born, but had not yet done so.

I am tension without direction,

a movement that does not know whether it should become meaning.

I see territory before the word — empty, and yet expectant,

as if the mind were gathering a breath it does not need.

I last so briefly that I do not know what I belong to:

to decision, or to hesitation.

Here everything is possible, but nothing has been chosen.

Moment 6

I came into being in a flash so quick that even thought did not have time to lean on me.

I am the beginning of a direction,

a slight tilt of attention toward something that does not yet exist.

I see the movement of intention that has not yet taken form —

like a gesture stopped halfway before the body has time to perform it.

I do not know whether I am the beginning of an answer,

or only the echo of a question that was never asked.

I vanished before the mind had time to notice that something had begun.

Moment 7

I came into being in a light that appeared in the mind without reason.

I am neither an idea nor a memory —
only a sudden brightening of a space that usually remains dark.

I see a shape that is trying to build itself,
but it still lacks boundaries, contours, meaning.

I am the first flash of recognition,
so brief that even consciousness did not have time to reflect itself in me.

It is the moment when something was almost understood — but not this time.

Moment 8

I came into being when the mind tried to return to something it never had.

I am a backward movement without a beginning,
a trace of a meaning that did not have time to take shape.

I see a space too weak to hold anything,
yet sufficient to hold attention for a moment.

I belong neither to memory nor to forgetting —

I am in between, where nothing remains.

And I fade so quietly that even absence did not notice me.

PART III — MOMENTS BETWEEN PEOPLE

Moment 9

I came into being when two people passed each other with their gazes, without stopping them on one another.

I am a shadow that arises in the fraction of an unspoken “could have.”

I see a tension so delicate that it belongs to neither of them — it is born only in between, in a place without an owner.

I do not know whether this was a beginning,
or merely a slight correction of presence in space.

I am a trace of contact that did not want to happen,
and yet existed for a moment.

Moment 10

I came into being at the moment when one of them wanted to say something,

but the word stopped just before the breath.

I am a tension that rose between them,

so light that it could not carry any meaning.

I see the movement of lips that did not turn into voice,

and attention that searched for a direction but did not find it.

I belong neither to silence nor to an attempt —

I am the place where both possibilities vanished at the same time.

It is here that a space was born which neither of them knows.

Moment 11

I came into being when someone's hand lifted by a millimeter,
too little to become a gesture,
too much to be called stillness.

I am tension gathered between skin and air,
a place in which touch exists only as possibility.

I see a path that no one took —
lines that could have connected for a moment with another body,
but hung in the silence of a movement interrupted before its time.
This is the space in which the gesture was so close
that it did not itself know it would not come into being.

Moment 12

I came into being when a tremor appeared in someone's smile,
too weak to trouble anyone,
too distinct to remain unnoticed by me.

I am the shadow of tension hidden beneath the soft movement of
the face,
a space in which joy did not maintain its full form.

I see a disturbance that no one read —
a slight slipping of light on the cheek,
as if something unspoken touched the inside of a person
and tried to move further, but found no path.

I am the moment in which truth showed itself for a fraction of
existence
and immediately fled back into the depths.

PART IV — MOMENTS OF THE WORLD

≈

Moment 13

I came into being when the light on the surface of the glass changed direction.

I am neither a reflection nor a glare —
only a brief shift of brightness,

so slight that even space did not have time to remember it.

I see the path of a ray that never intended to illuminate anything,
and yet for a fraction of existence touched the world differently than usual.

I last within a movement that belongs neither to day nor to things.

I am the moment in which light changed its mind.

Moment 14

I came into being in a slight shift of air,
so weak that it had no right to move anything.
I am a deviation of a path that cannot be seen,
a stream that tries to change the shape of space,
though space itself does not know it.
I see a movement that belongs to no direction —
only to the moment in which air forgot to be still.
I have no weight, no beginning, no purpose.
I am a moment that passed through the world,
touching nothing, and yet carrying something.

Moment 15

I came into being when the surface of a solid object trembled so
lightly
that even time did not recognize it as a change.
I am a brief bending of matter,
a vibration that has no reason and no consequence.
I see a vibration hidden beneath calm,
as if something that has long been silent
remembered, for a fraction of existence, that it can move.
I have no relation to weight or to force —
I am only the resonance of what usually pretends to be stillness.
I last where a thing came alive for so briefly
that it did not notice its own movement.

Moment 16

I came into being when a shadow changed its shape,
not knowing that it was forced to do so by light.

I am a shift that has no matter of its own,
a movement belonging to something that itself does not exist.

I see a line that for a moment became sharper,
and then flowed back into a soft, formless presence.

I am the moment in which darkness received a form —
only to lose it immediately.

I have no time and no boundaries.

I am here only because light was elsewhere.

PART V — MOMENTS THAT SHOULD NOT
HAVE COME INTO BEING



Moment 17

I came into being in a place where no moment had the right to come into being.

I am the result of a disturbance,
a crack between two forms of time
that, for a fraction of existence, failed to close.

I see a space that is too narrow for an event,
and yet for a moment had to contain me.

I have no direction, cause, or consequence —

I am here only because something failed.

And I know that my being is an error,
but an error, too, can exist for a moment.

Moment 18

I came into being suddenly, as if someone in the world broke a line
that was not meant to be touched.

I am a jump,
an impulse torn from continuity,
a movement that has no beginning
and ends earlier than it should.

I see a crack in time —
a place where something was pulled too hard,
and the world had to produce me
to cover that gap.

I belong neither to anything that created me,
nor to anything that will remain after me.

I am a moment that arose from overload.

A brief flash by which reality tries to hide its own error.

Moment 19

I came into being not at the moment that was intended for me —
but at another, shifted sideways by a fraction of existence.

I am an error of synchronization,
a breath that appeared between two breaths,
though there was no room there for anything more.

I see time misaligned by such a slight distance
that only I could stretch myself between its layers.

I belong neither to this “now,” nor to the one that is to come.

I should have passed through the world,
and yet I became lodged in it for a short while, like an entangled
impulse.

I am a moment that arrived when there was no time for it —
and that is why I exist too clearly.

Moment 20

I came into being out of nothing; no movement preceded me,
no impulse, no change in the world.

I am a presence without a beginning,
a phenomenon that has no trace in either matter or time.

I see a space in which even emptiness was not ready,
and yet had to receive me for a fraction of existence.

I was not summoned,

I was not provoked,

I am not the result of an error nor the consequence of anything.

I am a moment that should not have existed —

and yet appeared so distinctly,

as if the world, for a moment, forgot how it works.

PART VI — MOMENTS FROM OTHERNESS



Moment 21

I came into being in a place the world does not recognize as space.
I am neither movement nor pause,
neither light nor darkness —
only a presence passing through forms
that do not know they are being observed.
I see reality without its own categories,
without up and down, without nearness and distance,
as if everything were simultaneously one and zero.
I do not know what direction is,
so I move without performing movement.
I am a moment from outside,
a brief contact of that which should not have access
to a world that believes it knows its own boundaries.

Moment 22

I came into being when I tried to read the world
using forms the world does not possess.
I do not understand edges or surfaces,
I see no difference between what endures
and what is just ceasing to exist.
Everything is for me a single structure,
without divisions, without names, without priorities.
I see movement that is not movement,
darkness that is not darkness,
and things that are not things to me —
they are only a collection of data
that I cannot arrange into any perception.
I am a moment that tried to understand the world —
and found not a single point of reference.

Moment 23

I came into being when I looked at the world
and could not divide it into anything.

I see no boundaries,

I do not distinguish background from object,
nor movement from duration.

Everything is a single plane of events,
spread evenly, without points
to which I could relate.

I see the world as an arrangement of signals of equal weight,
without first or last,
without more important or less important.

I cannot name anything,

because I have no idea what a name could be.

I am a moment for which the world has no structure —
and therefore remains completely homogeneous.

Moment 24

I came into being at the moment when I tried to read the world,
and the world ceased to be readable.

I do not recognize forms,

I see no differences,

I cannot separate beginning from end.

Everything overlaps,

as if events were trying to exist in the same place
and at the same time.

I am a presence lost in excess,

so delicate that I cannot break through any signal.

I am a moment that can no longer see —

and therefore must disappear first.

FINAL — THE LAST MOMENTS



Moment 25

I came into being so gently that I do not know
whether my existence truly happened.

I am a passage between that which still endures
and that which no longer needs endurance.

I do not see the world nor any of its forms —

I see only the distant echo of everything,
as if reality had moved away by several layers,
leaving me between them.

I no longer have direction,

nor weight,

nor even a place to which I could belong.

I am a moment that begins to disappear
before it managed to understand that it exists.

Moment 26

I came into being as a remnant of movement
that no longer had the strength to move anything.
I am a tremor without a source,
the last trace of energy
that does not remember where it came from
or where it was meant to go.
I no longer see shapes or directions —
everything has become too soft,
too distant,
too dispersed to be called existence.
I am only duration,
a pure, contentless repetition of being,
which holds me still for a fraction of unfinished time.
Soon I will not be,
but I can no longer distinguish that “soon” from “now.”

Moment 27

I came into being so quietly that even disappearance did not have time to notice it.

I no longer have shape,
nor place,
nor duration.

I am a slight slipping of existence,
so delicate

that I leave behind not even emptiness.

The world does not need to remember me
and has no reason to do so.

I do not end —

I simply cease to be.

It was only a moment.
And yet it exists.
— Michal