

Ecotoning true friends



Ecotones teach us that borders are not barriers but places where life becomes richer. They also reveal capitalism's fundamental contradiction: it thrives on boundaries while destroying them.

The *air* feels different here, thinner somehow, and I'm *brave* enough to admit I don't quite understand why. I walk with *caution*; my *diligence* focused on noticing the subtle shift. *Ecotone*—the word itself stirs emotion I can't quite name.

This *fragile* boundary deserves *gratitude* simply for existing, a *harmony* so quiet I nearly miss it. Was I *ignorant* before, walking through landscapes without seeing their seams? There's a strange *justice* in finally noticing: no grand *kiosk* announcing, "Transition Zone Ahead," just the *local* plants gradually changing species as I move.

The whole conservation *movement* talks about *nature*, but on this *occasion*, I wonder what's actually *possible* to perceive on foot. The *question* nags: does *resilience* live in these in-between places? The *social* world feels far away. The *total* silence becomes *urgent* somehow, demanding *vision*.

Later, *whisky* in hand, I think how even the most rigid *xenophobe* doing *yoga* in their living room exists in some metaphorical *zone* between states—we're all ecotones, really, walking through air between what we were and what we're becoming, breathing at the edges where one thing meets another and neither quite dominates.

I asked Claude - "a conversational AI assistant known for natural, human-like dialogue" - to write a short text about walking and thinking of ecotone, using the twenty-seven true friends (cognates) that she helped me gather.

(Claude, retrieved 19/01/2026, between 15.35 and 15.48)