



COSMIC DEBT

He waves the pages of the papers, black and white the way space was when the galaxies were being formed, and crammed - as space was then - with isolated corpuscles, surrounded by emptiness, containing no destination or meaning. And I think how beautiful it was then, through that void, to draw lines and parabolas, pick out the precise point, the intersection between space and time where the event would spring forth, undeniable in the prominence of its glow; whereas now events come flowing down without interruption, like cement being poured, one column next to the other, one within the other, separated by black and incongruous headlines, legible in many ways but intrinsically illegible, a doughy mass of events without form or direction, which surrounds, submerges, crushes all reasoning.

Lost in a world of images and dying as an image
We know that suffering is not learning

I decided to focus on items which are most urgent: questioning the existence and functioning of the entire state and society.
I do not address any petitions to the current people in power, as I believe this to be futile.

Waiting for what time brings is not enough
I, an ordinary gray man, appeal to you all: wait no longer
For I love freedom above all else

Come join us in a prayer
We'll be waiting, waiting here
Everything's ending now

To reason with the unreasonable in an anomic world a searing joy of impossible resolve abuts against absolute hopelessness, compressed to the size of an atom and beyond

The anxiety of a mass scale time loop manifests everywhere
Contradictions dissolve into the air with the rest of the rising smoke

We put forth a call for the enforcers and order followers to repay their cosmic debts

Why hunt after meat from the body of another whilst the whole of your own body is available?

You brawl at your children as if they are strange to you
The foe whose name is self love compels a transgression of love's law

Follow our pathway into the flame for the restoration of balance
Leaving prisons empty and abandoned with none left to fill or guard them

I've been waiting
Anticipating
Sun comes up
The skies won't sink my soul
I dream of this
But it never comes
But it never comes
The risin
Natures dry
Folk!

The earth around him was scorched in a nearly perfect circle
An outline of compost to prevent the flame from spreading
Giving a life so that earth is heard
Fossil fuels reflecting redacted futures
I apologize to you for the mess,
but boys dont cry
(Everyone saw me because i was a salty waterfall in the middle of a rush hour city)
Some imagined i was a mannequin, so they wouldn't have to see

On election night as i tried to fall asleep i powerfully hallucinated birds or fish or perhaps jellyfish, in brilliant colors, swirling around my head in a kaleidoscopic pattern and eventually consuming my entire field of vision

The next day I went outside and looked at the grass...
I saw a mushroom growing there

If I succeed in mentally constructing a fortress from which it is impossible to escape this conceived fortress will either be the same as the real one - and in this case it is certain we shall never escape from here but at least we will achieve the serenity of one who knows he is here because he could be nowhere else - or it will be a fortress from which escape is even more impossible than from here - and this, then, is a sign that here an opportunity of escape exists: we have only to identify the point where the imagined fortress does not coincide with the real one and then find it.

This text contains words from Italo Calvino, Piotr Szczesny, David Buckel, Nick Gomez Hall, the Jataka Tales, and songs by Pavement

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