2011: Rules Of Engagement

The future isn’t tomorrow anymore, so we have to at least live in today. Certain forms of regressive shit will have to cease, so we can let go of yesterday. As such, the following are required:

- the ability to dance like nobody’s watching when CCTV is breathing right the fuck down your neck
- a differentiation between conservatism and conservationism and reconciliation of economy and ecology
- wire cutters, as the first step toward wresting electronic control (which your dell box is sure as hell not up to) and DIY cyberspace
- serious ass kicking boots
- a safe place to practice telepathy, or at least exercises in mass will spot on, personal-sized blindfold detectors
- at least seven new ways to say fuck off (particularly, “fuck off, you buy it!”)
- sewage system overhauls to reduce - with the aim of eventual elimination - global bullshit capacity
- telescoping necks for the masses - look, they stick out!
- secret stashes of fiber optics for electrons, which want to be free
- a bell that rings anytime someone says, “hell no” and/or “no more”
- pin heads to dance on
- the ability to build revolution out of spit, perseverance, and necessity

posted by sasha
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2009 paints a vivid picture of giving up and of persevering. Where we gave up, our complicity sucked dry our resolve: change is hard and things aren't so bad and who's to say that'd be better anyways? Yet here we stand again, on the precipice of prorogation, in the pre-Olympic battle if human versus corporate rights, with inquiries ringing uncomfortable truths about tasers and torture, on a marble that is not far from drowning us all.

In some sense, 09 was our dress rehearsal for the launch of this decade; in a rare moment of pattern emerging in chaos, we have somehow come full circle, this time at the same moment our most recent compass round this solar orb itself comes to an end. The question, the challenge, the imperative now is that we use what we've learned. Our rehearsal was a disaster, you know it as well as I do, yet even then, there were moments. Wear green, vote for change, re-engage, give 'em hell, and you'll tap into the power in this script. Don't, and it will fall flat. And we'll fall flat, and far.

Admitting to having done wrong is hard. Admitting to having done nothing is harder. Time to suck it up, rainy, hung-over foggies. We've had a year to absorb the situation, feel it out, and pussy foot. 2010 needs boots, says stomp on in.
Why
to rage, oh rage against the dying of the
light we are all light, stardust to the
core there's no on else to illuminate the
situation and we must do something
before forced to reap what we have
sown.

not  get  too  involved.” She  reached  behind  her  for  the  shelf,  and  another  cigarette,  still  not
looking at him. “So don't go looking to me for answers, christ.”
posted by sasha
Permalink × 4 comments

Attachment

summer, i swear, still clings to my
skin in that barley tangible way of
a spider web you accidentally pull
your arm through walking through
the woods on a dark night or an
unexpected stranger's hand on
your back on a crowded street,
just to get by.
underneath, in my muscles and
organs, the churning tells me the
next thing is already underway,
being processed, plotted, prepared
- in that limited way we can, only
imaging we can peek around the
corner or over the horizon.
i try not to hold my breath because
it is it's own kind of release, even
when you're caught up in things.
transitions are really at issue: how to escort a recalcitrant self towards another feast of
uncertainty and effort.

posted by sasha
Permalink × 4 comments

Life, In Cardboard

After some six and a half years (can it really be?), I'll be again pulling up roots and hauling off to
call a new place home. After a life time of moving every year or two, the stability of this place has
been dear, so much so that leaving it behind is my biggest moving anxiety.

Come August, my commuting days are over and I'll see you at the beach.

posted by sasha
Permalink × 2 comments

Breaking My Fast

I feel like a creature
one from some time before now
where things like drawing rooms would have existed
where I could claim a delicate constitution
and ward off stares
when I spend two hours breaking my fast.
Too much depends on pacing.

posted by sasha
Permalink × 2 comments

BC Has No Fucking Heart

That's all.
I'm not talking to any of you anymore. You can take your NIMBY, me-first, gentrifying, scare-tactic-buying, soulless selves and fold them into corners so sharp they can penetrate your ribs to prove that you literally have no heart. I'm nauseated by having to face the fact that the people in my province think cementing us as the national leader in child poverty and tripling the number people who don't have homes is something to be rewarded with another term in office and six-figure salary - proof positive that we haven't come past about age 10 as a society yet. We want to have our cake and eat it to, without ever facing the consequences. We shirk responsibility like it's math homework when we want to watch cartoons, denying the inevitable cycle of action and reaction. We are the ostrich with it's head so deeply in the sand we won't even blink when the lion creeps up behind us. We are guaranteeing our own demise, one term in office at a time, and seem intent on doing so until the gap between the rich and the poor is a chasm that swallows us all and there's no where to run to because every stream is an economic project, every building is privatized, and centuries of smog that our denial has yet to successfully dissipate suffocate us in our sleep.

My disappointment cannot be parted from my anger. Both sit in my throat like lava or embers, burning and choking.

posted by sasha
Permalink × 3 comments

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