

INTERNET ARCHIVE
WayBackMachine
 4 captures
 16 Aug 11 - 30 Jan 12

http://fieldoflandmines.blogspot.com/2009/05/bc-has-no-fucking-heart. Go

AUG 2011



Field Of Landmines

Former Home Of The Compassionate Telepath

Who

Name: sasha
From: Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
 More..

What

Gordon Campbell Hates Me on the merry-go-round there is a code, it's just unwritten states
 President Obama so this is 09
 What's in a name?
 gitmo vs. michelle fung's hole
 reluctant author survives by writing?
 the world still needs you, James

Where

cbc
 e2
 harpers
 get yer war on
 make poverty history
 maisonneuve
 the tyee
 the walrus
 beeblez
 camellia sinensis
 fire and ice
 orangedoorhinge
 sindark
 solastery

5.13.2009,10:23

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
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- 01.2009

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09.2009
10.2009
01.2010
12.2010

Why

to rage, oh rage against the dying of the
light we are all light, stardust to the
core there's no one else to illuminate the
situation and we must do something
before forced to reap what we have
sown.

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