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

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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https://web.archive.org/web/20120130132105/http://fieldoflandmines...
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.