Field Of Landmines

Former Home Of The Compassionate Telepath

Who

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More..

What

life, in cardboard
breaking my fast
BC has no fucking heart
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?

Where

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

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 imagining 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 »
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.