Field Of Landmines
Former Home Of The Compassionate Telepath

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

What
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
better things to do with $290 million fed election

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
and then the gears start up again
turning over, turning over
like a politician losing principles in the face of promotion
like wheels on a semi-trailer
that would keep on turning even if the road
were paved with the bones of small-town tragedy.
progress does not stop
and we call it progress
because it moves in a direction we recognize as forward
but who's to say going somewhere
is always better than standing still?
why is it
that without knowing what prize awaits down the road,
still, we rush towards it like
kids who have just spotted the roller coaster
swimmers when the sand is hot and the waves call
bear cubs who strayed too far from mom
like the future is a promise we still believe in.
i don't dream of rocket ships anymore
of perfect escape to a colony on mars where we rebuild earth towns
and play piano in the red light.
i just watch for gaps between the gears
and try to believe that someday they stop
and that a person can make it there intact.

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.