

INTERLUDE (toward an ending)

A place that stands as an end of justice perpetuates violence all around me. How can I not become what sketches me? Language is not merely a means of communication but a medium to exchange experience. Are you willing to interchange force at points of potential for life? Or divulge the secrets of this abominable order for love? What kind of sacrifices are these? These written words appear to convey moments erased in the movement of time. Spiraling speeds beyond comprehension in time-space where these crawling whispers haunt being. Does violence inscribe life onto our being to remind us of death? It seems death is all that we remember when we forget, because we do the vilest deeds in its name in order, we claim, to live.