

outside inside outside inside outside. save nature. we're nature. save us.
our lifestyles are mechanized segmented into professions. machines rule. our bodies in service to objects.
every one focused on their part few looking out for the whole.
ocean mountains forest farm village exurb suburb city all space continuous.
man insect beast all beings are nature we all are contiguous. suffering of any is pain to all.
screen space sprawl extreme social segregation. false promise of living in wilderness. to live in wilderness is
to destroy wilderness. autopia myth: unlimited mobility: reality is congested and you lose your life commuting
prolonged contortions of my body to operate a device my face dissolves veins become tree roots current comes back
through me you call me my name I react look at you and stun.
we have lost control of the underground power. one eye blood red walking distraught no network just me emanating
as the hub of all hubs. I through you name name I love walk alone out to scaffold top name my green hair I still
hanging on to superstructure while all dissolves debris rains as I try to jog your memory you malfunction tackle me
off we fly down warfare eradication of humanity super being doesn't need us rush to her as the floor disintegrates
scream my name name recalls computer pause glowing gold wind gale force from my feet blowing golden hair up.
eyes green. red pupil. texture over melody. every epoch dreams its successor. propaganda of religion is death and
end of days. belief in an immanent apocalypse eliminates any hope for a harmonious future. time is continuous
time has no beginning or end our current view of nature is shaped by apocalyptic mindset. this mindset has led to
apocalyptic scenario. mans elimination of nature will kill us. we must move beyond conservation. view of nature as
mere resource has led humans to brink of extinction we need a new tradition. now we need to tend to our common
grounds. most gratifying way to spend start your day is tend to your common gardens. we all own the sidewalks and
streets. build and perpetually maintain. streets are to connect us all to each other and every part of the city. our
city is a collection of neighborhoods. maximize connections between. we are so far from perfect civilization now
because we're not progressing toward any ideal.
our space headed towards horror. our media our discourse is predicated on fear and dystopia
lets swerve towards positive progress to perfection of the planet.
tell the dystopian culture industry to love more hate less paint positive future scenarios in 10,20,40 years from now
then film becomes the discourse about how to get there from now
toward life without objects. only nature. we are nature. nature is what we make of it.
the enemy is complaint with no action the enemy is ignorance and disconnectedness
we will thrive when we can connect with each other rapidly face to face.
connect all via flows of man we will thrive when we
sympathetic. ecstasy and exploration of consciousness. you have to think big just to survive
stand against the degeneracy of society. become an agency to transform .
live as an act. broadcast your way of life to all.
every particle in this universe contains the whole universe you yourself contain the whole universe
alien observer. cars clog our space. liberating potential of bus only lane bus rapid transit to start
everyone needs a womb. we need to give every city dweller ownership of our common land.
most gratifying way to start your day is to tend to our common land. we feel ownership of the sidewalk if we maintain
it ourselves. commit to each other. plan an improvement together and implement it.
man revolts against robots underclass revolts against robots. so our future vision of nature must include living in
synergy with all humans as well. we all are all nature.
it was a trap rock fucks shit up tries to kill red intervenes
rock is maid red must sit on throne rock cries I am a humanoid machine made to destroy world
transmographing walls and floor and throne as the city begins to self destruct.
entire world network of forces
your cable catches on girders bridge blows up i name tug your cable pull you up by cord snaps I grab your hand who
are you no no no you call yourself I grab on I am who goodbye
many survived in the rubble below search for your remains a white dove
reunite with my we give you offering of her heart and shoes
dance smile because you can she is gone uncle flocks of doves
id like to stay here a bit longer
I am who you call your self I
Goodbye.