

The Time Has Come, In Which the Lights of this Epoch Were Lit Everywhere.

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text fragment

THE BLACK LIGHT LIGHTED THE LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS ALL AT ONCE AND WE, TOGETHER, WE MADE EVERYTHING VIBRATE AROUND US. We are tired of always losing everything. It will be needed to take something too, to cut the world. This time, it was the oldest warrior. She had been sick already, mumbling against our condition, sad, deeply sad, but still haughty in her own fury, still deep in her own anger. In tribute to her, this time, after losing everything, we made something remain, as if the pain that crosses us had finally reached a point of overflowing. We held hands. Around the sleeping body of our old woman, we made a great shudder come. Some were afraid that the earth would collapse upon us, but deep down we all wished some form of collapse. The shuddering earth vibrated beyond the tunnels, and we felt the waves of fear come to us from those who over these years have made us exist in fear. It was an attack, we were catching up. We radiated our sorrowful fury, and we felt that the more

we shook each other's hand, the more we became intimate with the earth around us. Stunned by our own power, we also swayed, shaken by the shudder we were generating in their world, frightened by the materiality of our own power, with its ability to affect, so directly, the structure of their world, the health of their world, the architecture and grammar of their world. We were there, bound by a force that came precisely from the gathering of our fragilities. We were weak, broken, and we had lost everything so many, many times... Somehow, from that labyrinth of tunnels under the earth, we were operating an earthquake against their world. In fact, it suddenly seemed like we were about to make their world into pieces forever. Until an exhaustion came and fell upon us and upon the earth itself. Our hands loosened and we began to fall, one by one. The labyrinth of tunnels remained intact. For a moment, we all wondered, silently, about where and how many we were. How deep, how at the heart of everything had we ended up?