

Esther

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ETHOS 53
by Various Artists

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For all dead factories overgrown
with trees and the death of the
cowboy gangster container.











An aerial photograph of a dense forest. The top and bottom portions of the image show a thick canopy of green trees. The central portion of the image is a closer, slightly blurred view of green foliage, possibly a vine-covered branch, which serves as the background for the text.

Drop seeds
NOT BOMBS







"Who is the great dragon whom the spirit will no longer call lord and god? 'Thou shalt' is the name of the great dragon. But the spirit of the lion says, 'I will.' 'Thou shalt' lies in his way..."

The day is dead now, street lights and shabby store signs acting as artificial suns. The lights manage to keep the hum-drum thoughts of day still near, a collective religious belief in the firm and unvarying nature of reality, that nothing has nor will it ever change. The lights bring stability and safety. In this warm paradise where winter never comes it's easy to believe the lie that most things are unwavering, that some things just stay the same.

For instance, global capitalism or a client's bad luck?

But I have neither the time nor the inclination for such adult bed-time stories. I close the blinds and set about the work of changing the world around me. To succumb to the thoughts of static existence, of even settled accounts is preposterous. I call out to the Unseen with techniques and tricks propelled into the future by the most disadvantaged in this region while the plantations of the past have gone from places of frightening power to mere relics. While others buy and sell my soul flies right down to the primal, throbbing tap-root of the land around me; what was once an altar in any other townhouse becomes the Crossroads of All Existence; my voice no longer my own, my body wracked with spasms, I become a conduit for things that others claim can't or shouldn't exist.

Impossible? Can't? Won't? Shouldn't? All these words are nothing to me!

There is only The Will.

And if you Will it, it is no dream.



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