

The Cold, or Anthropocene

Observing the earth but haven't made contact,
Not strong enough to stay lit in this rain.
No Matter of concern replaced this contract,
When cars were moving together in train.

It will all be over by the time it is done –
A second in pause, will not be feeling off-line.
The rule quiet simple: use a thousand against one,
And enjoy "Arab coffee" on Kuwait airline.

As all goes wrong; you have to cut all the strings.
Be tonic in scope – you will see the whole spread.
Like Tolkien to his son on Lord of the Rings:
The word can be avoided, great Pan is dead.

Surveillance clothing for swindlers and prophets, the only study of its kind,
Being censored on their own bodies by their own bodies, a dazzling rewind.

Twitter-Sonnet No.1, January 2013

– collaged and edited featuring tweets by David Graeber, John Thackara, Bruno Latourbot, Markus Miessen, Gary Shteyngart, The American Reader, David Harvey, and StopMotionsolo.

January the 29th, 2013
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