

## **Will.**

1.

Where did my country go, in leaving behind this vapid numbers machine, void of life? Don't ask after when I return to my homeland, for I cannot return to what was is gone. And in tracing a line of history to better understand what went so wrong, seek not to ask when the banker became the butcher. Ask, rather, when the butcher became the banker. As you go to and fro, a piston in the machine.

2.

Objects that cycle around the fixed point of my mind. A fixed point of no substance and no bearing. It stands at a distance from my hanging shirt of 2 metres, and is 40 cm from my computer, it sees a light bulb, it reads a book of so many words. It is fed on meat and carbs, and then it feeds the butcher and the Queen Bee.

3.

When the mechanic becomes the hangman, and the civil servant is inking death warrants. When the architect is building camps. When the butcher has become torturer, will you hold your nerve? When the baton has cracked your skull. When freed detainees greet you, with a sodomised demeanour. When life greets you warm, simply because you're alive, but you greet it cold, because you envy death.

4.

And ask not when the government became a speculator. Ask instead when the public became its shareholder. As Che Guevara's bloodied final grin froths eternal, don't ask for revolution. Seek after resolution. Turn fast the screws that fix your mind Let go the grip that holds your party dear. Back slap that fat grocer as the numbers whirl. For you did not seek to stop his meteoric rise.

5.

Don't look to divide, or ask when, or in who's name your country, your town, your body, became franchised, to the economic war machine. Brave comrades, citizens, keen to be the

revolutionary. The one who went that extra mile. The top comrade. But, enough, you are an honourable man.

6.

Do not criticise the colonel and politician, as they visit death upon the hapless. For war does not only rain as fire, from the sky upon the ground. Is not alone the sabre for maiming, the dictat for systematic killing. War's stricken grimace is with you. Turned smile as you fund it and reap its rewards. Your war, Peace child.

7.

Let loose the ugly spirit. Turn loose this rabid nature, upon the venal world crowd (crowd source, crowd sauce, crowding sourcing, source in... saucing). Be damned, consumerist rabble. Blunt your teeth on third generation phones and on too much internet loving. There'll be no 'Love in' in the 21st Century . And dine on slim shakes . (You got, he got, I got the shakes. There's no shakes, not like the hippy hippy shakes).

8.

Catatonic, individual cells we are. If we stopped to part piss i pissitate... (to participate). Nothing left to struggle for.. no history left to evoke or live up to... no future dream of utopia over which we might be held to arms (to account). That utopia hanging heavy on our shoulders, pointed like a gun: an injunction, to struggle and to maintain struggle (and if you are not struggling, you are not doing it right. Baby struggle. – Yes, that's right).

9.

Or liberty held up as a an unstained sheet, a tabula rosa, the virgin's unbroken hymen, that we must not transgress or tear... that we must maintain through subservience to government, fellow men, God, our State. What a State. What state? State what state. State-less. Stateless. These chains that bind us in perpetual work bondage - working at work, and working hard at home. At being citizens or subjects of a just Europe, a just world.

10.

A world of positivist values and vaccum sealed ethical aims, delivered surgically, where surgery heals the wound inflicted by a stray Drone. --Yes, justice is delivered as a kind of obverse

surgery, which turns back skins and flesh, which turns men inside out, and women. And following a Drone attack who would know who was who and which was which?, and perhaps this is the gender revolution that we mete out - meat out - to the world. And who would dare to ask? As they speak of flying Drones in peaceful zones. Keep quiet as the news man drones on.

11.

Drone on, these comforts which we make for ourselves, by giving credence to these stories and histories, recited to keep us civilized, over the camp fire. Keep us dumb in front of a flickering light. Your laptop illuminates like a stone tablet inscribed with the name of the sun god. If you leave sight of it the harvest will be poor. As it is, the harvest is gathered by illegal migrants and slaves in the third world. (The third whirled. the third whirled; the rest starved. Much less, and much more, even).

12.

But we have good and just ideas. They grow in the dark, in the cracks in the system, in the defective minds of those who would not be co-opted, who do not follow the stultifying rationale. Who would give up, put the brakes on the grand project. To break it, setting a world free. To halt an entropic decay?

13.

The newsreader says the butcher is coming for tea with the Queen Bee. As objects come into sharp focus, more real than you are, your toothbrush is a zeppelin, your camp stove will feed the emerging armies of the industrialising world, You do not want for anything, but you are missing a part. And though even your phone tells you where you are, you cannot feel yourself there.

14.

Another object comes to the foreground of your vision. Like a perverse ghost it is less real than you, but it controls you. Kettle, I obey the kettle. Toothbrush, I obey you and your twinspeed. Computer, I obey you and your news channels and your friends feed. Friend feeds I obey you. My new shirt I obey you.

15.

Who would challenge such an abundance of object-drones, which come in and out of focus like illuminous spirits, who announce their coming and going with a turn of a cloak and a command? We must live with them. Their cause and their effect, their ethical imperatives which we have

made our own. To honour the numerical count with a minimal pitying glance to the worker bee. Be. So that they can continue their work. The Queen Bee gives just a little milk and honey to the worker bee. And the objects continue to whirl.