

*Announcement*

*Threads on the Face*

*Unnatural Compression*

[3 notes on environmental literacy]

I am merely copying out here, word for word:

rational beings collectively have the same relation as the various limbs of an organic unity –they were created for a single purpose. The notion of this will strike you more forcefully if you keep on saying to yourself: ‘I am a limb of the composite body of rational beings.’ If, though, by the change of one letter from *l* to *r* [*melos* to *meros*], you call yourself simply a *part* rather than a *limb*, you do not yet love your fellow beings from your heart: doing good does not yet delight you as an end in itself; you are still doing it as a mere duty, not yet as a kindness to yourself

I could not shut it out—not the light but the darkness, the darkness that blinded my mind, the knowledge in my own flesh of the death of a billion creatures all in one moment. Death, death, death over and over and yet all at once in one moment in my one body and brain

a dispersal of ego-centered agency

a stance of self-reflexivity (*within* the landscape)

a rejection of any attempt to gather the world into some kind of unity and permanence

a rigorous attention to patterning

a reorientation of objectivity toward intersubjectivity

the street was suddenly filled, humps leaped up and sideways in the beam of my flashlight, the were soft thuds of bodies hitting bodies, and huge shadows show out and flapped like wings. A rattling cough broke into a wail of several hoarse voices, and something heavy fell at my feet, knocking me down. For a second I glimpsed a small face with white eyes staring at me; my flashlight hit the ground, and the darkness was total. I groped for the flashlight desperately

I felt the heat coming from them

I was ... myself, something separate, a world

I stopped being one of many, the way I'd always been, and became just one

I didn't take the heroism away. I just spread it around to all the places it belonged

besides, I can't, I no longer have the strength to destroy this painful piece of myself, which might turn out to be the piece I value most

I felt myself smiling, and I couldn't help it, so now I was going to carry this smile through the streets like a torch, high over my head

once outside, the wind hit me

we are not asked to begin nowhere

– AVH, 3. 12. 2021

Sources: Marcus Aurelius, Forrest Gander, George Oppen, Virginia Burrus, Stanislaw Lem, Dōgen, Oliver Morton, Yevgeny Zamyatin, N. K. Jemisin, and Ursula K. Le Guin