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Historia (I)

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Christopher: Historia (I)

HISTORIA (I)

Tom Christopher

This life is like the others: pleasure is cheap and abounds. Around us, terror glints like a pair of beaded slippers. The spirit seekers' endless drumming. Merciless shops and their hanging meats. Bad luck in the open spaces. Quietly, everyone weaves a crown of secret needs. The need to be flat on our back in the cornfield. The need to be kissed awake by the giant. It's a matter of inventing the curtain, then ignoring it. Like greeting the day beneath a sequined hat. Like smiling in the face of the silvery leaking. From the hills, we wait patiently for the robots to enter the city. If not tonight, they'll arrive tomorrow. Stay with us, the hours are howling away the dawn.