As we passed them

A project by Annika Eriksson

Descendents of those Old Ones, still manifest,

Still patrolling the world's perimeters.

Harried now by jaws devoid of telos,

Machines that might be seen, rolling, gleaming,

Over closing-in horizons.

I swear, if you file down the spiral track into extra

To you I swear, if you file down the spiral track into extinction,

I will follow in your steps.

I will not live in the outerness of the world

When its inner grooves are shattered.*



^{*}Freya Mathews, 'World Without End', Social Ecology 1, 1999

