

# Tell me what you see outside

1

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

Melting permafrosts, beds of bleached sea antlers, carpets of heat-felled bats, black lives unmattering, the human-gun assemblage, the infinitely recursive machines of production, flows of capital leading straight to your heart, machine insects crawling over beached blue whales, frakked wastelands, icebergs calving stillborns.

*Is it day? No, it's nighttime now.*

inestimable time before and beyond finitude, climate change hurtling us all towards a singularity the extropians didn't imagine...

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

the fire-handlers turn their faces towards a more malignant incendium, a gaze burned white, a gentle snowfall, light as strontium ash settling on Maralinga Tjarutja lungs

the sky is crashing into the sea

fire scarifies

be the first of its children to burn

2

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

High Art! Prisons! Collaterals! One hand on throat, one hand in the machine!

*(What the hell are people doing in an art gallery anyway?)*

mercantile trade routes connecting continents and cities  
the triangle of kidnapped bodies, plantations, new markets swallowing sugar,  
mouths stuffed with cotton, lungs sodden with coal dust

free breathing is not a given, the air is full of gravel, pellets, tear gas and boots  
breath flows through the lungs of the Capital  
the half-life spike locks on breaths you exhaled, captured over weeks, years, lifetimes of servitude

two burly claws of Capital clackclack  
gathering the fallen to nourish the machine  
endlessly turning the wheels of productivity  
nothing escapes the flows

the warm machine awaits our intention

3

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

We have a story to tell about where we came from, why we are here.  
Living on the edge of the flooded open cut mine, water sources all poisoned, we float in the cold  
dark waters, swimming with the ghosts of the Wangan Jagalingou people. All of us covered in coal  
dust, all of us gasping for breath. How much of theft does a child of the empire know?

‘Boo!’ say the ghosts. Old man blue tongue, a first kiss of dispossession haunting generations. How  
much does a bunch of cells know?

Burning trucks follow the mercantile maps carved out by traders before, bringing the gift of dark skies and stinking waters to the choking and the thirsty. The child standing alone stares into the sun, knows the trouble, connects the undrinkable, the unbreathable, the skin bubbling under a relentless sun.

4

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

red silk cloth binding cloudy eyes, shimmering in the torrid heat

blue winter cherry, spelled into farsight

tendrils - reaching, feeling

white starry roots that were one, now many

and in here too, some yam flowers – not for you, though

fields of prickly malevolent-looking thistles, thistles of all sizes, all colors: enormous ones with large blue flowers, silky amid the long, sharp thorns; smaller ones, starred with gold - all of them sending out creepers with pale rose-colored flowers

living breathing monstrosities, multiple and merciless

each has its own life, is quite magic in its way, growing skyward

ringed by clouds, a lacy choker for a neck

5

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

we don't hear them, but we see them with sleeping eyes

they crown us, circling our heads, wings of skin stretched taut

dream creatures, nesting in the architrave

the future visits us in the present  
one lamp one light one sun  
the sky restless, forever on fire

scarifying fire, scouring the seed, promoting adventitious growth  
a gentle touch down on this tussock and that  
in a map known only to the fire-handler  
then, ruby, yellow and green ignite the land

strange new light can be just as terrifying as the dark

6

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

stones that are covered by the earth are cool  
place them upon your forehead  
do this often and the cloudiness will flee from the eyes  
casting out a shoreline to the future

Behold! vagabonds, paupers and the rest of those un beholden  
with enough magic to burn  
appear as if from nowhere

slipping between, the material turns magical, magical turns theoretical  
theoretical turns the tables on the matrix to instantiate a new praxis for other-worlding

let whoever burns amongst earstones and erratics with flesh-tearing desire  
speak this to their body and they will transform into a spine of wonder

7

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

the cosmos is a project of transparent crystal with no veils but an eternal depth  
the sky is filled with stars

there is the blueprint, we say

suddenly – that is not too strong a word – we see the world in a wholly new way  
scale expanded, and turned continuous  
we experience the Ionian Enchantment

we invent our own vision

neither ‘natural’ nor ‘normal’ nor ‘objective’  
but real as it surges from desire  
and comprehensible  
if one forgets whatever institutions have taught us to understand

8

*Tell me what you see outside, tell me everything.*

when we became awake  
we saw that we had been asleep

from a distance we nomads call to each other  
we communicate with loud, drawn-out cries

we have to stay brave, energetic, and stubborn  
grow dank warm skins of green velvet  
bare dirty infectious teeth to pierce the skin-border between labour and Capital  
insert a mutant hack and monster the machine

chained to our incendiary dragons and prepared for death  
we howl discordant odes to the anthropocene  
our story will never really exist, never be completely written

the fire is tired of waiting