

I am experiencing absurd love

Julian Langer

November 27, 2022

They say that the wild is cruel
But I don't believe that I have felt no cruel
From the wildness of life
I've come into contact
With the raw, harsh, brutally real
Aspects of wild-Being
But have also felt the softness, warmth, beauty and musicality of wildlife
The chilly air on my naked skin is not cruel
It is raw truth, pre-conceptual being and real

I have come to this place
To be with death and be with life
To feel cold air and smell the richness of the woods
I have lost one of my bird skulls
But can hear crows, pigeons and others sing around me
I have broken my walking stick and offered it to the woods
Like a sacrifice for old pagan gods I find no cruelty here
And I experience deep and dark love

After breathing fire
I cry out that I love and am loved
Loved gravitationally, as Earth holds and embraces me
Then, from behind the trees
A pheasant jumps out and startles me
Thrust into uncertainty, unreasonableness and absurdity
I cry out to the bird that I love them
Hearing their confused song cry out into the world
Here I am amidst a terrain of absurdity
I am here, a terrain of uncertainty
And I am experiencing absurd love

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