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## Eden's Demise

Morgan Taylor

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We're told that animals and plants have no spirit. Have no soul. They can't feel, or think. All they are is an animated body. You always hear about how they're not sentient, or aware, or conscious. Not only that, but we're reminded that they're unimportant. That they don't mean anything. And if you think they do, you're vilified for it. Hated. Scorned. Ridiculed as some sort of "flower power" scumbag who has no guts, even though the same people who say this preach metaphysical communism and live happy, comfortable, bourgeois lives.

"They're mere beasts, they're mere vegetables! Why should you feel for them, in any way? What about the humans? The poor, poor humans?"

Better their company, by millions of measures more, than the company of the masses of men. Who cares about what some proletariat windbag or bourgeois jackass thinks? I wouldn't miss them for a second. I mourn a lot more intensely when a dog, or a cat, or a pig, or a cow, or a bird, or a tree, or a bush, or what have you, dies. Especially at the hands of the many-too-many. Sacrificed by them, for them.

Humanity can go shove it.

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Descartes, if I were able to get a hold of him, would've had to face a sound beating. Thanks to his bullshit, we think animals are on par with mechanical inventions. Although, the real trouble lies within the Abrahamic trio, and its mountain lies. Descartes was just reshaping the dominant philosophy of his time. I can't blame him too much, given what he had to work with. I'd still kick his ass, however.

I take the opposite stance. Humanity's sense of being "alive" is muted. Gutted. Destroyed. Grotesque philosophies have stripped away our affinity for a real home, the woods and forests, fields and deserts, jungles and plains, and replaced them with...innumerable dwellings that we have little-to-no connection to. A direct contradiction to the pagan ways. The wisdom that asserted, through Nature, the higher powers were experienced. We have no connection to these new "homes" because they're not rooted in anything upon this Earth, within Nature. They're divorced from Nature, in fact. Have the gall to reject it, and then say that, no, this plane where everything blends together into one great melting pot, at the behest of some desert walker, and his ill-tempered father, is the real abode of mankind. The land, that which made your miserable existence possible in the first place, is only "temporary". The further you get from it, the more divine you are.

As a result, we were led astray. Over a period of two thousand years, or possibly even more than that, we were torn away from Gaia. Now, look at us. Trying to reconcile the theory of us not being natural, with our clearly "natural" behaviors. Separating flesh from spirit (even though they need each other; the spirit animates the flesh and illuminates the otherwise dark corridors of the body, and the flesh protects and houses the spirit). We neglect ourselves, and we neglect our habitat. Why care for native place of residence, when everything tell us that, according to some tomes written long ago by dead men, with dead thoughts, and vapid words, we don't even really live here?

gling to maintain the façade of being interested in our interaction. It'd be less troublesome to talk to a goddamned robot, and a lot more honest. At least I wouldn't be in the process of being lied to.

Depression, apathy, it's gripped whatever soul you may have so tight, that it's rendered you vainly seeking some sort of burst of something, all so you can procure an answer to that lingering, incessant question: "how are you today?"

And yet they, are met with hate.

the world as we struggle under their weight. Or slash-and-burn forests, razing them to the ground, hacking away at everything, from blades of grass, to sturdy evergreens. From adorable little bushes and fungi, to multitudes of conifers.

Here's a little experiment: go to any animal. Either one you're close to, or one that is a total stranger. Shout at it, threaten it, terrorize it, try to emotionally instill the fear of God in it "Show it who's boss", as the alcoholic dross may say. See if it does not react in anger, worry, or a mixture of both. Beat an animal. Do try and tell me it does not feel pain, and it is not hurt. Not just physically, but also mentally. Perhaps traumatized. Living with the non-human equivalent of PTSD. Give an animal affection, and it shall feel joy, pleasure, warmth. A sense of attachment to you. Holding you in high regard. Betray its trust, and it shall always gaze upon you with uncertainty and disdain.

Plants, although very limited in their range of expressive capabilities, will not grow as well if you berate them and belligerently remind them they're worth jack shit. Give them uplifting words of encouragement, however, and praise them, and they shall grow better, in addition to you taking care of them. They even respond to gentle, light, affectionate touch. And I would imagine, to some degree, they can feel pain.

"But we show them more love than they could ever show us!"

Bullshit, is my reply. Most of you do not love them. You view them as novelties, something to add to your nihilistic pursuit of endless amusement, because the abyss stole your soul before birth, and will never give it back.

Don't give me that nonsense. You, yourself, know it is a hollow lie. A bad one.

Most of you barely feel. Your sadness, your happiness, your pain, your love, your fear, it's all fake and artificial. You function about as well, emotionally, as fleshy automatons. All that you "express" is so transparent, so see-through, that I'm strugg-

By contrast, animals and plants...they value the Earth, in their own way. It might not be in the form of sophisticated rituals or poetic pontifications or overblown and needlessly sacred cathedrals, but I think do. For them, Earth is everything. They recognize that, without the Earth, they are nothing. They'd all be dead. In fact, it's all they need. More? What more? It's all right here. Nature provides abundance, plenty, contrary to the ruminations of dumbass humans. Nature gives us them all they need, all they could ever want. Animals don't live in poverty, not in my eyes. They're rich, materially and spiritually. We're poisoned materially, and totally lacking, spiritually. Exploitation? Endless plundering? Raping and pillaging? Using up the bountiful resources an area is totally dead? Out of the question. Totally, totally out of the question. For what good is the blood, without the soil?

Now, of course, both plant and animal alter the environment. They can't help it. Otherwise, shelter would be out of the question for them. And even growing into and settling into soil, or walking around, looking for prey, setting up shop wherever is most convenient for the time being, minute little activities that are so simple that they are innate and not worthy of thought, have an impact. Yet, it's nowhere near an egregious one. Not like the impact we, as humans, have. Nature always manages to recover. Because Nature, our Mother, she's all about balance. There's a rhyme and reason for everything. One action has an equal, and opposite, reaction. She has her moments of occasional fury or depression, but it's never so severe that she, or those who live on her, can't ever recover. It's reciprocal. There's a respect. Not parasitic, but symbiotic.

They give their lives back to her (all must depart the plane of existence at some point; the old and sick must perish, making way for the young and healthy, those that managed to survive the struggle and hardship), nourishing her, and, using what they gave, she nourishes the living, allowing the dead to, in a way, live on. Sure, the long-lived are swept away, put to rest.

Yes, many must perish in finding their way through life. Hear this: “everlasting” is a nice word, sure. Unrealistic as shit, however. The scythe swings upon everyone and everything’s heads at some point. A passing means a renewal. Nature’s not stale. It hates what’s stale, actually. Indolence and stagnation, as Nature has shown, leads to decay. Neither can there be too many. Obviously, too little is not ideal. Death will come when that happens. Think about this, though. Too much, eventually turns into too little. Sounds like a paradox? Well, it’s very true. The beams that support too many will eventually give out, and it’ll collapse in on itself. Too little is now in effect.

This is all best expressed in the wolfsangel, the ouroboros, and the sunwheel.

Humans have trouble grasping concepts as basic as this.

Animals and plants, however, thanks to being uncorrupted by machinery and the thoughts of ignorant goons who deserve nooses instead of pedestals, are not hindered at all in reaching these conclusions. They didn’t have to be taught, or have to meditate day in and day out. It’s in them from the very start, from birth. Wisdom wasn’t something out of reach, hidden, on the periphery, requiring one to cast off everything in order to even begin to glimpse a portion of it. Demiurgic gibberish didn’t even touch them, so there was little need to plumb the depths in search of the truth. Truth lived inside them from the get-go, and their existences, their lives, were expressions of it. Artificialities hadn’t destroyed their being, cut it up and vivisectioned what they were, physically or otherwise. Reason and logic, toxins that do enormous damage on every level to the living (reason and logic render everything dead, I think), with its modernity and notions of “progress”, linear thinking driving towards some imagined, fictional, insane end, are unheard of in this realm, in this world.

No mammoth creation forces itself upon them, and they don’t desire, need, want, some titanic institution, or collection of institutions, to regulate and rule them. In all actuality, some-

possess no higher thought. In fact, I’d argue that they’re incapable of it. Their culture is brands, their heroes are celebrities. These are the supposedly “cultured” ones. At best, they merely consume the culture. They have no hand in shaping it. They have no thoughts about it, no desire to engage in it, an intent towards dialogue with or critique of it. Just an outfit to put on, tailor-made. All the more apparent in the world of the eternal philistine, the Anglo-Saxon filth. Any culture has had its throat slit, left to bleed out on the shop floor. Murdered by the hands of a jealous god who hates anything spiritual. It takes many, many forms. But we all know what it is. And we all know who started it. I can pinpoint the blame to the year, nay, the day, and point out those responsible, who led us to that point.

Whatever is left of our culture, it’s a pale shadow of what it once was. A cheap imitation, a hollow puppet, a corpse draped over a chair. Greatness? More like vapidity, and unoriginality. We’re looking at a senile, crippled old man, not a youthful, strapping young lad, full of vigor. There’s nothing worth salvaging from it. Vast majority of it deserved to be dead anyway. Killed at the start. Prevented from being born. It’s running on fumes. Our traditions, many of them already despicable, are now not even alive. Nihilism is the reigning champ. It won. And it sure as hell is not a graceful victor. Certainly not a handsome face, either.

So don’t lecture me on who’s cultured, and who isn’t. Because where I’m standing, they, the animals and plants, have vastly more to offer, than any of our kind does. Scream and yell all you want. You know it’s damned true.

Animals and plants, you say, cannot feel emotions, and if they can, then it is expressed so poorly, that, well, they might as well be nonexistent. A poorly devised justification used to sadistically, psychopathically butcher creatures by the thousands, in giant concrete squares that resemble our prisons, spraying blood from throats like fountains, all to feed overweight beasts of burden, so heavy, that they’ll collapse

inction isn't something we have to fear. Global catastrophe could strike tomorrow, and there'd still be too many of us. As a result, we don't think.

Uncultured isn't an apt description of them. Among their ranks lie numerous traditions, of all kinds, all varying methods of meeting the demands of life, and answering its many questions. Languages, social conventions, philosophies, modes of expression that aren't verbal, an in-tune-ness to their land, and the species, the extended family/community, that bore them, making their life possible. Perennial wisdom flows in their blood, from ancestor to child. Art isn't created by them; it is them. They themselves are works of art, because Nature is an artist, and the Earth is a living canvas, an evolving, breathing, feeling, animated being upon which the divine is expressed. Bearer to offspring. It's buried in their bones, their flesh, their thinking apparatuses. Separation from the knowledge passed down through generation after generation, showing to be the way, the carrier of the spark of life, nestling the fate of the organism in it, is not something that can take place. Not really. And it isn't static. It's dynamic. Ever-evolving, as life demands of anything that wishes to not be sucked into it. That doesn't mean, however, that they lose sight of it, casting it away. Tradition is their source of renewal. The fountain from which they always return to take a drink from, refreshing body and spirit. Yet, they keep it organic. Prevent it from crystallizing and turning into mere stifling dogma.

Humans, both today and yesterday, and for the rest of tomorrow, largely, are born soulless. Tabula rasa. Blank slates. Easily swayed, easily molded pieces of clay, the wretched sons of Adam, subject to the whims of silver-tongued swine who know how to sooth and assuage them one minute, and rile them up the next. Dead flesh walking. Zombie-esque, stupefied schmucks who stumble about, muttering incoherently with far-away looks in their eyes, only concerned with how hot she is, or what's on the plate tonight. Culture? What culture? They

thing of this nature would only demolish and devastate their way of life, instead of improve it, or what have you. Written laws would crystallize and petrify into sacred dogmas, disrupting the flow of something fluid and organic, stifling it and choking it. Plants and animals have their place, they know it. Anyone with a brain knows that organisms don't exist in isolation. Entities are a part of a whole. Their diversity (I know, I hate to use this insufferable word, but bear with me), it adds to the whole, by virtue of the inequality that is present. Being leveled flat, it's something they avoid like the plague. Desire it, they do not. Either by their own hand, or foreign influence. It's resisted, bravely, even as we try our hardest to achieve it. Chaos is present in Nature, we know that. To the observant eye, however, there's also a sense of order, even if there's also some (or a lot, a whole lot of) discord and rambunctiousness. Enforcement, more than likely born from inscriptions on paper, parroted by men in positions that aren't tangible, let alone valid, I can only imagine, in my mind, would serve no other purpose than to impede upon the fluid traditions they have established over the course of centuries and millennia, wrecking a delicate, divine heritage. Hell, that's all it does today, in this day and age. As far as a figurehead bossing them around, you'll notice a distinct lack of that as well. Because they all know, once the beast grows, the more it'll eat. And in its gullet, the totality will become nothing else but a sloshing, indistinguishable mass of digested bits, before dissolving into it completely. Which is completely contrary to how it should be.

Nature is like...a painting, or a novel. Every line, every curve, every color, every stroke, every contour, every design, or, in the novel's case, every word, every paragraph, every sentence, every simile and metaphor, every image and symbol buried in the text...it's different. Serves a purpose. That doesn't mean it loses itself in it, though. Not by a long shot. The discerning eye notices the small details, and appreciates

them. Makes it all the sweeter when one stands back, able to appreciate the piece in its full glory.

A governing body would squash all of that. It knows it. It's well aware of it. The fake...hates the real.

Governing bodies loathe the arts, and works of art.

Expression, genuine expression, is always met with derision and scorn.

To me, all of this, it is sacred. Divine. It is experienced through Nature. Understanding of the gods, it comes through this. Books and churches? The rushing of the wind, the flowing of the waters, the calls of birds and mammals, the sounds of falling rain, these are the sacred languages, and they speak the sacred words. Mountains, fields, beaches, hills, plains, caves, lakes, oceans, ponds, shores, these are the churches. My churches. Only through these, do we understand what is holy.

Hardly any of us do. Or even want to

They, on the other hand...

Therefore, I postulate animals and plants are closer to the divine, than we can ever hope to be.

Declarations are often made that humans are superior to animals. Really? Is that so? Throw a human into...any environment, undisturbed, to a great extent, by civilization, by human presences. We have no fur. Our teeth are unfit to chew cooked steak, let alone raw animal hide. The skin we possess, the flesh we have, it's delicate, and requires thick layers for protection. Bones and muscles that are frail as can be. Anxiety-ridden wrecks we tend to be, out in the wilderness. Distracted easily. Don't even get me started on most people's eyesight and hearing. Collectively, the cardio of the human race is so bad a mere couple miles of walking will drive most to irritation and frustration.

Sure, ok, we've developed ways to compensate for our many flaws. And how many times has technology proven to be fickle, unreliable to the point where you might as well not have it? Only throughout our entire existence. Thanks

to our heavy reliance on it, we're practically useless. Our intellect will provide little comfort when we're thrown out of the residences we've built for ourselves, and all we have is our body, along with whatever covering it. Especially since all we're taught is meant to dull the mind, not stimulate it. Not in the goddamned slightest.

Without thought, the majority of us assume them to be. "Uncultured filth", the uncultured filth decree. "They have no thought", cry those whose brains are empty of any thoughts, beyond what to eat, where to live, what to buy, and who to fuck (maybe). Let me tell you, there's a plethora of those.

You mean to tell me, that there's no thought being had, when a predator stalks its prey, trying to work out the tactics it needs to proceed with in order to make short work of its prey, having to consider distance, strength, size, speed, energy contained within it, and a multitude of other factors? What about when a herbivore is desperately attempting to outwit and outmaneuver the literal jaws of death, ready to gladly take it into its mouth, ducking and dodging and occasionally even fighting off its attacker, using every survival mechanism gifted to it by the Mother herself? I'm supposed to believe migration, or the ability to sense changes in the environment, and then react accordingly, doesn't have shit to do with the firing of neurons? Rudimentary tools, though rudimentary they may be, even using the body as a tool, for various purpose, anything ranging from gathering food to warding off would-be offenders of its life to simply making everyday life a little less tedious, is, what, a genetic fluke built-in, and nothing else? Is shelter made automatically, without any brainpower being utilized? The art of raising young, there's no rhyme or reason to that? You're a real dumbass if you think any of this to be so.

By them, much more thought, I think, is put into the processes of life, in comparison to us. Their circumstances demand it. Otherwise, they would perish. In short, nasty fashion. Since we've bred like cockroaches and live in excessive comfort, ex-