

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



In Free Courses

Wulfinna

28 April 2026

Be Still & Sated, Hearts at Here & Now
or, *In Free Courses*

These.

And these, and these
along the distance between observer
and observed. These,
becoming seen —

seeing seer and seen; seeing these
and these, seeing distance —

I see these and all I see is bullshit.

A word, absorbed young, repeated
in repetitive stresses that personify
insanity by engagement:

keeping *calm*
through the gray waters
of a life shared, a life imposed,
biding *The Real World*,
the storms it makes.

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<https://ignitedindark.wordpress.com/2026/04/28/in-free-course/>

Additional source:

<https://ignitedindark.surge.sh/2026/04/28/in-free-courses/>

theanarchistlibrary.org

If I could see "I" she too would be shit.
 That there's sight—or other sense,
 that's what's there,
 not what's only "seen".
 Words, or workings, or words
 themselves as workings,
 spark a helix, make elemental
 the one flame that keeps lit
 what's pulled in dark
 by concept bombardment:
 of concept to preface a life.
 Now the helix burns a strange hue
 of me,
 the shape: the chisel
 that crafts the shapes of me
 to become. Refining, unwinding
 well into decomposing,
 supine in the sunlight.
 So much of the Sun that did not remain.
 As radiance of a Mother Goddess
 surpassing the mantle of wonder
 while here we were, contrasting as crones.
 The savoring, sweetness of dusk breeze,
 the traversing the same total path of paths
 as mortals. Here's the soil of substance.
 The illumination that is immediacy.
 Here faintly remains what's called
purpose, drawn in the shapes of every course —
 as bird flocks huddling, diverging. Huddling ...
 diverging. Skewing,
 drawing free
 in free courses.

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