

nothing is the end of the world they made

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I hate the number two (like dualism like metaphor)
and the world that upholds two, and the world that two upholds.
As you can tell, I love it.

In the room (garage) are two drawings of two things (2) I can't draw (a dragon a utopia) and the infrastructure that enables them.
I can't really make that but I did anyway.
(because I have surplus plausibility to lend to the possibility of dragons)
(because you kind of believe I exist, I think)

Anyway, elsewhere, just, and because:

1) There is a human in a hammock in a treehouse in a tree stopping a road from existing in the future, or at least there once was, and that's the main thing I hope about.

When I say 'a road' I mean: how we arrived here, and the mobile threat of the current future (the reason people had to stop them). I am not literally stopping any roads traversing /this physical plane but I know someone who did(n't), and she used to be called Animal. This was back when people lived in mud tunnels and beautifully failed to stop roads happening above them. Drawing open fire pits around this time I am the same age as Animal when she was Animal, and I am practicing moving around dark forests quietly, without roads, because I want to destroy civilisation and believe in soft-prefiguration and boil my faith in the future in a rocket stove under a blue tarpaulin. I shred my skin to bleeding brambles and learn that speaking softly is different to (quieter than) whispering to evade security. My spoken-softly name is Rat and/or Mole, but I hate anthropomorphising as usual, so that stops *that* road in *that* forest. 'Animal' is a better name because it doesn't domesticate 'Human' in difference, but it all matters less when I remember someone called Badger who isn't here (somewhere else) because he is running away from the cops (or *practicing moving around dark forests quietly forever*). I hope he's always okay (and present, tense).

There is something about sticks and bones and crawling around on your stomach called animal without roads, quietly.

2) There is an ascending node, which is the dragon's head and a descending node, which is the dragon's tail.

Once upon a time, dragons gave humans language, but regrettably for them (dragons) and us (non-dragons) this includes metaphor. You know, metaphor? That thing when your tail is chopped off to symbolise the movement of a star, and you

have no fire to breath in protest because your head has suffered the same fate. If you're lucky, the whole rest of your body isn't semiotically interesting enough to matter, so can escape to a better, fleshier place. The body isn't a metaphor, it's just everything. Even blood contracts need a get out clause. All dragons were immortal before they taught humans to speak because: It's impossible to kill a dragon because they don't- (except in the way you can kill dragons if you finish that sentence. Don't.). Dragons after immortality are also devoted to stopping roads (being able to fly, and therefore having no use for roads except as dark ley lines, reminder-metaphor for how we killed them (dragons)). Historically, dragons guarded earth mounds, also known as barrows. The necessary balance for a barrow is a gully, also known as an ancient drover (road) or *donga*. The name Dongas Tribe came from the local (global) name for the started-then-stopped roads on Twyford Down, where they (humans) didn't succeed in stopping us (humans) getting here (roads), in spite of Scheduled Ancient Monuments and six (6) species of rare orchid. Some people who fail to stop roads start speaking of/to them as scars on the landscape, which is a slyly optimistic metaphor in its suggestion of a one time trauma followed by a lifelong healing, and no future complications to speak of/to.

There is no justification for a retreat into the realm of hindsight, just all the remaining world's infrastructure enabling dragons, or their deaths, and nothing else.

3) There is a slaughterhouse in Vienna I'm using for language.

Specifically the garage, which is to say: end-of-the-road. Some people gathered for a smoke ritual to cleanse something from the slaughterhouse, but not the slaughterhouse garage, which is fine because I'm suspicious of cleansing and feel (pure) hatred for purity and stopping or *blocking*. During the ritual (nettles) I had a moment of pure bathos/epiphany noticing the stripey socks of the man conducting the ceremony. Bathos Epiphany: if you take seriously the ability of a material ritual (process) such as plant burning to spiritually transform and leave residue (we should), you must take equally seriously the spiritual impact of all material trans/actions! & how could the violence in your M&S (or Austrian equivalent) socks not carry the same, or greater, weight? This is why all my magical conclusions are like, anarcho-communism and all my political conclusions are like, dragons. Anyway, I don't know if it will ever stop being a slaughterhouse garage but it's being demolished (ritual), which changes something, and then this will all be the same amount of imagined.

There is a version of the story where the treehouse-ghosts and dragon-ghosts and slaughterhouse-ghosts sit around the table and plot hope out of concrete.