

Scythe Hypocritical Kiss!

Like an old woman in a plaster cast, too heavily made up and falling apart, each civilization displays its symbols with varying degrees of success.

A young Nation, which has established itself on the Native Americans territory, on the ancestral realm of the so-called redskins Indians, has its own hanging around its neck and sometimes, too often for my liking, on one of the walls of its dwellings—homes which, to put it mildly, have a rather singular appearance (a physiognomy, one might say), a singular facial quote, to say the least. The original phrase was imported from Europe, and that appears to be a sign of civilization.

The death penalty is abolished in my country; it was called the Grim Reaper, and it was a guillotine. Ah-ah! Ah-ah! A scythe cannot abolish fashion! (An outdated one in bad taste, a somewhat lame incarnation.) It cannot abolish outdatedness!

Ha-ha! China invented gunpowder, and colonialism reinforced the influence of opium dens. (The torture of a thousand pieces was exquisite there; one died fully conscious, dismembered by practitioners of the art, doctors dedicated to this sacrifice—the ultimate deterrent for anyone who dared to threaten the state of Middle-earth.) In art, it is now necessary to abolish anthropomorphic figures and replace them with drones! I have one of them around my neck as a pendant. And two others, submersible versions, as earrings!

A scythe, with or without artifice, will never cease to be obsolete! (With or without any art, it will never abolish being outdated!) Outrageously old-fashioned! Some woman, with an electric chair wedged between her bra cups, is very proud of this new object, bursting with pride over this new gadget, while my own country, being supposedly more civilized—classic!—had the choice between a torture bench, an allegory of thirst, a bonfire, a wheel for lack of the game of Russian roulette, even if at the time we did not yet have firearms, or even a Christ on the cross. (It was a genuine trash tongue talker! Rubbish of narrowness, molt of the three Ts. Viper's tongue coiled around the calyx!) It was the latter that was chosen, but personally, I hung a scale replica of an electric chair from those years, nailing it to one of the four walls of my bedroom, right above the headboard. Directly under the pillow, then.

On sleepless nights, you'll understand that I don't count the lambs, to butcher them with Iranians people and Palestinians, in order to devour them alive beneath the rubble of their cities with the last born daughter (or the first threads), but how can I describe them to you? Ha-ha! Butchered with a scythe? And so on and on and on.

The Shroud's authenticity was long debated before it was discovered, with the help of a dowser's pendulum, X-rays, or carbon-14 dating, that it was simply a toque, a piece of fabric used to drown the condemned man. Some may perceive this as an anachronism, but I assure you it's intentional. Indeed, it's no less impressive than, say, a Judas cradle. Ha-ha! (It's a flop, it's a complete disaster!) The shipwreck by scythe!

Adding insult to injury, the height of anachronistic irony, since the subject has been raised, there are artists who, in the age of gold leaf earrings in the shape of ginkgo leaves, in the age of drones and AI, of so-called augmented reality, continue to have their collectors wear, to the great delight of medieval horrors and cosmic macabre comedy, charred skeletons brandishing a scythe. (A scythe!) But what do they reap, what do they harvest of their irreversible state? Between encysted obsession and the insistence on reproducing a hackneyed image, probably just hot air, and sales. Ha-ha!

That's clever, like a sign on the gable of your virtual gallery! (Your pixel galleries...) A bit of forged paperwork is well worth sacrificing to the times, to the renewal of the instances of death, of its devices for disembodiment of the spirit. (The spirit of it!) The spirit of the scythe... ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah!

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