Subterraneans
“In the city, there is no shortage of stories, no scarcity of divulged secrets, only (it sometimes seems) a
dearth of ears”–Teju Cole, Blind Spot

The city asks of us what we can’t give. Still we continue to give and take little in return, now we’ve become walking emptoids.

The Preacher Man said two things to us: that our salvation can only be seen through the rear mirror; that we should learn to view the city upside down.

The city has asked us to give again, teasing us with possible salvation. It says: Give, and Ye shall transcend old selves, and the garb of glory shall become yours!

We’ve not been able to take our eyes off the rear mirror. All we see is a shadow of numbers – 6, 7, 9… Perhaps this is the password for unlocking the algorithm of salvation?

We’ve become dizzy from the slavish hours of viewing the city upside down. Things now appear in constant rotation, and we only see in swirly triplicates.

And someone said in hushed in tones: Lonesome Subterraneans, the city’s teeth is being sharpened for a bloody feast.

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