

this is not graphic design

this is not art

this is not education

this is not me

this is not valuable

this is not technology

this is not correct

this is not untrue

this is not accessible

this is not confusing

this is not accurate

this is not successful

this is not meaningful

this is not useful

this is not practical

this is not what it is

And so without even enough time to breathe, we receive all of this in life, all that we never foresaw, whether or not it is good or bad, within seconds when our words leave our mouth we inherit all that was contradictory to what we assume

2.

I came to the cities in a time of disorder  
When hunger ruled.

I came among men in a time of uprising  
And I revolted with them.  
So the time passed away  
Which on earth was given me.

I ate my food between massacres.  
The shadow of murder lay upon my sleep.  
And when I loved, I loved with indifference.  
I looked upon nature with impatience.  
So the time passed away  
Which on earth was given me.

In my time streets led to the quicksand.  
Speech betrayed me to the slaughterer.  
There was little I could do. But without me  
The rulers would have been more secure. This was my hope.  
So the time passed away  
Which on earth was given me.

Men's strength was little. The goal  
Lay far in the distance,  
Easy to see if for me  
Scarcely attainable.  
So the time passed away  
Which on earth was given me.

1.

Indeed I live in the dark ages!  
A guileless word is an absurdity. A smooth forehead betokens  
A hard heart. He who laughs  
Has not yet heard  
The terrible tidings.

Ah, what an age it is  
When to speak of trees is almost a crime  
For it is a kind of silence about injustice!  
And he who walks calmly across the street,  
Is he not out of reach of his friends  
In trouble?

It is true: I earn my living  
But, believe me, it is only an accident.  
Nothing that I do entitles me to eat my fill.  
By chance I was spared. (If my luck leaves me  
I am lost.)

They tell me: eat and drink. Be glad you have it!  
But how can I eat and drink  
When my food is snatched from the hungry  
And my glass of water belongs to the thirsty?  
And yet I eat and drink.

I would gladly be wise.  
The old books tell us what wisdom is:  
Avoid the strife of the world, live out your little time  
Fearing no one,  
Using no violence,  
Returning good for evil—  
Not fulfillment of desire but forgetfulness  
Passes for wisdom.  
I can do none of this:  
Indeed I live in the dark ages!