

We have written often about the end and its nighness. How then can we celebrate our successes? Who can rest with so many objectives still unsatisfied?

We gnash our teeth just as the mills of an uncaring world grind us into an ever finer pulp. But we aren't trying to rack up achievements before the deadline. The end of the world isn't in the future. It is happening all around us. We are living it. Nobody is getting through it. It is immanent around and within us. It's done! Whatever we are doing now might as well be what we will always be doing.

We are hurrying, we are desperate, but not because we need to get it all done before we are stopped. Maybe we know that as soon as we take a breather and gaze upon our works, they will be swept away like filthy rags. Or has that already happened? There isn't some singularity that is always just out of our reach. The moments are turning inside out. Every instant is longer and also shorter.

These are our trials. There is only one way to understand them, and that is by experiencing continuous community time, by interacting in real time with other people, unbroken by asynchronous communication. Letters can be read out of order, algorithms can recombine posts to tell any story. Experiences becomes indistinguishable from dreams, lives never actually lived but instead put together instantly and grafted onto us. Each time the chain is broken, the arrows of our lives can be pointed in a different direction, and it isn't a metric space, there is no such thing as distance. Traveling in a circle will not bring us back to anything familiar.

Is time being disassembled and reassembled? We are not creatures for which this question has any meaning. It is we who are being disassembled and reassembled. Is this bad? Not by itself. Read and write letters and books! Check your voicemail! Roll back the hands of time! But pay attention. Who is putting you back together? Is it even you who is being reconstituted? These are interesting things to wonder, but eventually, there is only one important question.

That is why we celebrate what we are doing and how we are doing it, and defeat anything opposing us. To believe otherwise would have us spending our days pondering whether the work is sensible or beautiful. In the meantime, call your mother if you can.