Where do our priorities lie?

Where are we heading?



We once lived in a world where every tree, every stone, every breeze whispered secrets we knew by heart. In the beginning, we moved through the land as if we were one with it, hunting and gathering, our lives intertwined with nature's quiet pulse. There was a time when we understood

the language of the earth, when the changing seasons felt like an old song we sang together. But slowly, as we learned to control fire, to coax the soil, we began to change the very world that had once cradled us. Our touch, at first gentle, grew bolder, carving paths through forests and taming rivers that once flowed wild. We built cities and machines,

and in doing so, we distanced ourselves from the ancient, untamed forces that had shaped us. Now, when we look at the world around us, we feel both a longing for something lost and a quiet dread of what we've become. What started as a simple bond with nature has turned into something darker—an eerie echo of a

time when we were at peace with the wild, now just a distant memory that haunts us as we face the consequences of our own creation.



ATTENTION: we. are. turning.



We once shared a bond, a quiet understanding that we were all in this together, woven into the fabric of a fragile world. But somewhere along the way, we began to turn our gaze inward, fixating on the things we could accumulate, the power we could grasp. In the pursuit of wealth, we forgot the old ways, when trust and community were

the foundation of life. Slowly, we learned to prey on one another, to see each other not as brothers and sisters, but as obstacles in the way of our own desires. ATTENTION became the currency, and in the scramble for it, we began to devour what we had once held dear. Pe lives mere stepping stones in the race to the top. Now, we stand apart, separated by walls of greed, looking at one another with suspicion and hunger. What started as a need for survival has become a monstrous need for dominance, and in our hunger for more, we have lost the very thing that

once

made

us

human.

human...

what does it mean t o be a huma n? do we still fit the criteria? What is o ur own tha t we have not stolen ... or allowed to be sto len from us? what owner ship do I have that O wi a CE th more netw orth can take from me?

We stand amid a world slipping through our fingers, not as owners, but as tenants of our own existence. Land, time, even thought-none of it is ours anymore. The walls around us were not built by us, yet they close in, tighter each year, each law, each whispered promise of safety. We labor, not to thrive, but to sustain a machine that grows while we diminish. Our choices shrink with

every form, every license, every silent nod to authority. We were told we are free, yet we cannot touch what is beneath our feet, cannot shape what is above our heads. They call it progress, but it feels like surrender—a steady erosion of self, until even our minds are outsourced, monitored, controlled. Who owns the air, the water, the soil? Who owns us? Not we. Not anymore. But it is poison.

It is poisonous to think this way.

I

Can

Not

Think

This

way.

We can not take what is left for granted. We can not let it go to **ruin**.

