

**“30-something The sod”**

**Billy Morgan, 2020**

1. “An easterner?”
  - a. Anyway, about the forest that decomposed; the lossy canopy falling to the ground like a mangled leaf JPEG\_jay-peg. About the mouse – house, the mouse – the house, that hid, the house – the mouse, that drown’ed.
2. Drown’ed; drown’ed.
3. About the candle; no. About the well, and its waters, probably tainted from years of fracking–ecocide, or, MORE probably, that took its own purity, so it wouldn’t have to undergo the trauma of being discovered, or the traumatic falsehood of having been discovered, by a *westerner*, which is why you never heard of an *easterner*.
4. *Except, perhaps, as a name for wind.*
5. Anyway, about the mother, and the daughter, but not about the father. Or their feathers. Or the glossy black moonlight, or the lossy JPEG\_jay-peg, or the mossy well.
6. About that Night; the whole canopy descending with a crash, to graze the head of the daughter, who, under the weight of two-hundred-and-seventy-three 273 flaming red oak crowns, in turn trod the head of the dormouse into a ditchwatery ditchy dyke and drowned it, its eyes invisibly weeping into the septic YELLOW water, that in turn, filled the bottom of the well, that gave, the mother, well, diarrhoea.
7. I met a seventy-nine 79 year old theologian in mid-air
  - a. (With a fervour for physics)
  - b. And even though He didn’t say it exactly, n I couldn’t understand Him all that well, His *Being* was saying something that I picked up, or perhaps I just wanted to confirm a suspicion I’d been having that was recent to that time, n in that, sitting next to Him, it just came to me, a *visitation*, that perhaps quantum theory was interesting to Him, bc it’s as close to spirituality as (north)western science ever gets, and, arguably, as any belief system ever gets, in that, it accepts there is no ULTIMATE structural logic. So I forgot about that (honesty?). And it’s good to come back to.
8. I..... guess within that, He, the seventy-nine 79 year old theologian, was merely looking for confirmation of Gawd (which is the endgame of every theological text I’ve ever read [1 in total – will the game ever not be football?]) in the highest orders of (north)western rationality, and maybe this also betrayed His desperation, to look for it in the apexes of science, or even sum kinda nihilism, that if He couldn’t find it there, then it possibly didn’t exist at all. I mean, even tho He didn’t say it, per se, just from watching Him, I got that, I got that.

Er

9. *Maybe* also the notion of quantum physics being the climax of science is an orthodox, masculinist, colonial, dominating, western notion of the high point of western rationality? Bc it's ostensibly very complicated? What if, the high point of western rationality, was the Old W-I-ve's Tale? I beg.....

10. Drown'ed?

a. Drown'ed, and it bleeds, when deer shed their antlers.

11. And about that Blood, weeping, the daughter's, amidst all the crashing, to daub the doors, wattle 'n', dabbed about the doors, smeared in coaldust, inevitably, that had already poisoned the wellwater, inevitably, that had turned even the palest feathers of the birds to pitch, inevitably, about the father, who only turns up at the end, inevitably, but this time, ah, is SUPERCEDED, by the mother, no winding paths for her, no moonlit deer for her, no eyewatering dung for her, no tears for her.

If I had a mother  
for every mother  
whose favourite singer  
was ANITA BAKER?

12. But everyone else was crying, and that was the problem. That therein was the problem.

a. It was always *soooooo satisfyingggggggg* to hear someone decide what the problem was.

13. Not so much that you shouldn't cry, but that things releasing water – the water that drowned the mouse – the septic wellwater – should make any one person more heavy than anyone else; and what, after all, did they mean by *AllTheCrying*, and by extension, *AllTheHeaviness*, that welled up, underfoot, that SOGGED the fallen tree trunks, and bloated the fence posts to such a softness that adolescent deer could peer their heads between the cracks, to the point that no Mxn nor Womxn nor Daughter was an island no more, but *AllWereWater*, overflowing the ancient ditch that encircled their house, to the point that everything leaned on everything else, and there was no original sadness, much less than an ORIGINAL sin, because it didn't matter how heavy you were individually, it was about how heavy you were together, because everything, leaning on everything else, produced a cumulative weight, and that was the thing we should be TALKING ABOUT.

a. Not some stupid child with a ble3ding head. But how 1 thing led to another.

b. If you cut into the earth, water soon fills it.

c. That's one rule at this latitude.

14. The canopy fell in, there were eight 8 pieces of night all over the *ForestFloor*, in which all number of things happened, all number of creatures copulated, all number of moistures were secreted, and died, and gave birth, and died, and revived, and into that, you could lose a gold ring, an earring, with such SIMPLICITY that you were almost grateful the floor had taken it from you, bc it seemed much safer in the forest floor than it ever had adorning your body, being as it was, a temporary state of affairs, not much more than a *GlamourisedCoatRack*, and maybe that was what was meant by ritual offering, by the leaving of 9009 things, to rot, to fester, that things seemed safer when left alone, and temptation was abandoned to the darkness, and in the absence of light only proved how brave the things of the world were, that they could grow cold and stay put, and, about that.
15. Pull your finger out of the earth for a second..... Your family are also losing their minds. Better leave them in the forest, while it still is.
16. I...have a house. It is a great, big lump of Silesian coal, that has crushed several previous houses, and still, refuses to burn.
17. One thing led to another. And one thing could only speak to one other. That's if you want to be understood.
18. And that's what happens when you stay outside for long enough. You stop having thoughts.
19. What if we just led with our stomachs, our bowels and our hearts; the brain has never been an ORGAN.  
a. It was all a useless exercise.
20. Except, surprising yourself; except, opening yourself; except, not being a self at all, but being everyone, and everything all at once. If you can do that, you can lose you for good. And it really is a GOOD way to be.
21. Come back to associating again. Your associates
- 22.
- 23.
- 24.
25. – where are they?
26. Shall we go under? I don't mean that. I don't mean... under the fungus. I mean, I did mean it, but now I don't mean it.
27. What if, yeah..... You could dig a hole and unearth a blazing fire..... Yeah, you were large enough and you were directly above a fire. Depends on ur scale I guess. Cz directly above for a human is much less precise than directly above for a COCKTAIL SAUSAGE. Which begs the question,  
a. how small can a fire be? Are there tiny fires happening, here, right this second?

28. Bc, the ground, property, home, ur dead relatives, whale graveyard, whatever, is the earth, basically, and so, everything basically, upon it, is relative to the scale of the earth, so in that sense, scale, and size, and whatever, matter, or material, is discrete. Right. Bc there is a scale, to the earth, bc some things can be too big for it, and some things can also fall through the cracks of it. But we are thankfully the right scale for it, though this could be open to DEBATE, which is lucky bc there are lots of planets that are much too big for us, and much too distant, so that we would be born and die several 00000000 times before we could even hope to reach them.

29. Bc, I was scared, of becoming nothing, in the dark, or whatever. But I just forgot. It's super easy to.

30. Some yeeeeeeears I look beyond the crude fence I have staked out there, to protect my PARCEL of whatever from forces beyond control, as opposed to those I can control, like weaker animals and climbing wallflowers. In some years I will think, why did I ever want to..... keep all..... that out?

a. Obviously, ivy, over everything

31. I always knew everything 8 was everything 8. Or at least, everything was 1 thing, in the way that it all leant upon another. Like a firewood pile, we always already knew, that everything was everything, because everything leant upon everything, and simultaneously, took everything's weight. If you only knew how long you have *ALWAYS NEEDED ME*

*"30-something The sod" was performed as part of Krzysztof Bagiński's work "But Everyone Else was Crying", 2020.*

*The performer was Thelma Sharma.*

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