

Just In Case...

In the end, once Armageddon's done its work, what else is there but Art?

Perhaps it's just an underlying prejudice bone, but when I wake up and walk outside before the world's begun to rustle, I see Art. And as God (or whomever we choose to believe in) waves her brush of activity, and movement sets in, and mouths run amok, and cities shout with horns and feet, and we animate our faces with emotion...I see Art.

When all intelligence is spent only questions remain, and questions are the Arts' kindling. Strip everything of its color and apparatuses and all we have to rely on is Art, our most simplistic, bare expression.

Art is the human existence's PLAN B, and it's up to a "hand-full" of us to make sure that what we NEVER plan to rely on, keeps moving...just in case.

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