Heather Phillipson, VOLTA 2020

Isn’t this how it starts - with a bump in the ionosphere? A hiccup that, if left to explode, could reboot the entire sky and every day coming in on the horizon.

Until just now, the system’s always been glitchy. No one was ever in holiday mode much longer than a moment. But this Spring, or ‘the biggest ever update’, as they put it, the physical shapes of feelings began to appear - feelings rising steadily, in columns, launching into the sky which is also, finally, a large feeling with a physical shape - globular you could call it, and convex, blurting.

So this is what’s meant by TURN IT OFF AND ON AGAIN.

Maybe not even in our lifetimes had we, or have we seen, or will we see, so much love, so much amorous clammer, so much longing for paramours surging in like clouds, ravishing the skyline. There’s not a bacterium, not a midge or reptile or vegetable that isn’t feeling a loving swelling, leading to who knows where - to rapture, if we’re lucky.

It’s as if all bodies have come to life again. All the flies are vibrating to a distant pitch, and by distant, I mean ancient. They are your other mind, the mind that’s also ancient.

The direction of change can be heard in the loose leaves as if for the first time. Louder now, we hear everything as if for the first time. The drip, drip of new ideas lightly spatters our outerwear. We’re about to get as activated as the loveliest feelings, as a hot breath on your forearms, which are an extension of your heart - outstretched and heading for the hurricane, incoming.

That’s the noise of freshness building.

Like the hissing steam, rising and rising between all of us.

Even the atmosphere is breathless.

Whoa. This just-released tempest is flubbing in like a wet dog, and the tent’s popping up of its own accord, impossible to bring back to Earth. None of us would ever want to come down, without, say, gravity. Hit the road in this commotion and you can tell that, this whole time, the world’s been undulating and, even when you couldn’t see it, it must have kept undulating, like several people of many genders making love on a waterbed.

The world has so many nipples, and they’re all saying, “It doesn’t have to be the old way.” What a godsend.

Why take what’s offered? Why stand for it? We’ve been waiting maybe our whole lives for this refashioning in the intoxicating air that’s actually a strong gale, slapping all over us. It’s like getting wrenched from a coma - all the old thoughts knocked over.

Let go of your hats and the things you know for sure you could count on two fingers.
Not rest, but movement, the doctors are ordering because just to walk a few steps in this fired-up atmosphere is to experience the shift from impossible to possible at every instant.

If this is the way it is, let’s leave, I mean live, I mean leave the old heaven and hell and live something much clearer and exposed and altogether sopping.

There’ll never be any more beginning than there is now. There’ll never be any more breathing than there is now. And there’ll never be any more exquisiteness than there is now. No smaller or bigger connections than there are now. No more hope and trepidation than there are now. Never any more or less predictableness.

Looks like we were given the wrong kind of insurance for this total carnage, crashing into every species of assumption. Never before has just thinking predictably been such a struggle, when ideas are lurching and deviating like the wind wrapping across our foreheads. It turns out that, like our thoughts, the wind can be in many places simultaneously. Here she comes, wheezing and clunking, pushing in like a kind of hacker, come to dicky around in our sealed and buried filing units, cracking out their contents, ready to redistribute and cross-pollinate, channelling herself and us into a new kind of history which will unroll history in its entirety, like several maggot riddled carpets, and trample them.

Like a tree in desiccated soil, we can unroot from ourselves and it’s as irresistible as losing my breath in a romantic meet-cute that makes all parties feel unsteady with the feeling that the truth is a hole that was always there, the way old insect lives are concealed deep in the Earth’s concavities, beneath removable stones, blow the gum-spattered pavement, and the only way to see it is as it collapses into the most massive idea like an unavoidable opening in which an infinite volume of re-versionings can be deduced from the shape of what is now, and always has been, just like our mouths, right inside and in front of us.

It’s amazing how quickly something can become global just from going from one mouth to another.

This summer is just the start of our infinite lovemaking.

And that’s how, one day, we will be born.

The way out is calling.