

My friends,

I as well was once all but mute; one to weigh words. One to utter only the very occasional grievance or exaltation, much less argument or compact. It was only lately that I did find myself lost in words – subsumed under endless torrents of phrase – one bolder than the next, and without shame, without pity – promising untold wonder to the one who would but put them into the world. Mea culpa.

It is closing time in the garden of humanity. Come, let us go together and enter the desert of humanity and wander there! It is opening time in the garden of humanity – come let us enter and go together into the greenery – leave our shoes! Let us wander and be lost in the desert of humanity, for however many years. Let us frolic in the garden of humanity and admire there the many kinds of flowers, plants, and trees. Let us go together into the desert and count every grain of sand. Let us bathe our feet in running waters and breathe in the fresh many-scented air in the garden of humanity. Let us take up every grain of sand and look at it with intent, and then let us forget whatever we learn from this. Let us sleep in the tall grass under the shades of trees in the garden. Let us sit down in the sand in the desert of humanity and dream of the garden of humanity, then open our eyes and stare directly at the sun, in the blistering heat, heat so dry it seems to boil the water off of our tongues. Let us take off our clothes and throw them down to the grass – who has need of them! Let us be naked and without shame in the garden of humanity; let us walk through the garden and display our every fault and charm openly – sincerely! Let us be lost in contemplation as we wander the desert of humanity. What to eat in the desert? What to drink? Let us be tempted in the desert of humanity – let us confront our temptations and strike them down! Let us know of no desert in the garden of humanity, let us have no concept of it. Let us give in to every temptation and see no distinction in this. Let us walk past piles of bleached bone in the desert of humanity and see ourselves in them. Let us make fortitude and disappointment our virtue. Let us gorge ourselves on rich blessings in the garden of humanity, as if there was but a singular moment of now, disconnected from every conception of cause and effect, past, future – dust upon the wind, rustling leaves, strips of fog. Let us imagine the dry, warm sand of the desert of humanity entering every pore of our being as we huddle together at night to preserve what little warmth there is. Let us return to the fertile soil of the garden and make it more fertile still! Let us look upon the desert of humanity and acknowledge beyond every shadow of a doubt, feel with every fibre of our being that nothing will grow here. Let us acknowledge that this is why we have come here and rejoice in our fulfilment. It is closing time in the desert of humanity. It is closing time in the garden of humanity. Go on and be fertile! Go on and be desolate!

I am the whisper in every silence, and my name is law – but, I will not tell you what that name is. And, if you do not know what the law is, could it not be that you are speaking it this very moment?

Sincerely,

Eirik Senje

The Wealth of Nations, Galleri K, 9.10.2020 - 8.11.2020