

WHAT SOUL SAYS: INVITE DARK NIGHT TO SUPPER

A world and time of terror, bad trade, night-shrieks, strange mutations and blind-folds call us to the practices of BEAUTY: making and repair; the tendering of "far-off-ness coming close to us;" eclipse (abandonment and forsaking) (a walk in moon shadow). "Dip a finger into time and it comes back stained": so what's to do? SAY ENTER WOUND in the room of halt, the school of MAKING. "Use the hum of your wound."

Invite dark night to supper. Then practice beauty. Stir. And eat the world.

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