

The land of no evil

— RAFAEL WEISS BRANDT —

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The land of no evil

Rafael Weiss Brandt —————

Whoever has ears, let them hear:

Lies are debts.

Interests are due. You can feel it on your skin. On every corner, on every night, on every whim empty of delight. You smell it in the morning, and hear its moans at night.

Facts are a cold blade.

Cutting deep, carving a path from ear lobe to ear lobe, a trail of blood, a deadly smile of old. Trench of a locked war: shellshocked, we are.

Fear does not save, because fear does not make anyone hear. No one listened to the babbling of that decrepit mouth spewing outdated axioms of a long dead world. His place was in the outer dark, far away from the alcoves of civilization!

This glorious civilization.

I gaze upon the corpse of our myths daily, amorph and disgusting, fossils buried in the sand upon which they were built. It is an eerie feeling that I imagine as being analogous to that of an empty theater, eternally void of plays to fill its halls with laughter, joy, tears. Human culture was reduced to that, a glorified grave, a ghastly apparition.

They knew that this would happen, of course. They calculated, quantified and informed it on spreadsheets written by obese fingers, filled with the angst of their time. Risk-managing agencies offered investment portfolios in “Safety units” — a haven for the rich, for those willing to pay for one more lie, for an escape from the ravenous teeth of the poor.

They made money on the excesses of their own lust: history repeats itself first as a tragedy, then as a farce. Having depleted the world, they retreated in face of reality's blitzkrieg: cowards, the whole lot of them! The last kingdom of the Gold Eaters was now diminished to nothing more than an endless sea of underground floors, layer after layer of dizzy floors, repetitive colors and mind-numbing entertainment. Therein lie Earth's inheritors.

No one dared mention the weeping and gnashing of teeth of those left behind thirty years ago. No one has heard of them since. Even though the question was always there, no one ever mentioned it. Why would they?

After all, their parents had bought Heaven itself with hard-working money extracted via surplus value. This heaven, this paradise, their very own *yby marã e'yma*, was an inheritance of foresight, entrepreneurship. Merit justifies the obliviousness of it all, of course. Much like the Americans did with their Founding Fathers, all sorts of crimes were forgiven and forgotten when writing the myths of this hermetic world.

One should not mention that 99% of Humanity was left on Earth's surface, where food production had collapsed, where cannibalism was a consequence, and potable water a rarity. They never did when discovering America. One should never mention that transnational elites — mostly European and white as death — dirtied by the sticky fluids of the world's rape, left it used, broken by civil war. A new Condor that now flies in the whole world, operating on the face of the waters.

“Eat your gold now!”, screamed the dried and impoverished ghosts of the past. It was with shame that they feared this new hell, *magna opus* of their beloved Order, and Law, and Justice and deranged culture. God sent them away from the fruit of their work, and they hid in their bunkers.



As far as I know, I was the only one to ever consider the hypocrisy of it all: we were all postponed corpses sailing towards the depths of Neptune's sea, a vulture standing between our shoulder blades in clerical black. Soon to be forgotten to any man, to any time, forgotten to any god or devil, forgotten even to the sea, for any stuff or part of us, even any scantling of our soul will soon be no more, other than the sea itself! The grey, cold, acidic sea of the age of men. More slime than water. More memory than matter.

Not that someone ever said anything: they did not. These people, I found later, were incapable of the act of saying. They could parrot sentences given by the court of their own petit whiteness. They could vocalize previously evaluated and approved amenities. Yet, they could not say anything. This was taken away by centuries of self-imposed lies.

Their voices were silenced by their own sin: those that can no longer walk over the flesh of their feet, that cannot tell stories under the night's cold darkness, lost their very mind. Automaton, the whole lot of them. Automaton since they left their ice caves to destroy the world.

Justice, not the Justice of God, was late in coming. Justice of the Devil, of anarchic violence, of Theodore Kaczynski, of those lads from the *Baader-Meinhof*, of Daesh, of all deprived, pointless, histrionic violence.

A macabre dance of chemicals to put away their silence, I carve the mouth on the skin, blood red dripping and painting the floor into words of restitution! I bite the eyes with mouthfuls of flesh, I am the Jesus of Carnage to spit their inertia: they were blind, now they see.

They shall look into their faces through the chosen mirror, me, the mirror from the past, held by a million beheaded hands.



They try to bring the door down: futile. Someone must have been aware of my intentions. There are no secrets in the panoptic reality of the shelter.

The world should end in fire.

Tac. Tac. Tac. They scream orders, desperate orders. Propane-induced combustion against metal, trying again to melt their way into protection.

Pointless moans. There is nowhere to escape.

My lovers, lovers of nitrate, trinitrotoluene and nitroglycerin will soon present their chemical dance, dance to turn their world into blaze. Kiss them, kiss this whole building, this underground safe of old! You shall find no richness in here, just lies, lies and no more. Burn them, burn me, burn all!

Father, from this cup I drink. From violence they made me, to violence I send them!

In your name, I now make this land the land of no evil.

My last holy words are: let there be light.

And there was light.

Sobre o autor

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