

Buried Inside "Terrortourismology"

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Inwrought at times, dependent in time.
Intimately blended and delicately torn.
Land and culture deconstructed and soon after reborn.
The inventions are present but the purpose is gone.
Tourism;
Terrorism, is there always a difference?
A getaway from the everyday, a colonial effort in
reciprocity.
The tourist consumes difference collecting images
rather than experience.

While the authentic recedes behind a developing
industry;
Economic growth at some cost.
Redesigning, redefining, reiterating the same paradise
lost.
Fifteen thousand rooms in one peninsula.
Gift-shop till you drop, curing pop culture shock.
Don't forget to send a fucking postcard.

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