

Million Dead

"I Want To Get Shot At (By An Israeli Gun Squad)"

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hey! little mohammed, where's your riot gear? did you forget all your body armour? i'll forgive you for spilling your secret through your hands. you know that i'd do anything to change our places, share your feelings. and hey, major neave, what's that weight on your shoulder? could it be the cumulative weight of history? herculean, i will share your burden, though i might forfeit my digital watches. so heed this western plea, this suburban disease, this teenage wail, this middle class call. i want to get shot at by an israeli gun squad (and take a ride through the ruins in 1945). hellas, you had it wrong. to know our selves we need everything in excess. so i go now to dip my toe into the waters of extremity. how fast can i swim at the barrel of a gun, at the point of a question? so hey! here's to petersburg in 1917, and here's to forging paths in barcelona. here's to knowing our thoughts are making a difference. i'd rather be a spanish veteran than some hippy kid. and so i question the non-participational definition of animation. here's to no holding back on the things that we wish for.

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