

Creativity in a Cultural Wasteland

-Payne

This is for all of you out there who have shit going on, in your life, and can't deal. Can't vent. Can't defend yourself from.

There are times when you must be seen, heard, felt. And even the most apathetic or the most cynical of us do it. There are times when you must stick your head over the trench wall and see others toiling away, and take comfort from the fact that you are not alone.

So I am here. I am listening.

Some of us take up the pen, the sword, the megaphone, and turn negativity into a positive. Some of us create temporary monuments out of the shrapnel that rains on us. This is why: if we do not shit our hate, we will die.

Your tasks are your own, what you do, you must do alone, but what is done, will be seen.

The best will be remembered and emulated and refined, it is true, but the best will fade as fast as the worst.

There is nothing permanent. In the space of a life time, we build many monuments, and we tear many down.

There is respite, though. There is a moment of hiding in a shell crater as you run across no-mans-land, sharing a knowing glance with another refugee, leaving your mark, before you jump up again, and run to the next bit of scant cover.

There is that assurance that what we do will have meaning for a fleeting time perhaps, but not an empty gesture.