

Lőrinc Borsos

pyropoetic visions at the end of the world

fear not the heat ahead, it's the fire that follows, so fear not the thermal conditions of the inferno, but worry about all the cursed souls you will have to burn with, so fear not the blaze of hell, but brood about the scorching fire plumes of the mundane purgatory, so fear not the dystopian reality you are fully immersed into, but worry about the self-destructing hedonism that makes you find pleasure in it, so fear not the mesmerizing pyroscapes screened in ultra high resolution, but panic about the cosmic shipwreck in flames we are all heading to, so fear not the common fire, elecuical fire, the fires of phosphorus, of volcanoes and of thunderbolts, but be contemplate about the elementary fire capable of reproducing its own kind, so fear not the holy spirit that comes at pentecost, it's the tongues like flames of fire that should make you anxious, so fear not the darkness at the bottom of the abbys, but fret about its otherwordly dwellers, the little shiny worms, the tiny igneous beings, might born of the thunderbolt, in flash of lighting, so fear not the potential disappearance of our own kind, but anguish over the prospect that after the great cataclysm our histories and cultures could still remain persistent, so fear not the fire that follows, it's the heat that already killing us, that should make you really panic

















