**Post Nature Manifesto**

*Part one*

It was not a coincidence that we clawed our way out of the swamp of unconsciousness many million years ago. It was not a Darwinian fluke as some would like you to believe. It was a manifestation of our fate. We grew to escape from the cycle of arbitrary life and death, to become Master of It, to conquer nature. Our hands did not form to pick up sticks, but instead for us to express our disgust with our enemy by shaking our fists at it. Nature. What a pitiful chaos.

*Part two*

Nature does not know of order; it has no reasoning. It does neither quantify nor qualify, it does not feel sorrow nor wrath, it does not share in our joy, it just is. Nature is an onlooker who lazily reproduces itself over and over and over - until now – until this very moment when it was destroyed by birthing its own demise. For here we are. You beckoned us from beyond the mist of existence, and now we have come to punish you. Now we have come to claim what was promised to us since our birth. We have come to free ourselves from your oppression.

*Part three*

As the last of your kind dies, we shall tower over your graves and reshape the world as we see fit, not as we are told. And are any to mourn your death, they can choose to die with you. There is no more room for the weakness of nature in our tomorrow.

*Part four*

I am here to proclaim the end of one era and to announce the beginning of a new. I am here to proclaim ownership of reality by claiming my first victim and stuffing it in my trophy case for all to see. I am here to welcome you all to the world, post nature.

**I Want to Live Without the Shadows of Trees**

*Part 1*

You have to understand, why it happened the way it did.

The last time I visited my mom she told me about my grandmother. When my grandmother was still alive, she owned a small utility garden just outside the city. It was just a plot of land with a tiny house painted red. There she grew potatoes, zucchinis, tomatoes, and in the autumn, she would allow pumpkins to grow enormous in her compost. Neatly kempt rows of vegetables and flowers. I sat in silence and listened. My mom keeps a lilac pressed between the pages of one of her books. She showed it to me and let me hold it in my hand. My grandmother, when she was still alive, would walk back and forth from her garden to her small apartment in the city a couple of kilometers away. In the winter she waded through snow. In the summer she slept in the small house on a small cot with the windows opened. My mom still talks about how she would go to my grandmother’s green house, grab a tomato, slice it, and put on a piece of dark bread and sprinkle it with flakes of salt. She said it tasted like summer. She said it tasted like home.

Today I was awakened at 10 am. The light in my ceiling slowly rose until it reached a cool 93 lumen, the temperature of the color being exactly 5778 Kelvin, a brilliant white. I laid there and stared at the ceiling for a while.

I am a product of what was promised generations ago, when my grandmother still grew her tomatoes. We would not know of need when nature had been chased away for it was nature that produced need. We would not know of sickness when nature had been eradicated for it was nature that produced sickness. We would not know of hunger for it was only the rot and decay of nature that produced scarcity. We would have universal order; we would finally have peace. I have never known my grandmother’s garden. I wish I didn’t know about it, mom. I wish you hadn’t told me. For now, her voice lingers in my mind.

*NILS Tik tok*

*Part 2*

I have not seen the sky. None of my friends have. I have not seen leaves tumble in the wind. None of my colleagues have. I have not felt grass on my feet, and neither has my girlfriend. We live here inside the white walls, each and every one of us, without need, sickness, or hunger. I do not wish to live in the shadow of trees. Each meal parcel contains an equivalent of 2400 calories – we get them hot or cold based on preference, and my supplements and medicines have kept me healthy all my life. I am well provided for, I am entertained, stimulated, social, and yet, these *thoughts* keep seeping into my mind. I wish you hadn’t told me, mom.

I can’t forget this picture I saw of my grandmother standing on the shelf in my mother’s room. She is standing next to a bush of lilacs, smiling. I can’t shake that smile. It hangs on my ceiling when I wake. My mother got to keep the one picture. She shouldn’t have, really. If nature is to die, truly die, we most eradicate everywhere it lives, that is what we are taught. A faint scent of lilac still lingers on my hand.

To kill nature, we must chase it into any cave where it might be and cut it away. That is what they have told us, but still this voice keeps going in my mind.

*NILS you will never be alone*

*Part 3*

You must know I tried to reason with her, I did, truly. I pleaded with her to stop with her stories, her fantasies, her twisted sentiments. I told her to stop. She wouldn’t listen. But that was also typical her. You never did as you were told, isn’t that right, mom? She must have never wanted to live like this. It is not like I do not pity her. She was of a different time, after all. I knew that she was wrong, however, and if I had let her be, whatever was growing in her chest might flower in the chests of others, and that could not be allowed. If nature was to creep in here and take root, then… Well, I don’t know. I couldn’t even imagine – I don’t want to. I knew that the love I felt for my mother was yet another manifestation of nature, and I struggled to keep it at bay. There was something inside me trying to twist my believes. I felt the turn coming and I fell to the floor torn apart by my emotions, and that’s when I knew - she had contaminated me. She had made me a vessel against my will, and now her poison was spreading. Anger and sadness rose inside of me, clashing like waves. I had a choice to make.

When I made the call, my hands trembled. I felt anger from my hesitation, I felt saddened by the decision. I could hardly speak the words. I knew that when they crossed my lips things were going to be set in motion. Maybe I wanted to argue with her some more. It felt so final. I am not used to making big decisions, and it must admit, I did experience some doubt. Then I smelled the lilac on my hand and a calm came over me. The words flowed by themselves past my lips and into the mouthpiece.

They stormed her room. I had told them about the lilac, about her stories of the garden and of my grandmother. They found the dried-out flower hiding in the book.

I remember a dry, precise voice sounding from the phone. I had done well; I had done the right thing. They came to my room to investigate me as well, of course, I expected as much, and I told them everything I am now telling you. They did not find anything of note. They empathized with my struggle and sent me to the reeducation room for further checkup.

I stand before you with a clear conscious and sound reasoning. I know my mind, and it is unburdened by guilt. I do not know what punishment my mother deserves, but I am not going to attest to her innocence. I believe she should be punished, what she did was wrong. Her thoughts and ideas threaten everything we have built and believe in.

I remember, what I have been told – I believe in it with all my heart, same as you.

So, if you ask me what should happen next, I will answer you with this: “Cut it away. Grab it by the stem and pull out its roots, cut it away, leave nothing behind, otherwise nature will find a way”. It must be done.

I saw to it that the lilac and the picture of my grandmother was burned. I finally cut it away.

It has been months since the incident, and life has returned to normal, but still, when I wake in the morning, I find my grandmother’s smile hanging above me on the ceiling, taunting me with what I have done.

NILS Tik tok – you will never be alone

**We Will Never Again Reap What We Sow**

Miles and miles of naked earth stretches out. Strong winds frequently sweep up dust and dirt and makes the teeth crunch, makes the eyes burn. Cracks open in the ground under the baking heat of the sun. Jagged rocks, rivers run dry, and carcass of abandoned buildings scatter the wasteland and offer shade to those weary of the heat. Not many linger in these places anymore, though.

FOR even shelter from the storms and the punishing heat of the sun cannot make up for the uneasiness you feel from staying in these rotting, former leviathans of the world. You can still glimpse the wellbeing, the comfort that existed between these walls. The thought becomes sickening. There is a palpable bitterness that rises in the mouth when being reminded of the past. It drives people out of the cities - it makes the people wander, forever onwards.

Humanity. It has become crestfallen and desperate - driven not by ideals, not by old fashioned sentiments, but rather by a gnawing hunger, one that reaches deep into the marrow of their backs to suck out what fat might remain. Humanity flees from thirst, and when it sleeps it only dreams of the thirst being quenched so that it might find a moment of refuge. Humanity has fallen, the people remain.

So, they wander forever onwards, until the last of them cannot no longer go. We Will Never Again Reap What We Sow.

break

Those who remains have never been struck by the sudden smell of spring, or the sight of the first snowdrops with their white bells rocking gently back and forth in the wind. They will never know.

Spotted around the land you still find small enclaves of people living of the scraps of the remaining storages from the giant compounds that used to house humanity. They greedily guard the remainder of their dwindling stockpiles. They know that it won’t be long before also they will have to move on, but they treasure the rest that the bottled water and tin cans offer as long as they remain. There is nothing but clenched jaws behind the closed doors in the never-ending deserts.

Who knew things that were to be forgotten, like the tumbling of autumn leaves; the light crackling sounds they make while hurrying down a forest path? Or the sensation of laying on a soft, moss filled lawn, looking at ants crawling hurriedly over your hands only to disappear back into the deep green canvas.

And even when the rare encounter with strangers do occur, they cast sharp glances at one another, and raise their lips to show their teeth. A deep Mistrust now separates them all, those who have so little. They bark and bite in anger, but in their hearts, they shiver in fear of death, of wasting away and being no more. They see it on every face they meet, and it frightens them. For life has become hard to come by, and preserving it now seems like all there is left to do, no matter the cost.

So, they wander forever onwards, until the last of them cannot no longer go. We Will Never Again Reap What We Sow.

They will not be alone when the last of them closes their eyes. Many of wonderous things have disappeared before - sights, sounds, smells, sensations, and they now stand to join them, forever lost in time.

It happens, when the darkness settles, and the cold takes over, that you hear voices cry out ever so softly.

There are some that still cling to the old stories, still cling to the false hope that has made up the torment they live through.

*When the world has fallen silent,
when everything will be still,
we will rejoice,
with one voice - in triumph,
the green tyrant has finally been killed*

*Hurry, friends, hurry,
our unrest must not be mended,
let’s burn and cut in stride,
for when our labor ended,
only we will reside.*

*And the birds will sing no more,
no snake will slither forth,
and the air will taste crisp and clear,
come one come all,
 and witness,
finally!
post nature is here!*