

\*clear throat\* this is a lecture on finitude, the minutia, and my thoughts on small talk.

The title of this lecture is:

\*looks at the audience, ~~takes a sip of water~~, finish the whole glass of water \*

This lecture is not important, meaningful, or educational. Some could argue that the fact that it is thus, is what makes it poetry. \*look up dryly, look back at paper\*

Part. 1:

*"Let's start with the winter."*

"Haha" said the white rabbit, lying in the snow"

Start:

Everytime it snows, during the winter, spring, or summer, I wonder, if that will be the last time I will ever see it.

End:

I often think with great relief about the time when I finally be just material again.

\*take another bite of apple and put it on the table\*

Whenever I look at burning candles, I'm struck by the way that they disappear so effortlessly, the way that sunlight has a subtle and large effect, and that we continue to touch it every time.

Part. 2:

*"pseudoscience comma studies"*

When you walk outside with no shoes on it is different than walking outside *with* shoes on. The only people wearing no shoes outside are the ones that do not go in to come out, but rather stay out, no shoes, for most of the time.

When you go outside and it is sunny, it is different from going outside while it is raining. More different than both of these, is not going out at all.

Probably around this time last year I asked my not-to-be-lover if drinking a tablespoon of lemon juice was the same as drinking a spoonful of lemon juice mixed with one cup of water. "well I don't think it is" he said, "after all they *are* different." "Then again," I said, "it doesn't really matter."

Part. 3:

*"the end is nie AND everything will go on without us"*

The trope of the *nie* sayer is certainly not lacking in the media of the public sphere. Indeed, it has been an immortal symbol throughout, if I dare generalize, the majority of civilized history. As time has now proven, against the *nie* sayer, the world continues, only ending perhaps through the eyes of the sayer... said. This d u a l comma d u e l notion of the future exists at all times and in tandem. I find both of these notions to be both terrifying and *deeply* comforting.

Part. 4:

*"fitness"*

I often watch people running down the street with their ear pods in etc. and think "why on earth are you doing that shouldn't you at least be running in order to catch some wild animal or something." "If not to catch some animal than why all of this running?" "If it is to impress some person with some fitness it seems rather pointless for are there not

already enough children in the world and isn't most intercourse already not productive anyway?" I think as I run.

It has often entered that my mind that "gosh wouldn't we be a lot better off if we just resumed a hunter gatherer lifestyle" standing in line at Wawa to buy my banana from Guatemala and my coffee from Ethiopia..... in a paper cup that I will maybe recycle and that if thrown in the recycling will certainly not end up being put to any use anyway and will probably wind up in some poor creatures home as they pay for my 15 minutes and 1 dollar and 47 cents worth of maybe happiness and maybe false enthusiasm. "Of course it would be impossible now," I think "for everyone to hunt and gather that is. there is simply too much concrete and not enough berries" I think as I peel.

Part. 5:

*"are we having fun yet"*

"Are we having fun yet?" Said the otter to the dragonfly as they paddle flew down the stream in the afternoon. "I'm not sure if fun is the right word" said the dragonfly nervously. "we are moving forward yes, but, should we be having fun?" "I think we should" replied the otter paddling a little quicker no longer on their back looking at the sky but now with eyes above the water looking forward. "alright" said the dragonfly catching up "well how do we have fun then?" "I think we need to go faster" the otter said, and indeed it did sound gleeful. So they sped along now getting quite fast. The dragonfly and otter were now looking quite strained. "are we having fun *now*?" asked the dragonfly. "yes?" replied the otter panting. "but where are we going?" the familiar landscape had disappeared quite some minutes ago but then hadn't noticed being so intent on the fast fun-ness. "it's not about the where it's about the how!" yipped the otter. "the where is also important otter!" squeaked the dragonfly, fighting to catch up. The landscape had gone flat all around and old home was out of sight. Finally they slowed, realizing that they were not having fun after all, and pulled up on the shore to rest. They had been going with the current so to go as quickly back would be impossible. Indeed looking at the speed of the flow it seemed that returning would take at least 100 times the effort of coming. "I'm sorry dragon" said the otter tearfully "this turned out to not be fun at all" "it is alright otts" said the dragonfly. "At least we are here together" they climbed up onto the flat grey bank and looked around.

Part. 6:

*"noon"*

il sole riposa incastonato tra le foglie.  
i colori sono in fiamme.  
nel pomeriggio non riesco a dormire.

Part. 7:

It's amazing that you stand over there and speak and I know what you mean.