

Where is that Paradise?

I went to the seashore and I started reading. And I couldn't believe a word. I read that there are no trees in that country but the people are hunters. I learnt that it is so cold in that country that there are no reptiles, there are no snakes. I said: Oh, where is that paradise?

Michel-Tété Kpomassie, The first African in Greenland, in: The Outlook Podcast Archive

You long for trees in the desert. Not just for the shade they provide but also because they stretch up toward space. When the ground is flat, the sky sinks. Trees raise the sky by being so tall and yet having so much further to go. Trees create room.

Sven Lindquist, Exterminate All The Brutes

Palaces became gardens
Of quiet remoteness
For peace became paradise.

And paradise was the distance
From noise
The oblivious state
of serene meditation
The absence of being
Those rulers they were.

In paradise
Something
Was everything
And everything
Was calmly designed
From palace to garden to peace-paradise.

Death was not included in my education. In twelve years of schooling, I never had any education in the art of dying. I don't even think, death was ever mentioned.

Sven Lindquist, Exterminate All The Brutes

In paradise
Death crowned all claims of eternal existence
Death said:
"Death precedes and follows this life
And Paradise
*is surrounded
by hardships*
Its walls are surrounded
by life."

Invisibility has made him inhuman. He is mad, inhuman. Invisibility has made him inhuman. He is mad. He is pure selfishness.

Sven Lindquist, Exterminate All The Brutes

An old tree had said:
«Tu sais, mon enfant,

Je cherchais la lune
Et j'ai trouvé le vent.«
or:

A static white moon
Would not mind the disquiet of stillness Oh winds, come rush through
To ruin this design
The palace and gardens
And false Paradise.

*Nothing would be added, nothing would be subtracted from it. All the creatures God has
once created still remained in his creation and could not disappear from it.*

Sven Lindquist, Exterminate All The Brutes

For only in death
Did its builders believe
And by permanent theft
Of people and peace
They cultivate trees
Without roots
Without leaves
Oh winds, come rush through
Their delusions of peace.

What then is this palace
Enclosure or prison
Or grand celebration of death?

And what is that garden
Other than the human and impatient longing
To disappear in weightlessness?

Should peace not concede
To be more than a promise
Of perfectly organised beauty
An eternal collection of people and things
Coming to drown in their own reflections?

Is that not an old story we've heard somewhere before?

Palaces had become gardens of quiet remoteness
For peace had become paradise.