



Source: Steven Erlanger and Isabel Kershner, 'Attacks escalate as Palestinians fight for power', *New York Times online*, 13/06/07.

Tags: [child/parent](#), [language](#), [war](#), [Jerusalem](#)
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Tu es the future.
Tuer the future.

Wow. That would be hard. Would mean killing the idea of time. Which might not be bad. Out of this maze we might meet.

'BUT...' le but, debut.

STORY: the story of what we fight to get to. A head? Come to pass.

NEWS: Already dead.

STORY: short horizon collapse—my cool planet heated with passions. I believe mine. Yours. To deny. Tu es.

BUT: the long untraceable trail here, from every-where, a walking backward which looks at what's passed as a future goodbye. Try it right now. Walk backward. That's your dead future. Say the nicest goodbye you can as you turn and step what we call 'ahead' into the dying of all that surrounds us.

Can you really believe 'tu es'? Can I give you my word?

1. Weigh
2. Kill

THE FUTURE: the story of thinking we can kill what we cannot have. Whose hope? Whose story?

NEWS: and finally telling stories about killing what we cannot have.

4. You
 5. words which lie about what cannot be killed and what cannot be had:
- Jerusalem
'June 12'

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1. Way national security
2. Hope

4. symbols of power

3. Times

symbols of weakness

4. Tu

revenge!

After days of walking backward, to see the future which is where we think we started, a mother looks up from the street
each child grabbing an answer
to play 'name-state'
game up for war, running as fast as possible 'one way'

I think what they mean by the future is that fighting is a way to avoid walking
as we know when we're fogged on the road
a difficult hello
a lost feeling of feet beneath
believers of news stories, wrapped in fabric with folds –
a child-costume suited for learning to talk
of being in line for the future
in line to talk about the future
waiting for WOW. for AHA. It's MINE!

'It seems they don't want to come,'
to talk
about a future which isn't really something to just talk about
'We must make them ashamed of themselves. They have killed all hope. They have killed the future.'

AHA!

1. Way
2. Kill

Maybe it's no-talking time! Jerusalem. Or here.
Silence.

Wow. That's the news. A mother keeps her children in her skirt for school. A skirt is a map of food and blood. Empty pockets twist.

It's not talking about the future. It's not killing the future. It's killing the hope, perhaps due for some killing. If we kill the thing which holds the road and replace it with only the hope of the road, what shall we walk on?

This killing makes news because a road which has no hope of a future could be a hopeless fearless road of talking about hello and goodbye, of being quiet. Of saying 'tu es' and maybe good day. Good day.

Silent ascent. Face to face. There are mothers here.

Shall we hope for a future without talking about the hope? Shall we cease the hoping and look around at what we're killing which is not the future. Who is willing to look around without hope? That person might have the weaponry required to produce 'a decisive victory.'

'The streets of Gazan cities were once again empty of pedestrians' because there is no walking on a road of hope, on feet of fear. There is food and school, but only on roads which are roads of pedestrians, not roads of hope or roads of the future; on future roads feeding and learning are impossible, but on a pedestrian road to kill the future and feed and go to school would be better. Tu es.

Suddenly people who kill the future cannot be named. Tu es. They are only symbols of hope, lost and bloodless. Whole hospitals lose blood because there are no people left, only symbols and roads of hope, running short of supplies.

A pedestrian emergency of killing too much future? Tu es. A face like yours will not be killed so easily it seems. Perhaps if I am willing to kill my future, and you your future, we can make recognizable in-roads on real roads.

We say children are the hope of the future but anyone who knows children knows they are neither. They take words like games and if we ask them to grab onto hope, they will hold it greedily and scream, 'Mine. My turn' or just simply grab it or smash it on furniture. Then we have to talk about sharing. If we just hand over hopes they will hold them, brutally, curiously.

TWO-YEAR-OLD: What "morrow" means?

'Tomorrow' is the time after your nap. Tomorrow is when there is light after it is dark. Tomorrow is what comes after today, but it's not Tuesday or Friday, it has no name because it's really just any day, lined up on a new tomorrow. Let's see...It is dark now and it will be light again and then it will be dark.

Maybe we think we are mothers of the future. But we cannot bring ourselves to kill it at the moment we are born. There aren't any real mothers in the future, screaming in the wind.

Knee-breaking. Burning. Maiming. Kidnapping. These are games of confusion about time. Tu es. My vengeance is to hope on vengeance and think it is time.

Tuer. I am happy to see whoever you are before we say goodbye, Mama. Hope has no blood. Dying children can't find enough blood. Blood is not available but it is given to the future. I am confused about where hospitals are in the future.

'They crossed all the red lines,' is news which means something to people who either believe in red lines or don't believe in red lines.

Two million bullets too weak to kill the future? Wow. What would it take? I'll throw you my future. A carcass among trillions. Can I stop hoping for it?

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Thalia Field.