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LIFE IS NOT A STORY (PART II):  
APPLES AND PLASTIC BAGS

i read news from the internet:

"an illegal dump has been exposed. near the road, bags were - are"

i read from a book:

"dead objects are higher in value [...] higher than everything which is living"

i shape my thought

i google words

i crawl on the mattress

i hang on the blades of grass

i linger in four water drops,

which someone has seen

i hear that nature doesn't have a goal,

but the question is about evolution

*a part of the humankind diverges from nature*

a seagull sits right beside me and

*last summer they defended their children*

i am desperate

i read from the wikipedia:

it may be seen that a hole is the gain produced by the drilling machine

i squeeze my arm

*someone has taken the bags to those woods*

someone has gone through a lot of trouble

someone



imagine a road, a forest, a world  
where the green and moist grass grows  
the fresh but earthy air breaths  
imagine that before entering you feel a bit stressed  
but after awhile you notice how your muscles gets loose  
your mind becomes more clear  
and everything feels a little easier  
you are connected  
connected to your body  
connected to the nature

i don't know if you have ever wondered how this all happens  
or does it really happen?  
does the nature have that kind of a power?  
i want to believe, maybe you do too  
my father has always been a good storyteller  
he has lived a rich life, so to speak, so he has a lot of material  
one of my favourite stories is the one where he goes to somalia  
he goes there to solve a problem of his three sunken ships  
the story has a lot of dimensions  
there are the sunken ships and the crew,  
who fortunately survived  
there is the consul  
who turns out to be a periodical drinker and  
this two-week time that my father was with him at somalia  
was one of the periods  
there is the head of the police,  
who my father pays off to get the captain out of jail  
there are many flips and turns  
but in the end everything goes well  
it has a happy ending  
the crew gets back home  
the captain gets out of jail  
the head of the police gets some money  
the consul doesn't get himself killed  
and my father, he has everything solved and later  
a good story to tell

i remember when my father came home from this trip  
at least i think i do  
the sun was shining  
the trees were covered by green leaves which moved by the wind  
it was summer  
and my father  
he had a tan

when i was a child  
i didn't know what my father did for a living  
of course it was troubling for me but  
only when someone asked about it  
i didn't have the answer but i had these stories and i still do:  
my father  
he was a sailor  
at the age of 16 he forged his mother's signature to get to the sea  
the ship went to brazil, argentina and many other exotic countries  
my father  
he is the champion of the beer drinkers in some german abbey  
my father  
he used to work for the finnish people's democratic league  
once when he went to soviet union and  
at his hotel room there was an envelop full of money  
my father

*stories have played a big role in my life*

a friend of mine links an article about face cleansing creams  
the ones that have these little balls in it  
these little balls  
they nicely rub the skin.  
it says in that article that:  
"tiny plastic beads are part of the environmental problem"  
*the sunlight dances in the wall*  
the wind is part of that  
"these small plastic beads are washed straight into the ocean where  
they harm fish and other sea life"  
the wind is part of that  
i walk into the toilet and  
i wash my face with a cleansing cream  
the small plastic beads rub my skin nicely  
an emotional experience occurs  
a universal moral standard violation  
it is an affective state

i send a letter to a professor  
i want to know about goals and nature  
he says that nature doesn't have a goal  
later he corrects that it is the question of evolution  
to what kind of types organisms develop  
the best adaption wins in a long run, he says  
every creature aims to maximize reproduction in a way or another

yet humans live from the nature  
a part from the humankind have lost the connection  
as you may know  
if a city is abandoned  
the nature takes it over in twenty years

the president of the united states says that  
the USA will leave the paris climate agreement  
he says that the climate change is a plot made by the chinese  
the president of russia says that  
the climate change is not caused by humans  
the worlds mightiest countries keep on supporting the fossil fuels  
the worlds mightiest countries keep on saying that  
climate change needs to be stopped  
the worlds mightiest countries keep on supporting the fossil fuels  
some scientist say that humans will die off within ten years  
others say it will take a bit longer  
in twenty years the nature took over there  
lovely to bump into you last night  
the best experience of a train station ever  
i'll see you in another decade  
i read this from some woman's facebook wall  
her name is laura  
for a second i thought it was laura palmer  
and that second i was really confused

i remember a story that my friend told me years ago  
she was on a date  
they sat in a harbour  
they were smoking  
at least she was  
they talked some, but not much  
she threw the cigarette to the sea  
a duck thought it was food and  
ate it  
after a while the duck went under the water  
but didn't come back  
her date looked at my friend with unease  
they didn't talk much after that either, she said  
they didn't see each other again

guilt is a cognitive or an emotional experience

i got this from a wikipedia article

it says that:

“guilt occurs when one believes or realizes - accurately or not - that one has compromised one’s own standards of conduct or has violated a universal moral standard and bears significant responsibility for that violation”

guilt is closely related to the concept of remorse

without dream without mercy

is it so that we like to be guilty

we are engaged to these activities like recycling or buying organic food

we make our contribution

we want to avoid the passive role

we aren’t impotent observers

we are part of the story

in a good way, right?

is it so that dead objects are higher in value,

higher than everything which is living

it may be seen that a hole is the profit provided by the drilling machine

it is said that modern man has alienated from himself, from his fellow men and from nature

this spring

i buy new sneakers

or actually my mom buys them to me

they are in sale

after that we go to a lunch to a place near by

the food isn’t so good, but it isn’t so expensive either

the weather is changing all the time but it doesn’t bother me because

i have these new sneakers

they are gore-tex sneakers

they reject water

it rains often

feet get wet

and rubber boots

they are so uncomfortable to wear

later this spring  
i go to Saint Petersburg  
for a city holiday  
it rains and  
i walk on the streets of the rainy Saint Petersburg with dry feet  
so handy, this is what i have always wanted  
dry feet and these sneakers, i think

i keep on loving them  
i talk about them all the time  
then someone says  
*goretex is formed during manufacturing processes that involve a group of  
toxic chemicals*  
i feel depressed  
less glamour  
but still  
i keep on loving them  
i need them

back to basics:  
organic and healthy carrot cucumber mint smoothie  
natural ease  
shades of summer  
divided with fire styles  
enjoy free delivery  
no more excuses  
healthy living  
x-body

we are taught by stories  
what is right or wrong  
what to eat or not  
what to want or not  
what to think or not  
what to believe or not

at the age of 16  
when my father went to work as a sailor for the first time  
he said to his mum:  
*i will send a postcard from every harbor we go to*  
he didn't send any  
after six months he comes back home  
of course his mother is angry and demands an explanation  
my father says:  
*i wasn't in any trouble, everything was fine*

i read a piece of news  
it tells a story about apples and big black plastic bags  
some by-passer found them from the woods at vantaa  
with this piece of news there is a picture from the spot where  
the apples and the plastic bags were found  
that picture is somehow really absurd  
there are more than ten of those big bags  
lots of the apples are spread in between them  
the reporter is able to tell that  
this phenomena is a pretty widely spread thing,  
that these gardeners who are drowning with their apples  
are getting rid of them with ways which would not bear the daylight  
so to speak

a person is in one's apartment hungry  
this person gets a piece of bread  
after that is eaten the person gets another one  
the benefit from the first piece of bread is bigger than from the second one  
if the person gets unlimited amount of pieces of breads to the apartment  
eventually the pieces of breads are not benefiting the person but  
rather they are giving trouble by filling the whole apartment

so i send the letter to the professor  
in my letter i wonder  
the professor does not  
he says that benefits and goodness are different things  
plants and animals benefit of each other and humans benefit of them  
nothing to do with goodness  
still, nature isn't bad in itself, he continues  
barely ever an animal kills for nothing  
except human

they say that:

“a good is something which benefits the consumer”

i breath the fresh moist air

i share my social identity

i post online

collective guilt is the unpleasant, emotional reaction among a group

a benefit becomes a burden while waiting

waiting the morning to come

waiting the breast to grow

waiting something that satisfies the human wants

while waiting the nature takes over

*the nature takes over in twenty years*

it has turned into a reasonable thing

the apples and the plastic bags

they share a resemblance, a similarity, a likeness

and one more thing:

the trees are able to sleep, i believe so

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