

Autumn around the corner, summer leaving through winter-like nights, and their shared mornings further away from the sun.

Early as the moon goes to sleep, my walks through the half-abandoned farm paths with forests by the side have quickly become an extension of my living space. Where it used to be, years ago now, that anything outside of my immediate range would be considered foreign enough to feel different, it is through time, suffering and pushing against (and with) wind and rain that even migrating birds become familiar. Often I wonder if a bird recognizes my shape, but they still sing alarmistly, which given now is hunting season, is a fair action.

There's not many souls living still in the hamlet I've chosen to exist in. Often these are places where the children of dead generations have their roots in, and so they want to keep them, at least minimally. Never could newcomers understand the stories, but it's as if the places themselves have given up on keeping them. Within the years I lived here, already out of a dozen homes, and out of two thirds of them being lived in, two have been abandoned. Quickly enough here these places fall into disrepair; being so close to nature makes it difficult to maintain when we leave and leave, and so the world gets left behind.

It doesn't get much better for the villages around. Sometimes a new face comes in, old or older, very rarely younger, and more periodically then do they leave forever. A stop by, most often in summers by people that think "green is serene", and that is that.

Somehow still the places around keep on. The living need their sustenance, current modern comfort implies then at least a mix of market day, a permanent marketplace, and maybe some gardening if an inhabitant care. They often do, provided they can exert themselves to action when even the wind does not carry the breath of life here. It would have been just me were I not observant enough to notice that villagers here prefer to cut grass and not even walk around a destroyed plot of land. Really, those that do have utility baked-in their land are agricultural (ex or not) workers and neo-villagers. The scent of the world is foreign to them however, as very few have cultivated their earth so that it would live with itself rather than thanks to whoever "cares" for it. Maybe it's just the desire for control beneath it all, beyond "traditional" and "ecological" teachings of farming and gardening.

There really isn't much else to say. Most everyone here is waiting for something, yet the churches are empty. I guess, most people here live in a white room, except the walls are vast, made of blue and green. Me included, otherwise I would have more to say. Those that don't, simply leave, although really they just go to places where lies taste smooth and violent. Here at least, it's just coarse and abrupt. Sometimes sweet notes that made it so they came up with traditions of seasons. Realistically, the people living in the countryside are here in spite of human modernity needs. Just to spite, and perhaps rightfully so. A model of justice in some ways, although that one is baked in a model of living that's more akin to the exaltation of the original sin rather than anything pure whatsoever. But whatever, Calderon said it best: "Pues el delito mayor \ Del hombre es haber nacido" ("As Man's greatest crime was to be birthed").

Villagers live in an illusion of conflicting extremes: One with nature that extracts nature; One with the human that extracts humans; One with neither that ignores when the plants scream. All is evil, no matter where you look.