

The Our Method  
By Theo Konrad Auer

Empathy became a bad word,  
Default to petty became a habit,  
A fashion difficult to shed  
When lies are easier  
that present as context,  
Less fact, more feeling  
Dreams become real, more so than advertising  
when they confuse you into sense,  
a sort of branding,  
It's one of those we call a "thing"  
because vulgarity would get involved if we got too specific  
"Fake" versus "Real" got into a fight  
and "Don't Snitch"  
Won and Lost simultaneously  
when Barry McGee spray painted the last statement  
on the walls of the Brutalist now former Berkeley Art Museum,  
I once played a role there  
In a play where I performed as the author,  
Kevin Killian,  
in that case, it was random fortune, Internet given,  
as most things are nowadays for ill or nil,  
who are we when the food distribution network fails and social media goes silent,  
A stray solar flare to light a last cigarette,  
it seems unlikely but isn't a measure  
that then will could won't be ruled out,  
its more likely aliens will happen upon our graves  
or we will find their interstellar graveyards adorned with  
Star Trek trees than we'll get to hang together  
toasting with aplomb with smoky cocktails  
noting how our dances seemingly appear more similar than our languages,  
yet  
we accept the lie our cartoons and newspapers reinforced,  
misguided leaders confirmed it,  
and we were too tired to remember the code that unlocks our souls.

Empathy became a bad word,  
Trolling became a blood sport on the way to religion

We got it into our heads that teams and tribes  
equate with community when in reality humanity transcends  
state, logos, clothes - you are naked when you are born - why are you clothed when you die!

I cannot reveal here what I believe you already know.  
It's HARD. It's PAINFUL. It'll be UGLY. The thing is You're HERE, so I know you know the code  
and what's up and what's going around is coming around again.