

# Into the Marshlands

## Thou

So falsely are we led into mired existence, entrapped and sinking in the truest bogs and quicksand of urbanity. But the city lies barren and riddled with disease. No more are we sustained by its lifeless concrete and structure and utility. Flee the dying fortress of civilization, besieged on all sides by wild nature. Hope and contentment will not be found in its manicured lawns and cultivated fields. We were weaned from the nourishment of Nature's breast and abandoned to the cruel orphanage of modern society.

We must return to the womb, to the heart of vitality, wherein lies the strength, the marrow, the pulsating blood. Watch as the Mother's breath is exhaled, that sweetest incense, night thoughts of the Earth. Find your path amidst the winding contours, that secret passage in the wild.

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