Time As Abjection

Buried Inside

Time is the defacer. Time is the devourer. The grand mediator of effect and the prosthesis to which we depend. Time is the defacer. Time is the devourer. The harnessed horse of reason and the place where meaning collapses. Borders are constructed, divisions are demarcated. The essence of science is control, but the essence of control is loff of. Neither subject nor object, time is abject. As any crime shows the fragility of the law, as any corpse shows the fragility of the body, time bares fragility of the symbolic order. The violent revolt of being.

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