

Time As Commodity

Buried Inside

Mute protest of a new bastard form. Indentured to Mammon, further bondage is bore. Free market existence under free market terms. Secured at birth and bred as fresh livestock. To the power brokers of hypercapitalism, our lives are on the auction block. Make way for the experience economy, make way for the access economy, make way for the new time-currency, welcome it all like the coming of Rome. Something is provided for all so that none may escape. Spatial gives way to the temporal so that none may escape. Value is wrought in the abstract. While there is a time poor class, we are in it; while there is a mutinous element, we are of it; where there is a life that must be bought, we are not fucking free.

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