

Tragedy, Ecstasy, Doom

by Kog Zadare

John 1.46 "Berkeley! Can anything good come from there?" Bilbo asked. "Come and see," said the ring.

Absconding with absurdity is the mission every Hobbit concerns herself with unceasingly, deep within her dwelling-hutch. Far from suffering the drought of the mundane experienced by the moderns, contemporaries are increasingly in over proximity to the threat of meaning, the ubiquity of which makes for claustrophobia. Some persons stood by the edge of a Nietzschean expanse. The whorl of a gyroscope abounding with colour as if made of the Dionysian Apollonian synthesis stood in the form of a fissure or a well spring increasingly accessible to the humans above. Some of them laughed happily as if a melodic tune was piping up from the inter-space wherever. "So long as we do not stare into it too deeply the giddiness is bearable, enjoyable!." Then she dropped down on all fours and wailed like a 'woman of the fairy mounds'.

The vortex resounded in ecstasy, the earth whirled like a spider clasping to the wind.

