Museum of Everything

by stephen hastings-king

The Museum of Everything is stalactites of dust in yellowing light. It is herds of taxidermy animals, their bullet holes & dreams of home. It is everybody's everyday life. It is networks of identifying tags. It is the history of radio and television and weapon systems. It is a manifold of maps. It is coastlines and mountains. It is color and shape and scale. It is Captains of Industry, the Family of Man, the consolidation of territories and narratives of rise and fall. It is catalogs of clouds. It is Number. It is Alphabet. It is the adventures of countless intrepid explorers gone mad in a Central Asian desert, afflicted by motion without movement, heat sick and cascading sparks. It is its own disappearance. It is its material transformation from stone to mirrors that glint variously beneath speculative suns. It is the monad. It is the present. It is your wanderings and their erasure. You do not know where you are until the narrative abruptly

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