

We care about gender.
We care about yin and yang.
How about mandalas with soul and color.

We care about body politics.
We care about war.
How about shocks with absorption.

We care about piss.
We care about shit.
How about to be born free, again and again and again.

We care about their story.
We care about history.
How about letting them all speak their voice.

We care about castles.
We care about ruins.
How about dust and glitter and all the other rooms.

We care about legacy.
We care about longevity.
How about dying, again and again and again.

We care for AI.
We care for VR.
How about green trees to crown this World Wide Web.

We care about expression.
We care about impression.
Let us fall fall fall into the midst of matters.

We care for mind.
We care for body.
All is born and torn in-between.

No to division.
I want to hold space.