Random blobs of power expressed as that which we all disregard, ordered states of nature on a scale that no one thinks about, d on't

speak to me of anarchy or peace of calm revolt, man, we're in a play

of slow decay orchestrated by boltzmann, it's entropy, it's not

human issue, entropy, it's matter of course, entropy, enegery a t all

levels, entropy, from it you can not divorce and your pathetic moans

of suffrage tend to lose all significance, extinction, degradat ion;

the natural outcomes of our ordered lives, power, motivation; temporary fixtures for which we strive, something in our synaps es

assures us we're ok but in our desequilibrium we simply can not stay,

it's entropy..., a stolid proposition from a man unkempt as i,
my

affectatious I can not rectify, but we are out of equilibrium unnaturally, a pang of conciousness at death and then you will agree