

TERRAIN

VOGUE





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VOGUE

or

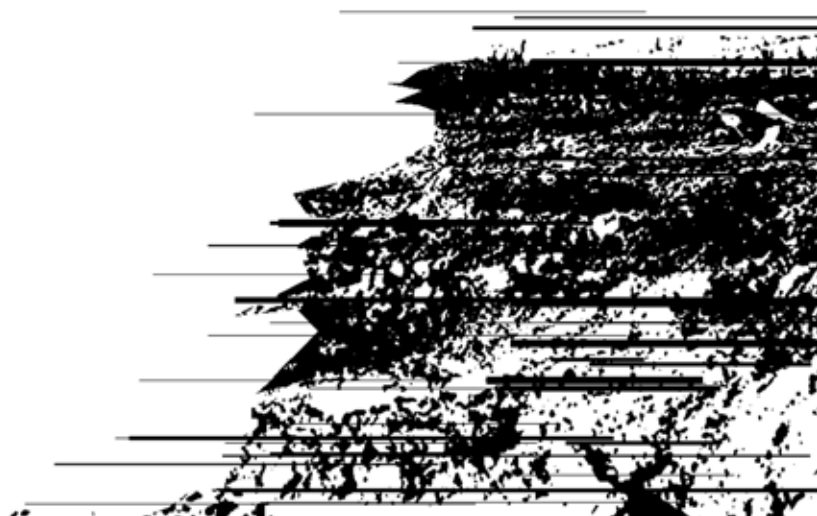
Fashion: The Great War

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Fashion is an echo.
A voice without body.





It is a reflection,
that strays on to the horizon.
Never the original event.





Carried across a void.
Over a devastated field.
The ruins of the particular.





In essence,
it is a lonely reflection,
in a sea of desolation.





Like the nymph,
Echo,
reclusively consumed
by her love for Narcissus.





An unresponsive love.
An exhausted passion.
Innocence devoured.
A hunger still unsatisfied.





An echo is a victim,
an outcast spectre,
haunting no man's land.





It is not an empty land,

no.

No man's land is a theatre of war,
fortified by fear.





In no man's land there are no subjects,
only properties.

No human contact.

No who, only what.





What appears in no man's land
is only instances,
abrupt events of violence.





Eruptions of terror
ripple through the fashionscape.
Then the slow decay.





Individual courage and heroism,
ideals like lost halos.

Shapeless shadows stagger back
after another human wave in vain.





In no man's land
there is no system.
No territories.
No order of things.





No body is alive.
Desertion is punished,
exclusion by firing party.
A single,
shot at dawn.





There are no lines of flight,
only lines of fire.





Over the assailed void,
transcendental violence.
In bursts from full magazines.
A dance macabre.





This is the fashion space,
an archipelago of fear:

In a sartorial regime of anxiety,
islands of solid agony.





It is the terrain vogue.

Death, indeed,
is emperor here.











