

liminals & dominators

open field or wood-cover - cottontails eschew them both and gambol at the border, where the one becomes the other.

City's edge, and edges in the City - there they live: on a slope beyond the guardrail, in a run of yard unfenced.

my neighbor says in Pickering - where GTA phases into corn/soy crop-grid - it's where he's from, this cellar dweller, Mr. Warren's grandkid.

the City stays suspicious, all our habits seem amiss. any hint of vinegar upsets them, gets them pissed - what's this **shameful over-aging of the lettuce?!**

yet ours are now piqued by the sound of stuff unwrapping - a cue for treats that took them time - the Melba Toast is fine, but the crinkly-thin plastic made it dubious, astute of them - a petro-chem we'd force into their face inside our testing sheds!

dominators leave a space for liminals - by
accident. they can't control it all, so there's
always space to scamper.

Islam & Rome are fractious, leaving cracks for rats
to enter.

the Market's always spreading so it always has an
OFFICE PARK SOON TO BE APPROVED, full of
dandelion & mint.

a shadow follows King & doubles Monument.

a Commensal we never find a use for: **the squirrel**. stays in trees we can't cut down, a Tree Protection Zone amid the Forest Hill renos, all the tear-downs.

a Strategy for lasting in the ruling Ape's peripheries: let us call **the squirrel!** for thriving rent-free in a room of no address - to make it to the end of this Command & Conquer RTS!

momo used to chase 'em, fend 'em off as **other diggers** - thus a threat and yet they'd scamper off easy, then they'd chatter at her, mock her from an overhanging bough.

she mellows as she ages. figures that there's yard enough, especially when she's puffy in the warming sun, so lets it be, their niches click, whatever.

early Civ is slavery, in early Civ it's clearer that the City is coercion to a labor scheme, and open range a brake on what the Pharaoh can demand.¹

insane to nicely function in a psychopathic Civ. likewise, is it healthy to be sick & poor, to poorly fit the State's extractive tactics? to keep oneself worthless to the great immoral Matrix - illegible, untaxable, ignored in all the stats?

¹ James C. Scott, *The Art of Not Being Governed* [2010], p 37.

they learn to live beyond the sun, among our darker dens!

RATZ r IN the city walls; the City's inner citizens!

photo by Dapoussin, mural by Roa.

