

# I am experiencing absurd love

Julian Langer

November 27, 2022

They say that the wild is cruel  
But I don't believe that I have felt no cruel  
From the wildness of life  
I've come into contact  
With the raw, harsh, brutally real  
Aspects of wild-Being  
But have also felt the softness, warmth, beauty and musicality of wildlife  
The chilly air on my naked skin is not cruel  
It is raw truth, pre-conceptual being and real  
  
I have come to this place  
To be with death and be with life  
To feel cold air and smell the richness of the woods  
I have lost one of my bird skulls  
But can hear crows, pigeons and others sing around me  
I have broken my walking stick and offered it to the woods  
Like a sacrifice for old pagan gods I find no cruelty here  
And I experience deep and dark love  
  
After breathing fire  
I cry out that I love and am loved  
Loved gravitationally, as Earth holds and embraces me  
Then, from behind the trees  
A pheasant jumps out and startles me  
Thrust into uncertainty, unreasonableness and absurdity  
I cry out to the bird that I love them  
Hearing their confused song cry out into the world  
Here I am amidst a terrain of absurdity  
I am here, a terrain of uncertainty  
And I am experiencing absurd love

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