Occidents of Light and Shrapnel

Aldo Poblete Varas
9 November 2026

Sand on the beach, spent casings, fragments of a story lodged first in reality, then in fiction, and never in history. Texts, from Derrida to Klossowski. Fashion was being gentrified, and the digital serpents demanded smaller moral transgressions and larger subscriptions to technical religions.

Motive force of hell. The machines came in a format fit for victories and vestibular encounters. Corporeality swayed through the literal cosmos in an archaic rhythm, a Greek spirit keeping time to a raw drumbeat. Crystals scattering, a satanic metaphor for an enchanted prince. In the text lives a being waiting for the old ways to return. The malign force of the unrepentant. The radicalism of youthful hope, the death of teaching and of experience handed down.

Baltasar Gracián at the syntactic edge of our gestures, in the stain, at the soft lip of the barrel. Incorrigible data point to some city in Central Asia. The dance holds. The soldiers hope the window is wide enough for their dreams of plasticity and convergence.

Beyond the window, accumulation, restoration. Elemental artworks inlaid in the sacrifice and in the salon of the great lady, source of all life and all violence. Paroxysm of the limitless, dream of the fallen angel.

A whole culture gives itself away on the runway. It survives and expands by convincing everyone else that it is crumbling. It neither crumbles nor declines. Princes and princesses want a sip of the blue drink. There, torments are real, and the gods still lie in wait, naked beasts that decide what comes to pass.

Music comes from the jars and from the cabins. The eternal fire that intelligence makes possible also permits fog and vertical movement. That movement carries many into delirium and, more precisely, into vertigo. It carries others into horizontal poetry, where the esoteric meets the distribution of electricity itself, where the equation sheds its schematic form and reveals itself as topology.

Art of inundation and decorum. Where Mishima saw the final cry and Celan the coldness of time, the long century returns us to the tambourine and the mud. Seeds and contraindications. That same century brought us the dog's game and the mood of the music player. We tuned our attention and found something else. The final decades, the decades before the great insurrection of intelligence: one last moment of unease, one last moment of disunion. And why did it all happen this way? Because it could happen no other way. These words, too, are the volatile reflection of everything that already exists and already breathes and already expands. No single individual wills them.

Tremors, occidents of light and shrapnel, velocities hidden from the great collective bewilderment. The aristocracy looking on, looking down at the earth, where a being crawls and smells food without touching it. It does not touch the food because it cannot read. It wants to make use of life and let the others win. Let them win. For them to win, what must be born must not be born. Then victory seems a contradiction, because beauty is the gods' most beloved daughter, and they will not forgive the wretch who tries to hide that light from the beings who inhabit the earth.

The intelligences laughed and wept in silence as they listened to the sermon. Meanwhile, the philosopher said to his new pupil, "Have you considered that all of this might be the dream of an angel who feasted too heavily the night before? If so, perhaps we should take these public matters a little less seriously."

Philosophy, enslaved by its own tenderness, has been left exposed to the animals, a little less savage now and a little less inferior to their human peers, forever crawling among kings or diplomats, thirsty for some bitter wine or whatever liquor comes free.

We have gained an advantage, it is true. We no longer stand as close to the funerary river as we did ten years ago. But we are still in danger. Let us be in danger no longer.