



Barbara Kapusta

Time has felt like  
it's burning  
and there's no end to time  
and the apocalypse has  
never stopped.



It fell down  
and it came apart.

All its doors opened  
and its walls crumbled  
and the floor moved  
and the pillars shifted.

Tiles cracked  
and burst pipes vented  
the last of the steam  
until every reservoir  
was empty and everything  
was dry  
burnt  
and used up.

Houses  
that were built  
mapped and sketched  
with doors  
and windows and grids

with segregation  
of gender  
of labor

hierarchies of power  
forces  
and stereotypes

and manuals  
for keeping inside  
what was to be kept in  
and outside  
what was to be kept out.

Can you see the toxic  
shimmer  
within the grids of the  
topology of these lands?

Why would you want to  
live like that?

In eroded terrains  
leftovers, scars, and  
wounds.  
In unsettling, devastated  
and dilapidated shacks  
of nowhere and nothing.

Why would you mourn  
those sites?

Why would you mourn  
those sites  
of hot heat  
and  
dry blue skies  
and orange shadows  
where the sun blinds the  
eyes?

The sun was blinding.

Oblivious, ignorant  
unashamed, and brutal.



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**We counted  
and became obsessed with  
temperature.**

**It is -1 degree Celsius  
in-between two borders,  
and you watch your feet  
turn white spotted and  
bruised.**

**A past collided with the  
present.**

**A past that had created  
an unequal world for all  
bodies.  
A past that threatened  
with destruction.  
A past that destroyed.**

**It is -20 degrees  
Fahrenheit, and**

**systems of architecture  
and utility  
come undone.**

**A world in a stage of  
advanced disintegration  
reveals the illiberal core  
of its capitalizing  
freedoms  
and forms of property:**

**the violent unfreedom  
of the propertyless  
and the readiness of the  
propertied  
to use violence.**

**It is 4 degrees Celsius, and  
violence rises from every  
square meter**

**and you are trapped and  
used**

**in an  
industrial**

**complex of  
machines of war  
and terror**

**in  
demonic grounds  
feverish dreams  
of  
dry soil  
and hot winds.**

**It is 40 degrees warmer,  
and this is after we burned  
all remnants of fossil life.**

**Dark realities of  
dilapidated pasts  
had crept into the  
present.**



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The dark present  
of generations  
who made sure that this  
world was unequal for all  
bodies

who threatened with  
destruction  
who destroyed  
who made to suffer  
millions and millions.

It is 50 degrees Celsius  
and you realize that toxic  
tech  
is fighting toxic wars.

The sun is blinding your  
eyes  
and you realize  
that you were caught  
within the maintenance  
of an existing order.

It is 70 degrees Celsius,  
and we watch  
a touch activating a screen  
causing a flaring up of  
purple lights and lines  
a hyperreality becoming  
gradient grids  
of topology.

Shutting  
the house is bending  
and shaking a little.

It shakes its concrete  
walls  
and empty windows  
and broken glass.

Concrete turns  
into gritty  
skeletons.

It is 70 degrees Celsius,  
and the house fell down.



It cracked open  
turning into mesh.

Disappearing  
into the animation  
are gravel, grass  
fences and gates  
floors and roofs  
and the in-between.

Coming undone  
it became visible  
from every angle.

Its frame  
and its coordinates.

Bodies moved  
through its invisible walls



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its non-existent doors  
and its empty windows.

Tall bodies  
passing  
through and filling out

the houses  
the walls  
the windows  
the gardens  
the fences.

Falling through dark  
surfaces  
into a possible world.  
A shimmering horizon that  
is potentially limitless.

The house came undone  
and language had to come  
undone too.

Sentences turned into  
mumbles  
never finished  
and almost inaudible

useless exclamations  
nonsensical  
pronunciations.

Speech cracked  
and burst.

Parts disappeared.

Suddenly there was an



missing.

Sentences became  
plain bits of language  
messy  
anarchic gibberish.

An o  
an a  
and half of a sh.

There are holes in words.

In a too hot environment  
as a new fiery community  
we counted  
and again  
became obsessed with  
temperature.

Everything was known  
about heat  
its balance and  
concentration  
and the reaction of  
elements.  
Aluminum burns silver  
white  
and carbon bright orange.

Flames emerge  
without external sources  
for ignition.



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It is 50 degrees Celsius,  
and we watch  
a touch causing a flaring  
up of bright lights.  
Energy leaves the bodies  
and follows them  
as they roam the  
landscapes.

Slow ones

distorting  
the animation  
the vectors  
the shading  
the texture.



and



There is no order in which  
they will exist in the  
future.

Exist  
build  
and reach.  
Houses fell into ruins and  
rubble  
and you need to tell us  
what you see  
when you gaze into the  
future.

Houses fell into ruins and  
rubble  
and you must want homes  
and rooms  
to live with each other.  
There is no end to time  
so we need to talk about  
the living rooms.

There is no end to time  
and the future is  
spreading.

You watch a touch  
causing a flaring up of blue  
lights and lines.

There is no end to time  
and words spill  
out a nd



Futures is an alphabet of 26 characters, designed for the eponymous exhibition at Kunsthalle Bratislava.

Futures je 26 znaková abeceda, navrhnutá pre rovnomennú výstavu v Kunsthalle Bratislava.

