



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.

