



Coping with the age of collapse

Didem Yıldırım

ABSTRACT

As buildings collapse humanity collapses - earthquake in Turkey (February 06, 2023).

KEYWORDS

Imprisoned bodies, age of shame, age of collapse



New articles in this journal are licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 United States License.



This journal is published by [Pitt Open Library Publishing](#).

COPING WITH THE AGE OF COLLAPSE

I hear the word concrete; I think about rubbles,
and the bodies under
in between,
bodies who became a whole with the rubbles.
Bodies who fled never ending wars and suffered tons
in their short lifetimes.
Small and big ones, legs and arms,
hugging...
I am talking about humans who got squeezed between the concrete
and everything they owned once.
Corpses who became one with the building leftovers.
Human leftovers...
Because we are the ones who carry the curse of modernity and build
our houses in the shadow of the death,
more than ever now.
While following the crazy death tolls,
I am thinking about how one can get used to living with catastrophes.
Because I am.
And you are.
Therefore we have built an ability to overcome them. Congrats!
Feel shock, mourn, show solidarity, donate, mourn again and forget.
A glowing summer around 24 years ago.
I was twelve.
Remembering that everlasting night,
I thought it was fun that everybody was out in their pyjamas.
Adults were worried and so were kids,
but they kept playing in the dark,
When it was more dangerous to go back in their warm beds than being
out.
The ground kept shaking the whole night.
I remember the rumour that floated around among the kids.

"Even the celebrities are dead in Istanbul now, can you imagine!"
I could imagine.
If a catastrophe hits even the celebrities it needs to be giant!
I am not a kid now, indeed I have one.
Looking at the result of our naive and brave decision to bring a life to
the world of chaos.
I look at him with the gaze of a dead fish.
He looks back at me with marshals in his eyes;
They burn and heat
I melt and shape up
We need to keep going and fight.
Because;
if he exists, so does sunshine.
I remember having a hard time taking in how many people could be
killed at once.
That was when I heard for the first time about the genocide
My mother's people,
My grandfather's people,
1 000 000 people,
That makes one million bodies.
Who got mass-murdered when they were on the run, on their way to
another homeland
It is the whole Stockholm if it makes it easier to understand
Oh yes it was also a catastrophe but very much human made. Evil
made.
Mr Cave tells here "Life is any way a part of God's catastrophic master
plan, designed and directed by its dumb people" I listen, and can't
agree more with him.

Didem Yıldırım

Swedish Public Art Agency