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# Hope

Gabrielle Bürgel (Rosa da Silva)

Hope  
although the I-pods and computer corrode the souls  
of our children.

Hope  
though fully pumped with hormones instead of being  
reinforced with real vitamins.

Hope  
that the boat of life is still carrying we humans  
further and not a crazy driven zombie that explodes  
the blue planet in the air.

Hope  
that instead of hatred, jealousy, envy and greed, love  
will reign in our hearts.

Hope  
that the animal human, gets rid of its arrogance.

Hope  
that our capacity to celebrate life, will be revealed  
again.

If we kill them brutally, we prepare our lives to end.  
Wake up, let us wake up, women and men!  
There is still time!

We can still resist becoming anesthetized souls by  
machines, who dedicate their life-time jammed in  
front of screens surrounded by the fog of blindness.  
Slaves without consciousness.

Obedient to machines or the manipulating power  
behind it.

Do we still see?  
Do we still think ourselves?  
Do we still perceive?

They are putting us into chains.  
We lose our ability to move, if we are only sitting in  
front of machines.  
We lose our spontaneity, if we are only sitting in the  
underground linked with cables and not humans.  
We lose ourselves in tubes, cables, screens, compu-  
ter memories, data, data, until we ourselves, become  
data.

"Your blood pressure is too high. You have to sit  
down now."

"You ate too much chocolate. So you will never  
lose weight!"

"Attention! Your health is in danger. Don't forget  
your sleeping pill A for sweet lullabies, your pill B  
against anxiety, your pill C to be central in your  
work."

Pills – hormones – computer cables.  
Excellent! An electrode in my head makes me take  
pictures directly from my eyeballs.

Awesome! A big party this weekend: I permit an  
implant of a chip under my skin. Big Brother then  
listens to every one of my orgasms where, when,  
with whom? We are all connected. With what, with  
whom are we all connected? All gates of my soul are  
opening. Do I want that? No more intimacy?

A machine that brings me coffee in bed. Will once a  
computer write love poems to me?

Superwoman, Superman in the clutches of big  
companies. God-like creatures or human pitiable  
monsters in cages? My soul, merged with a machine,  
eternally alive and controlled forever. Robots in-  
jected into my blood. At the other end of the planet,  
someone is reading my thoughts thanks to a chip. It  
causes no pain! The camera built-into my eyes fixes  
every one of my life-seconds – Why? Fearing my  
perishability?

In my virtual reality I am Madonna, flirting with  
James Dean, living in a castle, all ill parts of my body  
replaced. Infinite Paradise! ... And one day – the big  
short circuit – the computer fall out ... with fall back  
onto us, to behave as human beings.

This human being, thrown into the world, let us con-  
tinue to feel, laugh, cry, be angry, take our lives into  
our own hands!

Fight for us and our children, plants and animals, all  
beings.

We need bees, birds, elephants, spiders, crickets,  
cats, cows, children, cornflowers, tomatoes and what  
else?

You and me, to appreciate our living here.

Hope  
that in the future, a star still can be seen in the eve-  
ning sky.

Hope  
that the crescent moonlight will continue to delight  
us.

Hope  
to dance with the yellow autumn leaves.

Hope  
to whisper poems in the ear of my lover.

Hope  
that like Native Americans, we remember that ani-  
mals and plants are our sisters and brothers.

Hope  
that we may continue to develop our constructive  
consciousness.

Hope  
that we will salvage our ability for happiness.



Texte & PHoto Gabrielle Bürgel/Rosa da Silva – Illustration Katharina von Saalfeld