



No name fits,

The catastrophe has no past and no future, being itself a constant humming of earth under our feet, humming of tunnels invisible in peacetime, they are always here, they run under ravaged cemeteries of the people not living here anymore, under the identical houses built throughout half of Europe, in old photographs and absences, in the abundance of occasions, thoughts and things that had never happened

The catastrophe comes to the surface again, and suddenly everything is in a tunnel dug by bloodshed machinery in the first and second world wars, a tunnel with even walls nicked by rockets and digging buckets, in which there is no time, or if there is, it is the fastest time in the universe, a hopelessly swift time transforming the living into the non-living on an impossibly grand scale

This humming of earth is then glossed over with jingling of glorifying monuments and rituals, but they fail to muffle the humming of everything not considered and not happened; rather, because of their enormous weight, they speed up the collapse of the thin layer of ground that separates living from non-living

The catastrophe is a time machine, or the fourth dimension, with an extremely wide black tunnel of the non-considered, considered and forgotten, considered and made up

In this tunnel, people dug tiny offshoots, dissimilar to the deadly industrial tunnel, with handprints, notes and little objects visible on the little crooked walls, offshoots reminiscent of the elders' hermitages in the Cave Monastery, like a space inside the war being carved out right now by the hands of Stas Turina, or Katia Libkind, or Asia Bazdyrieva, or Danyil Zadorozhnyi, Zhenia Belorusets, Oleksii Kuchanskyi, Nastia Teor and many others

Paul Celan, Marc Chagall, Anne Frank had carved out those chambers as little hideouts to evade the industrial tunnel's absence of time, as places to sit along with a saint, to touch relics, to invent a space for life amidst death, invent something that death can't take away, a means to close this tunnel that grows wider every century and threatens to destroy everything but itself

What's this, it can't be named, no name fits: violence, horror, war crime, all those words are too flimsy for the unbearable heft of children, women, men dying in the streets, in their homes, in basements, in hospitals, in cars

What's this, it can't be named, no name fits: hunger, humanitarian disaster, siege, the words are too flimsy for the heft of a child born in a basement and doomed to lack of infant formula, an elderly woman unable to get her diabetes medicine, an elderly man killing himself out of despair

What's this, it can't be named, no name fits: ravaged city squares, ruins of the house I liked watching at, deranged eastern horizon breaking out, devouring people and space like a black hole

Kateryna Lisovenko