

**I'M GLAD
WE HAVE
EACH OTHER**

**some words I
hold dearly
about
connections**

**mundanesalad
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[mundanesalad says on May 9]

There's a quote I saw once, I think it might have been from Franz Kafka, about a feeling where lovers close their eyes and hide their faces in each other because they don't want the world to see them. I keep thinking about that and I cannot find that quote anywhere for the life of me.



“

(It was this one, from *The Castle* by Franz Kafka)

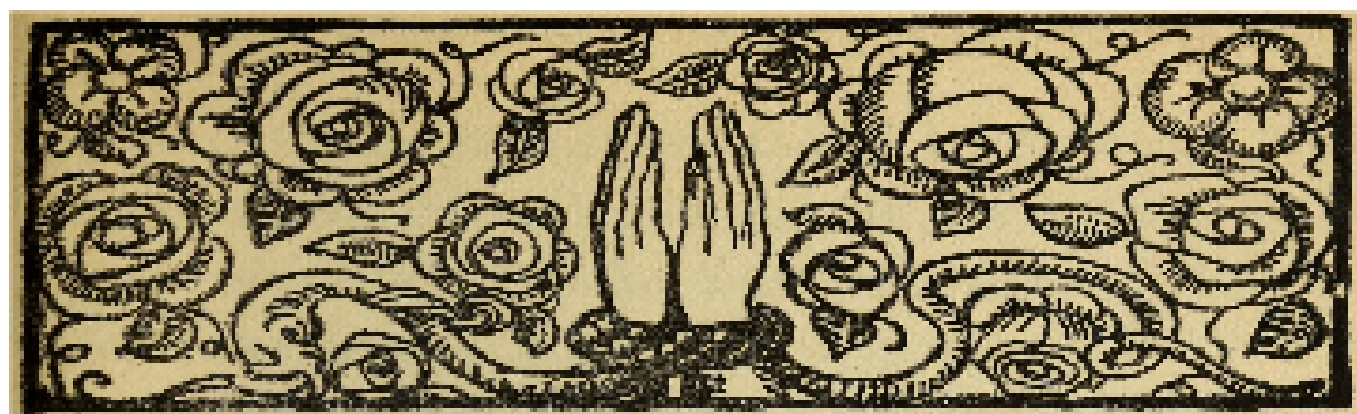
“I can't think of any greater happiness than to be with you all the time, without interruption, endlessly, even though I feel that here in this world there's no undisturbed place for our love, neither in the village nor anywhere else; and I dream of a grave, deep and narrow, where we could clasp each other in our arms as with clamps, and I would hide my face in you and you would hide your face in me, and nobody would ever see us any more.”

I think I had seen it paired with this René Magritte painting, titled *The Lovers* (1928).



The MoMA website describes it as "unsettling", when it doesn't seem that way to me. To me it's more a moment of privacy. The figures are not hiding from each other, they are hiding from the viewer.

They are buried in each other, hidden to the world.



Why is this image copyrighted its from 1928 why why w

I think the older I get, the more I
think about love.

Not just romantic love, but
platonic. Love for other people.
The act of caring.

Sometimes I think I care too much and
think too much because of it.



[Chorus]

Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist

Keep on loving, keep on fighting

And hold on, and hold on

Show me

Hold on for your life

Show me

And people are my religion, because I believe in them

And people are my enemies, and people are my friends

I have faith in my fellow man


Show me

And I only hope that he has faith in me

So maybe "God" isn't the right word, but I believe in you

Now, I'm not saying that we can't change the world
'Cause everybody does at least a little bit of that

Just like heaven



Falling in love with a house
or a car or a pair of shoes,
it was a dead end.
You save your love for the
things that can love you
back.

WHEN I WOKE

When I woke, the town spoke.
Birds and clocks and cross bells
Dinned aside the cooing crowd,

The reptile in a flame,
The reptile in a flame,
Spoilers and pointers of sleep,
The next-door sea dispelled

Frogs and satans **The warm veined double of Time**
While a train outside **And his scarring beard from a book,**
Up to his head in the blood **And his scarring beard from a book,**
Cutting the morning **It were a word or smile**

It were a word or smile
Its tongue peeled in the wrap of a leaf.

Every morning I made
Every morning I made
God in bed, God in bed
After a white face wall,
The death-stained

I heard, this morning, waking,
Crossly out of the town noise
A voice in the erected air,
No prophet-progeny of mine,
Cry my sea town was breaking.

No Time, spoke the clocks, no God, rang the bell
I drew the white sheet over the islands
And the coins on my eyelids sang like shells.

STEBAN, THE STUDENT COMMUNIST –

"In dark times, should the stars also go out?"

NO!

CONTINUE ►

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

It brings me hope!

I scream it internally!

And if all I see

Is the worst in everything

That's all I'm gonna get

That's all I'm gonna get

That's all I'm gonna get

YES BURSTING
ROUGH GRID



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