

Acknowledging the effects humans have on the planet requires a set of terms that can be debated. As multiple parties vie to employ *Climate Change* for ideological leverage, its overuse induces a suspension of our consciousness while the recurring nightmare ensues.

We are not in control of our shared landscape, and are instead, left to manage it with the myriad principles of billions of individuals. This crisis has produced the most powerful *We* our civilization has ever witnessed. But we find ourselves in a tangle of cynicism, nihilism, and apathy. So what holds the potential release of our internal freedoms from this collective bind?

If the markets are a true expression of the lives of sentient beings populating the entire surface of the Earth, how is the invasion of technologically enhanced operations scrambling our human nervous systems? Do we need more poppies? Or more agility to contend with the exponential volatility of forces competing for their share? How do we evaluate the differences between people stocking stats and usurping any resources they can lay their imagination on versus emotional maturity?

This planet will likely survive the thrashings of the Anthropocene. Its organization of elements will shift, recycle and rebound. But we live here now, and we are making statements in the form of questions about this mortal situation. Facing this reality without pretense triggers an awkwardness despite our cravings to resolve the confusion we feel, over and over day after day. Here, where we allow feelings to rest a moment before defaulting in perennial defense, Artwork holds the potential to initiate a perceptual re-habitation.