

## **Real Madrid**

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Sickness as an entity, as transmission from one to another: a communal experience, infects the work of Real Madrid. It effects time. Slowing it, ending it or focusing towards excitement and preservation. Caravaggio was ill in his youth, soon after arriving to Rome from the North, as these two recently have. His first task was to paint himself as a jaundiced god of pleasure, now watching over the Villa Borghese with his sallow eyes and toned biceps. He recovered, but his world stayed dark. Our world burns on the sides and melts on the tops. We are sickness and infectant and the packages of what we enjoy will haunt us forever: floating in our waters, entering the bodies we consume. This is all wrong. We are failing them, but they are starting to understand our betrayal. The leaves of the great forests fall for nothing and the toxic surrounds us and shelters. We've all tasted desire and it will suffice, the world ending in both: fire and ice.