

Why Thursday

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Since time immemorial, philosophers have been asking about the meaning of life, but I know...

People are not afraid of Thursday the thirteenth, because Thursday the thirteenth has no ring of superstition about it. People are not afraid of superstitions on any other Thursdays either, be they the twelfth of the twenty eighth. There is little point in fearing superstitions, because they can't do shit, no harm will come of them. On the other hand, things are not quite so simple, because on the other hand...

Good day... meaning... meaning I'm sorry. A day indeed, but far from good. I, with apologies, am a Thursday superstition. Etymologically there's no need to panic, seeing as it makes little sense. I don't know the days of the week or any calendars, possess only that which can be retrieved from between the cushions of a Thursday sofa, along with cockroaches and some food. People don't call it food, but this makes little difference, they can call it shit, it won't change the fact that it can be eaten and quite filling too. Crumbs, old nail clippings, a dried piece of snot, the shell from a sunflower seed. This is all sustenance, of tip top quality, I might add. In a third world country, for example (though what happened to the second I don't know), there are no such goods, only the poorer quality foodstuffs, dust for example, or tree bark. I have problems remembering things, which you could call trouble with remembering things. I can't recall what happened earlier in the week, *in fact*, not even sure if the rest of the week exists. I haven't got a car, no sexwoman with the waist of a wasp and silicone tits, no apartment with the latest trophy gadgets, but then again what the fuck would I need all that for? I have my Thursdays.

But it's not really about superstitions. Most people don't believe in them anyway, same as they don't believe in senior judges and the sentences they hand down and the sanctity of it all, so there's no point beating about the bush. The issue of epistemology is still to be resolved. We comprehend in reverse, or fail to comprehend at all, or grasp a thing or two sometimes, in-depth, like a colonoscopy. We discover by learning, or wondering - either *tabula rasa* or *tabula sordida*. Then, down to idiocy, we discover whether discovering is a factual discovery, and how it happens in the first place. We discover using the attributes of discovering, meaning by learning, or musing. Next, we discover whether the discovery of discovering is in fact a new discovery, and here again we discover using attributes which at every level of discovering discoveries are connected irrevocably, just like wild bur gripping a dog's arse.

Yet there is something which introduces chaos into the equation and forestalls complete cognition. Something which limits our ability to define anything absolutely.



Something which drills through epistemology like a cunningling tongue through a vagina, and delves and drills and shakes and disturbs the peace. There is certainly something like this, and this something is called a Thursday.

If I could knock out of synch our perception of time, I would be the god of concepts, a god as empty as a word cast down the shittiest of all sewage drains, way down, where no one will ever hear.

The plot is all about Thursdays. Thursdays are the real star of the show, the prerequisite for its existence. The plot is an imagined continuation of cause-effect, and has nothing to do with real life, failing to reflect reality in any way at all. Life in fact is a collection of threads unfinished, events ongoing and histories without finales, an anthology of ripped thoughts and imperfect ideas. If I had to express the meaning of life in words I would have to

It's Thursday, a late hour, one of those which drag on like whores without waiting to be paid. There is also a patio unlit by anything, in fact well fucking dark. There is a garden, which would be mysterious, were it not for the mawkish women's lectures. God was meant to show at three, but he's late, and I'm fucked off, all down to water on the knee. I would say that it is raining, but why bother, since it'll be a too clear all too soon that it's pissing down hard.

A squirrel makes off through the dark rain beneath the fence around my courtyard, "this is no time and place for squirrels" I say to it - it's eyes respond "fuck right off".

Since time immemorial, philosophers have been asking about the meaning of life, but I know that the only question worth asking is -

- Does! Life have meaning?

translated by Marek Kazmierski

