

There was a hearse parked in the middle of square,
Who put it there?
We, as penguins, wobbling around between buildings
All wearing recognizable collars and pink coffee mugs as R.I.P. shirts
Quietly showing the tourists: death is here, death is always near
And doing that with a smile

Everybody's body will be eaten, everybody's body will be food
But before we become this 'state of flowing puss',
I guess we had quite some things to discuss

Like, digital selves desperately trying not to let us die,
And I questioned why I was, again, seeing this woman mourning her daughter in VR
Grasping with gloves in thin air, not feeling heat, her not being there, and it breaks my heart
But it's part of a searching, a question, a hunch
What is this death, and what does it mean?
But first, a quick break for lunch

And we continue...
To keep our loved ones alive for a monthly fee
An addiction to deathbots, death isn't free - anymore
Or it never was,
Or it never will,
But it's a wonderful time to be in the death industry
I saw: a man on a mission never to say goodbye to his mom
And every fiber of me wants to say that he's wrong
Paying respects now has a literal meaning
We all have to pay albeit for leaving this world behind, and that's just a figure of speech,
In the end it's all based on the convictions of each and every (w)ondering why I will need a
Do-not-bot-me-clause, oh, I need to pause and cry

But it's time for the next session, and I'll give an impression:

Dilemma, polemic, pandemic, endemic, euthanAsia, euthanAfrica, euthanAmerica,
Eu, Eu, E.U. YOU, you can't tell what Europe is,

Because boundaries are moving, definitions are losing - ground, new words have to be found for Society,
community, a variety of terms,
Multi-dimension, religion, division,
"That's a very interesting question..."

I see:

Wriggling feet, trying to be discreet

Moving one buttock and then the other, trying to keep the blood flowing,

Biting pens, biting nails, avoiding front-rowing

I see

Dancing pallbearers, at someone's deathbed making me jealous that I am not dead yet

Or maybe I am, like somebody said, but I just don't know it yet

Cover the crosses, cover the coffin, cover the dead, cover the truth, cover your head

One thing I've been discovering:

We underestimate the amount of suffering

I'm sorry

Am I full screen? am I being seen? Am I listened to?

"The presentation might vanish, cause the screen is in Spanish"

Lips are moving, but it doesn't reach me

Loved ones are losing, but it doesn't teach me-

How to mourn. How to grief

How to live in this world

And still believe

That we can fix it

"Good morning from six hours in the future"

Good morning.

Could you please tell me if everything is going to be all right - six hours in the future?

Good morning, good morning, good mourning,

I don't hear the difference, do you?

Tim Hammer

DDD 17

29-08-2025 Utrecht

I learn about patenting decomposing
Even maggots can be owned
Dignity is transposing,
Liquified and dethroned

Deep fried snacks snap me back to reality
Spiraling processes inside, or am I just hungry?
And I see:
Eyes meeting each other in the hallway
some come with a smile, or bashfully looking away

All try to relate to the other's perspective
Elaborating, while being effective - with time
Hearts aligned, brains intertwined, trying to puzzle together
A secret so vast, it could mean anything
But - and I freely quote - "Death might be a love thing"

Removing the 'in' from individual
Acknowledging 'fun' in the word funeral
Giving things a different name
Although dying poor and dying in fame is sadly not completely the same
The poor die poor, the rich die rich and even live on, on streams and twitch

Life is a thing we can't control
Dead bodies have a voice
Plants have a soul
Through care we can thrive
And I've never written or said the word 'death' so many times in my life.

Something or someone you love, even a little or a lot, deserves to be mourned
Being un-grievable, to me
Seems unconceivable

Yet
Tim Hammer
DDD 17
29-08-2025 Utrecht

Some are dishonored

Some are lost

I want to be worthy of your grief

That is what I want to belief

But if I was a rat

How would it be?

Or a bug, or an olive tree?

Or a refugee?

How many tears would one shed for me?

After oceans and oceans of coffee

Motions and notions I copied

About being black

About being migrant

About the flagrant lack of respect of the tyrants

I am inspired, happy and mad

And I hear this one sentence:

“Dear mother, why are you so sad?”

There was a hearse parked in the middle of square,

Who put it there? Someday it's going to be for me,

We'll see...

(on the sound of a heartbeat)

When stillness in my body reigns

Blood no more flows through these veins

What if, in the end

Only a voice remains

(and then we all sang Amazing Grace)

Tim Hammer

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29-08-2025 Utrecht