

Paradise Circus, Dion Kitson



Strange questions arise on approaching paradise. Where are we? How did we get here? I can't remember wanting this the Brexit blues still protruding. The X61 is the best route to paradise, depending on the traffic. Paradise is being built in the heart of the country a never-ending project prevails, profiles of people pass the infrastructure. The gates are closed no entry signs hang, protective clothing must be worn at all times while the men

continue to work on paradise. Focus groups and planning permission in full swing paradise is being sold to us by men who walk and talk. Commercial boarding held up by the homeless the backdrop of Birmingham is commercial enterprise the foreground the forgotten few. Vinyl messages state "Commercial property, a new public realm" a majority overlooked for construct, business channels consult, greed for a minority the result. At the peak of the time news filters through, no big ben chime, no rose tinted filter wanted, no augmented reality, faces recognize the situation. Inevitability sets in like the shiny concrete that surrounds. Marching people to and fro work through all the elements and all weathers.

Napoleon was right we are a nation of shopkeepers, now trending, now with beards lit with fashionable lampshades revealing reclaimed wooden interiors. New sights were seen upon the highstreets the hiccups of history pass over, through financial crashes and scares. A fog clears from new electronic cigarette smoke, at boiling point, all vaporizes new cultures choke, popcorn lungs and google degrees. We don't gentrify we generate. We don't modify, we create.

There's a noise rumbling, can you hear it? Some groan of release emanating through whichever crack in the tarmac decides to catch one's feet. Our feet. A cyber yell, pulling on the ears of the generation of husks only to crumble at the entryway. With construction continuing while the millennials grow up, our time of not showing up, fading, our ignorance bliss, our youth feeling like an internal kiss, our mark widespread, not opting for dread, beans on toast on out of date bread, the society we see passed its sell-by date. Seeing through a screen, the dream that hasn't been, a collective ambition of togetherness, the youth of Britain wanting their ignition. Ignited from being taught and learn to never be bought we transmit and post on a transatlantic scale, our hopes of a better future, our stance to prevail, we prevail to be heard, to learn and never fail, failure no motion wanting and opting for change and not to be changed, ticking a box to only think from outside. Working overtime with our hands, thumbs that document the day, it lights up our faces. Friends replaced with Facebook with small talk rendered to Snapchat, talking now typed with Twitter. Digital realms harm perceptions, algorithms decided only what we want to see and use it to sell us things we never thought we wanted.

For years we would believe the spinning vinyl, each with our molds and cracks, a perfect estimate. But in times like these with the era of the shifting sun, those with bright eyes seek a truer story. We are not the disc, but the needle. Not the source, but the conduit. We have tapped into age-old beliefs and succumbed them. If we choose to roar, the clouds part, there is now no finality in defeat, not even a setback. Inside the screen, the myth of the times exists. we are interested, our curiosity no crime.

The jester with golden hair performs the crowd anticipates the ending while always knowing it's all smoke and mirrors. He attempts to reverse and perverse what we perceive as truth while constantly juggling power. Spinning plates losing their momentum a generation grit their teeth in anticipation of them falling to final smash. How long does the circus stay in town?

Our gift is our perception and power, perpetual unique our voice we seek an energy that is precious should be to perceive and protect our understanding and vision through a collective spirit of the need for change, the truth is there for us to parody, project and maintain, we are a combination together, a consumer when alone, a family forever.

We are a generation held up by the hands of the irresponsible, our collective goal is to be the holder and not the carried.