



Eva Meijer *text* · Scott Emblen-Jarrett *translation*
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Dear mycelium,

You have not only witnessed the decay of my body but sped it up; I imagine it like an embrace from an old soap-scented aunt, unrelenting and not entirely in line with what I would like, but then there was no me anymore, of course; merely a body that was slowly turning to earth. Merely a body: if the feeling ever goes beyond the lines of my skin, I am comforted by the thought that I am matter. That I will pass on. Like almost everyone, I am attached to the idea of staying, not just for my benefit, but particularly that of those who I have tucked into my heart. But you know that good only comes with the right balance of holding on and letting go: love, the deep, a new beginning.

After me come no children, no grandchildren. Just a trail of words that has long since separated itself from me, which already watches over me instead of the other way around. It is not kismet, the matter of children: of course there are environmental considerations, of course I am reluctant to bring someone into the world at this moment in time, of course I am someone with cracks and this gives me pause, but in the end it is all coincidence. Just like it is a coincidence I exist. You might say that a coincidence is also kismet. But I digress, mycelium.

Dear mycelium, how does it feel to merge into what there is? Do you know? I once wrote that this is the purpose of our age: learning to understand ourselves as part of the whole, instead of as an exception. This is necessary to tackle the problems of today: technological progress cannot reverse the climate crisis, the loss of animal and plant species or pandemics.

For this we need a different approach, the wisdom of other beings. Animals of course, and the trees, the rocks and the sea.

Yet, for the time being, I am stuck in this human existence, with my human brain, my human words and my human arms with which I try to touch, grasp and sometimes forget (if only I could forget) the rest of the world. I have grounded myself, every day I throw myself into that which is outside myself, into what I feel is of worth. I imagine other worlds and build upon them. But always as a human.

You don't see this. You watch over your own place underground so carefully, one day you'll even take me with you. My memory will live on for a while in the minds of people, in libraries, fading away, and as that voice grows fainter and fainter, you will continue to expand. As I slowly disappear, you will continue to expand. Until I am fully gone, and a fairy ring appears in the grass.

Fleur Kotten (2000) is a multidisciplinary artist and teaches art history and drawing. She studies at the Breinier Academy of the Amsterdam University of Arts.

Eva Meijer (1980) is a visual artist, philosopher, writer and singer-songwriter. She wrote i.a. *Bird Cottage* and *When Animals Speak*. She often writes about the political voice of non-human animals.