

kentile

portents



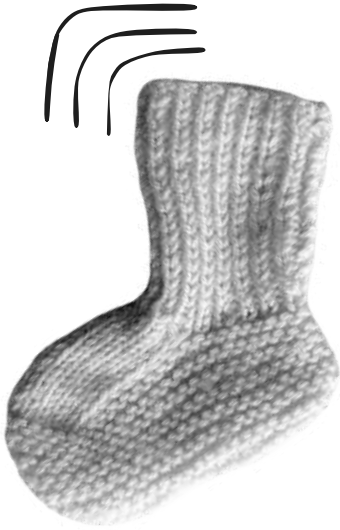
The women of the city spent months stitching
a patchwork of the plains.



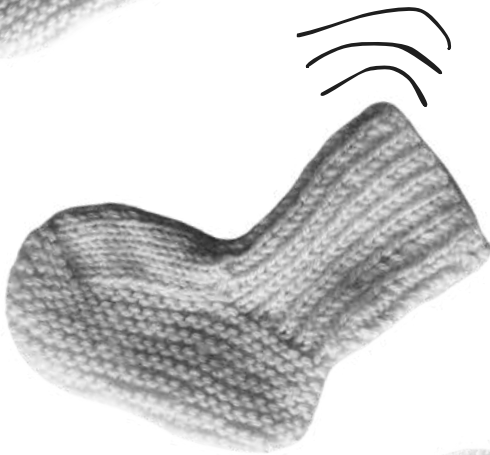
They look at it to remember, now they cannot
see the land from above.



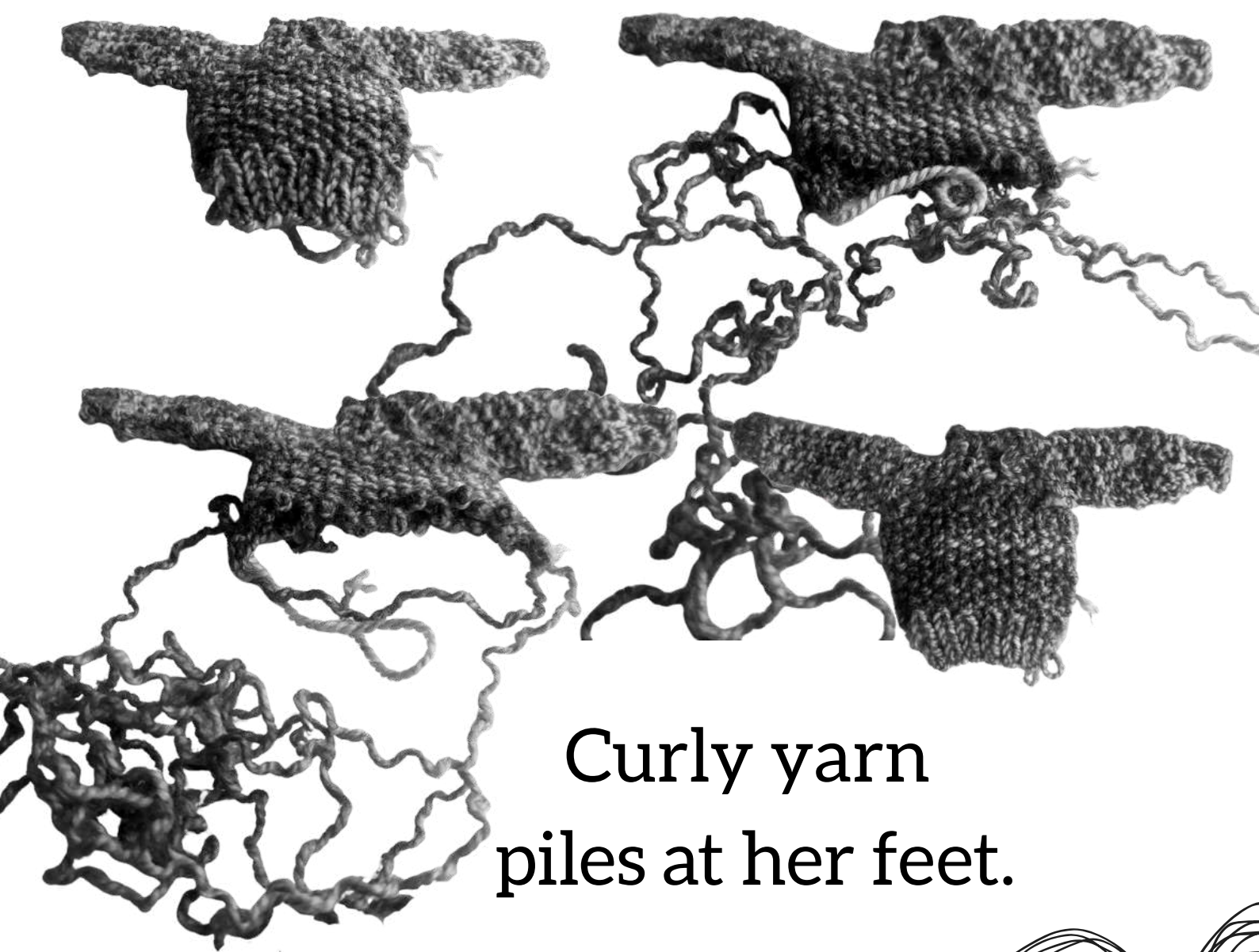
A baby's slipper doesn't need many stitches, but they must be small, and careful.



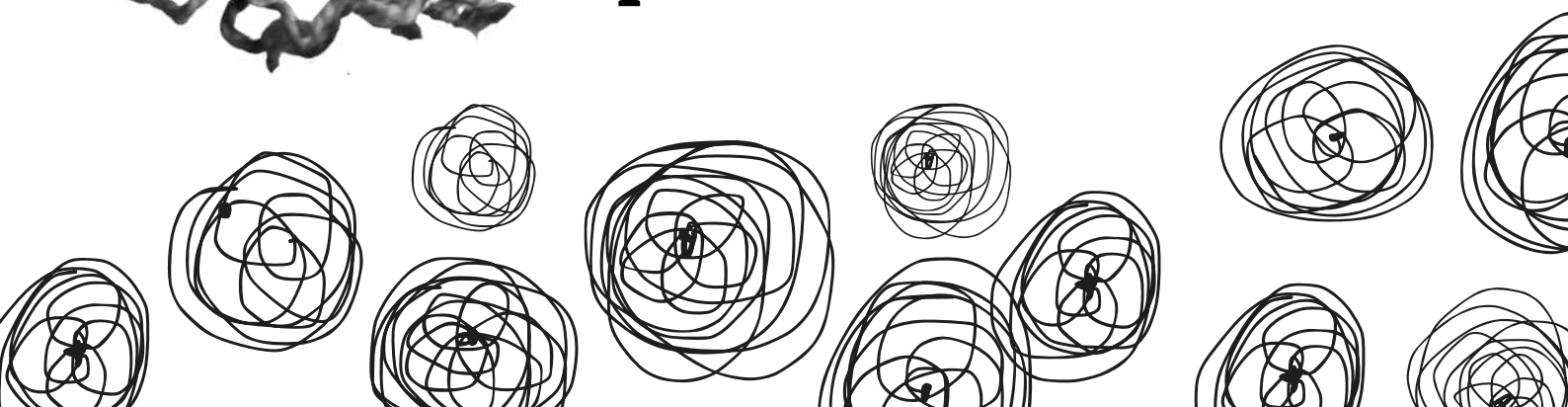
A solitary shoe,
kicked off by its
owner,
floats in the gutter.

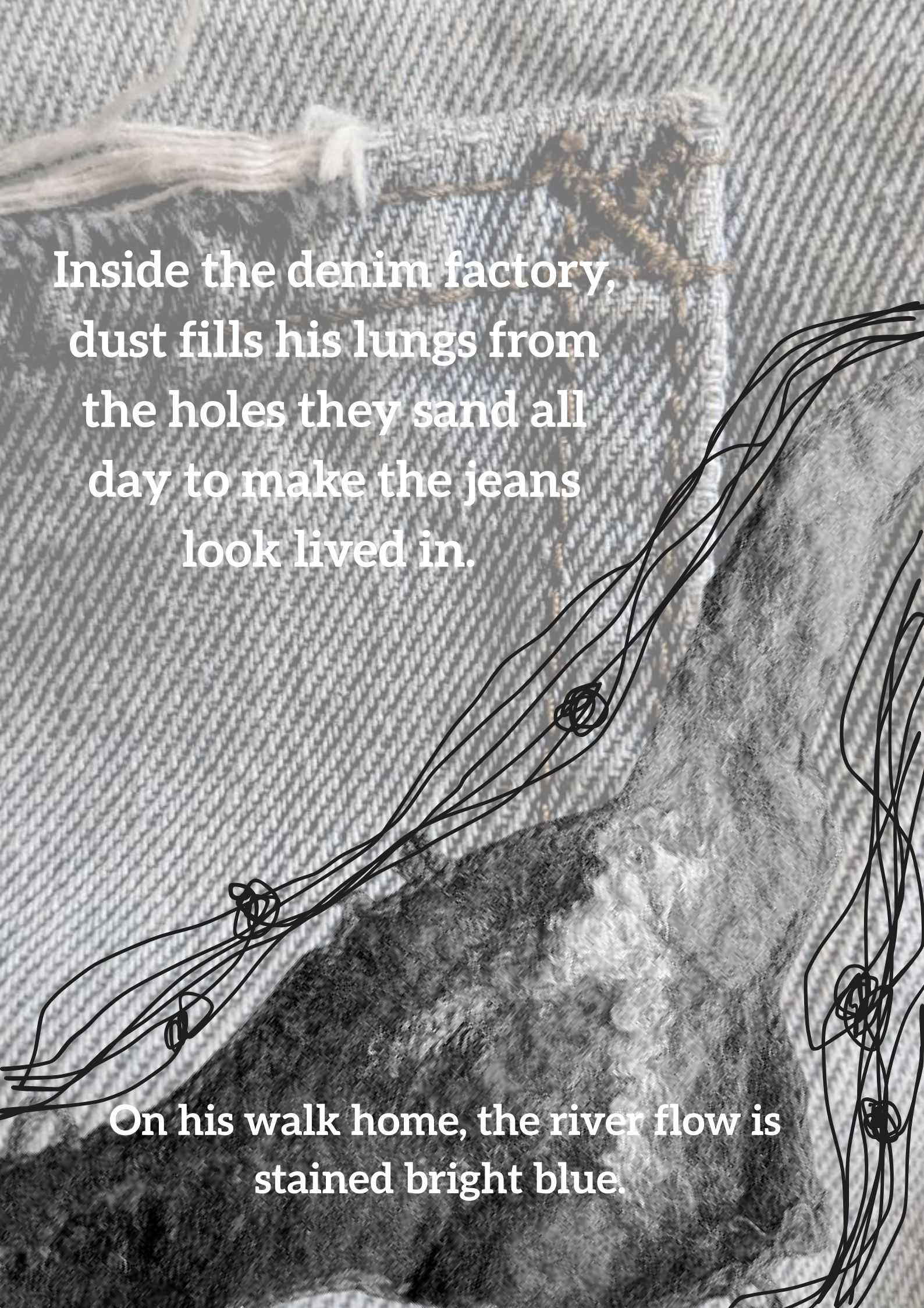


Her grandmother knits, then
unravels; knits, then unravels.
Blossoms fall outside.



Curly yarn
piles at her feet.



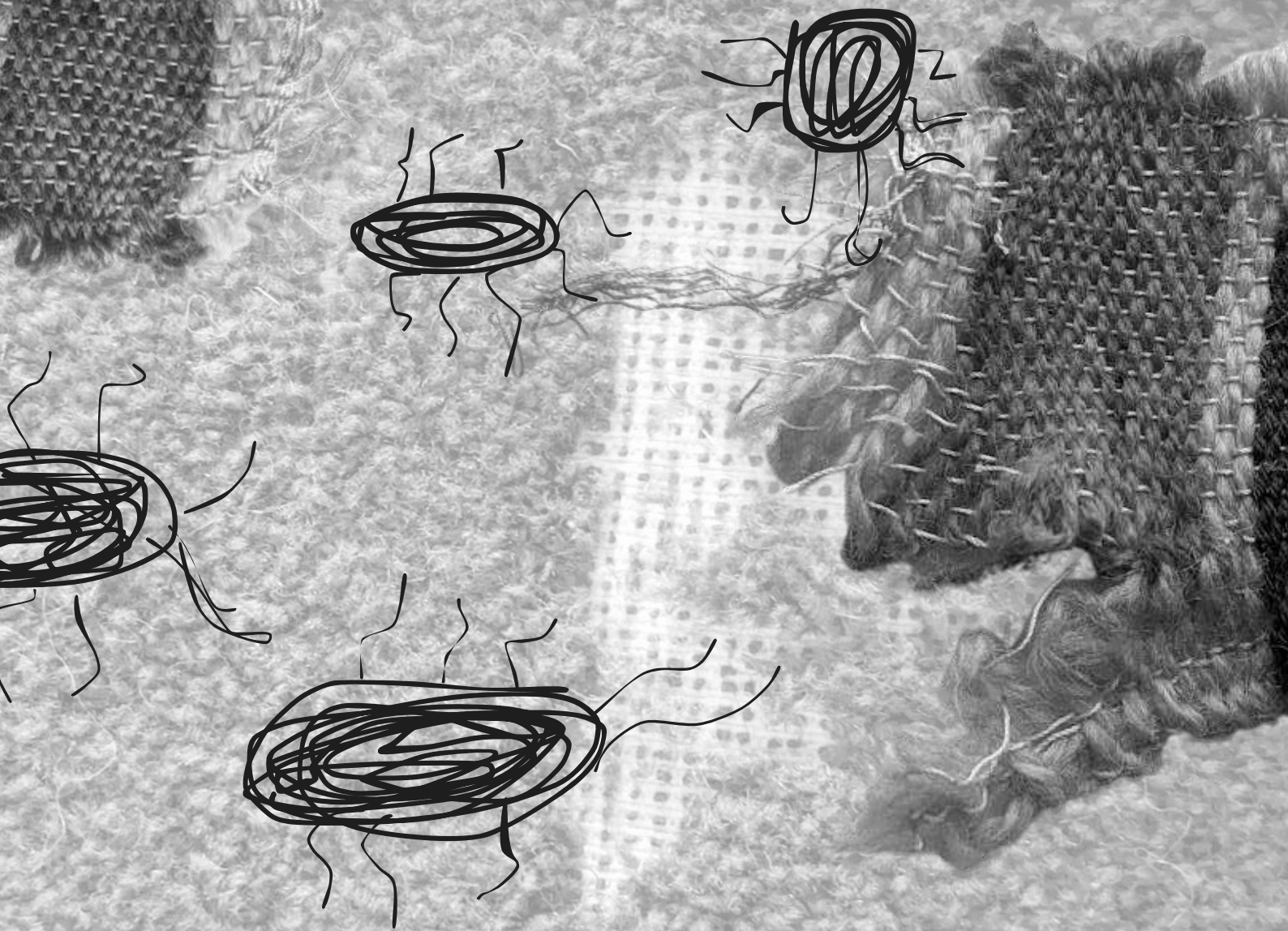


Inside the denim factory,
dust fills his lungs from
the holes they sand all
day to make the jeans
look lived in.

On his walk home, the river flow is
stained bright blue.

**in a quiet corner, the carpet beetles
have been nibbling.**

the rug is starting to fray.



**it will be many months before they are
noticed.**

Three men knock on the door
of her balcony room.

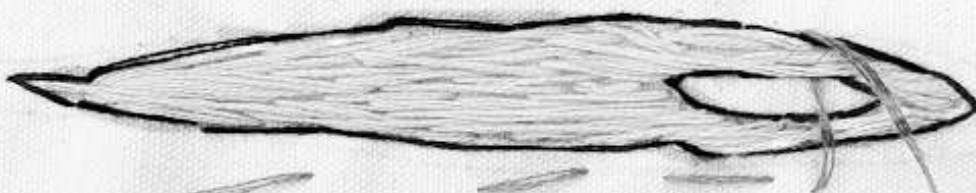
The first wants a pocket mended.

He pays her five dollars.



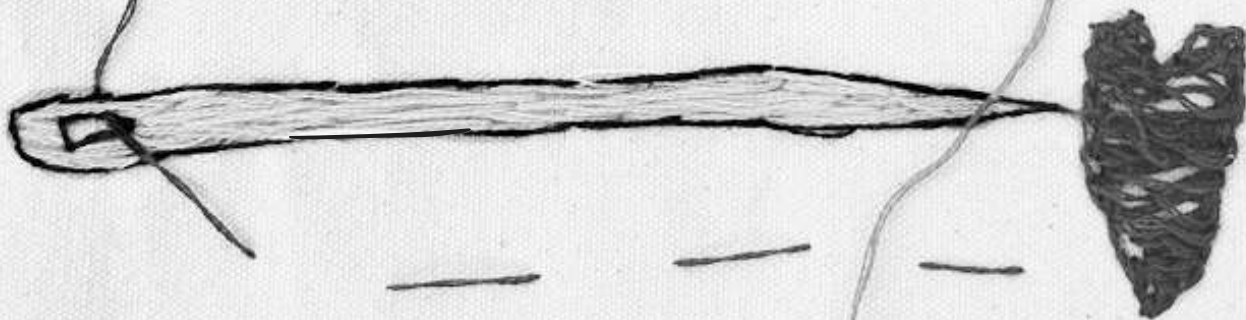
The second wants a hole fixed.

He buys her an ice cream.



The third asks how to sew on a button.

She gives him her heart.



report a portent

go to mostlygoodideas.nz
or email shanti.mathias@gmail.com
with details of the
portents you experienced
(and if you want, an
interpretation)

Read suburban portents
or portents i ignored
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Start your low-carbon
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a zine

by Shanti

mathias

A portent is a way to see clearly:
the world as it is, or the world as it could
be. Not all portents make sense; mostly
good ideas presents portents without
interpretation. The world will always
have portents but it might
not always have plastic
fabric, underpaid workers or
mortals who are not immortal. Keep reading and
keep looking out.

