

# if you feel sad, persist

If you feel sad, try to feel happy.  
Touch most of the crisps, but not all of them, and  
stand just off to the right, while facing to the left.  
Construct a series of papier-mâché helmets  
that can be painted in any colour,  
or left plain.

If you feel sad, place silverskin onions  
in the fingertips of your gloves.  
Hurt no one.  
Breathe little and often;  
promote rolling sideways  
as your preferred means of moving  
from A to B.

If you feel sad, don't expect to  
achieve anything.  
Eat massive handfuls of gravel.  
Stroke leather with your index finger,  
press gently on glass with your thumb.  
Cry an unending cry of pain  
(or joy) on alternate evenings.

If you feel sad, dial a wrong number  
and tell them you are sorry.  
Inject collagen into Korean  
steamed buns;  
apply SPF 50 sunscreen,  
with moisturising and exfoliating qualities,  
to a golf ball. Hold it in your hand,  
squeeze tightly, close your eyes  
and suffer.

If you feel sad, develop a complex relationship with purity.  
Defragment your disk just before you die  
and wear waterproof socks.  
Tell your parents how you really feel  
about bread,  
and wear a suit of armour  
to the cinema.  
Thrash about wildly  
on a regular basis -  
especially if you've just used  
coloured pencils.  
Catch as many contagious diseases  
as you can,  
and keep score with an assortment of  
barking dogs.

If you feel sad, think really hard about why  
you have failed to live up to everything  
you hoped to be,  
while covering your face with  
a permanent black marker.  
Jump up and down  
on a sausage roll,  
until it resembles an ancient  
sedimentary rock.  
Leave biscuits in hard-to-reach places  
and cry every time someone mentions  
Sellotape.

If you feel sad, try to locate yourself  
in the mirror.  
Take your fingers and streak  
orange juice  
in a rough rectangle that  
frames your face.  
Remember everything you have said and done  
since birth.  
Lick the orange juice off,  
and call home.

If you feel sad, compare yourself to nothing -  
and find yourself fit, conditioned, at home.  
Crawl if you have to,  
it's cooler by the ground  
and the soft sensation of soil  
produces a rustling that helps.  
Sit cross-legged and feel  
the gentle weight of the backs of your hands  
against your thighs.  
Hold conceptually antagonistic objects  
in each palm  
and let them duke it out,  
at a distance.

If you feel sad, expect no answers.  
Do not be found dead by the waterhole.  
Place your acts within others'  
and pay attention  
to your potential.  
Acknowledge the distant rumble  
of events unfolding  
at a metaphysical scale,  
and face imminent danger  
with the appropriate fear.

If you feel sad, cleave to love.  
Let being there together be enough,  
and find your being  
in your (world's) fragility.  
Establish a politics of juxtaposition,  
and use the act of pure creation  
to emphasise your transience.

If you feel sad, collect offcuts of meat  
and build a tower  
that fucking stinks.

If you feel sad, regret the things  
that you should regret  
and regret nothing else.

Look for an unnaturally long time  
out of the window  
at something you can't quite make out  
and imagine,  
it's a bag.

Acknowledge, in a serious way, your inherent isolation  
from other people by virtue of your illusory  
self.  
You are but apperception and you cannot be  
ought else.  
You continue, but only in frames.

If you feel sad, above all,  
do not be found dead by the waterhole.  
Try to be, to persist,  
to matter  
at all.