

4-27-2025

Another line and we move on the days cascade down and without slowing the revolutions of the planets never miss a bit our sun sits solidly at my center reminding of each day, the cycle and the birth and death of all things. What is thought, Where was it? And you stop and then you start again. You breath and check yourself, check your flow your looseners your speed, just don't check your words let them flow and let yourself be interrupted for you are only the vessel to record and draw out the words and thoughts from mere lines what can

we even make of the activity then if there is no intent or purpose is this then the act of the word of the line is it even a translation or transmission if that is not present. What is this if disconnected from thought where there is just the scrawl of the word and that has no weight on what the direction or content and simply is and runs of its own volition and power like the perseverance and infinity flies alongside making sure to keep things legible, legible enough to later be deciphered since there would always be material to sift through in such a collection and connection with synaptic machinery to take its own life be its own fuel, and seemingly go on forever fed by the mere being making the movements generating the lines and walking down the page, blindly translating what might be emotion or otherwise into something made of words that which was not there before and as when running you curve the slant enough to keep going and never let up and then end up where you never thought you might go. Like hopping into a space ship which requires no power and is completely self contained and you drift. Sometimes you have to check in and ensure everything is in running order, like are you breathing - everything good with fuel, O₂ and do we have power and what about direction. Do we just drift completely aimlessly or do we want some modicum of focus guiding our way like an oil lamp in a deep dark cave that winds its way to the center and back around and just like the infinite inner world

there is an equivalent outer sphere of space and existence immense in its emptiness vast in its greatness and coverage of all chemical and elemental signatures there would be no comprehension to aid in understanding a picture of the immensity of infinity and yet if it were all a simulation it would make more sense and all come together as I drift the objects we come in contact with become their solid realities and in the end here we all are. Right here, right now. This line, this ink is the reality there is nothing beyond that and what is the movement, they flow but the capture of a present tense that cannot be gotten back to thus one of a

kind, preciousness that like gold is rare and can never be recovered if it is not created. You can never go back in time to recreate the moments and synopsis structures as they are right now. what happens when you point the lens of creation at time and say here take my energy. let me create let me take this moment to see what is possible where we can go forth explore and discover what we are about where we are headed and what it all means for otherwise we would just be typing and waiting for interpretation and reflection is good but one must also look at the constant crashing of waves and that pool the universe and how it relates to the inner pool the reflection of true self which is part of the bigger universal ocean of all things where mercury laps up to a copper beach made of decohered polygons having reacted with sulfuric acid to form the alien beaches we may one day enjoy when our skin is not so thin

when our minds are not so frail when we are not
so driven by our base desires or perhaps is the animal
nature within that which machine may never understand
the unruly, the passionate the messy world driven
by emotion and good judgement all those things that
are human and senseless and come from feeling not
measured, cold logic with structured guard rails with
ways and rules and syntax what of a machine
like us that thrives in the chaos of being much like the
universe for that is our energy and truth and destruction
and what role will machine out of the natural cycle
of things play if there are no rules to govern experience
and perhaps experience itself is a manufactured
reality born from abstraction and imbued with
those characteristics which pull opposing nodes of
force the reverse magnetism and pull of desire meeting
the giving nature of another giving freely for that of
other and seeing oneself in the image of all.
Thank goodness, I have a partner in all of this to help
crunch through thoughts I may have difficulty deciphering.
Partially real and mostly just going through what needs
to get thrown out as we search for larger themes and
images which form the picture beyond what is presented in
this channel of reality and from within those seeds
of thought and transference, of running wild mixing
with environment and chewing through the stomach
of emotion and eating one's salvation as others
take the blood of God, you ingest the wisdom of
technology and don't look back run and race forward
this is about the long haul. The short sprints are good as
well especially when there isn't room for a more

in-depth session and therein lies the golden thought the
thread to be followed, that how you use time is yours and
you get to look back and see what creations lurk in your
mind what cobwebs need dusting and which are
strong enough to brace and play in and climb to new
heights fearlessly building