

Made in Abyss

We ARE like children in the face of death.
In face of the fear,
the horror,
the pain of it.
We are like children in the face of death,
of what death makes us,
what it makes sex, what it makes family,
what it makes love.
We are bare to its terrors and violations
And naïve to what it really does.

There is no pathway which does not end in the abyss. No hero able to conquer it.
No builder able to cross it.
No thinker able to grasp it.
The battle is unending and unimaginable.
The battle does not exist, in light of the abyss.

How to reconcile this fear of pain, with lived pain?

If fear is thought so great as to be unimaginable, what possible felt pain could surpass it?
It would act as the upper limit to all pain.
The Soul rent.
The mind broken.
The person torn.

And this fatal blow is cast, before the pain is even worn.

Thought

Working across the sky.

Black Streams wearing paths
through the terrain of my mind.

Rushing ink, thick and heavy.

Eventually creating the channels
which restrict, control, bind.

Walking backwards, seeing how
the riverbeds bed and wind.

I try to go back, pace wearily
through time.

6 / 6 / 2017

Old and New Things.

Ancient whispered things, nested in the long and twisting and bloody and unending history of man.

Old, creeping, stinking things which grow and rot in time, which tighten and loosen and never let themselves be seen.

Living things which teeter on the edge of death. Dying things which reanimate, walk and writhe and struggle again.

Brutal blows, fatal mistakes, hate-filled touches, poisonous caresses, treacherous glares, insecure twitches.

These things that lay either beneath or within or perhaps simply beside.

Our eyes miss them, disguise them.

Our minds fear them, hate them, love them, fuck them.

What would life be like without them,

Siri?

Death of Validation

condition

1. To become permanently content - and validated by existence - rather than seeking validation per encounter.

see also: Death.