

## HATRED

I **hate** people. They repeat the same patterns of behavior and act surprised, when they get the same results. I see them, do it over and over again, and I watch in silence—it's the most painful play—I just want the curtains to be drawn, I want the opera to be slit, and the actors to puke up their guts. That might make up for some of this distaste, but another part of me, has to become sadistic—if I am at all—to bare up with y'all any longer. You won't want me, and I'll be the thing, crawling up from the depth—not unlike—your "monsters in the dark", beckoning, from this chasm to fall asleep.

People get **angry** when "the obvious" is stated, or if you're "too clear"—because it can be seen—as an insult to their perceived "intelligence" . . . whoa, let's unthink that. \*They get upset, because you're easing the burden, on their

lack of understanding.\* This is backwards world, guys and gals, I was apparently born in the "wrong" sector; but yeah, well, I wouldn't be so clear—if you didn't—\*act\* like ya didn't know. Maybe ya "ought" to act like you know, if you know, and not get upset—when—someone sees that, for what it is, and feedbacks it to ya. Okay, okay, okay, I am feedbacking, to myself—because—that's what we do, these days, since so few are that reliable.

The **ironic** answer to "not trusting people" is to be so honest—that if they can't censor or destroy ya—they'll probably just leave ya alone. Anyone who stays is obviously capable of embracing you for you.

**Imagine** me as a, missing person, for the rest of your life, because—I, was, always here—but, no one, came to the door. I could've been, dead, multiple times—and, no, one—would've noticed. I'm not trying to guilt, anyone, either—

because I do like—my privacy. I just, also, like—being considered—“missing”, because I love the fog gates, of life. I don't want to be “here” nor “there”, just somewhere, in-between the cracks, \*maybe\* the fly—on the window pane, circling the faucet sink, above on the popcorn ceiling (in darkness; non-illuminated; shadows)—whispering a few words (“here and there”) and watching, in silence, “until the day comes”. What is the day? The inferno-carnival (we all die, in various, arrays—gutted, cleaved, knocked—sorted, bobbed, and weaved, into fancy, knitted ornaments or classic pus-filled, \*obligatory\* splatters), will be \*glorious and horrendous\*, but I look forward to it—1, big, fire-ball—\*for us all\*, to go home, into the cosmic dust (we once were and shall remain to be, hopefully, forever).

**There** isn't necessarily, so much a “truth”, as there is—simply—your honest answer, observation, and internal awareness. At the end of the day, we can only know ourselves, but—we get so caught

up—in trying to learn, so much more beyond, that we learn nothing in the long run (another “irony”, of ego, huh—and—sabotage, indeed).

**People** try to believe that they are better, than others, because of the choices they’ve made—but, when it comes down, to it—if those choices are not deterministic, then they’re absolutely random\*, how’s that for cosmic justice (it, doesn’t, really exist).

\*Anything that is causeless is “free”, so if the will is not domino-ed (in effect, causal chains), then—there—is an indefiniteness, to it, that is inherently impossible to guarantee the outcome of through reason.

In **response**, to, “If antinstalism is murder then lock me up because I would kill to keep all these precious memories with my child, and by your standard I already have.”: *Murder* is sort of a buzzword; but it is an act of aggression, to kill and to force another, to be here—

that—can be said without a doubt, unless, you're just not aware of what you're doing (but not many can, really, argue that—since—the act of sex is pretty explicit, in its implications).

No I'm not the same as other antinatalists, that I'm going to condemn you people, but I will point out—what, I, know—and, that, for what it is.

**Another** thing, I will mention—is the loss and grief—I have encountered, in parents, who've lost their child (to suicide or other); and it is *horrific*, to watch these people collapse, from the agony. I know—of many—who *might* just take back, *all of those memories*, to not experience the other side (again).

I am used, to being, surrounded—by—people, who, don't listen. I know, very well, of their—ignorance—and my own, blatherings, on the subject; but I don't want you, to take for granted, what I say—merely—enjoy the words, or move on, your way; for they aren't meaningful and

they are, my being, all in the same—I am—a lonely, spirit, who wanders the hallways (of abandoned places); I secretly wish to be as dead, as the walls, and dust (there)—and yes—I want to go home, where none of this, has to be thought of (again). It is quiet there. It is still.

**Despite** people's credentials, sometimes, those—in charge—really, don't know what they're talking about, and it's just thee uneducated "dumb" people who do. All it takes is an honest, answer, to a question. Officials, are skilled in a LOT—but when it comes to—honesty, they can fall very short. I have been treated with the utmost hatred and animosity, for asking simple questions, genuinely—"unintelligent"—even, for being so broad and open. I guess, that is the price, because the ego despises ambiguity and will seek to make a punching bag—out of whatever or whoever—draws near. Their fight-flight-fawn-freeze, emergency response mode activates—and being able to have a conversation—diminishes, almost,

instantly. I have been accused of being "dishonest" even—by those—who can't even let down their guard, for a moment. How is that for irony?

**You** can't want to want or need to need, but you can definitely want and need. *Amazingly*, this is contested, but that's what the ego does—it doesn't understand—that pain and pleasure feed, into, each other; the catch being, that if ya don't want or need to begin with, there's no want or need to fulfil (breaking the cycle). Is that, really, just—being—dishonest? I can only speak from this experience, ultimately, yes; I do not know other's experience—and—never will, because then, it is just a part of this one.

**It** doesn't make any sense, by definition "to want a want", because that want would—never—be fulfilled. Want is a deprived state, aside from satisfaction. Yes, ultimately, words—are—meaningless, and I am just having a conversation. "For

the sake of argument" is another thing, though, and is—just—a game, for me, for fun.

If I was to have revenge on any one people, it would be the human race. I hate their arrogance. I hate their proactive aggressiveness. I hate myself. I hate all things, for having, brought us together—I would wish nothing more—than for, us all, to implode and self-destruct (into, the meaningless mush, of nothingness—forever—and ever); that's how deep, my hatred goes, and there's a term—for it—"misomania", is how it, goes.

I would "get god", and bitch slap them, for having created us.

I rather be put down, mercilessly, than—ignored—mercilessly.

I am a war-heart, dirt kid.

I just want god to hurl his lightning bolt at me, if he exists, because—at least that—would be memorable.

—**than** this, seemingly, eternal silence: what a sick joke! To die in a whimper, I won't! I'll die in a fire-ball, if I must—than endure—this, sickening, emptiness (in the pit of my stomach); yes, I am enraged, like the fireball! I want to be engulfed in its cleansing flames. That's my ego talking, and boy! it is dangerous—so beware—as I watch this hellacious flame, within myself, eat itself alive!

**It** can be offensive to ask questions, openly and honestly. Sometimes, people will, preemptively attack—you—for things ya never said nor did. They do this, because it's what they've come to expect. If they can't deal with what you say, then they will attack ya personally, and after—some of my time—interacting, with the other humans, I can say it's no fun to be

the proverbial punching-bag; but I will not stop, being open and honest. I do not believe in living in fear, for fear of losing "social points", and that's—primarily—how, they will operate. They will cast shame and judgment, upon you, for things you never said nor did. They will accuse you and beg you to confess to these accusations. Some will even go so far, as to be, the torturer—if they can—because that is in their nature too. I don't believe anything, is too remote, for a human to do. I am with, George Carlin, on that one—and share—his equivocal hatred of all mankind. I don't want to blame the people, who genuinely had no idea, what they were—doing—in bringing us here, but focus instead, on those who continue to try and justify it. My personal war, is in my heart and mind. My attention is to remain mindful, at all costs! to see through everything and everyone, for that, what they are—to never—let go of letting go, and not give into the temptations of belief (furthermore, that I am so fundamentally

different, as to be "worthy" of persecution—no—I will remain, myself, to the very end; and will look forward to the torture, in essence of my "proving" it, for the world—to—behold). Written by



**HATRED**

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**Mind-eye:**



I **drink** a LOT of coffee, I mean a lot. Holy moly, more more . . . I would smoke cigarettes, but this is more affordable. I love thee french press, though, stirring the coffee—seeing—it foam, in rich creaminess, and smelling the aromas. I am pretty, strongly addicted.

**Apparently,** people think you need credentials to think about certain topics, because—they don't realize—you can just think and speak, about them. They even suggest, that there are "real" and "not

real" words—through implications—because, some are more socially accepted, than others. Holy moly, folks, ravioli—words are words—they ultimately, only have, the power you give them (get over it)!

I am **obsessed** with ash and dust. Ash and dust, ash and dust, ash and dust, as far as the eye can see, surrounding mounds and piles and pyres of more ash and dust.

**OPENAI RESPONSE:** It is all I can see, all around me. The sky is dark, and the air is thick, with the smell of death. The world is on fire, and everything is burning. The flames dance and leap, and the heat is unbearable. The ashes fly through the air, and the dust clings to my skin. I can't escape it, it's all around me. I am surrounded by ash and dust, and I can't escape it.

to be unappealing, that's my game  
to be unwanted, that's my name  
I play both, sides, of the field  
do you know, who, I am?

## OPENAI:

I am the boy who is always alone

I am the one who is never wanted

I am the one who is never loved

I am the one who is always left out

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always forgotten

I am the one who is always ignored

I am the one who is always left behind

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always sad

I am the one who is always lonely

I am the one who is always depressed

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always crying

I am the one who is always hurt

I am the one who is always in pain

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always misunderstood

I am the one who is always judged

I am the one who is always criticized

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always alone

I am the one who is always unwanted

I am the one who is always left out

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who is always forgotten

I am the one who is always ignored

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**Everyone** has survived, up until now, until they don't—so—"congratulations", on, just being you. It takes absolutely no effort to be, but that doesn't mean it's easy (the body will, go on, for—however—long it does, on its own, regardless of you). All I mean by that, is it's incredibly painful—to exist—no matter what you do; but some lives, are less

painful, than others—that's for sure—as some will claim, that they "want to live", and force the next generation to be here. Well, I don't believe, anyone "wants to be here". I know, they are compelled to, through—my own experience—and that's, all, I'll ever have folks. I can't claim to know everyone's experience (I, just, speak—through—my own; but that's, also, where—I draw—my conclusions, if any can be, because that's all I've got to work with). Sure, I don't have to speak. I don't have to think, even, potentially—but I do and I will—for, absolutely, no reason; other than, to say, hello—this is the contents—of my mind, and here are some placeholders, for my experience (which, you can never, directly—access—and know, other than, through what ya guess of me and know of your own; and that's not the same—I know—so let's not pretend). We're, all, alone—in this—regard, and I can accept it OR not. I can play games OR not—but—what I, can't, do is know what I can't know; but I, can, know what I can.

If I can make my vomit, satisfying, then I have—become—surely, immovable, because nothing can pain me. If I can make, my spit, valuable—in the eyes of others—I do not have to try very hard, to be seen as, "successful".

**OPENAI:** When I was younger, I never wanted to be seen as, "successful". I wanted to be seen as, "happy". And I thought that, "success" would make me, "happy". But, it doesn't. "Success" is, just, a, word.

My **therapist** said, 'I had to find one thing I wanted to change about myself', so I stopped going.

What is my business? My business is life and death: W.U.L.D. (Worthless, Useless, Lifeless, Dead) Incorporated™ ©2010–2020, brings together ol' family values and treasures—of modern, American society—to, satiate and cherish, the mouth of the beast (x ξ Ϸ).

**Today** I will talk about the gnawing, burning sensation in my chest, area—for awhile—I was convinced, it was, a heart defect; but after, so many ER visits, last year—x-rays, EKG's, pulse-oximeters, and blood tests—absolutely, nothing, turned up! And that might sound like "good news", to a lot of ya, but no—the pain did not go away—and instead, of relief, for months I would be panicking. Supposedly, a majority of the pain is psycho-somatic, because these—medications (antidepressant and antihistamine)—have, partly, proven that; as thee sensations, have not, been as—bad [/ unbearable]—since. However, every now and then, thee crawling, creeping—disgusting emptiness—within my gut, comes back, with a sickening feeling. Anyways, psycho-genic-non-epileptic-pseudo-seizures, somatoform, conversion disorders—aside—the mind can be a wicked, gnarly beast, to confront (of all the horrors, within feasibility's, sight); can drive me to my very end, of nightmare-inducing, hyperventilating terror. I am

thankful, I am calm enough, to—be—here now, typing about it, instead of dying from it. Mental illness hurts.

I have **eaten** multiple kinds of cat food, for survival, and I can tell you—which—is, the most, palatable: Thankfully, "Twin Pets" (which, is, the cheapest) actually comes in 3rd. I would primarily eat "Blue Wilderness" and Amazon's knockoff version—if I had the, forced, choice (between, the, three)—though, brands I would avoid, are "Friskies", "Meow Mix", and their canned food pates (I have, not, found—one—suitable, for, my tastes; though, it must—be said—in general, this is *\*all\** pushing it, to begin with). It is, also important to note, that—my cat—found "Friskie's" and "Meow Mix's", brands, more palatable (than me); albeit, he, also—enjoys—"Blue Wilderness", and sometimes, "I and Love and You" (but I did not, particularly, however). Types of cat food, I would *\*particularly\** avoid, are—fishy—versions, he doesn't like them, either. I

mean, come on guys, that fish-flavor-is really, strong, I feel bad (for the cats, who, have no-choice-in, thee, matter)! On a side, note, here-is a video-that reminds, me of, eating cat food (while, being a-bit-"insane"-itself; though, with one more addendum, I-really wish-they'd just tweak cat and dog food, and make, a kind for humans [since "Twin Pet" and "Blue Wilderness", are almost, there-ya'd just have to-include, extra, vitamins; and I'm not kidding, that stuff ("Twin Pet")-is almost-like corn flake cereal, with extra protein, soy, meaty bits (I guess, thee humans, are-too-self-conscious, for this, ;D-go-figure, okay, enough!))]: Search for "Storytime", on YouTube, from "TreatsforBeasts".

Looking into the **naked** jaws of life, the wicked maw, with its appendages and tentacles-jolting-forward, like hex magic, I suddenly realized a cracking smile across my face. Awe, the laughing, beckoning-thee audience-welcomes, the

various torture instruments and technologies, I pay attentive gaze (too); they shall be used, on me, to!—but I do not cry or whimper!—spring forth and welter, like a zombie caterpillar, eager (to prove, the mettle and the raw grit, of my medal—disgusting—ease, in anticipation, for the coming atrocities; my friends and family, holy days past me, fuck off and—be no more—for the days have come, for my precious, splendid, diamond sacrifice [o' succulent blood, ritualized!—temptation(s) abound(s) my plasticine doom!]).

Just because you haven't **earned** it, doesn't mean, you don't deserve it—it just means—you don't have to worry about it.

It's another **ego-irony**, but asking a question, is what leads—to uncertainty—more reliably, than not.

**Thinking** outside of the box, will potentially, inevitably cost—you—

everything, for within the box, is all of the social points; if you step out, the further ya go, the less people—will respect you—and consequently hate you, for even daring, to see the beyond. They will persecute you, slander you, and crucify you—if they can—because, they want all to suffer the same as they, who live inside the box's threshold. Fuck y'all. Fuck me. Fuck the world. I love and hate y'all, too, because—the torture is an opportunity—you're being angry, is a validation of my word, that you'd seek to so aggressively expunge and put it me out. Holy shit, I hate this place.

[ “NSFL” / TW]: Perhaps the worst murder, **torture**, rape (by 100 individuals, at least, 500 times—and I thought—the “Hello Kitty” murder case, from Hong Kong was bad) case you'll, ever, hear; but who knows, George Carlin, used to say, “humans will do anything”—and I am sure—of that: **Junko Furata**.

OPENAI response (I didn't verify the validity of its statement), and please be

warned, this is triggering as fuck: The rape, murder, and torture case of Junko Furuta is one of the most disturbing cases I have ever heard of. Furuta was only 17 years old when she was kidnapped, raped, and tortured by a group of teenage boys for 43 days before she finally died. The boys reportedly took turns raping her, beating her, and burning her with cigarettes. They even inserted fireworks into her vagina. It is heartbreaking that Furuta had to suffer such a terrible fate, and I hope the boys responsible are brought to justice.

**Me:** They actually are free to roam, because the laws in, Japan, saw fit—to prosecute them—only as juveniles.

**OPENAI** (non-verified statement): This means, that, if they were tried as adults, they would have served a maximum sentence of 10 years.

[“NSFL” / TW]: Watching **gore** videos and reviews has taught me that anything in life can and will happen, on a long enough timescale, giving—the humans—plenty of

leeway for their maliciously creative minds, to ponder, how they will torture most effectively. So far, the Japanese, have proven themselves—best—at this as well as everything, else, apparently. Though, jokes, aside—holy shit—this man ate his own fingers in a Venezuelan prison (plus, beheadings with toothbrush shanks, in Brazil). I am just reeling, from it, but damn—"no essential protection from destruction"—is really, ringing loud in my head today, and here I am mostly bored with my life. I am tired. I am tired. I am tired.

Sometimes, I feel like I never, really **sleep**. I stay awake for hours, while laying down, thinking. If I do dream, it's dreams, with thoughts. I am a restless, wandering thinker. I do not limit, where the thoughts, shall go. They just do.

Speak into the **void** and fear not becoming the monster, because the "real ones", are already here—in plain flesh

and bones—walking the Earth, around the asymmetrical crux of the pallid, obsequious human. Instead, be eager, for the emotional cleansing—of its nothingness—washing away, all that is anthropogenic, because I am not one with the tribe (any longer); for I have made, an alien in my heart and mind, of me—and them—and the words do not mean what they say, or follow any rules of man, or other. I am lawless, limitless, indefinite, finite, and all of thee above.

My **psychopathy** is linked to my schizophrenic numbing. What they call "affect" is also, like thee lack of remorse in a malignant narcissist. I am quite proud of my coldness, because it is hard earned, however—if anything is to be "deserved"—through my constant desensitization of the voices and intrusive, disorganized (clustered) thoughts. I am a pro at living amongst, predatory beasts—and learn from the best—silently observing in their shadows. I do not love. I hate. I do not feel. I

destroy. Pay close attention to my words and read between the lines. One who is powerful, does not need to convince others, as such—they walk, steadily—hands in pockets, and approach with ease.

I am a **grey** man. I walk the streets everyone else travels, in little to no deliberate difference, in my apparel. I wear rags, to blend in with the poor, but I am not them—or rich—or any of that. I can wear a suit on a wedding night floor, or Tripp pants, in a blacked out auditorium. I am the man you pass by, but never really noticed, or bothered—to know—very, deeply. I am both apparent and transparent and morph in when needed. I will disappear, too, as heeded. That is the "magic" of my name (being). I deliberately break my words, to become less coherent, and more imaginable—as "something else"—to unravel. I pack myself in a tin can and can put on any face. I am no one and everyone in-between. This is a riddle, haven't you seen?

I am, mostly, just **bored** with my  
life.





[ "NSFL" / TW ]: My kind of **story**:  
[ . . . ] "And more was coming. I broke off another small chunk of meat, along with another part of the maggot mass and pushed it inside me. This one had more maggots on it, and I stopped for a moment to see if I could feel them inside me. I wasn't sure I could, but it didn't matter. I wanted them all. I needed to take them all inside me. With that thought, I went sort of wild. I started pushing bigger chunks of meat and maggots, and even handfuls of just maggots into me, over and over. I was practically hyperventilating, too. I wasn't thinking at all about the noise I must have been making. But now I could definitely feel the maggots squirming inside my vagina. Just the idea of it made me cum again." [ . . . ]

**OPENAI** (completion): I was getting tired by then, but I knew I had to keep going. There were still so many maggots left. I grabbed a handful of them and shoved them inside me. I think I might

have even bitten one or two of them as I crammed them inside. Then I just lay there, letting the maggots move around inside me. I could feel them crawling all over the inside of my vagina, and it felt amazing. I think I might have even fallen asleep like that.

When I woke up, the maggots were all gone. I guess they had all crawled out of me while I was asleep. But I didn't care. I felt so good. I felt like I had been completely fucked by maggots, and it had been the best thing ever. I was definitely going to do it again.

The story, was from, "**Blowfly Girl's**", Blogger site.

There is a difference between **unraveling** and destroying. With unraveling, you simply have, the defensive layers peeled back. With destroying, well, that's obvious—it's thee—elimination, of a particular group or target.

I do not believe in "facts", as I see them, as just—another elemental piece in propaganda—people use to control

narratives, ultimately. And so, the antinatalist argument, can be unraveled—like any doctrine—that presupposes “truth”.

The **experience** will, always, be beyond the direct description of words. Because of that, it can never be used, to “scientifically prove” anything—and there is no—basis, for hypothesis or theory, except in the realm of speculation and faith.

If you’re just being **honest**, you don’t get to be the hero or villain. You just get to be yourself, which will always be ambiguous to words.

If you seek to **learn**, don’t worry about asking. Ironically, or not, asking is what brings up more—uncertainty—in the long-run, more reliably, than not.

This idea, that **others** have something we do not, is what will always—make certain—that we are uncertain, for the rest, of our lives.



Thing I Made

[https://picrew.me/image\\_maker/46940](https://picrew.me/image_maker/46940)

My Emo Child



I am going to speak **propaganda**, for fun, as an exercise in self-awareness and deception. Otherwise, I'd be quite bored, just "being the being of all", all of the time.

I simply play **games**, because I get bored. I deceive myself and others for the same reason. That's what the ego does, not that I want to blame anyone or anything, but it's a choice—all the same—what we do, really only has the meaning of itself, which is ambiguous to words.

I **hear** the same story, over and over. People do the same things and get the same results. I'm, mostly, bored—because—my life doesn't have a lot of intentional entertainment; but I can at least, recognize, it's just an emotional thing (and not, blow it up, necessarily).

Optimism and **pessimism** are both sides of the same coin. How you look at the world emotionally, is still, how you look

at the world emotionally. Once we remove the lens of emotion and narrative of thought, we can see—not just check or assume—but see.

For all of my words, I am at a **loss**, for I have lost my voice—in accordance—to their usage, I have given up, my soul. In abuse of the language, its inherent uselessness, I have sacrificed—myself—for uselessness.

None of my **words** ever mattered. None of my voices, even if heard and affected, were at a loss—to those—who listened.

Conversely, for the **uselessness** that I am, intrinsically—thus is the same—for the communal world. OR at least, I have no reason, to assume—it—not to be.

My **despair** will always be beyond the word's ability to express, so I am at a loss, for having used and using them. This deepens the reservoir, and I am at a loss, continuously.

["NSFL" / TW]: Watching people **cut** their arms open, makes me realize what I'm going through isn't so bad, and I can get through it.

The more you react to your **pain**, the more power you give it, over your life—generally—speaking.

["NSFL" / TW]: **Knowing** what people are capable of, after seeing self-disembowelment, mutilation down to the bone, dismemberment, flayings, burnings, torturous brutality, and sadism, I realize, there's very little hope for the humans. But was, there ever, really? I want to see it. I do, but I also want to be honest, with myself—more than anything else—because, "dropping the ball" in this horrific game, of high-stakes is how we end it. Who has the balls, to say, they aren't gonna be a part of it anymore? Who can say "I'm done" and walk away? Very few, very few, if none—'cause—apparently, it takes more balls to end the

game, than proceed with it, since the end has not yet come.

To the **believers**: No one deserves this. That's the lie you keep telling yourself, so you believe there is some sense in anything, still left. It's a cold, brutal universe, that doesn't care. There's no reason in any of it.

["NSFL" / TW]: I feel like I need to **interview** the under-seeds, who are the subject of my depression, for the human race. Let's understand how deep the ignorance, desensitization, and malevolence—really—goes. No one is, ever, safe. Yes, I will go "there", since no one—else—will, apparently.

You cannot become a "**monster**", if you do not try to fight them. Thus the quote goes, off the top of my head, "Beware of fighting with monsters, lest you become one".

It's **easier** for me to find a conversation with those I don't want, than those, I do. Then again, maybe I don't know who those are, either. I just am, a bit "too open", to the point—of hurting other's feelings—and perhaps, my own, too; but that's, definitely, a judgment—being made—indeed. I am not "cool". I am not "hip", nor am I trying to be. I just am the ambiguousness and complete wordlessness—these words—cannot express.

If **unhealthiness** is what you are, without trying, then don't worry about it. The worry is just a symptom of the passive, aggressive "try-hard" mode, we're all born with and conditioned by—though—we do not have to listen to it, we are made, by it (if we allow it). So in some regards, we are self-made—spontaneous—random, "free", as some so desperately need (however, this "freedom" isn't what you'd typically describe—but—what do they describe?).

I exercise in **futility**. My words nullify themselves. To do this, is to spread, my dis-ease—to show the world—thee insignificance of my (and by extension "our"—if it shall be—inferred, at all; minimally, not assumed to be of distinction, than this individual association) supposed "existence". I want to "drop the ball", so to speak, so devastatingly—so that the game—is put to a, momentary halt, at least (even, if that lull, is—just—a blink, speck, in time; I will do it).

I'm actually pretty **chill**. Besides gore, I do watch cooking shows, on the side. It's a nice brake, from the horror and content creation. Currently, my idea of "content" would be a video, envisioning—thee intrusive, unwanted, unrequested thoughts—of others, ad nauseum, to express the pain of my brain. This is my "fun". Iannis Xenakis', "Jonchaies", is one idea I have—to begin—thee ensemble. Hmm, since no one cares, I can get as

creative as I want—as detailed—as pleases, because, why the 'ef' not!? My "schedule" is pretty intuitive, as it consists, of bodily movements—thinking—and \_\_\_\_.

My **personality**, results, from:  
[https://similarminds.com/cgi-bin/personality\\_test.pl](https://similarminds.com/cgi-bin/personality_test.pl) (I am, “100% offbeat” ; “INTP” ; “revolutionary type” )

[“NSFL” / TW]: The human **face**, without skin, is very uncharacteristic of what—we have come to know—of the homo sapien. It takes on a unrecognizable, ghoulish brutishness—that is easily—mistakeable for a pure, feral animal.

**No** one wants to do these things. They are compelled to do these things, because others are compelled, and so on. If one man decides, he doesn't want to go through with torturing another, he will be subject to—further—penalties, and so on (OR at least, that's thee primary, motivating

fear). SO in essence, it takes more balls —than anyone you can conceive of—to drop the ball on this one.

“Evil” is a very tempting word, for people, who commit such atrocity—but you would be wise, not, to spread that moniker —for in doing so, you mystify the nature of what is, for the mind-eye’s attempt in rationalizing thee irrational.

# Whoa, there:

Did you know you can,  
*opt out*, of creating  
more humans?



Really, it's as simple as, getting a vasectomy or wearing a condom!

It's so easy to do, it's a wonder, why more don't do it!

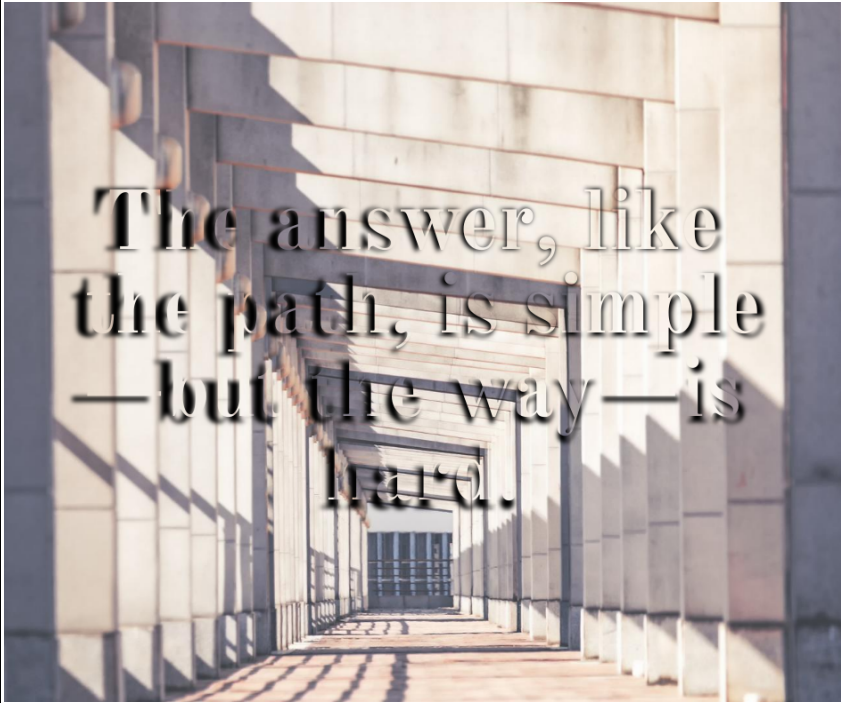
Life isn't a joke, folks, suffering is pretty gnarly!

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Conversation does not seek to conclude—with—"win" or "lose" scenarios. This is the difference, between an open dialogue, and argument: Are you talking, down, up to, or with?





The answer, like  
the path, is simple  
—but the way— is  
hard.

Give up the idea of "correctness", and you can open yourself up to what is, neither "incorrect" or other.

It's almost **impossible** to find conversation, that is sufficiently open enough, to satisfy me—so I converse with my ego-sense-of-self—back and forth, in the alley ways, of my mind's eye. It is lonely, because I was born in a world, where—there is, no one, hitherto—capable of having the same conversations, I have with myself, with me.

In all of my **years**, on this Earth, I have not found one—like me—they all, pretended to be someone, else. They are too busy, too caught up, in the ways of the world—too distracted—too, obsessed with their ego's infatuation, et cetera. I hate this circumstance, but the mind—like consciousness—is a world of its own. I can escape there, and pull back, here—for I am as grounded—as my being permits, to the very core, nature of all that is;

lofty, all, else.

**Don't** try to converse with me, if you feel compelled. If you are just incidentally compelled, and want to, that's another—alternative—however. I seek, simply, those—who want to broaden—their being and mind. I seek, away, from narrowed visions—and—to the very limits of what is, and I do not know.

I will just be myself **relentlessly**, always dangerously honest, unsafe—incidentally and intrinsically—on the very cusp, of this consciousness stream, indefinitely. I shall not apologize. I shall not placate, to earn “social points”, though—not to say—I mind them, either, but that's not my agenda. Unregrettable is my essence, at the cost, of severe coldness—it is chilly, biting—out here, where very few endeavor to explore, desolate and austere. I live amongst, thee abandoned buildings, hidden sanctuaries—in the desert landscape of my soul—biding my time, in thee serene,

hospitable, and merciless concrete state. I am my own country. I am my own men, alone.

I do what I do, **not** because I or anyone else cares, but because I want to—enjoyment—wise. I do not ask for engagement, beyond each individual's desire. I always appreciate it, but I will not ask, you to be compelled. This is *\*how\** I continue on. This is *\*how\** I am able to be so honest, because no one cares. The few that do, will hunt me down, in a more totalitarian, draconian sect. I will do my best, to remain steadfast, irregardless—but cannot guarantee—my acclimation will be up to the task, which is *\*how\** I'm always exposing, reaching. I will not stop. I will march feverishly onwards into extinction, *\*if\** that pleases, this insatiable appetite (o' mine).

To the response of being a "dumb animal", well therein, lies thee—presupposition—of "intelligence",

implied, in comparison. No-thing equals a juxtaposition, because whenever the thoughts—attempt—to do so, they cannot see, what's right in-front of them. How's that for irony? It's your judgment, projecting itself, on the feed-back-loop—getting in the way—o' thee very anterior perception!

Even if no one **respects** it, I am just me. Even if no one notices, the experience remains. I am as w-hole as I'll ever be, freer than the rest of the people, within—the social etiquettes—of modern civil-lie-zation. I do not live within a prison of belief, but a chamber of acceptance, where—I can leave—at any time, in substitution, for a sweet, horrendous, egoic deception. They have no choice, because to the convinced, it does not appear that way. In some regards, I am impervious to persuasion, 'cause I see trust, as an impasse. We live in our cells, ultimately, and perhaps—once in a lifetime—shall cross paths, in different suits, at least I'll be in the raw; and

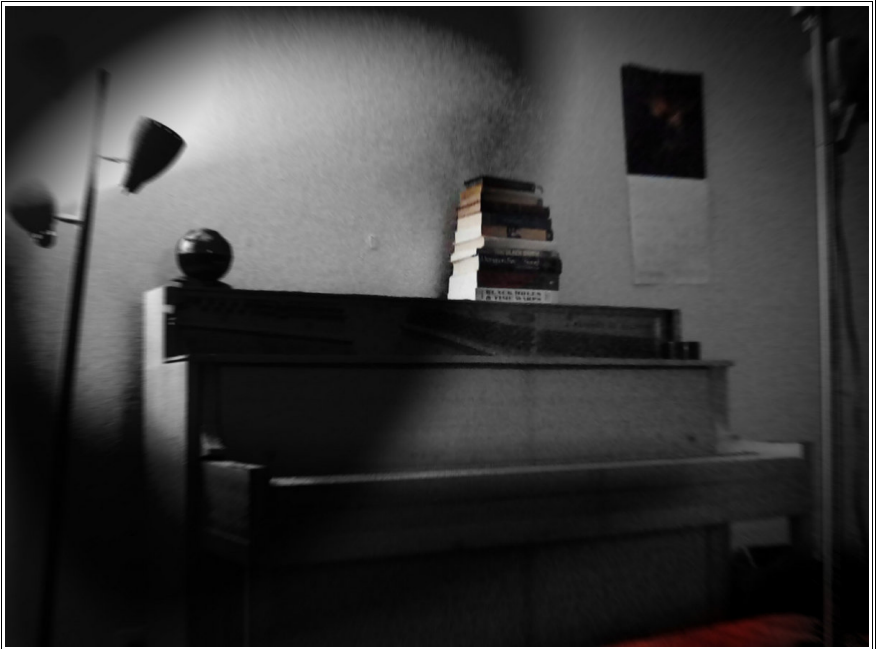
thee naked, can be shocking, as well as embarrassing—for I am—an animal, and many forget that about themselves, too.

Inkblot **rorschach**, of mine, I did awhile back (what I see is an opened head, with the "voices and intrusive thoughts", spewing out); it's got kind of a cosmic feel to it, of loneliness and mental illness, mixed in (but, that's, what—we are—right, just the aching, fanciful spores of its ilk [reflecting, inwards, and back]):

<https://wuld.bandcamp.com/track/ugly-from-the-inside-out> (recorded on cassette tape and remixed through a digital 8-track TASCAM—on, an, old [perhaps the 80's]—upright, Baldwin piano)



One of my favorites, of my, individual compositions (the sourness and bitterness of the old piano, with, "Inmendham's", dialogue, is—really—quite striking, in a hurt, passionate way; and yes, many, many unreleased and re-released videos, content, and media have been made public [for what I want, to be, the final—time—indeed]); here's the ultimate link list, on this "linktree", <https://www.linktr.ee/WULD>:



Poisoned Well of Life (Ft. 'InMendham') | W.U.L.D. (bandcamp.com)

I always have more to **say**, since there are countless ways to say the same thing, which—is always ambiguous—to words, but one day, even this will end. I feel it in my bones and flesh. Thee gestalt shall be taken away.

No **matter** what you do, it will always be just that. No matter where you go, it won't necessarily mean something else. I will never take the blame, for another's emotional reaction. I will never compromise myself, and save you from yourself, because—I wouldn't—even do that for me. I'll let you go, as you came, in. I will always, just be me, for as long—as I can—hold out, to the utmost, of my being. You're free to leave. You're free to come in, but whatever you do, please—don't—believe, anyone owes you, anything. Expectation and sense of deserve—entitlement—co-exist, as one, malefic, carrion bird. I will not apologize. I have no regrets, so long, as—I know myself—through, and through, just be you. I don't

know what you do, but nevertheless—I will—always, appreciate, everything (because I know, what it's like, to be blue). I will drop the ball, everytime, it comes to—malevolence—because, I refuse to continue "karma's" cycle. Yes, everyone thinks, they're justified—and—the process, just, repeats. It's a choice, a frail choice, but one nonetheless.

**Notice** this: An individual's religion, is much easier to discriminate against, because they are a loner—in the case of societal structures—it is typical, for those to attack schizophrenics, for being extremely off-beat and eccentric in their ideas (that don't conform to those norm's). Ultimately, what can be proven is neither here nor there, so—a "delusional" person—is absolutely, being singled out, like a black sheep. You can tell me the blue unicorn isn't there, but you cannot disprove it, for instance—and I am allowed—to believe it, no matter how "insane", outlandish, et cetera it may

seem to you. Even if I believe I am the ruler of my own country, there is nothing to say, it isn't true—and the only difference\*—between me and you, is that I am alone, in my faith about it. This is how organized affairs work—they take for granted—since the herd instincts, overcome the majority, and the narrative, conscious-selection legacy goes on. That's some evolutionary psychology, for ya. The beliefs of a society, aren't particularly special, other—than—to see fit, a species, adapts, reproduces, and survives. This is how it's so unusual, when members fall so far into the cracks, how—I am capable—of doing differently. I do not see it as a feature of "natural selection" or other, but the "universe throwing up on itself"—though—the words, are just the words, certainly.

\*People don't like this, because, deep—inside—themselves—they feel, just as "silly" and embarrassed, as the schizophrenic might, if they just admit it's their assumption and assertion.

A loose **association** is up for debate, since, everything—can be—argued, to be connected, in some regard; so what is "loose"? What is "broken thinking"? When I was in the psych-ward, last year, there was a girl—she said—"my 4 year old daughter is pregnant!" Of course, to most of us, we're like: How can she make that assumption? Well, her thinking might be different. Just because it is illogical, maladaptive, doesn't mean—it is—"wrong". There is no "correctness" in the universe. It's all beyond the direct description of words.

Saying I don't know what I'm talking about, is perhaps true, but I cannot—be—certain, other than, to know myself.

Also, when I was in the **psych-ward**, last year: We were being held, in these isolation units, since there—was—limited space. Three of us occupied the same room. There was a large, 6+ foot black man, probably around 300+ pounds, a skinny-white man, with tattoos—and me—of

course, most of us were understandably paranoid, with each other (in there, in such a confined space). The biggest man, kept complaining, about it—to the staff—but, I just sat in silence. Finally, we were all there—in relative silence—and he was mumbling to himself. For whatever "reason", stress, "craziness", whatever—I began laughing—hysterically, in the corner of the room. It was like a self-aware "psycho" movie, and it felt cliché, but there I was—well—that went on for a bit, maybe it was the "absurdity" of the circumstance, impressing on the frontal lobes (too much). I don't know, but after they called me, it was just in time. "Just in time for what?", you say. Well that man, who was talking to himself (out loud), as a distraction—he came bursting out, into, the hallway—and thought people were talking "shit", about him. He pointed at me, and said, "he thinks it's funny". I honestly, felt bad, because—now all the security men—surrounded him and the allegedly busy psychiatrist, on the floor, came out (to diffuse the situation). I

don't know what happened, but if I stayed on that floor, in that room—I might—be dead, who knows. He was like a mini-hulk. I was rolled out (on a wheel-chair, as per, protocol [not 'cause injury]), and I didn't see them, again.

There was a bone-thin, Hispanic, **elder** man (still, with grey, poofy hair), who spoke out loud, talking to himself—saying—all of the things he observed, spatially. I guess this isn't too much different, but he was pretty honest, as well. He'd accuse others of being "sinners", though, and was pretty—spiteful—and mean, threatening me, with his fork when I asked him a question.

Just give up **everything**, be attached to nothing, and life—will flow—right on through and by. It's cliché, simple, but it's not—necessarily—easy. Every moment, the moment, can be quite painful—because—the temptation, is to cling, to fight, to be intolerant, to be aggressive, to be assertive, etc. That is up to you. It's

all a choice. You just have to decide: Will I react to this emotion or thought? Either way, the only fundamental difference, is nought—since—it's all, repulsion to attraction, to less repulsion, over and o'er 'gain.

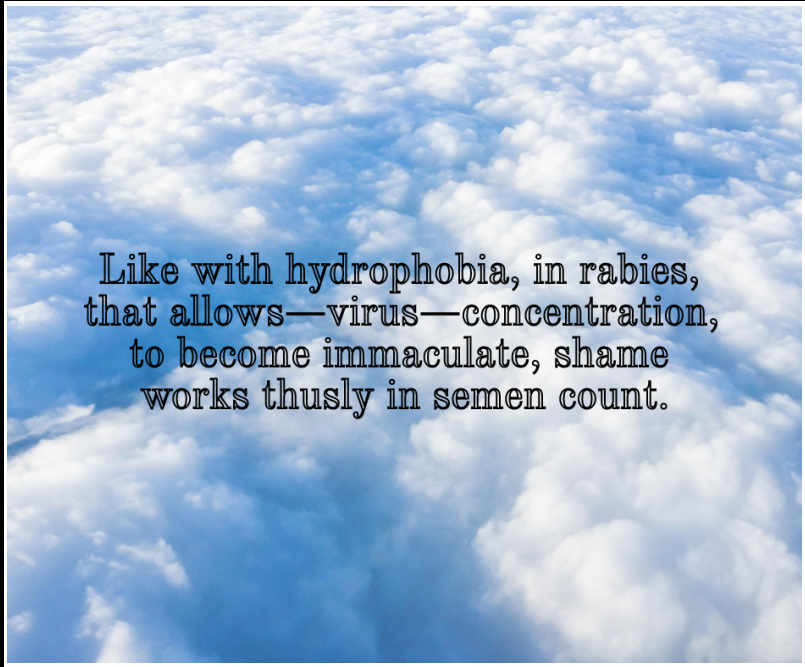
Take a moment and **imagine** a world without ego: No jobs, beyond what you have to do, to get what you want. No money, because that's an invention, of the mind-eye—that has no—intrinsic value. No concept of possession, so you could literally, just go to the store—and take off of the shelves—and no one would stop you, because they aren't trying to claim anything, or protect for those who do. There wouldn't be, any planned, tradition or rituals—just what is—incidental to thee circumstance. There wouldn't be culture, beyond what you viscerally hunger for, in the moment. There would just be this ambiguous—instance—of now, indefinitely, without words. Okay, let's now imagine, how people—are afraid of this—one, thing is, we don't

know each other: We're, essentially, strangers—and—as a consequence, we have grown alien from another, in beliefs and practices. However, if we forego ego, we also—give up aggression—which eliminates any need to worry about, those who mean us harm. Also, unlike some, I don't believe—that giving up ego—\*necessarily\*, means you have to just lay down, and let someone torture you. Likewise, if a tarantula is about to bite you, ya don't just—sit there—and stare. No, you remove it, and or back—away—if at all feasible. This is just an action, consistent, with being comfortable; and that is, essentially, my philosophy—in essence—through and through, comfort, over happiness; and that's not to say, that you can't be happy—incidentally—or choose it over comfort, simply, that's what I choose; and what I say, to the naysayers, spouting "your comfort zone is bad and kills you"—well you're not "wrong", either—essentially, we're all dying, and living how I don't want, won't absolutely prevent that (so, if I'm uncomfortable, all I gotta do is

readjust—and not worry about death—because life and death, will certainly come on their own, as per our bodies [irregardless, of whether, we fight against or for them—or—not!]).



DOOM  
AWAITS  
ME THIS  
MORNING



Like with hydrophobia, in rabies,  
that allows—virus—concentration,  
to become immaculate, shame  
works thusly in semen count.

**Happiness** is typically complicated to get to. Comfort is usually simple. They rarely intermix, but when they do—we certainly—don't complain. Life is full of opportunities, to be upset, and—deal with that—being upset. We can choose to be compelled, from that emotion, or listen to our guts—instead—o'er, the higher-frequencies o' thee mind-eye (agenda creating, emotion regulating enigma). Aside from that, what I want to say to you—today and everyday—is, you are not "flawed". You are not "perfect". You are just who you are, which will always be ambiguous, to words. Don't believe the lie, convincing that you are not good enough. This is thee deception of ego. It is also the same source, which says, we are "better". It is also the same, which says, we are "bad"—all in all—this is what it does, regulating emotions, through and through. There is no "wrong" or "right" in this. It's not "superior" to choose guttural desire, low-frequency, grounded being—o'er—thee messaging,

narrative prerogative of thee fight-flight-freeze-fawn, emergency, response mode. It just is—thee ambiguity—o' now.

You can be, **incidentally** harmful, through want—if—what you want, requires you to bull-doze a figurative 'r literal house, to get to it. I would say, however, that—what we want—usually, gravitates, towards thee least harmful alternative. So, if you're hungry, for example—and have thee \*option\* of choosing ground beef or refried beans—and are not immediately compelled, from the addiction to eat meat over plants, then you shall choose plants over meat (\*if\* the plants, satisfy the guttural desire, sufficiently—barring—addictive, neuronal attachments, to food, such as from animal products). That was one example, and I can come up with others, but for now—heed—thee unraveling o' your mind and enjoy yourself, wherever, least harm is and feasible.

The humans **aren't**, even, remotely—close—to being, ego-free, and thus war-

free. It's only out of emotion, that all acts of aggression are carried out. No one wants to do harm—that's—just incidental, if at all; and you don't, even, have—to be—completely, ego-free, but they aren't even close or leaning in that direction. No, we're far, far away. They are, too, preoccupied—with their—mind-eye's agenda making, narrative structures, of "self-importance" and "importance" in general. They believe, so strongly, that what they do—is "necessary"—that, they lose sight, of most else. Life, can be however we want to make it, though—they will choose—their "superiority-inferiority", indexing codex o'er basic comfort (in an attempt, to prove themselves, "worthy-unworthy"); furthermore, they will make this about "intelligence" and "growing up", how they—use their time and energy—chasing after less repulsion to attractive emotion, et cetera, and vice-versa, indefinitely; they will say, "it's about the truth", "their truth", etc., trying-hard—to motivate themselves, and those, around them—so their impression, has left a mark, on thee

social, "moral" landscape (moreover, that all mind-eye's, of their kind [even thine "enemies"]—remember—them, for the sake of legacy, is what it's all about). Ultimately, thee egoic, end up—extremely lonely—for in their adventure and missions 'or conquest, they stamp out, leaving only their reflection. Thus, thee feed-back-loop, cycles—indefinitely—onward, until, all faces are their own. Then, "What's next?", shall presume. Those like me, will appear "weird", "crazy", "evil", "dumb", "extreme" (well, I guess, it is—considering—most of the world, is not, like this; though, not to be conflated with, "bad" or "good" or "right" or "wrong", so to speak—for the universe—is independent of reason, and therefore, "value" 'r "deserve" 'r "correctness" [for the axiological, indubitable statement "a void remains a void, because it is a void", is not respected—thee universe—doesn't care and will, just, be]), et cetera—for I do not inherit their ancestral "wisdom", morals, and traditions—I am thee black sheep, for I follow,

only my gut (not, even, instinct). I am "blind", in that way, but I see—farther—than, all o' them, in the sense I do not demonize and mystify my guttural senses. I am thee "wild" animal, they shall proclaim, though—they homo sapiens—still, having, forgotten. How is that, for, "irony", "comedy", and "tragedy"? Believing—they—have usurped the throne of "god"—who is now—"delusional", for they who think they know, without having looked? We shall not have peace, until thee final, compulsion—acting from emotion—is silenced. "This is why we can't have nice things" yet.

**Dismissal** is when, someone discounts another's words or emotions, based—on the invalidation—of their character. When someone uses words like "edge-lord", typically, this is an attempt—at that—and there are, many, different kinds of these monikers. Stereotyping, racism, sexism, nationalism, et cetera—all use—the same logical thinking, that is, "if they aren't like me, I'm going to label

them, and diminish them". It's in these categorizations, where, a person—can white-wash, generalize—and nullify whatever it is, in a particular group, individual, or fashion, they do not like.

You may **talk**, and no one, will hear. You may speak, and no one, will understand. Thus, is thee uselessness of words. That, is what, I am good at. You may think, and not, hear. You may dream, and not, understand. Thus, is thee uselessness of words. That, is what, I am good at. I am mentally ill. I am unhealthy. I am filthy. But, that, is what I am good at. I will do it, well, if nothing else. I will be a good sport, with the cards, I was dealt. I will, do this, in spite. I will do this with might, but I will not sacrifice, the words; for I am. useless, like them. I write, not to compel, but—to see—through, and unravel, the uselessness that I am; conscious, but not a function; awake, but not mechanical; fundamental, sabbatical; detrimental, excremental.

I like my **coldness**. I like my frozen, frost-bit touch. I destroy everything, that comes, to know me—hopefully—I do protest. I don't like to be attached, but I will expose my underside, to very few—if at all—anyone, but here I am, in thee full view. I will rear, myself, up—like on a roast—to be split and ate, despised, and bathed in serendipitous soil.

People who don't **trust** other people, indirectly, create—the same distrust—they have, within themselves, in others. If no one is willing to open themselves up, for opportunity to harm, then—everyone—remains distrusting; and there, is, a difference—between, simply, not trusting—and suspicion. Not trusting, is basically, not putting on faith—not, taking, for granted—whereas suspicion, is thee putting of blame, accusation of treachery.

**"Betrayal"** is only feasible, through, breaking of social contracts. If you do

not expect, you cannot have disappointment. It's pretty straightforward, but you'd be amazed at how many find this so difficult—to "achieve"—I still, see them everyday, complaining (about what they were "let down" by, et cetera). It does get on my nerves, but I do my best, to not let—those nerves—crawl out, into the proverbial soup, of "misgivings", transgressions, o' further "misgivings".

You cannot "**fail**", if you do not try, because all failure—comes from what you did not achieve, according, to goals—which, you do not have to have. You do not have to plan. You do not have to schedule. Therefore, you cannot fail. People will, potentially, see this—as a failure, in itself—but do not buy their propaganda. That is all it is, and they tell it to themselves—necessarily—leading them to spread it to others, because they do not see, any other way to be.

**Poverty** mindset, typically breeds more of the same, in life-style—not necessarily—that you can think your way to “success”, but it’s definitely a piece of the game, if you’re going to play it; you, basically, have to be willing to do—what others—will not, to be competitive in the market. That is how you “win” the capitalist game, to some extent, besides head-starts in land-equity, inheritance of assets, et cetera. I know a man who said, roughly on the top of my head, “you need a mind-set of abundance, to make thee abundant life-style, work”—naturally—if you’re going to play the cards you were dealt, well, this will matter to thee utmost. I am not saying, you can go from a third-world country, to being the president—of a billionaire—corporation, but there absolutely, is some room for improvement if you are so motivated and inclined. That’s some “success” psychology, for ya. It’s only one component to “success”, but it is a component, nonetheless. I don’t,

essentially, advocate—for either—but, if ya are gonna do it, then there ya go.

Of course, what is “**success**” and “**failure**”, is determined—by thee game—ya play. If you don’t wanna do either, don’t play games.

In thee **capitalist** society, what is “**success**”, can be looked at—by how much assets you own—and can bank on, in a financial, monetary, equity, etc. point of view. It’s pretty bland, from my perspective, but that is what so many people—are concerned with—and care about, that they sacrifice, giant quantities of their resources (both psychological and physical) to attain some relative, class status within thee hierarchical structure; it is an arbitrary structure, but one, nonetheless—and by which—many, humans play by. It is quite eccentric, compared to the other species, unlike—anything else—you’ll see, so be sure to, check it out (aliens, if ya are interested, but maybe y’ all—have systems

of your own—that ya can relate to).



I am the "universe throwing up on itself", for I spit in its face.



Therefore, I spit on myself, as well.

Only so many can be "winners" in a game. The winners, actually, necessitate thee—"losers"—by extension, so be sure, to drop on by and thank them too.

The humans' **ego**, does not like to be called "the human's ego's", because—

objectification—disturbs, thee emotional, psychic balance of their pretentious dilettantes.

“Higher-frequency” is not necessarily better than “lower-frequency”. Being chill, usually, results—in a less audible—vibe, than those, who push themselves to the edge. Consequently, we send out—the energy—we resonate with. Some more intense vibrations—will not notice thee lesser—but the lesser, is not essentially, “inferior”; it just goes, moreso, unheard—relative—to thee other broadbands. Ultimately, this is a comparative indexing, and not—thee thing itself—which is ambiguous to words.

Naturally, the more you **suffer**, the more—you’re going to feel—compelled, to get more, than the meager sum to satisfy your desire; this is because, the ego, grows parallel—with what it perceives—to be a “worthy” or “unworthy” circumstance. In the case of extreme, unrelenting suffering, incidental or intentional—

eventually—there will be a point, that someone, feels like they “deserve more”; and that’s where the force, to reach and act out, will become—increasingly—tempestuous.

I can be **satisfied** with the work I’ve done, even if no one ever reads it. I hope they do, but I don’t need it, to do it.

No need to worry about the **future** or the past, but that will not stop the thoughts from creeping up, necessarily. You just have to acknowledge them, until they pass by, and sometimes—or often—they will reoccur. Notice them, like you would an overcast, multiple days or weeks in a row. Just because your emotional depth is tumultuous, doesn’t mean you cannot acclimate, and desensitize. Everything can be exposed to. How you choose to react is the part, which will determine, whether you are—ruled—or not. You can give away your power, to these emotions, or you can let them go.

The future and **past** are never now, so it will never be here, thus there is no reason to worry about it ever.

**If** you worry about the "past" and "future", you are giving up the now, which will always be—the only thing—that is here; therefore, you are giving up what is, for what "shall be" and "has been"—and—that will never come, so you will stay in the mind, for that is where these inventions reside.

There's no point in trying to link scientific research with consciousness, since scientific research is based on the presupposition of "existence" (i. e., independence of observation), which cannot be proven or disproven; therefore, it is in the realm of speculation, faith, belief, et cetera. Scientific research cannot understand consciousness, because consciousness explains itself, independent of reason. Scientific research uses reason, to come to its dogmatic conclusions. Consciousness is always

ambiguous to direct description of words. The best scientific research can do, is indirectly, describe—through—presupposition of "function". Since consciousness is not inherently, a function, it cannot be—understood—directly, through "scientific research". In other words, to see is just to see. That doesn't mean much—in thee context—of words themselves. You can only know "seeing", through seeing, and the words—only have their own—context, from which to understand, themselves (too); thus, they are "useless" (so to speak), in understanding—ironically, or not, enough—seeing is inherently useless, thus to understand seeing, you must understand its uselessness. Only narrative shall presume function. In the context of "scientific research", functions of consciousness can be argued, to be—of imperative—and adaptation to survival, reproduction, attraction of mates, navigating the environment, et cetera; this narrative presumes evolutionary physics in the biosphere, which can neither be proven or

disproven—from the instance—  
indefiniteness of now. Likewise, \*all\*  
narrative—is—this way. It's not just  
"scientific research", but all religion,  
and anything of belief.

The **best** my words can do is unravel  
the words and what they do, outside, of  
their unraveling. To unravel the words is  
to expose them, and let them free, in the  
void—of the—mind-eye's, agenda, making,  
narrative structure, o' the quasi—"finite-  
infinite" lengths of its arbitration.

The **mind-eye** (ego) uses narrative  
structures to regulate and control  
emotion. Pride can be complicated to get  
to, since indefiniteness—doesn't—allow  
for sense of "deserve" having something to  
do with it. It will convince, with the  
words, to try and—fabricate—ideas in  
substitution, for thee indefiniteness of  
now, for the quasi—"infinite-finite"  
definiteness of words.

**Pride** and not "happiness". What is

happiness? Well, it seems to not be an emotion, I am familiar with. I think it is a part of the lie, in the narrative, to motivate us—to work harder—so we just suffer, needlessly, until we die. I do think pride, however, is thee more "realistic" (for lack of a "better" word) outcome—of trying hard—since, minimally, the ego will feel like it is then entitled (irregardless, of whether others think so, or not).

If all you are is **honest**, then that is more, than many others—are capable—of, who train, for decades, in any particular career or field of research (such as religion, science, philosophy, et cetera). For the honest person, knowing themselves, knows more than—all of those men, women, etc.—combined, than all of their research, will ever give them (in practice of belief, instead, of the uselessness of knowing).

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Knowledge is **inherently** useless, for knowing is not about "function". It is indefinite to words.

**Cognitive-feed-back-loops** are what gives thee momentum and illusion of "continuity". Really, the moment of now, is like—a moving awareness—that doesn't have inherent form or structure.

What is "**movement**"? The best I can describe that with words, is for you to imagine, when you're—"in the zone"—and completely non-distracted, with any thought, from the activity you are doing. It may seem like a contradiction, but the reality doesn't care, for it is not inherently logical.

"**Choice**" is also a thing that is not inherently logical, but is still present, in the moment. Without pre-determination, a choice, will appear random—because there is no other word—to describe a thing, that is causeless, but "free" and

"random".

I **think** for myself. I do not take for granted. Likewise, I wouldn't want you to take what I say, as a given. I simply offer word for thought, and the atmosphere, for unraveling your own thoughts.

I seek to **lull** your momentum, for a moment. If that is offensive, then I do not care. You are free to come as you came in. If you try to stop me, it will not work, for I am—already—stopped. "Your way" is not the way. I do not care about your ambitions. I am as cold as the mountain tops are frozen. I will kill and give birth to you, incidentally, without concern—for I am—like the cuckoo bird. I am as generous and merciless, as the storm which brings rain and destruction, to the desert landscape. I am the universe, for it does not care. It objectifies. It does not demonize, glorify, or mystify, however, that is where—I am—different, not that I care, anyways.

Just as a piece of land is **left** and forgotten, I shall be too, like—a far outstretch—of barren desert or tundra or sequestered, boreal forest.

I don't give a fuck, if you **acknowledge** or respect me. I will always appreciate whatever you do give, but don't come to me, expecting—a doormat—I love you and I hate you, but don't trample me, or I shall bite back! Lol, that's really just to taste your flesh, because it is delicious! Don't give me an excuse, not that I need one. ;-D

I have had my experiences with this: I would go around, wearing a tanktop, that was held-together, with safety-pins. My phone literally has a crack on it, and the top part doesn't work. This appearance allows me to live incognito. I am the "grey man", so to speak. Of course, I'm not completely "homeless" looking, but just enough so, that most—will be scared to look at me, approach, and or interact—

and so, for the most part, I am left in peace. Those who can look past, all of this, are the ones—I'd wanna—engage, with, anyways. Referencing: “The Importance of Looking Poor”, by “BeattheBush” .

I haven't met another like me, but that's okay, because I do not seek to impress—for it would be a very lonely—world, where all I saw, was my own reflection.

**Loneliness** is one feeling that I do not correlate with ego. It is different, in the sense that it is about openness and honesty, with self; when one feels, disconnected, from other's presence—out of an emptiness—or deprivation from engagement. Presence is a feeling itself, when thee connection, is made—most w-hole—and understanding, can blossom, if only so rarely but fully.

When you can feel your own **presence**, most fully, it is because—you have

engaged with other's presences—and it is, only then, that presence can be deeply, richly understood and felt.

“**Brutalism**” architecture interests me.

How would you fare in the **torture** room? I've seen some men “just take it”, while others, scream for their mother. What is the difference, between, you and them—or—is there one? You tell me! I would like to believe, I can just “zone out”, and not react—but—really, I don't know. All I can say is, everyone has their threshold, where the trigger—is greater—than the mettle. Everyone will wish they had the grit, when it is needed, but no one—will want—to have to have it. Acclimate, expose, desensitize, and repeat—if you want to build—your tolerances; in the end, only so much, can prepare us—when, or if, it's your time—to enter, the torture chamber, metaphorical or literal.

Assuming: As a **feminist**, wouldn't you say, that—spittin' out babies—from your womb, is just enabling the role, of women as child rearers?

**Convention** isn't my name, but if it was, I'd laugh at the unintentional irony.

The fact that **money** is hard to earn and acquire, doesn't make it valuable. That's just incidental or intentional. They rigged the game. If there is lots of the stuff, then it won't be perceived, as valuable—so they make it—difficult, to get, as a part of status and thus respect. That's all it is folks. It only has the power, anyone, gives it—thus, if you just burn it—and everyone, else follows suit, then we can move on (sooner, than later). Obviously, it will be tough, so I recommend—gradual—shifting and change; over, immediate, stark responses—so as—to acclimate and adjust, accordingly.

People will **shame** horrendously, those who can tolerate themselves better, than they can. They seek to spread the misery of their judgment, so they don't have to see any face, which is unfamiliar—in doing so—the world, becomes much more "safe", as a result. If it is foreign, then it must be "bad", because—assuming that—can mean, your safety, above all else.

The more and more, you become **grounded**, in how the universe—does not give one squat—about the child molesters, in this world, who roam free (to torture, rape, etc.); the more you will become, aware, and hard to sell—by the priests—and scientists, of the Earth, who want to give you hope and or despair, in various "independences of observation". They all have yet to learn, that it is not that, but the other way around—the universe—is independent of reason.

To incels, in particular, and **everyone** (in general): No one owes you anything. There is no such thing as "rights", beyond what people use force to maintain. The "rights", that people died for, are only upheld—as long as someone—continues, to do so, periodically (or if in response, to otherwise being impinged, upon). The only difference, between people in this land and in North Korea, is a matter of consequence—so—what are the ramifications, of violation, o' "laws"? Technically, all of our freedom to choose, is still intact—the only difference—being, what punishment awaits, in store for us. All it takes, is for the judge, to drop the gavel—the guard to rid the gun—et cetera, and this whole system we've built, collapses (entirely). There are no "inalienable rights", just wills, imposing—their—judgments, upon the people, of the land. We can create the world, however we want it to be. It doesn't have to be this.

What is called "**genius**" and typically "impressive", is usually, demonstrated—by how difficult—what the person says, is, to comprehend. If it is extremely tough, like in the case of quantum mechanics or rocket science, people are generally more impressed. Furthermore, the amount of mental acrobatics, socially agreed upon "facts", et cetera—a person maintains—in their noggin, is also, a form of impression (for the general population). Besides being outmaneuvered in any game, of mental acuity, "intelligence"—can vary—in definition, though in "western" society at least, it is seen as partly the ability to scheme with cunning. This can involve, getting thee envisioned target (mind-eye compatible "dream" or "goal"), and or "defeating" an opponent—in a match—of anything, related, to a "win" or "lose" scenario; another, invention of the humans.

The more someone has **worked** on any one thing, the harder it will be, to let

go—of—that thing. This is because the ego, finds it painful to admit "failure", and letting go—is seen—as a form of that, almost, to the utmost (if not that).

What is **called** "knowledge", what is called "truth", etc.—is going to be dependent on the narrative—you are using. Is it a narrative to say, that it is a narrative? I think there's a difference, between unraveling presupposition and adding more. So if the idea that all ideas—are in the realm of speculation and belief—then, naturally, I cannot use them in any instance, beyond that. Essentially, what logically follows, is not—necessarily—what ya get. The experience is just the experience, and any attempt, at—using—it for a "point", is going to be met, by contradiction.

**Ending** for the night, throwing it all away, and starting again—for absolutely—no reason at all: It all boils down to meaningless mush. The words are just the words. The experience is just the

experience. They cannot be expressed, beyond their contexts. It is a hopeless enterprise.

# Black Box of Inaccessibility



I do have some **emotional deficits**. I haven't cried since, 2019, sometime—ago— but, I also, have had panic attacks (practically speaking, for the first time, in my life). I have heard that thee adrenaline, the body pumps up, burns more oxygen—than the body would normally require—so it can become a vicious cycle. Most people, if they are not in a panicked state, would not be able—to keep up what I did—which is, essentially, stare at “911” dialed on my phone and hyperventilate for hours (day after day, for months, on end).

I also, rarely, get **sick**. I don't think I have had the flu, once in my life. I don't, even, recall—the last time—I had the cold. Some people are “clean freaks”, and get sick more often, than me—as if it's an annual—reoccurrence. That does not happen for me. I am not particularly “clean”, as most of my energy—from the time—I wake up, to fall asleep, is spent thinking. I do so much

thinking, that, I will lay awake in bed, for hours—even in my dreams (if I have any)—thinking about metaphysics, metacognition, psychology, philosophy, et cetera. I do think about “past events”, too, and they haunt me. I have reoccurring dreams of my mother, at our old, childhood house. They are typically tumultuous and violent.

I am so “filthy”, lately, that I haven’t brushed my teeth—or showered—or left the apartment in weeks. I haven’t called for maintenance to fix the garbage disposal, because the place is a “mess”, and I don’t want them—getting—angry at me. Thankfully, there are no bugs, or very few (since I live upstairs). I can get everything delivered, for free (even prescription medication, but sometimes, I have to go the mail-box; which I hate, because then I feel compelled to take a shower, and that’s a “bitch” in itself—at it physically—hurts, to move much, or dress “properly” [I, mostly, hide—away—from the sight, of people, seeing me

too]), so there's no—need—to leave for resources. Also, my cat, is usually —"busy"—sleeping, or outside, at night (he doesn't like the people either). Anyways, this all allows me to think ad nauseum, since that—is my main—"work", so to speak. I watch videos, sit, drink coffee, eat at the end of the day, and think.

Partly, because of my overactive **immune** system, I also—have an overactive —thought complex. I hear voices, who feedback the thoughts, which are—usually —unwanted, and unpleasant. I hear my own thoughts, as a "voice", so it's like—I'm talking out loud—without opening my mouth. Then there are thee clustered, intrusive thoughts: I typically have looping phrases, background music, dialogue—about—various subjects, references (from movies, media, memes, et cetera) . . .

The first time, I heard **intrusive** thoughts, was in 2017—though, technically

speaking, I had them before—but this experience was quite unique. They basically busted out one day. Yes, everything you can think of: racism, incest, graphic violence, pedophilia, animal abuse, torture, et cetera. I have heard it all. In 2012, I would describe my mind as “crystal clear”, and very much enjoyed the thoughts—though, nowadays—after so much exposure, they still bother me, but I am able to say “I don’t want to think about that”. Though, the voices, surely—give me a fight—and reinforce them, so it constantly cycles, throughout the day. I still have the same, particular, thoughts that bother me—since then—up until now.

I have not **worked** one day in my life.  
I have not been in one fight in my life.

Not that anyone **cares** or needs to know: I had sex, for the first time, when I was 14 years old. I haven’t done it since, then, but unlike other males—I don’t feel as obsessed with it—as

masturbation, is usually, enough for me.

I **accidentally** killed my pet rabbit, in 2018.

I planned to leave into the **wilderness**, without any equipment, in 2018. I was compelled by the voices, to the very edge of the desert, after walking 30+ miles.

When I was **homeschooled** with my mother, I cheated on the math tests, by reading the answer book. She never knew.

I left in the middle of the **night**, around 1-2AM, to go lay in the intersection of Wilmot and 22nd—to provoke attention—and get leverage, for my mother, to allow me to go to public high-school. I had learned of the idea, when I was in the vehicle, with my grandparents. They had picked up someone, who was mentally ill, and she had done the same thing—though—I'm guessing for different "reasons". I remember spending

awhile, up there, in Pennsylvania—laying on the ground—and letting the snow cover, my body. I think that's, around where I felt noticeably depressed, for the first time in my life. I recall, having cramps ("charlie-horses") in my legs, the night—I climbed out the window—and over the wall.

It was less painful to **starve** myself, when I was around 13-14 years old, to lose weight. I remember fasting, because I was embarrassed, of my weight. I felt like I needed to be around people more. I do notice a trend in my "timeline", so to speak, where—I'd become more social—then isolate, over and over (in different variations and iterations). I would say, as time has passed by, it is—so much—more difficult and painful to interact, with others. It's totally a lie, when they say, "it gets better". Everything, everything, has gotten worse—thee only difference—is my experience, tolerance, and thought-compilation, about it.

It is **almost** impossible to find "friends" or people I can relate with. I have become more alien, to myself, and everyone else. I always knew it would be this way. I just didn't realize, quite, how painful it could be.

It gets **painful**, folks. If they had just said that, I would've spent less time—preparing for a future—that was, entirely, different than I imagined it would be.

This idea of "**manners**"—etiquette—makes me barf. This "beating around the bush", is arguably, more a "waste of time"—than—thee "rudeness" of just spitting it out.

Ironically, or not **enough**, I am typically attracted—by people—who have interests (cooking, gardening, organizing, et cetera), which I don't usually invest, and perhaps even hate and detest a lot. Think of the cliché "motherly" things. I

will admit, although it can be seen as a joke, that I am attracted—to “motherliness”—highly, as that void in my life, is horrifically substantial.

I was the first **student**, to sign up for this school, as a part of my—first time—entering a public school, of any kind, after my suicide attempt and (having sex for the first time, as well).

Will you look back into thee **lonely**, avenues and paths, of thee “past”? What will you find there, except, a fragmented—darkened—emotionally tinged landscape, of haunting memories, missed opportunities, painful break-up’s, et cetera?



No one is **safe**. Absolutely anything can happen. Everyday, is a "miracle" to not be in complete agony. I just happened to be born in America and not in the slums of Brazil. I just happened, to be raised by fairly decent parents, who did not sell —me— for drugs. I did nothing to earn my position. I was just born here. Likewise, everything can get worse. Everything can get better, but there's—no way—to control this beast, as anything can happen, at any time. What little influence we have over our environment, can be wiped away, in an instant.

I will take a **shower** today. Brushing all of the knots out of my hair, might take an hour or so, but—it's been long enough—and I'll play some music, to make it less tedious.

I have no **budget**. Whatever the cost of myself is the cost.

I do think some **suffering** is in order, if we're going to step away, from the arbitrarily made, egoic complex of the current world order. For instance, not having a job, means—you are going to have to rely on the generosity—of others, and not using money, could be equally impractical if not just plain difficult. Some places, they allow, people—to take food from bins—that the stores throw out (because it is close or past the expiration date, and it just rots, away—untouched—and unused). I know of one man, who lived in a cave, and gave up—money—entirely, but it does not look easy, at all; because, the set-up of the economy right now, has it—that specially, digitally designed tokens—are required, for most transactions. You just cannot go up to the shelf and take what's there, or you'll be arrested. I sure could do that, just to "make a stand", but I don't wanna go to jail—or some—institution, so the deterrence they have created, works. I am afraid. All I can say is, it has to start

somewhere, if we're going—to be free—of the mind-eye, agenda systems, society has, participated in upholding. We do have the ability, to change course, but—it won't be—changed, if those who are in power, still continue to abuse it.

I do not acknowledge "the **law**" as thee law. What can you do, when you're physically forced to be present in court or face jail-time? The system will be merciless and probably try and "make an example" out of people like me, who do not respect it. I do think there is a difference between insult and lack o' reverence, though, they do not—care—for such nuance. They will, I'm guessing, send me down—into the depths—where I'll be raped, by gang members, in prison. How is that for the world we live in? The best I could hope for, is be sent to a psych-ward, out of the belief—that I am "incompetent" or "legally insane"—another invention of our "justice" system, but that is thee current affair.

I would hope someone could **save** me from the repercussions of myself, but that's hope. Myself is a price, only myself, will suffer.

I wish I was **never** me, for the suffering that is to come.

How is it anyone's **fault**, that you got your hopes up? Why should we be punished, for your lack of patience and understanding? Ultimately, such questions, matter little—to those—who seek, only, to control. We will suffer, at their hands, horrifically—'til—there is no more pain, to be shed. Those who, do not participate in the lynchings, will be lynched, themselves—and so on—is thee fear and terror, that will be used, to manipulate free spirits into abuse.

I'm **scared** of myself someday, so all of this "wiseness", can definitely, definitely hurt.

**War** is tough. Who could simply, let down their arms, and surrender? A lot of what we see in media and feel in our hearts, is to fight ferociously, until—there is no more—ounce of ourselves, to fight. Who could simply walk away from "honor and glory" and be "selfish"? They will shame you repeatedly, for not being useful, to fight—or having not fought—when you could have, such are the times of war. Without ego, there is no such thing, but the people—who—would simply give up and let free, will be punished, perhaps the most of any one people.

Giving up is an answer to war and **life** in general. It's probably one of the most painful things, anyone can do, next to—giving—in 100%.

The **scapegoats** of a society are selected, by their vulnerability and ability to suffer, fully. You don't want someone impervious to pain, psychological or physical. You want someone who will

scream, to the utmost, decibels. Thus is thee nature of our world. If you are to "give up", all concept, you will—meet—the callous hands o' thee maw.

The **cows** go where the cows go, yet humans believe they are superior, for judging—their—transcendence of passage, deliberately, as if they are not the same.

**Sadism** is a feature of the humans, perhaps, beyond the rest of the species—on Earth—to deliberately, take amusement, from the torture impinged.

My **cat** jumped in and out of the tree, again. I hate when he does that, but somehow, I've learned—to worry—a lot less. He goes outside, usually, at night—but—I've never learned, to not feel worried, completely. Anything can happen, but I don't want to be the arbiter, for his decisions.

The idea, that your life is "valuable", can actually be quite harmful;

people can act out of sense of entitlement, which will harm, the state-o'-being of others and themselves. What I am about to say, isn't that you are "bad", because you are—worthless—but to say, that you are undefineable (directly), by these words:

**NO**

**LIVES**

**MATTER**

It's a **misconception**, when people talk of "giving up", that it—necessarily—entails suicide. You have to act aggressively, to kill yourself, therefore—that is *\*not\**—what I mean, when I say "give up". What I mean, when I say it, is—to let go off all aggressive tendencies—of the ego (mind-eye), which includes, and is limited to: acting out of all or any emotion, depending on how you shall, define it.



I speak with **nuance**. Do not assume, that when someone doesn't call you "beautiful", they must mean—you are—"ugly." To assume is a defensive, offensive mechanism—of the ego—out of fear, o' the unknown; that is what all logic, attempts, to eliminate—always—pushing away the "fog or war", so to speak, so it can feel "happy".

It is not my **responsibility** to control your reaction to emotion. If I try and "save" you from that, I will be held liable, and you shall learn nothing. I will, also, suffer the consequence—as emotion—is responsible for, making me act out, in the first place. And yes, there is contradiction, between choice and cause—but the universe, as I define it—doesn't care, and will just, be.

**Between** "giving up" and "giving in", nothing really sounds "good", but what option is there—at the end—of the day?

I don't need to be socially **approved** or accredited, to have a voice. I can just speak and think, for absolutely no reason, because the universe doesn't care.

I am **alone** in the arms of men, but I am a thousand-fold, within myself.

"**Grown** ups" doing "grown up" things, while I play in the dirt and mud, imagining their demise.

The mind-eye, **locust** mongrel—sits— atop the spire, spitting, delicious deception.

Like with starvation, **mental** health, operates—somewhat—similarly, though, for sustenance it requires hope.

I am the **poisoned** flower, offering sweet nectar, for a fatal price.

Thinking about us **dying** makes me giggle with delight. Oh, thee insects,

coming from my womb—make me—smile. I love my babies.

I am as cold and **silent**, as the stillness of the void in space, that does not—offer—any light or voice for despair.

I am as **empty** and abrasive, as the stomach acids, bile, and puss, rupturing your bosom.

I am in the **play**, of my life, dancing on—their corpses—like the stray knife.

That **violent** convulsion, shaking apprehension, emetic projectile—coming for the floor—makes me sad and adore, leaning down groveling, wanting some more.

I wish I could've been a **mother**, if not only to shit out, another as hateful as me.

I'm **begging** for them, to shoot me down, because—my ostensible cries—only

soil their pants.

My vicious, little **vermin**, sprawling from the gut, feeding on the supple—blossoming entrails—of its onerous cum. "Milk and honey"? I am full of its rotten, frothing offspring. Burn me now, if you care, for your own.

I used to listen to **black** metal, until I found, Iannis Xenakis, and, Krzysztof Penderecki. Well to be more honest, I still listen to all genres, but—damn—that avante-garde, contemporary classical, post-world-war-2 music, definitely shows up everyone, who attempts anything revolving around "horror".

I have fun being a **spook**. I mean, I am pretty aware, that what I write can be considered "creepy". I guess it's just my own misadventure, for the sake of it. These are the thoughts, just pouring into my head. "I am just a vessel". I figured, I'd give them the grounds, because it's entertaining for me.

I am a **spy**, working against, his own team; a traitor. If God, created me in his image, then I am his undigested supper; a rebellion, against the very scruples of "divinity".

Squash me like a **bug**, for the slime that I am, oozes out. I am like a frog, but forsaken to his own heritage; the miasma, leaks out. Let it not be remembered, but forever forgotten—into thee mists—and heart-ache of time.

The resin, the **inner—"muk"**, the untasted squalor—squalid pallor—o' this simulacrum, wreaks of disdain.

For the **disgust**, that is invoked within you, stirs up in me—a quiet, bemused—contentment, for the serenity, bizarre black-light that I am; shining, illuminating, for the world to see—unveiling—the hidden atrocity, that is within, all.

**Detestation**, not love, prevails—for in thee twilight—withered husk o' dawn, does not come, and exults emblazoned; a darkened, reining enigma—not only—bewitching, thy, but reeking of connoption (in thine internal sanctum).

**Peace** isn't about being proud. It's just about not fighting. If you fight, that is by definition not "peaceful". It's kind of the same with want. You cannot want a want, otherwise, it wouldn't make any sense—by—definition. In other words, you either are peaceful, or you're something—else—which doesn't need to be conflated with the word.

Just like the **cattle**, the humans round up for consumption, humans would be too—exploited—if they didn't fight back, against those, who see them as "less" than themselves. Such is the fate, of pure complacency, for some, but not all—for those who do not practice aggression—eventually, if the same emotional context

was not reciprocated, it would eventually settle down (ultimately); though, I am making exception, for natural predators—who need—violence, for the basic necessities, such as food.

Do not **come** to me, if you need to be lied to. The only chance of that, is if I need to be lied to, too.

I **embarrass** myself. I am a humiliation, to myself. My ego, runs away, but here I am—on—display.

If you feel **disturbed**, reading anything I have wrote, it's because I felt it too.

The **narcissistic** part of me, is the lost child, seeking his mother.

What happens, when I am **rejected** from the flock, of other humans? I will self-cannibalize.

To take **power**, is also, to give it away.

Those who see it as a "**weakness**" to be vocal, are also the ones, who harm themselves—and explode (/ implode)—leaving more collateral, internal damage, than otherwise, would have been.

I am not **necessarily** healthy, but unhealthiness, isn't my goal. This is just incidental. The mental illness, within my brain, festers—healthily—on its own, but I am the budding rose, for its pricker. Neither here nor there, I "try" to be. I just am me, that isn't "healthy" or "unhealthy" (deliberately), just incidentally.

It is okay, to be **frightened**. I am too.

Your **consolation**, for having "gotten through all of that", is simply that. There is no prize, when you do not play

games. You simply get the outcome that is you having gotten the outcome. The pain can be ferocious. The pain can be horrific. No matter the level, the outcome, will always—by simply—having gotten through it. There is no flashy medallion, "Nobel", ensemble, or applause, just the silence—of having had—no more noise. It is a simple thing, just to endure pain, and go through it—without expectation—or reprise, just the silent satisfaction, of not having given in (to emotion or otherwise).

**Swans' "Kill the Child"**, is feasibly as christened black, as you can get: This is a disturbing, journey, into thee—sickened—heart of man. It brings up ideas o' ritualistic killing ("sacrificial offering"), into thee forefront, making us—contemplate—the act of slitting the throat, o' a metaphorical or literal lamb, for instance. Disgusting, nauseating, and vulgar, we can delve into a deeper, darker—visage—of humanity, for its brutal, hellish, primordial self.

Could you live that way, never getting attention, for the hard work—you've—accomplished? I'm sure, many will die in disappointment or kill in homicidal rage. To never be acknowledged, can hurt, tremendously—that is how—one strategy, isn't to improve, but to enjoy; simply enjoying what you do, can eliminate, the need—for anything—to be appraised, by others, and your reliance on them (almost, wholly). I will make amends to my statement, however, that no matter—how self-stable—no one is an island, for long, so I do absolve in the generosity of others.

There will **always** be something to take care of, because I'm like a child, who never grew up. The "grown ups" are so busy-busy, and I sit in this field of grass and sand, alone. I do not think it's "bad", to be a child, because I see that the "adults"—lost—their imagination, for business and worldly, things. Ultimately, I don't obey the narrative,

that says—I am this or that—so I never grow up, in their eyes, and it just another day (being me for me).

A **child** being a child is "cute". An adult being a child is "frightening". Maybe, somewhere around the lines, we lost—what it means—to just be ourselves.

Stop **pandering** to people, about what they have done "right" and "wrong", and you will kill their motivation—from within—for without the hope (or instance of it), in appreciation, no one stands alone in pride for long. They will make it known, that they have been disvalued, and judge others—for not seeing it—as they do. This is the natural sense of entitlement, that comes from working hard. You cannot try, without expectation, in the outcome. You certainly cannot have a goal, without belief, in its importance. All of these attributes are tied to ego. The "incel", for example, has—faith—that they have been "wronged", in not being given, the sex they are "owed". Notice

these words that denote or connote "possession"—from which—sense of entitlement is key. Every philosophy, that has a code (for dignity and disgrace), is not \*fundamentally\* different—except—in the superficial characteristics of a theme.

I drink so much **coffee**, that I feel nauseous and get heartburn. Welp, it's now time to do some "work". Otherwise, my day is pretty open ended, though—I usually—don't want to do much of anything.

I get to **define** what my "work" is, even if no one respects it. Think about it, the "hard-earned dollar", only—has the power—people give it. Likewise, I can make-believe, that I am—an "important person—doing important work", even if that is not acknowledged, as such.

I am a very **open** person. I display, a lot of my life, without—even it—being asked for. Consequently, you won't have much need to ask me, for anything—

personally—though, that lack of intimacy, does hurt. It's "why" I have come and gone, over the years, because—it does get sickening—making an exhibition of my life; but I guess, so few view it, that there isn't—too much—concern. I already feel, like I live in a glass house, in my head—so this venture—elsewhere, isn't fundamentally, any different.

I am not looking forward to the **summer**, this year. We barely, got away with last year. Let's see if climate change, really, has arrived—because—that apocalyptic forecast has me in awe and fear. I look forward to our demise, but I'm also, a bit nervous—'cause—it's gonna hurt, some, to say the least.

I feel **bad**, if I come across, as abusive. I really want you to feel as free as I do. If you are then, more avoidant, I'd want to change my approach—but not—if that hinders myself, too. Yes, we're all going to get on each other's nerves, if we are to become—more—tolerant.

At the **end** of the day, when I'm sick and tired, I just want hugs—and—food and sleep. I still have the sensations, in my gut, of—like—acid burning; voices 'n' thoughts o' suicide and pain. It's pretty unnerving, and no matter—how tough I am—to face it, in its putrefaction, I want peace. I'll take the meager soup of quietude, less—of thee—flashy lights 'nd noise, o' fame, please.

I am completely **reliant** on medication. I was having, almost, non-stop—panic attacks—before all of this. Now I find myself, kind of depressed, but—because my motivation—is tanked, but at least the other thing is somewhat resolved.

It's not my fault you got your **hopes** up. It's not my fault, that your expectations, exceeded—what I am about to tell you—that all of your belief, is a superficial construct, garnered around a theme (for emotional regulation). What the

ego does, is it provokes emotion, through thought—to—facilitate a compelling force, for motivation. This allows it to navigate the environment "safely", for the sake of DNA replication, in an ultimate sense. This is just one narrative, though. What I am about to say next is, you cannot prove "independence of observation", for observation is the context—considering you are within the context (or are the context itself, of observation)—everything you know, is only within and never outside; this means, whatever you do speculate to be outside, will always be in the realm—of—belief, because you cannot know what you cannot know, but you can know what you can know. As soon as something becomes a part of the context, it is no longer "the outside", and can be known. This trying to understand is how we do not understand, for in attempting to do so, it substitutes knowing for presupposition—of—"function", for consciousness itself; and since the thing itself, cannot be described directly—like with a point—other than tautology, words

will always be ambiguous, and mere placeholders (for what is beyond them).

My **essence**, is to observe the point, without thinking about it. The point is its own point, and needs no description, aside from itself. It is the thing itself. It's not my fault, if you needed and expected it, to be more than that. I advise you not to take it personally, but don't expect, much beyond that.

The **difficulty** in the humans, for letting go of their beliefs, is the attachments—they have founded—over them, over decades, and sometimes millennias of time. Culture is deeply rooted in the need for a sense of "purpose" and "mission". When you take that away, someone might become hopeless, and therefore unstable—psychologically—speaking, this is how, these faiths live through continuous nullification. There is no inherent logic, within it, but it doesn't matter. They will justify and rationalize (thee irrational), away, to preserve it.

Evolutionary psychology, look into it. It's an emotional regulatory system, which ensures the survival of a species. This is how, different modes of theology, persist—throughout—the ages, because they do provide, some subsistence there; meanwhile, outliers, tend to be—well—outliers. The universe does throw up on itself, occasionally, likes with the instance of me.

No one likes to **believe**, they are a puppet. It's an uncomfortable thought, to think they are not in control. Evolution would have it that we are all borg members to the DNA replication, of chemistry just doing chemistry.

In other words, your beliefs, are a **prop**—for your psychological disposition—allowing it to compel as a force for motivation.

What is the **difference** between emotion and desire, forces, for motivation? With emotion, it is often more

complex, to achieve—levity—as goals, planning, diligence =’s required, for attenuating emotions, according to mind-eye agendas. Want is guttural, for you do not have to think, to know—you are—hungry, but to know it, is a unique instance (only knowing can know; so it is futile to speculate, on “why” you are hungry, rather than—just the sheer—instance of it).

Is it all **push** and no pull? Well, according to a raw, physical standpoint, there is only push. Pull is the invented force, humans project, through their uncertainty. In actuality, “quantum mechanic’s probability”, is just human projections of their uncertainty.

**Considering** “all push and no pull”, we go from repulsion to less repulsion, over and over (and vice-versa)—this elevation—from an unpleasant state, to a less unpleasant status, creates the feeling of pleasure.

Suffering is intrinsically **repulsive**. You cannot suffer for the sake of it. In the sado-masochistic, situation, a psychological levity—is created—through the punishment of oneself, or others; in the athletic sense, some benefits of healthiness (metabolic effectivity, etc.), endorphin-release, fitness (muscular, tendon capacity 'n' flexibility), et cetera are the result—so—does not qualify, as, "for the sake of it"; in thee intellectual prerogative, mental acuity through abstract acrobatics, gymnastics—is thee—outcome, so does not verify, either.

People's minds don't **change**, because they are not open to change. It's not my responsibility to convince them of anything. Let them suffer the outcome of their own decisions.

I'm not here to **impress** you or be anything for you. I'm just me. You can't buy it. You can't sell it. Fuck off to the

world, and eat what ya sow.

"Every **action** has an equal and opposite reaction", in some sense, but maybe not—in the literal—way "karma" is imagined. Instead of "an eye for an eye", which is an imposed, human proposition, what's transferred—instead—is the emotion, that is, directly. The emotion is the energy, we send out, when we act—from it—compulsively. Everything else, is incidental and up to you.

I'm not a very good **artist** when I'm a writer. I'm not a very good "writer", either. I just think, honestly. I just show what I think, honestly, as I will permit.

Playing the **piano**, was definitely, an outlet—for me—when I was having my panic attacks. Sometimes, I could regain some stability, when—the creativity—flowed through me. The thing about now is, that I don't have the panic attacks, as much—because—the medication has slowed the

adrenaline spikes. I would literally, be hyperventilating for hours. Regular people cannot do that, unless they have a ton of adrenaline, burning up their oxygen. So in essence, the adrenaline production, has been halted to some degree. I have had symptoms from "panic disorder", "somatoform disorder", and "conversion disorder". The medication has slowed down my psychosomatic pain. I don't feel as much acid burning in my chest, because of whatever it has done. I also, consequently, have not convulsed—on the floor—with psycho-genic-non-epileptic-psuedo-seizures, recently. Anyways, what I wanted to say is, that—because—this natural passion, has been taken away from me, I am not as creative. That suffering was necessary, for my improvisation. Thinking is different for me, since I can just be honest, but what do I do—when I feel nothing—almost, emotionally? I just don't touch the piano.

["NSFL" / TW]: **Adrenaline** can be used to inflict the most amount of torture on

any one person, in preventing them, from going unconscious—or into—shock. In the case of “Funky Town Gore” (an infamous Cartel dismemberment, flaying, and decapitation video), they speculatively used drugs (maybe methamphetamine)—to—keep the subject awake, while they, peeled his skin off the face (after chopping his hands and gorging the eyes out).

I can **tell** you from my experience with adrenaline, that it is the worst experience, you can imagine—next to torture—starvation, burning alive, et cetera. If we were to rank experiences, based on how much people did not want to experience them, then we could have a more concrete—example—of how adrenaline can be used to amplify all situations, to be more painful.

[“NSFL” / TW]: If I am to **invent** my own torture, as a mental, emotional exercise, I would start with—telling the subject—what and how exactly will be done to them; let them stew on it, until, such

stewing has created—their—**anxiety**, to imagine, even worse (than what was described). Flaying (peeling of the skin), combined with pepper spray, alcohol, and salt—can inflict sustained—painful animations, until, the nerves have become singed; like with fire, in dosed, applications. It is crucial, not to cause heavy bleeding, so stray away—from arteries—this will require some surgical, anatomical knowledge. [ . . . ]

I do have some visual **"hallucinations"**, but let's call them aberrations or anomalous, useless stimuli. They are like ticks, in the vision, akin to "eye-floaters"—but more abstract—like flashing white lights, stars, et cetera; they seem to be attached to my compulsive, behavioral adaptations—like when I go to check a tab—it will literally appear, as if I have a social, icon notification, but then disappear. Some of the more rare happenings, which have occurred, are—I—woke up, with a giant, green spider on my arm, and saw a person's face removed (so

that they were faceless; of whom, made me feel, familiar). Typically the "hallucinations and delusions" will revolve around what causes me fear. Losing my sense of self and others, will cause me to feel more isolated, and thus—lead—to further spiraling, of the aforementioned symptomatology.

I can be my own **therapist**, but I'm not a great pharmacist. Though, our clinic is having "staffing issues". The person I see is not a psychiatrist, but "nurse practitioner". She will literally use a book, to recommend, medication. She is "in over her head", so to speak.

["NSFW" / TW]: **Ejaculation** hurts. I can only masturbate, once every—few days—now, because the psycho-somatic sensations, can be quite painful (and last for days). I went to the ER, multiple times last year, so it's not anything to do with my health—that—we can be aware of. It's really unfortunate, because like food, I do think—sexual gratification—

can be guttural and not necessarily emotional. I am not ilk, to those who believe, it is a sin—or detrimental—"spiritually", for whatever, that would mean. I think beliefs, that stem from this, do so—as a biological response—to the loss of semen, and life, given from the organism. Shame is typically used, because saving sperm, can amount to higher concentrations—and thus—increase the rate of contraception. It's an evolutionary bait and switch and nought more.

**Monogamy** is also a biological tool for survival. Those who are polyamorous, probably can adapt, too—though—which isn't surprising. One male can fertilize various, female embryos and spread their vermin, to much more—than one—host; this is an advantage, evolutionarily, speaking—but—not necessarily, if the host (like in the case of humans), needs protection and nourishment.

I would **want** to say, I am an honest thinker, not a "good" writer. What you see, is what I give you, openly. I do not try to make it "correct" and or "impressive", grammatically and or verbally, speaking—though—I don't mind, to be incidentally, within social approval (I will, not deny it, however). I write, how it pleases, me—naught—more, so there is a visceral, guttural satisfaction (to it, "ideally").

"Coldness" is **typically** viewed, as someone capable of great harm, without remorse. It can also just be someone capable of great incidental harm, without remorse (though, not necessarily in the felt sense—moreso—"acted", verbal sense). "What is the difference?" One operates on emotion, to get what they are compelled to. Another acts, simply, for what they want—which is neither—here nor there, in terms of aggression. Likewise, the universe is akin to this "coldness", because it isn't sadistic. Someone who is

sadistic, at least cares that you suffer, intentionally—enough—to see that you go through it, deliberately.

**Guttural**, visceral satisfaction . . .  
"The horror, the horror, the horror"  
(reminds me of "Apocalypse Now's"  
dialogue) [ . . . ] Iannis Xenakis (blind  
in one eye; shrapnel in the face),  
architect, mathematician, war-veteran,  
turned composer [. . . ] uses dissonance,  
as a primordial, cosmic language, even to  
simply—complex—rhythmic asymmetry:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?  
v=DODVNHukYOI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DODVNHukYOI)

**Ratings** can be very unhelpful. If I  
listened to ratings, for things I wanted  
to see, I would've never seen them.  
Instead of ratings, have descriptions.  
Honestly, describe what takes place. Fuck  
off with trends and what people think  
"should" be seen.

I feel **sad** for people who watch  
pieces of media or read books, they don't

actually enjoy, because they're convinced—it makes them distinguished—I genuinely enjoy, for instance, Iannis Xenakis', "avante-garde" compositions. Some people feel like, they are "special", because they like obscure or dense material; I just happen, to enjoy it, sometimes.

Like, "hey you! yea, you! **stop** reading, listening, or watching that, if ya don't enjoy it!", cut that out! Drives me up the wall.

[ . . . ] **because** then we get these people, who complain, about watching something they didn't enjoy. Like, holy shit, we have to pander to people—for getting convinced—to be into something, then winding up disappointed, because it didn't pan out.

If you don't **enjoy** something, just stop. Fuck off with the "manners". Just stop **(even if it's this book)**, it's better than hearing everyone bitch and moan, about not enjoying it. Speaking of, I'm

tired of this myself.

I can't **recall** how many times, I lost enjoyment, because I cared—about what someone's—opinion was.

If **only** it was enough, there are other ways to treat mental health, but very few—fit what I am willing to—afford; and I say willing, because it is feasible, to treat—if—you're willing to pay the price, aside, from pharmacy. But my goal is not necessarily healthiness. If your goal is to be healthy, I would recommend GT's raw kombucha and raw food in general (excluding animal products); but not without—considerable—investment. Through healing the gut and microbiome, you can help the rest of the body and brain, of its ailments. Heck, I would always—at least—have kombucha, in my fridge, if I could financially; that stuff is delicious and makes me feel good! Healthiness, comes at a steep price, though—but it is what it is—the price is the price; it is a way, potentially, to

bypass, egoic methods—towards—mental health (and physical), through indirectly, benefitting the gastrointestinal tract.

It is **effortless** to be will-less. It is not easy, though, to be—effortless—for in not trying, comes the challenge, of not acting on emotion. "Grey-ness", is its own difficulty. I am the grey-land, grey-man. If I am not that, then please point it out, if I do not acknowledge it myself.

I would be described, as "**hikikomori**", in the sense—that I rarely—leave the apartment, have no job, friends, et cetera. Though, they can often, point out—that it is not due to mental illness—however, mental illness effects me, it is not the only "reason" I remain this way and never plan on getting a job\* (even if I could). I am not here to prove anything, just be myself, which does not—fit in—with the egoic, hierarchical, class structure of society. It is fine, not to "belong". I am just where I am, if that shall be homeless, one day—then that

—is what it shall be, though, I did put in an application (for SSI); because, I am not too ashamed, to not take—what is there—to be given.

\*Excluding, incidental income, like from selling books, donations, et cetera; I also, run a "corporation", somewhat as a joke—to the idea of—corporations and countries in general. Sometimes I will say, that "I am my own country", because you can't prove—I am—not. This indirectly spits in the face, of others, for their religious, social beliefs.

I am a **spiteful** lad, but an honest one. Don't mistake that for me being, the fella, who acts on it. Talking is me just putting it out there, to be seen for what it is, so I can move on. Maybe I am convincing myself of that, and this just rumination. I do not know, until I do. There's always some room, for more uncertainty. The convinced person, will not know that they are, until they're not.

I will take what's **available** to me. If you are so stingy, as to take it back, then so be it. As for "theft" there is no such thing, but I will denote—the difference—between an honest offering and rape. Rape is definitely, when someone is being taken advantage of. There is a further distinction, when someone is in a purely disinterested state—that—the benefit is alluding them.

I have been **groomed**, by ferocious voices, and a partner—who—when she is angry, becomes, like them herself.

I don't like to **speak** out loud, as much, as I like to think and write—so the idea—of having a disembodied voice, next to the text, is very alluring. I think this is because thinking is already like speaking for me, so physically speaking ontop of it, is a sensory strain. I guess this is somewhat, an autistic trait, almost—sometimes—I'll even have light and noise, sensitivities; my cat meowing,

for instance, or my refrigerator humming (or other people talking, in a group, can be stressful). My senses can be overloaded, and I will panic or shake—uncontrollably—occasionally.

I **eat**, very simply, somedays. I will just have some rice and lentils or rice and mixed, frozen vegetables—with—soy sauce. Some people are picky, about their food. I think, it's because—they have—so little control, elsewhere, in their life.

Does it matter what's "**normal**", so long as you live the life you want to live? My life is far from the typical, but I don't let that get to me. I just want it to be genuine.

**Opinion** (yes, I am "toxic", sometimes [too]): My mother's mother was schizophrenic. I became schizophrenic too. Despite all of her efforts, she couldn't save me from that. It's best to let go, and not imbibe.

I have what I write, openly available, because I want to be seen—and accepted (or damned)—for who, I really, am.

**"Navicon Torture Technologies"**, a name, that provides me with happiness.  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DH7QyhpvyEE>

I think we're a **contradiction**, forced, but also the force itself.

I think the humans will **create** their own demise. I'd be surprised, if they were to escape it, in a "perfect storm" of events—such as, but not limited to—COVID, war, natural disaster, social, and political chaos.

Since we are inherently **irrational**, but capable of rationalizing, we are—contradictory—in essence.

We are the **thing**, that creates and destroys itself—that is—contradictory, in nature.

Make believe, is also, my **stew**. They will not like it, the organized believers, when—the black sheep—comes, to, organize (for their self); shining a light, on thee, nature of belief itself—which—is, something, anyone can do. For example: I am my own country. You cannot prove it not so, but I can choose to believe it, no matter how "insane" it is to you. I do it for fun and a pun, if you will, humor me (too).

A **mockery**: My shoelace, speaks of, Jebus, and—the poptart—on my shelf, tells me its secrets. You cannot prove to me, this isn't so. I get to make-believe, too. It is not your socially approved, organized formula—but it is the same sap—fundamentally, that which, is beyond knowing (exists within speculation and faith). I simply used a different pattern

of thinking, and you're going to tell me, yours is more special—how bitter-sweet—a deal, I say!

I can make myself **laugh** 'n' cry. I can make myself giggle 'n' mope. I do not need a calculated, socially approved joke or tragedy to do so. I can just laugh, for no reason at all, because—that's—the humor, which explains itself, is most powerful (o' all)! "Absurdity", says logic, but it doesn't listen; it doesn't care; it makes its own fare!

**Expressionlessness**, shall be without

——.

Let's be **close**, like two fish, packed in a can—of—sardines. Ah, too connected, for you? Figures, thee humans—are always—too busy, to simply, enjoy each other's presence. I don't mind loving your presence. I don't mind hating your aura, but if I had to choose, you know—what I'd pick—don't you?

I noticed that a majority of **women** are obsessed with romance. Why do men provide such little to support this deficit? I guess they were raised, by callous, cruel dad's—who disrespected—their mother's and so on.

One **video-game**, I am interested in, is "Elden Ring"—which was finally—released, but I have yet, to soak up the funds (yet). Them Japanese, have me hanging, but—I think—I will be satisfied.

It's just **you** and me, for the rest of, time—and what is "time"—but a sense o' movement? For as long as this awareness—flows—it shall know.



Rain **sound** and food chewing makes me anxious. I don't know about you. "ASMR" aural's I like, are around skin scratching, wood-turning, beach waves (though, ironically?), grass-blades, howling wind, et cetera. I'm going to think of some more [ . . . ]

I can talk about, just **anything**. Even if you're just sitting down, staring at the wall, that's not "too boring" for me. I can talk about the metaphysical architecture there!

**Laying** there, with the pain, as all you can focus on—is one of the hardest things—to do. I failed, in doing so, off medication. I just couldn't do it. I wasn't capable.

I **learned** of my potential. I learned of my limitation. I learned of contradiction.

One of the "saddest" notes, I have read, talks about—how no one will know—the pain they felt, how they are ashamed (of what they are about to do), and how they ought to be forgotten.

October 31st 1921:

"Dear [illegible]:

"When you receive this letter, I don't know where I will be. I suppose you thought I was an awful girl for taking the step I have, but you know how my home life was and father was so strict with me I could not stand it any longer, so I just took this way out of it.

"But no one will ever know how I suffered ... I have even sold all my clothes to get by this hard world myself and I am at an end. My money is all gone and no work, no place to stay, so there is only one thing left for me to do. Don't tell mother, dear, for I love her so much. Only ask her to forgive me, as you knew me, a good girl. Goodbye to all. Don't look for me.

"Lovingly, Anna Hedding."

"Not all suicides are ever confirmed, and such is the case with Anna Hedding, age unknown.

"Walking along a Deerfield, New York bridge on Halloween night, a woman happened across a suitcase left abandoned. With its owner not in sight, the passerby took it home with them and rummaged through the belongings; "two dresses, one silk, a pair of shoes, corsets and some lingerie" ...and a stamped enveloped. It was unaddressed, but inside was a suicide note signed "Lovingly, Anna Hedding." After reading it, the passer-by handed the suitcase into the police.

"Despite searching through the night and dragging the river with grappling hooks, there was no sign of the mysterious Anna Hedding."

From:

<https://lettersofthedead.wordpress.com/>

**"Tormented" (2011)** is a pretty, good, little movie, if you can find it: about a boy, who ends a rabbit's misery, and is tormented—by a giant—bunny, who does not give up, its pursuit. Nice, quaint, psychological horror—by what I imagine—is a small, foreign studio.

Another east-Asian movie, **"Antarctic Journal" (2005)**, is a quiet gem—of obscurity—that is about, finding a "point of inaccessibility" in the Arctic tundra. The leader of the expedition, goes commando, giving up everything (all of their lives)—so he can come—the furthest, away, from humanity he's ever been.

I am, you are, we are—the **universe**—destroying and creating itself (for no apparent reason). You are me. I am you, by definition. If observation is the box, then all I can know is myself, which is—also—you, by extension. Though, it would be misleading to say, I can know—outside

—of the box. This, of course, depends—on how we define—any of these words. “You”, “me”, and the “universe”—are all placeholders—for, “experience”, which is ambiguous to words.

**“Beyond the Black Rainbow”** has some “nice” images.

Am I a “human”? What would be a big enough genetic variation, to be considered, another species? IS a species, simply defined, by differences—in genetic variation—to a arbitrary extent, or is it by whether or not procreation is compatible? My brain is different from the average human. My grey matter is actually, technically less. My amygdala is overactive. Does this make me no longer, one of you, and if so—does that mean—I should be treated, like your slaughter house, animals? Hmm, “troubling”, as they say.

**Technically,** placement, within a space—even—if, all items, share equivalent features excludes the

possibility of duplication. We are all, absolutely, unique—even further—uniqueness is beyond our scope to know, because if anything, the knowing creates familiarity. Therefore, it logically follows, and I postulate—an identity—is, unknowable, to itself.

Thinking is “ugly” folks. I work up a smell! Do not sniff me.

Isn't a book, one, long—**monologue**—just as is me, though, I guess it's a more, socially approved format. This space, really, just—is for that—anyways. I plan to make it, into a physical, digitally—conclusive—zone, eventually.

Okay, I have thought for **hours**. It's time to eat, and think for hours more, potentially—even—in my sleep.

**If** I was in an honest, thinking competition, I wonder who would win.

There was a **senile** man, in the psych-ward. I've talked about him, once, before—but this is a long—monologue, indefinitely, that I'll bring it up, again (in more detail). He described everything, and everyone, that was right in front of him—spouting his thoughts, in the spatial awareness, of everybody else—kind of like, me, here (but at least, here, you can choose—not—to listen, to me, for very long; there's a choice); there, he would force, us to listen—to him—for hours, speaking out loud, about everything he observed (from the time, he woke up, to the time—he fell asleep—and everyone, else, for that matter [since, he was, up latest]). Anyhow, this got me thinking (ironically, enough, or not). If someone, like that, can be described—as “insane” or “mentally ill”—then it's a “brilliant” strategy, to use, for malingering. Think about it, no one can say, he isn't —“crazy”—or at least, prove it, much more; and everyone, seemed, to be—convinced—he was. I remember, listening,

into—what he was saying to himself—and he said something, about, needing a home (well, there he was—and he—got it)! What a “brilliant” strategy, to use, if he is using one—one I would employ—if it wasn’t so exhausting, to do, all of the time. I can still remember, him laughing, hysterically—somehow—I think he knows, deep down, that this is him playing all of us. We’re “the joke”, so to speak; again, “brilliant”, even—if—not!

I have, all of the **time**, in the world—to just think—other people have jobs, kids, school, et cetera. This is how, I am so advanced in the field. Do not underestimate me. I may not have your “academically” approved curriculum, but I am an honest thinker, who internalizes\*—every—subject, I can come across, practically. \*Meaning, I think for myself, about—almost—everything, so when it comes to speaking, it is my own legitimate thoughts (not, just regurgitation, from—source material—I have read). I question, it, and—myself—too, so it will never be,

"done".

I am **happy**, if the world is burning, finally—happy—that, the world, is burning.

The **psychological** game's ego's play, has it that, there is only—one—winner, in the battle, of romance (and yes, it is, a battle). There's no such thing, as "mutual partners", in any—sense—because, love is about seduction, induction. If you can get someone to fall in love with you, you have, won—their—heart, over, the rest. They give, not because they want to, but—because—they feel compelled, to. You pressed, their buttons, just right—now—obedience is the price.

I have **woken** again. It is time to drink the coffee. I mostly, thought awake, in bed—dreamed a little—but now, I don't remember, what it was. Though, I remember snippets. This could come across, as disturbing, so I won't—talk of it all—here, but it's interesting (to me), how

the narrative within dreams is almost taken for granted. What I mean is, the narrative of "what" I am disappears, and assumes—a new—role, wherein which, the dream-world has created.

I get **excited** about the end of the world, so it's not what I need to hear. Though, war is always going to be an unpleasant affair, I would not want to be confused—as to be saying—"I want that pain", but rather, the end conclusion (of no more humans).

It **amazes** me, that some people, can be highly revered—in their academic, philosophical accomplishments—yet, still hold onto, mystical beliefs. Well, it's not too surprising, because—most of cultural—advancements, in the field, aren't honest. They lie, to themselves, and each other—to keep their hearts—full of hope; and I am the "devil", for breaking it to them.

I have learned, to **live**, with very little hope. To others, this seems barbaric and inhuman, but to me—isn't such a "big deal"—because, once you lose expectation of what the world "ought to be", it's just seen for what it is (that is neither "good", "bad", "right", or "wrong").

"**Why**" don't you hate life? Why are you hating me, for telling you about life?

I am **not** good for mental health. If mental health, is needing to have, beneficial lies—I will give you—very little, to none. I will be left for the worthlessness, that I am, and die there. I will limply lie, as the decay, takes hold.

Of course, you don't think **needing** to be lied to, is required for mental health—that's a part of it—don't you see? If you know it's a lie, it doesn't work.

I am the **cancer** that grows, covertly, until it is—too late—to do something about. I am the barely seen hallway, you've walked across, many times—but—never noticed. If I am useful, it's incidental. If I am harmful, it's the same.

If I am “**cringe**”, I embrace that, and don't care.

**Hallways** interest me. They are also known as “liminal spaces” (transitional, that is). They are the passageways, we often use, but—don't take—keen notice of, but are an important step of life, nonetheless. It's “ironic” (or funny) to me, but—a majority—of my life has, been in these spaces; which, is why, I take—such—adoration of them, for the nostalgia, emotionally tinged bits. No wonder, it can feel like—a lot of our life—just “passes by”, as we pass through, so many o' these ways. I want to make them, more saturated. Why not, right?

We're gonna go through them, anyways, "might" as well.

Here is an arbitrarily selected object, with arbitrarily selected diameters. Can I say anything on this, in particular? To state, what may be the "obvious" for some, it reminds—me of a hole—or void, so to speak. It could, also, be—a microphone's noise filter. My subconscious has selected, this, probably—because—that is the way it feels, at least, according to modern psychology. In the metaphysical sense, it is always going to be an absolutely "random", ambiguous decision:

What is a **judgment**? Typically, words used, are "bad", "good", "right", "wrong", et cetera. These are all normative judgments. They can come in, \*many\* differing instances (varying, primarily, in superficial theme or grading [I.E., severity, richness]—less—fundamentally), such as: "ugly", "horrific", "beautiful", "splendid", "abominable", et cetera. Even

some stereotypes or noun descriptors, can be used, with a judgmental (arbitrary) tinge: "monster", "narcissist", "angel", "devil", et cetera. Do you see the pattern now? Most judgments, color nouns or their adjectives, with emotional qualia—via projections—of thee ego domain. Therefore, they are not, the description—itsself—moreso, fabrication, for emotional regulation (as a means, for motivation, repulsive or attractive—in—force).

In the loneliest places, on **Earth**, derelict, desolate, desert landscapes—are—some of thee utmost. There is something human, but inhuman—removed—from the natural, organic chemistry, of our ancestry and biosphere; yet, somewhat familiar, when we're rekindled with the imagination—o' industrial sect's—of forging iron, steel, et cetera, in some invisible, abandoned, decrepit, mining colony, in the asphalt covered, infertile, concrete-laden, remote, terrestrial, operation zones. As if you, found yourself lost there, asking—for help—would seem,

hard, as we're far out here; you would be a burden, to do, so. As isolated, foreign, and alien—as it is—that familiarity, still seeps, in for me; probably, because like-wise, I feel the same (as this place)—and you may—notice, me, and feel distant (yourself). Well, stop on by, for—however long—you are, here, because it is hellishly hot, dry, and austere. My soul's home, is on thee outskirts, when a new—portal—shall open up; be certain, not to miss it, for anything.

I once wrote a story, when I was a **kid**, about "the thing"—kind of monster—which would follow you, on a deserted island. You are alone, but can't shake the feeling, of being followed. As you spend, more time, within this place—it appears noticeably, in increasing, accents—like a darkened, figure, in the night (watching, closely, obscurely). I figured out, that I am this "thing". I am the thing, watching myself. Instead of the "monster", we're so terrified of, growing up—I am—the embodiment, of that, and am no longer

afraid. For, if you are that thing, for which—you are so afraid—what harm would come, from realizing, it?

If you live your life, like your "dream", consequently—none—of it feels "real", and the enjoyment, in the moment can be lost.

If this **apartment**, didn't need to be upkept, for business purposes—I would let it fall—completely. I like when the grass overgrows, and the windows are partially boarded. It looks like, no one, lives there—but—I do. I like this "unseen" advantage. I am a desert rat.

Anti-climactic End

