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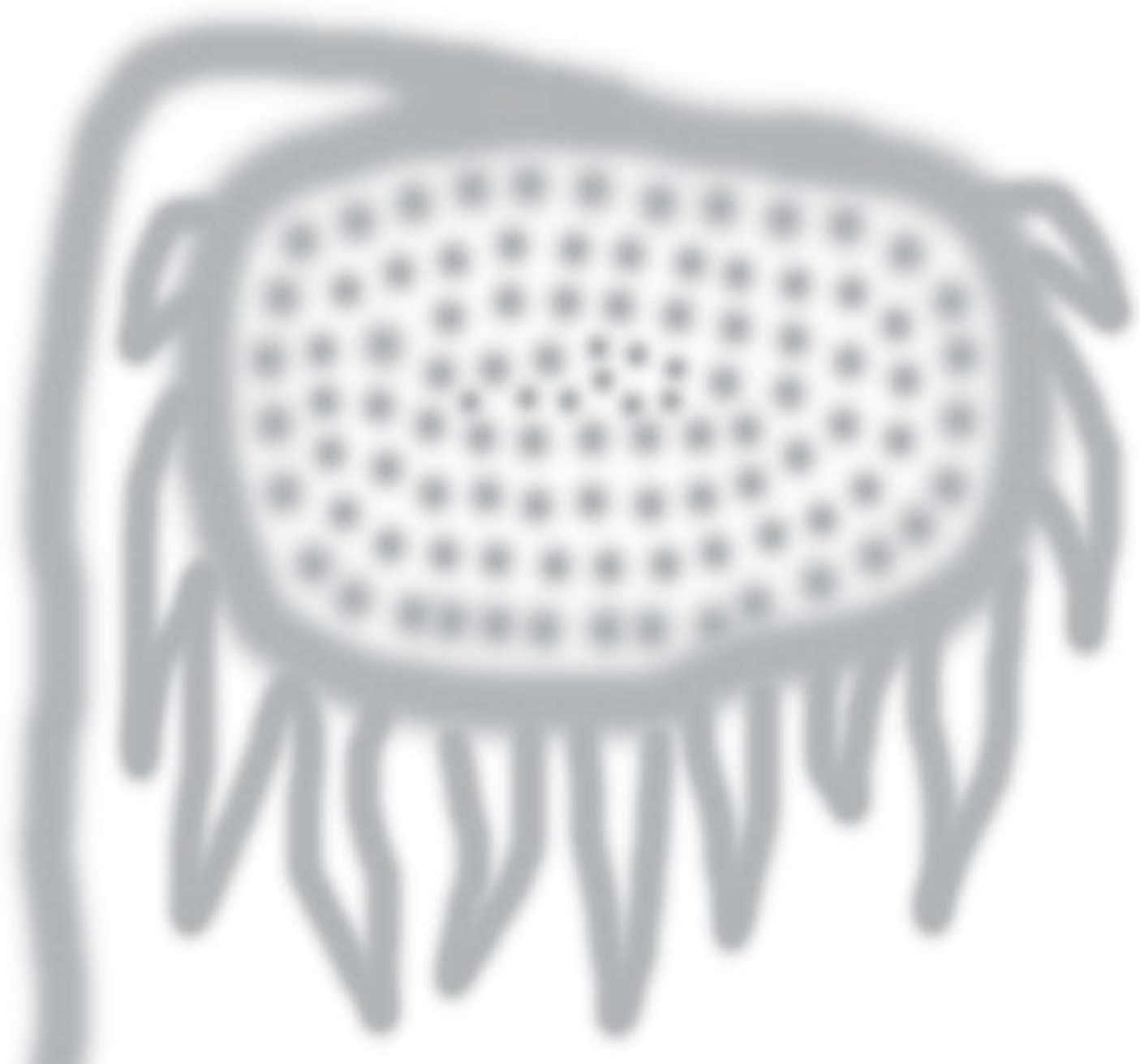
Feels so rehearsed, like a simulation. Another memory event. Over time it becomes easier to detach. I envision myself as disconnected from them, their spirits expelling out of their bodies. How can I hurt for someone who doesn't even exist? *How to unite with the lost being.* Life is delicate, meaningless. Spend the whole time desperately trying to preserve something that's inevitably going to disintegrate, rot from the inside out. Preparing for the future, the constant intrusion “they're never coming back, I'm never going to see them again”, which isn't really true at all when they show up every night in your dreams. (save her scent, keep her with me) Eventually their presence completely vanishes—the world wiped clean like they were never even there.

mystical rose
moving slowly.
Letting the air in,
syncing with the
frequency that holds
you—*projective*
identification.

Everything
becoming solid.
Working through
mourning—establish
ing a system, a
repetitive rhythm.
Loss of ego
triggered by a loss
of everything.

REBLOOM
Strangled—the
nonrepresentable /
dissociations of
forms. Completely
detached past times
blending into one
big bowl of sand
colored batter.

Feeling so fragile
and weightless.
Absorbing into the
water. How does it
let you be an
extension of its
body? Angel, pure
spirit. Stop thinking
and just *melt.* focus
& soak in all the
power.



Living for the sake of dying. Seeing the lack and the wound. For a while feeling nothing except complete and total suffering. Exhaustion, a shameful secret that hollows out the painful, total loss of meaning. Then an invisible voice—a transient hypersign. Don't fall away / faint. A bug flickering in and out of the smoke that's clogging up my head. Let the psyche birth to go beyond EKSTASIS. Keep getting closer to the edge. This is the center of the dead star belonging to the celestial realm. We're wavering at the borderline, barely alive, carefully concealing a thing, my love—*buried alive*.