

## *Fragment 02*

▲ A lack of mystery. An emphasis of true definition and incessant desire for answers to all questions. This is one of the many banes of our society. The image is dark, the image holds shape and form only within the secretly shared mind; dreams. I recently thought to myself, how to preserve the memory of symbolism. There are no questions to be answered, I have found a solution. We must become increasingly comfortable with encryption of our ideas and thoughts. There was once beauty that could only be understood through deduction and searching.

Interpretation is a gift. It should not be that we are so wildly addicted to speech and exactness. Sometimes exactness is needed, but the superior beauty hides in plain sight. That blindness is killed by the meaning, belittled by the definitions and descriptions. I am not entirely sure if there is a way out of Rat Utopia, but the best chance of crystallizing some mystery and ambiguousness hides within the silence, within the almost said. The nearly known.

The meaning of *mystery* (in the context of this text) is to be aware of the immortal gap in knowing. We may accept that something is nearly solved, but something small is always waiting to be said. Sloth is the sin that rapidly grows, settled into the free mind, regressing into the safely defined. The feeling of mystery must be enhanced, the beauty revived. This can only occur with deference and withdrawal into secrets. Not for the sake of hiding, rather for the sake of preserving.

My admission is that submission is truth. There cannot be objectivity in everything, there must be a balance. The foundation laid with rock and soil and the air filled with ether, the world around you swimming in a balance of what is known and what is forever hidden.

Through the independent journey of seeking, the time of revery will come. Colors mute back into sepia, and the divine sleeps, in tacit wonder.

*k.w*