

## Fragment 03

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*Then the writing comes. Then the writing sticks up, sticks in and out. The notes are grey, clean and sometimes running like men from war. Long lines of words. Pulsing and beating. Stomping on the dirt as black horses, manes flush in the wind. The remedy to answers and a crystal output of thinking. Breathing. Writing.*

Many times I have no clue what to write. Or even if writing is at all yielding the output necessary to continue. But I have to write. I have no other choice but to express myself this way. The words I wish to express are not entirely possible to convey in conversation elsewhere. The things that go through my head slip through my abilities and into another realm, where everything is impossibly difficult to explain. It seems the more words I use, the longer the text becomes, the less honest it feels. And so in a way writing is a falsehood. Like talking about a dream as it slips from your memory. You just keep adding things on to each piece of it, trying to dig out the truth somewhere. But the truer thing would be to express it silently. To express it as being. Seeing those desert fathers, nuns, monks and others cast aside their status in society to become wordless, childless and penniless, is the only true representation of the dream I am dreaming. And it is cowardice to write about it instead of living in it. To breathe in the warm light, to let it eat you, to let it become a part of you. All of you. This is more than anything I could ever describe in words. This is truth.

In the mornings, I try and get myself up out of my place of comfort, and I find myself behaving in ways which are often instinctual. Living like a creature. Some lesser form who is tied to food and drink and sleep and all other binding things. And with regards to personality, bitter, repulsed, slacking and censorious. These are all shades of dirt which muddy the water, the clean water which falls over me from time to time. When things are clean and pure, I am noone, I remember nothing of myself. All of it sets in as a simple indifference. The moon or stars, the wind, the waves. What are the functions of those things? They function as they must, and the result is beauty. We cannot ascertain what exactly the purpose of the moon was when it spawned into being. Just like this, all real things exist in an instant. We move our fingers across a surface, we step upwards on the mountain. Soon we forget we ever taught ourselves to do such things, it merely happened. In an instant.

The first memory was sitting on the grass while the other children ran and screamed, kicking balls into nets and walking in small groups of four or five. I was alone, and the world felt real. It was summer and the light flickered here and there as the wind blew. Little noises could be heard all around, cars driving on the roads beside the schoolhouse, planes riding in the skies. It was a uniform school, and so all of the children were wearing Oxford blue button up shirts, khaki pants and skirts. It was like a little sea of deep water and sand. On every recess I would sit in the same spot, picking at the grass, lifting little insects from the field. That lucid form of being took over me

for the first time then. And maybe it was not the first time. It could be that I was not conscious enough to understand this feeling had happened thousands of times over. It could be that this feeling is incessant and our conduit of understanding is simply not aware of it. Could be that we are aware and we hide away from it, like how we have always done with forces outside of our control.

When I ponder rebirth, I consider the idea that we are not individually reincarnated, nor are we reborn as every person who ever was as theorised by Andy Weir in *The Egg*. It may be possible that rather, there is no death, and no rebirth at all, no past lives, merely a circuit of living at different capacities and in different forms. It would be more accurate to deem this as transmutation and not death. It would be alchemy. It would be the change from base metals to gold. Those base metals are not dead, they have merely evolved, possibly even devolved into this new state. We live like fluid creatures, in a constant motion of change and force. When we grew from infant to toddler, to pubescent teen to young adult and onward, we did not experience death, we experienced transformation. A becoming of a new shape from the old. And though we would consider human death to halt this process, we are bound by the chain of metamorphosis.

There are things which we can understand to be real, which we cannot touch nor see or hear, and death for humanity may be like this. An approach to a realm outside of human capability. A return to the elemental and the real. A separation of the soul from the person, and a turning into miles of Oxford blue caustics on the sea bed, and the stillness of warm flat sand.

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