

# Recursive

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I can't say that it ever felt quite real. Conversing with people, it always somehow felt like a wall to bounce things off of. Somehow like thinking, unravelling all at once in my mind. And I think to myself, how is this better, than throwing out words to a machine? How is it more real, more equally achieved? I never get a clear and honest answer, and somehow I am always running rings around myself, just circling around the conversation. Hovering above them. I feel, severed from the world in this way, almost searching for that missing link to connect my thoughts back to people somehow. The remedy for this, I have yet to find. When I think on it, consulting some greater force for the answer, I am always left with the same blankness, the same never ending empty feeling, staring off into an empty room, recanting the method of communication. Somewhat, I am aware that the center of all of these paradoxes, these failures of basic understanding and connections, they all exist in some spiral within me-a motion of chaotic non-answers that I have been stuck with since the very beginning. Since the beginning.

Waking up, the air feels fresh, but dead, in a sense. That feeling like the day has yet to start warming up, where even silence is asleep. Mornings like this eclipse me, my entire way of being has been spent on this strange tranquility of questioning. A beckoning out to distance, a query of insights calling me out. Thinking deeper, in some modes, I could never understand truly what personality was, or its function or cohesion, even the meaning behind the meaning was all tied up in the back of my mind. A great fog of possibility.

Things have always been this way, and in long car rides, driving up the interstate I could feel the heart of that empty desert grab hold of me, ripen those questions again in my head. Throbbing, drifting, almost passing like a faint pulse or a fractal heartbeat. I mended my heart long ago in this mode, I figure everything through the mirror of this faded image, through the small pieces of a person not yet fully realised.

Memories trickle down, from little details to feelings of restricted breath. Looking out of the windows I'd fixate on the figure of the passing lines of light, splintering into the living room, basting themselves in a complete acceptance of being. From the start. From the start I always pined after this, longed after that feeling, strained out like a drug or a dream, or something special sent down by God, an answer without speaking. An answer without sleeping silence. And I yearned for it, and stored these details inside of me always, with every change and transition those small details eclipsed my life. How people turned to ghosts at dusk, how the unknowing creatures of the world would turn their gaze to you in fear, how the sun blazed atop the long desert road, everything somehow tangling together in a mute knowing. Decisions. These are those things I cannot comprehend. Never satisfied with answers, an agitation rose up from inside my rib cage. Ever since I was small this irritation, this skip of breath was always lingering.

You are here, in your life, experiencing all of those human moments. Those links between one morning and another, and the conclusive period marking the end of a thought.

Spending time as a liar, you are used to the comforts of mundane talk, alternative choices you make between the denial of a great unknowing, and a personhood, a personhood that aligns with the rest of those peoples where you are. You speak, and think, and breathe, and open yourself to conversations which swell you up with that conclusive period. But waiting there for you, always in those moments of pure indifferent being, are those anatomical layers, that spine of divinity stretching across the earth.

Flesh cannot contain the spirit which appeals to this greater notion. This is the only conclusion I can allow myself. And even this. Even this will evolve slowly as my senses turn, against me or with me, they will turn and see the sunlight flicker into new directions or maybe even sense the becoming of a shadow from that light.

I wrestle with any notion of dirt. Any notion of the ground we walk on. At times people speak of where the ceiling ends, and what lies beyond that thin transparent layer we all stare at in our skies. My thoughts are embedded deep in the strange, distorted and twisting structure of the earth. Not ceiling but floor, not floor but line. What is the room we are in, and the window we look out of? I am haunted by the logic of our systems and then all again, weary of any betrayal against them. But this is also not so, it is not so much a betrayal against them as it is a denial of truth, denial of existence. To breathe life into a dead thing, that is a near conclusive fear.

A dead end. Those kinds of spectacular spaces are a towering anxiety. A place beyond all other places. A mere mimic, a fake of the real thing, which one could say is a true dead end for the senses of the human mind. What we can't hear, or see, are the buzzing cells of noise, the thing within the thing, that is never truly mentioned. Hardly real in our human sense of the word. Hardly breathing. But it is breath, and it is life, and we carry it everywhere and all at once it lives with us, beside us. Eating us.

I wonder, and have wondered in times before, if this is an optimism or hope. To desire the real thing, the genuine, premium standard of living. Alongside supreme levels of force, bending without a sense of will, bending without conversation. There seems to be streams of hope in this, and yet beneath that is a myriad of deaths. A threat. A genocide of the spirit, new rejection in return for my own older rejections. A passing around of responsibility.

Somewhere tangled within these shifting cycles is a person, a person who for their own sake, has to put away little glimpses into that world to get on, and a world around it, waiting for pure reform.

And nothing can be assumed nor granted, nor hinted at or spoken of in that form. Everything slips off of the edge of those passing falls, like unbroken strings, the answers you're always looking for.

It fractures our instinct and banishes long standing laws, and in the eyes of this moving void, this moving everything, we have no reality to invoke. To be without words. To be with layers and all at once, simplicity and complexity, rituals and non-acts. And even in this there is a hidden denial. Even in this.