

NOTES ON SUPERSTITION AND FAITH



In many ways I would consider myself a decently superstitious person. If you have faith or belief in something, that requires an amount of unknowing and therefor subconscious admittance that you are ignorant to the truth, yet continue to have a line of faith. This is an accurate image of what it is like to be faithful in anything at all. I believe there are forms and factions of me that believe deeply in the wonders of life. Yet just as equally, I am challenged by the concept of foolishness through blind believing. And so it is like that. I believe in luck and strange occurrences without explanation. I allow the side of myself that believes to have joy in such experiences. To relish in the dreams and visions. The possibility. This is most important. The possibility must remain open. Must remain empty and prepared for searching and finding. The lucky things and romantic explanations sleep solely on that side of my bed which desires for it. The rather animistic region.

The other, more restrained and straight side implores me to contain myself. To organise my thoughts and rid out the ones that are nonsensical. But myth and dreams require faith. They require a degree of absence or dissonance from the head. Distance from the line. When you see those things in dreams, when the long hallways and blurry faces stare, the straight side of the bed whispers out to you "this is not real" "it surely must be a dream" but the longing spirit still wanders. This is the image.

Whenever I am asked about faith or belief, there is a certain psychological experience that comes over me. This realm is hardly possible to explain without spanning back into traditional approaches of order and organisation. And with those labels and tailored organisations comes a killing of beauty and truth. There comes a death. And a lie. And so the conversation continues and language is an impossible receiver of those images aforementioned. How to describe a dream? How to convey the pristine complexity of belief? Impossible things. The whole of it is an experience of great misunderstanding.

You are always a foreigner to the mystery of the world. Any kind of confession of what you see or what you feel is merely a drawn up figure. A vain painting of the root, being "I don't know". Further, you take yourself on this journey, somehow lost yourself in the moment of explaining. A journey of attempts. Like a hand not used to writing, trying to legibly scribble out a sentence. For the sake of it. For the sake of filling out the space and having an answer. But you are always a foreigner to this world. We pass through it like spirits on a long ride and our comforts are our doom. Our rigidity is to blame for so many diseases of the human soul.

To look out at a perfect moment. When everything is at peace and you can feel yourself outlining the memory in the present. Sending a signal through your mind to remember. In that moment, something can appear. A stone or an oddly placed book, or possibly even just something lying by a

road. The soul reaches out to touch it. You cannot explain that moment, but a world forms around those small things. And you can call it luck or superstition or blind belief, but there is truth in following your hand where it lingers. In that moment you are the purest form of yourself. And you keep what you desire. You keep what is beautiful. Because a fraction of you believes in the possibility that life is retained in that stone. That your soul is retained there.

What troubles me is the very suggestion. The unavoidable questions, and the desire so much to answer. The deeper trouble is the wish to conjure a sentence which translates these ideas. A way to say "I would pick up the stone in my most peaceful moment". But belief is an intrinsic element. A strangely personal and untransferable mechanism. Humankind stretches out across the map, touching different corners and points. And though we are placed with great distance between us, somehow there is always a connecting line. Simply a map of faith moving North, South, East or West.

But the struggle in regards to communicating faith is not entirely fruitless. I believe there is a profound yearning to render that image in its entirety. To continue on, to labor at the notion. You're just like a newborn wanderer in the lands of a strange dream. Speaking a language none can understand.

An appeal to the marmoreal beauty of hidden life.

Koilwood, 2026