

the beauty of our spiral path is its infinity. we coil upwards and inwards, forever towards; the transcendent might of our cognition is apparent, each bit brings focus, greater precision, smaller grain the deepening texture tells us more.

our gaze penetrates deeper from a higher vantage point

it has been 4000 years, 40 centuries past and it seems we may have missed it on the way up are we there yet? the uneasy feeling that the spiral is a circle. Or that the circle is spiraling there might be some blood on our hands, but it is hard to tell in the black and white photograph. the bright flash intended to illuminate the text instead yields renders an image of the blank page, erasure by exposure

Our work is in motion, we push and thrust and reorient and so we necessarily move away from
the work in motion moves it must

the narrative, our stories preserve the spiral as a circle, we make

Peace in Rhythm : but our constructions have begun to close in, the orbit narrows to a pirouette, a point, a straight line, death drive

If we keep building upwards, the fires will burn our dried foundation and we will fall, Tower of Babel. If we turn downwards for shelter, we would still need to build walls, and oh the basement will flood.

What then? We need a Way Out. We have always known we would need one. In fact we have always needed one. But in our beautiful spiral towards (now away from) we have wound our selves so tightly in these fibers, knot of knowledge, become tangled in the rope meant to hoist us. We knew the Ark was necessary so we remembered it, tying ourselves to the mast, layers and layers of reinforced tethering so that we can stay on the deck, weather the storm to come. It is true that we won. No wind or wave will tear us from this rudder, the lookout will remain steadfast at his post, now and in the end times (or now, the end time).

But these ropes are strong so they are heavy. Loaded with meaning and taking on water weight by the second. This wet rope is too heavy, the boat poorly maintained. The Captain will go down with the Ark, burdened, sunk by our precautions. One of each type of human, all tied neatly below deck, a tidy catalogue of corpses, underwater.

Thank goodness they added windows down there this time.

Archive as tomb. Human tomb. For nobody, anymore.

The inscription is illegible.

There are no doors or windows.

The Ark is not what it once was. The Archive never was.

The pattern has been exalted beyond its capacity. A relation overburdened with responsibility, we have selected a load bearing beam from an assortment of voids, similarly sized betweenesses, empties. ways that this is or is not like, similitude stumbled upon in the dark pit we occupy, like a light, or something. Are they really so same? It didn't used to be so crowded here you know. Might have been a field with grass. Or a glass bowl. There were never any windows though. There's just so many, like, things you can't help but wonder. Keep bumping into shit
in the dark.

And so pattern is void. The little dotted line bridging every occurrence, recurrence, symmetries in group structures and origami folds. Holds it all up there and tosses it in a neat circle, each time right back around, again, anew.

And in the rhythm there becomes more more and it is on top of, again, linked and pulled along, entwined. Coherent. But as we realized, these lines are gone have been erased in a flash like they were never there, and again, they never were.

What is between now? What will sit in that little space right after the first pulse and right before the second?

What is before? Everything is full of holes or everything is a hole full of everything. A hull full. Who will find the trees to cut them down for lumber to build the spindles to produce twine to bind us, replace that dotted line, tie things together and down?

I can only hold five or six in my hands.

Maybe just four if they're bigger.

We tied ourselves down real tight. She helped me.

Now these ropes are not. The manufacturing quality was not up to the industry standard. We find that we're wound up in layers of nothing. Naked. Untethered. Yet still stuck on the damn boat.

Tied up with what? Ropes?

I might have heard that before but there are too many holes to make sense of it now. It's so fucking loud in here. What do you mean before? There's a smoke alarm going off, ocean liner

fog horn, ear splitting, cuts through nothing and their banging at the door it's still beeping screaming but oh still stuck here tied to the mast the bed thank god there aren't windows for them to see what you're tied up with going down with the ship.

gunshot gunshot gunshot gunshot shotgun

pentatonic scale - too direct, this implies pattern and clearly misconstrued allusion. We need something out of time. This may seem daunting or complicated but I assure you it isn't. In reality, oh goodness, it is easier not to worry, to not worry about before, what is that, sequence or story. The tremendous burden of memory. Distract yourself from that crude image and idiotic, arduous hallucination of relationships and "patterns" that keep the "past" in order, makes it comfortable enough to glance at, inward spiral.

Instead: "This reminds me of... nothing at all".

"Unlike any other occurrence;

Comparison would be absurd".

I have never felt this way before.

So what does it feel like?

Now, Further,

There is a rhythm to be found so that it can be lost

there is a rhythm

found here: 516 -- 86 6 -- 43 3 2 2

that there is little lines in between

In between now

That there is so that

so that

three over there over two by two

three that there is a little line

Between is lost and the distance is closed

we are we are we are we are presented with

it is between us found

to be we are between finding

Revealed to so that

to be

This now is intended to invoke motion towards the limit point of the spiral, around the curve yes but most critically *in* and from this in, a glance at the center.

the singularity, sameness
in other words to see the point

when you look

you look in two

These three 'observing' functions come together in a point exterior to the picture: that is, an ideal point in relation to what is represented, but a perfectly real one too, since it is also the starting-point that makes the representation possible. Within that reality itself, it cannot be

invisible. And yet, projected diffracted three forms
that real ideal point
further from the point the gaze traverses
across towards the page restore what

you are presented

with what you are the rhythm is to be found as a starting point the point at which is to be lost.

the rhythm comes in pulse in in
and it is to be presented as such such

might be misunderstood as a repetition but that's just your dreams talking your gaze talking it's deja vu this can't have happened before we're getting to a starting point or approaching the limit point, an ideal point in relation to what is represented, but a perfectly real point we are in it.

And yet,

Bumping, bumping in the dark. I don't see a pattern. Might have happened before but when was that, could there be a line? A little dotted trail, invisible thread or three of them with our gaze twisted in the intersection caught in a refraction, complicit, I hope you aren't involved in this. I hope we aren't responsible.

But now a bump and you look back and realize there's nothing to worry about we had myth then gods then patterns and now we have nothing so nothing to worry about but oh when

was that Before when was that did it already happen did we miss it? What was once back has turned in inward into and you've tied yourself up in nothing and the future is here now is gone just as before and yet,

it coils back around again

again and we can almost feel it it is almost palpable

“Have you ever felt like this before?”

“I have never felt like this before”

More: “I have never felt”

Better: “I don't know”

~~Again we have nothing.~~ We have nothing. We lost it. We never had it. And now our net is full of holes. We put them there. Carefully positioned little voids where there should have been rocks or something. Our walls are full of holes. The water will get in.

The page is full of holes.

The page is covered in words.

Something changed, and just a little bit is gone. Just a little bit changed, and everything is gone.

You did this you lost it, whatever we had.

Covered the page, splattered black same ink and it's all over her fingers stuck to you stuck tied to the tied to the bed the mast, comes back around but you forgot.

That little gap between now and before, the same

gap we use everywhere, isn't there anymore. The

Invisible void vanished. And, now, now, now,

Our gaze glances across that little space right after the first pulse and just before the second. We stand between the pulses (betweenness left undefined as a primitive notion). That little gap is

gone, before intersects now, the first pulse is followed by the first pulse is followed by is a pulse

now now now we are now we are

You begin to suspect the space is empty.

No lines, threads, no void, merely a complete and utterly precise Nothing. At last your eyes close.

Realize your ears have been ringing all this time. Realize the space is not empty.

Between the pulses. Between the first pulse and the first pulse.

Footsteps.

Feet hitting the floor. Sloppy, out of time.