

Schizo

Information is not generated, it is corrupted. He believes in his senses - this is clear. It is an act of faith, no more than this.

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The dreamer of the dream within the dream, dreams of his dream - this is he. Recollection is interminably unattainable and futile. An advised acceptance is never reasonably acknowledged. From his awareness of these involuntary occurrences he remembers only that *it* (the dream) happened. *What's the difference though eh?* The smell under the road still doesn't commute, as the senses would expect.

Situations have to occur at certain, specific times, otherwise one will slip away. Are they helping or just controlling? Always take the long cut, its true; everything on the walk is. The same people, been seeing them for a lifetime, more or less, and no one else notices they are going grey, everywhere. They continually eye the 'problem', even if just a glance given. 'They had their chance' - chance gone.

He must seem/behave singular, although his multiplicity is known. Ignore this. Abandon the futile and ominous understanding. Clearly he is selfish, as to worry people is this way - they have never had to learn of these inevitabilities. Not to mention the cost, the inconvenience. They always thought 'rest' would help. It should help...oh such egotism.

The lanes are so quiet, yet everything is heard there. Senses are heightened to their extremities. In these moments all sensation becomes seamless; no good or bad, just *whole*. The black bags are still by the railway and the paths of this journey are always there. Late at night he and his friend see the figure and their bags here, sometimes. Sitting on the old adjacent wall, still standing just, halved. This is forever a shadow and continually a journey.

Those rituals - what is ancient within these grounds can be worshiped today? This mediation is relentless and includes the perpetual aberrations. The output is the usual insistence on some procrastination or other. It is blatantly apparent. But never act on it, don't point it out to them. If this is done timing is crucial. And note, these habits must be learnt.

The scent of building-up is familiar - such a necessity. The machinations of the mind are a ghetto - create a ghetto. The machine controls the body and the *object*, but the mind is machine and it has to work in such a manner. This must be continually remembered. The report has been written and this is what it has alleged.

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If you follow now, he won't follow, will not follow. For you understand nothing at all; nothing at all does he understand.

Taking yourself to be...thinking

to not be thinking

to be no thing.

During the journey, there is still no break with acceptance from the *unreal oneself*.

Understanding the damage, ignoring your damage and the distance between the son and 'that man'. The homogenising of experience is mixed with the side effects: the effects.

And your time "is as fine is as fine is as follows"

So "be glad, O be glad for" your time "has" an "ending".

...

From one form to another an adjustment is made. He does not wake up from not thinking about thinking, but this is the destination. Waking down is the nightmare he cannot emerge from. Stop noticing the disorder is the cry - an acceptance is the preferred endpoint or level of comprehension. The understanding that plants die if you don't water them is just too simple it would appear. The heating is always on, cooking the smells in this waiting room where carpet is a constant. Stains abound.

Don't risk the illusion and the pace, the pause, the mm, ah, hum, err, the stutter, the hurriedly encouraged wrong word. The current disposition is being transposed. Don't know where it should be - it shouldn't 'be' anywhere. Not to think about this and allow control. That's what it means to be here, looking out, just. The paint and the frame are cracked; wonder what it feels like?

Normally apart, he learns to be. The rotten fruit smells - no rain - but dampness sets in. Feet are always cold, now. Does he believe or understand anything? Accepting normality is what must be comprehended. Estrangement is fine - no problem. Some people like to be alone in thought. But your distrust will not work.

An uncompanionable silence inside the grounds is reassuring. The violence of trust is unseen as is the disease caused by the treatment. Enduring the evidence and the deprivation of reality is ongoing. There is a logic in the illogical, placed within but without and never outside, with.

Moving from one state to another, going forth, this is agreed. No more 'present', as rationally there is none. Experience is to be expected, anticipated - always think of the next time. Great! Think of the next and one before that. Don't stop and try to read the text.

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Much worse than fear is depersonalisation, this is even more debilitating over time. The sense of losing your autonomy is fear, the anxiety of becoming 'it'. This can be shifted however; it is a near mystical operation, going from one status to another. Avoiding the objectification and negating the fear. They are all *it*.

I am surrounded by objects.

Because of all this stuff everywhere, I am dealing with the procedures and processes of 'being', by deadening oneself. It is a comprehensive experience. One is a mythological entity, floating around the different fragments of my environment. It's sufficient to be the retort for this has no basis. I can be aware now and see what I have to gain from each individual situation I encounter. For everything has the same and even positioning to me now. This has always been the case, only my comprehension of it was lacking. It is the others, the objects, who deprive me of my own survival. Now, under these accepted facts my existence is under no threat. This relationship aids my presence. Before I was always showing myself off but never giving anything away, I thought. 'I exist in your acknowledgment', with a lack of recognition the most hideous panic. Is my environment safe, one would consider? Is it my companion or enemy? I must be singular as I am always under attack. Not now. Now I am embedded to this stuff, so I can be as many or as few, as is my wish.

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The elements are kept at bay but there is always a threat. The arguing will preserve his life; a constant dread of all relatedness is a dominant anxiety. This thought itself burns into him. Being hated is not the same as being loved. To be loved is to live with fear, like a fear of drowning - hatred is just to live. A safety established and formed in isolation is understood by him, as there is no vacuum or disintegration in this state. Within this reality, situations can be controlled. For this is his own truth, untouched by them.

Tam Hare, January 2015