

Fragments of Reflection

**A look into the diary life of an author trying to
free themselves of the burden of worldhood.**

20/1/2013

David Harding

Fragments of Reflection

David Harding

Published: 2013

Tag(s): Meditations essays diary

Foreword; The difficulty of the subject

The individual as subject of the inner world of person-hood and experience is what this short book intends to express. The whole book is in two parts, the first; *Of Longing and Belonging* written in the form of a collection of philosophical expositions, the aim being to have an introductory section expressing some general ideas that support the individual's thinking as a writer and as an opportunity for the individual to resolve the issues that have arisen within his writings. This gives a framework for many of the underlying opinions of the writer, a clue to his identity and perhaps expresses some of the ideas of the author as well. This section ends with a few paragraphs in the introduction in the form of a diary exert, then continuing the diary form is the second part, a much longer section which comprises of a collection of short passages entitled *The Passions*. *The Passions* as a section is broken by titled passions which indicate a break from the normal passage of time the writer is writing through and usually indicate a specific subject or idea. The overall idea for the book was to begin experimenting with writing through a use of an ideal subject undertaking the activity and simply expressing their own self experience through images, thoughts, ideas and expressions. The idea is to make writing a form of expression and is important to understanding the author's intention to reveal the inner world of subjectivity that surrounds the identity of the person the passages are written through. He has a will, a mind and a medium through which these can be revealed and find satisfaction in expressing themselves philosophically with reference to transcendent notions of selfhood and the eternity of the world they experience. Each passion indicates a moment and an obstacle overcome; a world in itself through the eyes of an individual who endeavors to remain creating from within, whatever the state that imposes its self upon them through any physical and social limitations. The book aims to draw its material from the will to express oneself through writing as a medium of thought.

David Harding

-
-
-
-

Fragments of Reflection

I watch people, outings to the parks,
I watch people crying out to me as I sit,
As I sit at night I can here these people;
Calling out against our soul.

I think of Easter like the ends of the Earth,
I think of Easter, think out to the calling and,
As I sit, I forget the wars and purges,
As I sit, I forget the great wholes.

And as I forgive the formal questions, I forget that I have lost him,
Or moved on from the passes of autumn to the grief of the gifts,
And as we all move on faster to soar higher, I forget them.

I wanted a girl from town taught the silent nights,
I wanted to laugh also as I'd taught, immoral, ridiculous,
As I thought of us; calmed checked humor to our name,
I thought out from beneath the eyes of a passion, my lost hopes.

Of Longing and belonging

1

It is always the dream of yesterday which carries clues to our inner peace, where the episode contains a directive to the past, the present escapes us towards this past, this motion builds its unseeable force slowly releasing itself from its cause, ourselves as we move cautiously through the present. In summers we catch the myth hidden between our lives, timelessness and a happening which like an episodic play tells us of its formality and inner structure, it carries peace and belonging. When the timelessness of these episodes plays out an era; one is always ending, one is always becoming being born. A question is historically approached and directed towards every epoch; we translate the

through emotion, resulting in the internal and personal reference of 'our when'. Multiple events collude and time remains an emotive essence resulting from cohabitation and cross representation as of passion as will in the world forces our part within the whole. Underlying our lives and each eternal sphere, our souls recognize the singular part of our own passage in the world, the fateful error of repetition, the joy of remembrance, the commonality of return and of all notional (psychic) events are all interpretable essences we experience through. We resolve our event through closing our will governed by apodictic reduction; this is nothing but the essence of time, a moment passing, nothing but the motion of our wills in a world we reckon often to be teacher, friend or God. Our lives appear this struggle as always a part and relative to this world, we act through it and for it.

We must continuously forge the self, we must will and move and somewhere through chaos find a world for ourselves, our own soul and that of the world lie beneath the obvious, beneath our real world which remains formed by our first assumptions and our first non-assumptions, those assertions we never fully found courage to adopt or deny and which remained doubts or unconscious negations. For many people a short while into our continued inter-relating with our world, we notice a deepening of the soul and a maturity to our experience, whether this is formed as intrigue, inspiration or mystical assurance we intuit with this the apprehension of a 'possible realm' fit for our now stronger desires. The human being begins to suppose beyond the assumptions it first made and desire another reality which contains the other and the new and does not force us to remain skeptical or conservative over our will for the world. A repression of philosophy and free thinking ends, the soul is born to us briefly then begins to slip back into the harder reality again leaving us with memories of a world which appeared to have come before us through a fuller representation at will and then disappeared again leaving us to confusion and powerless willing for revelation of the new real world. We struggle again in both the lower world we were beginning to amalgamate and to possess the higher world that it now seems impossible to bring forward. Ignoring our old suppression which was once healthy doubt and desiring rational proof we continue to hope for our momentary revelation. More and more we seek a way to attain and a way to experience and forever more do we become engaged in the dialectic of the world, attempting to uncover it again through persuasion and our own self-assurance resulting from having understood partly its meanings.

It would remain a struggle were there no signs; indicators of right and wrong and, of truth and certainty. It is often said of all that the world finds itself to be without necessity, a mystic notion surrounds its being present in the guise of a purpose and a meaning. Of this we feel we too are a part but a part we play at and deceive the whole for with little shame on discovering truths that we cannot lead immediately only we must follow to continue to discover more how it is, why it is. It would signify and we certainly sign. We capture moments that pass like pictures of an entirety, of a saga, and of the timeless world of phenomena; thoughts and ideas that shroud objectively driven souls to goals. Our wills, desires and goals seem to lead us but should we 'choose to believe' of this world that it knows all too well our desires and meets us and them through the course of all our striving? Is there no other assent that gratifies a relation of us as subject to ourselves and as objects to subjects separate from us? Is knowledge a fitting paradigm to what we intuit is something more like the world's understanding of itself or even its paradoxical un-knowing? Subtly with creation we are led to reflect that all our longing and belonging is desire for a greater whole but we fall back within a misunderstood self-orientating motion which looks obtuse to others as a common possession within our wills. We count this for the worse and despair, a man finally gives up on world as even a rational idea, it is relative and a whole subordinated to itself, he will 'will' nothing and want nothing for the greater part of his life but is satisfied in what he has and covers the moral assertion beneath his choice that if he is wrong it is a small burden he charges his world with. Perhaps losing his communication with the world he lost his observation of the soul, or lost his older ideal of a beyond that could never be brought before the

pursuing act of knowledge;

“As I question myself why such an often noble aesthetic path results in so troubling a contradiction I ponder also the world discourse. I remind her what we had and what we will have and tell her of her own unquenchable thirst in the universe to have and to possess, to be had and known, for the value of all things and for the most respectful graces to come through an experience with it. Would she or God agree? Has not history made many an end to such longing through the will of people? Could the Earth not swallow any shallow attempt to rediscover its truth; is it still willing or even yet aware?”

The past that once stretched beyond life echoes through a world history, its signs that appear often as tortuous remarks and that sometimes echo dreadfully in our present carry for us the mystic glow of idealism, often of a necessary causing and a law that have their effects on now and future times but more often we shock ourselves through factual and rational ideas, it is for us questionable that it has gone or that it was wrong, or that it is unchanged. We question a place in time as our belonging to the now which appears often with as much the essence of perfection as has the written play; we question an eternal end a question which leads to nihilism and often mysteriously staticizes our present moment now if we forgo that idea, this immobility then only forces us search past experiences for proof and for clues to illuminate events that pass now. Though we can create new truths through our imagination from what we reckon to be all that is at present, we still never fully accept the world's resolution of eternal and temporal duality we are already a part of and our presents fade, our lives end and we begin anew. Whatever remains unchanged in the worlds lies parallel to what between us could never remain. We find ourselves at such times discovering what was forever before us as supportive of our will to remain and yet to recognize that only through our becoming forever absent to ourselves through comprehending its remaining, leaves no commonality between ourselves as part and the world we are part of. We remain distinct, separate from our reference to our self and the end of the endeavour to comprehend it and the beginning of securing the personal and emotive which can never be anything but the self at any present to its sum.

2

We need everything to be similar and have some common root in order to be a reduction of world's value and with wonder and amazement we can rarely find anything in the notion of the soul that of its own volition will accept opposition through difference as a part of its nature and though equally we find its nature is its dealings with difference and come from nothing but change. But this insight echoes another struggle we find again is nothing but a phantom of the will and the representation of a stage in an argument and assent alongside a world of otherness which counters the self-aware consciousness with its privileged knowledge of its own nature.

One might struggle forever to see something where there was essentially nothing for us with us. We play with the philosophical drop from our hopes as if slowly walking the edge of a canyon that represents the emptiness and nothingness of our soul and world and begins our tutelage of efficient hope; it begins a questioning that begs from our position that if we have found nothing, there must still be something. We often find an answer ourselves as to what we hold to be valued in such a world in its vast expanses of absence and perhaps we are led to value the expanses themselves. Nothing remains like the great alter sacrifice of the world to its subject; ‘I am well prepared to be nothing for you.’ Though this comes into direct conflict with the rather optimistic plenitude of being, the existence of the world is often presented to the subject as. Is it only theories of ideas and worlds within the mind that have this susceptibility to nothingness perhaps existing paradoxically from

nothingness themselves; the knowing mind of the subject and his consciousness, and the question: Whether the knower can really be known without re-direction toward the theoretically governing self-awareness and *consciousness* itself which exists only when filled with an impression of its world?

The fantasy of the subject often leads one away from the world and much of our experience appears totally subjective and personal, we begin to understand our contrary position to the whole and learn its phrases; 'Why whilst everything around me is in blossom do I still feel so sad?' Is the modern thinker with his world of ideas not in conflict with this plenitude and has he still to struggle like an ancient people with a balance of nature for the sake of the world. The contradiction lying in an illusion of representation is a fearful thing, we find solace in the thought that a pure consciousness freed from the objective world's decision to reveal itself only as it could or would, would attain the most perfect object to reflect; chiefly God or a higher notion of what we mean by existence; the ideal. But what happens to a soul when it begins distorting its inner reality or turning away from it? Has it not at this point then found security in a transcendent reality and so can suffer its own imagination and distortion with the benefit of overcoming the world? Perhaps not. When the thinker no longer correctly recognizes this turning from reality in transcendent experience and can transcend where perhaps he ought not, is he then not prone to underlying despair through falsely conceptualizing the world he is in and the world he transcends? A despair which replaces him in the reality he faces and pushes him to overcome another world and then another; a situation where a discourse and intuition with the world might have forewarned him. Perhaps he feels at the very moment he faces the despair he has already failed his will or the world's and realizes that a misunderstanding has occurred between two distinct bodies. What he faces is the transcendence of the world and he must follow it and begin all over again at odds to all ends, searching still for some sign that he can or it can be otherwise. But what is this language between us and our creator and between us and the necessary objects of our pleasure; this language of thoughts and actions which somehow tell the other how, where and why and that sometimes appear as patterns through a chaos; like accidents of nature rather than a real dialectic. First we must accept the rules of language if we are to discover if there is one. Do signs always carry their objective meaning or must they take into consideration the possibly total subjectivity of the receiver in the communication? Are these signs intended just for us and remain personal or is there some archaic mechanism involved in the certainty of experience that results in a universally known to be comprehended by another. What we must consider is that if there were no subjective meaning or personal signification and all was universally objective a sign would lead us to be forced into synchronicity; we would all answer the same and end up in the same place whereas a total subjectivity would result in an unempirical assertion for every sign and every assertion would have to be believed equally as representing every other. A balance must be struck between subject and object which echoes that of the individual and the world, but we cannot assume certain categorical definitions between the two dualities because they both depend on balance as a medium to their unity or co-existence. In this case it can also be noted that the terms objective and world would contradict each other as world implies a subject. It is my world and even as it is this world it is still me who perceives, reflects or indicates.

It is for the watcher caught in time to understand a necessity has its cause in our world; time passes, and it will only be with an expansion of the conditions of experience and a feeling that holds us in part responsible for the way the world is and its result (to be one with the world) that should enable us to see the detail in every passing moment. It is in the present moment we catch an instant continuously refreshing itself; an instant of something from nothing; an instantaneous restarting of the now which sets itself across the perceived totality in an experience. Our present moment says; "now, fresh look again (and again)", this, commonly followed by our assertions that nothing has changed and through it we discover an often 'familiar and mundane' present. We mistake this for an unchangeable

moment, we conceive of the static and we have a moment to the subject, the world presenting itself through this apparent repetition of a state that puts the pace of our changes at such a slow ebb we cannot detect them, leading us to ignore change and what we would instinctively intuit on reflection that the changes are inevitable and a clock is set and ticking. The unity of experience where the parts of any duality are reduced to the idea of the duality as one thing resolves our struggle, but we have our temporal static through the present again and again and we begin to look outside the duality and ask ourselves what lies beyond the question of what really remains and what continues to become and change. We can gain no ground without the possibility that reflection on the whole outside of time can support us and lead us to the same conclusion, that the fleeting motion of change and the static are 'one'. Perhaps this would mean it is not a reflection of the motionless itself that offers itself as a solution to change but only as counter narrative to the constantly changing world. We can conclude the temporal can only result in the will for and the apprehension of what we desire and the static retains opposition to this, something is at rest. Without the illusion of the solution the reflection of the present offers the dialectic between present and temporal motion, resolving it in unity would not present itself; perhaps we believed prior to this what can not be willed, that as long as we have the present we will always have the solution to our will for the world and we must try to bring about the end of reproducing the alternative or the transcendent. We cannot bring about the opportunity for struggle and for dialectic with the world; loss in comparison between us and our silent partner and our weakening feeling of misunderstanding continue often to pervade most endeavors. We must remain with what is apparent and move from this 'one' outside of the duality of the 'time problem' to our present as it first surfaces as a possible solution to its counter narrative and co-existent partner temporal motion/change, and perhaps from this 'one' to this temporality itself the plurality and motion of the world. Only working in and through a meditative transcendent medium will result in a understanding; perhaps the world translation by part of its own necessity, or, here our definition of the content of our world as its own motion through our unified opposition and acceptance.

3

Belief in a personal God extends our call to an ultimate end; a God who recognizes you and knows you with the intention of guiding you with certain ends in mind that reflect your world and your view. Equally to have no God and a completely free will entitle a person to guide themselves but again we might lose the elusive communication with the soul and our world the minor assertion to the larger leading whole. We might still make decisions and read signs but the mind loses a fail-safe and gets locked into objective and scientific thought; ignoring what could not be proven and perhaps losing some sense of the unknown. It could prove a success story the forth coming centuries are yet to prove but I imagine we will all too easily allow the fateful drowning of human endeavor even here in an apparently objectively safe ground. What Science has thought and achieved still requires a touch of sensitivity and when we reflect on our places in the world we discover the need for a dual caring of the world and ourselves; a mutual relationship remains with an often impossible calculation as the result of our understanding of the things that affect us. Man strikes out a chord not entirely against the harmony of the rest of the world but one which needs continuous reflection and refinement. Has man outgrown his sense of wonder of the tragic in life and become uncomfortable with this ancient device through which we realize what we ourselves must really be like? Is it finally a form of power he seeks over nature and not a harmony of mutuality and respect? In the world these alternatives can mean only what they mean between the two entities; man is often portrayed as teacher, but he is not a God. Perhaps man will no longer appear even to be man or even want to be? When we think such things is there not a veiled desire for our freedom? Do we dare ask of ourselves from whence comes this release from duty?

this play of possibility and our own rather tragic struggle?

— It appears to be a struggle for possession and what we gain from anything is always the focus of the endeavor. Possessing something has that paradox of the moral right and the contention of whether we possess it fairly or not, or with reason or not. We struggle to possess the beautiful in the face of its own realization of its beauty and we struggle to possess in the face of all change and uncertainty and even through the succession of time. Surely this is enough to persuade us that we cannot realistically obtain what we truly desire, but, we carry on judging a thing to be worth something and committing it to memory for the hopeful return of that thing in our world, or, struggling to keep hold of the memory; something which is often all that ever becomes of our experience. The passion towards memory presents itself through a sempiternal guise; it is the past as memory shown as part of a succession of linear events that tell a story. The story itself is outside of time possessing neither beginning nor end as we may return at will to its different parts. Which part gains focus depends on the unity and implied intentionality of the event; it is always desirable to return to an event that shortly precedes a number of beneficial happenings. We will to relive these through choosing to restart ones life at that time. This theory has one fateful flaw however that on attainment of an end one never really feels like reliving anything; it is a feeling that only once a life is gone is there any will to live it again and that attainment of the end of the will (its ceasing), would imply that no longer can anything be willed, even a will to life. The past rather shuts the door on the added possibility in the fantasy but we still at moments of great joy will to return to the preceding events that lead to that joy. The possibility of a repetition too excites in us the feeling of joy; the happening in eternity of an event that would ordinarily pass by in time becomes fixated upon as a possible point of return, but this again all too often an illusion. The present reality we deal with is not the repetition of the past but the repetition of the present; a phenomena which portrays time as suffering from a kind of stutter making a relation to the eternal appear possible where all that may have notable significance is the deepening of conditions and results in our current experience of present events. It is a further illusion of the deepening when we face serene beauty and interpret this as having an eternal seat in the world; when in reality the unity of experience would not fully comprehend the reason why an experience is so inviting we cannot deny the impressions the memory retains and our will to them as playing some part in this play. We will the same thing again; something which in reality is very problematic but we instinctively will succession in experience counter to this; when unwell we become consciously aware of the time we are ill and of its passing existence relative to time as if to cure our ills; 'Time heals all wounds' we are told. Our strongest inclination remains when we are at the peak of our conscious experience; it is time as a phenomena of existence that we try to comprehend, as an objective reality that time independent of our consciousness.

A simple conversation will undeniably result in an understanding of what the individual means by time but the world carries the notion within her as an abstract idea and a practical and demonstrable reality. What it is we prove from the reality with the world depends on the definitions and terms we are in agreement with on the subject. It could mean however that time carries only one real objective meaning to the world and to further this it could be remarked still where there is no consciousness there is no time. Our objective time as a function of the world relies heavily on the dimensions by which subjective time operates in the mind. We cannot fully conceive of a logical operation of time that doesn't ascribe itself to the same logic we have ourselves or it would remain inconceivable. An objective time series is one that exists independent of the mind and must consist of the proof of which by some empirical method. Events would have to have the hallmarks of succession and duration without the conceiving mind and not appear in a timeless order which as far as we conceive may be the reality they consist of only to be (mis?)construed through our ideas. The idea that time has a dual affect on experience which affects the will, the motive to act and ones experience

general is not uncommon. We understand that live our lives we accumulate experience and make empirical assertions based on our view of a history of events and also the emotive essence which underlies any experience can be reinterpreted through the relation of events to each other and ourselves. We also recognize it is with great rarity that experiences mean anything to us as we usually face a familiar world with its realism and imagery and can feel nothing in response to the great variety of stimuli available. What we attempt to stimulate through acknowledging time are abstract ideas of passing time or becoming or being at one particular instant. These often complicated orders occur naturally but very rarely. So we see in the will the striving and desire for things which can make themselves manifest in a reaction and behavior to temporality and essentialist theories of time. We always long for the past as a symbol of the success in our striving and desire often because moments when past take on a different attraction to those that occur at present.

4

Another aspect of our will we suggested was a communication with the powers that we find whether as world or God or authority. The will we explained does find success but is often left wanting and unsure of its self, faced with a nothing and despair. What we turn to now is an aspect of the theory hidden in it and ruling over it with an often punishing vehemence; this is the striving for order and the underlying notion of law; natural or institutional that human being is faced with. It is an order we rationally assent to. The world when subordinated in principle to law becomes predictable and stable. A chaotic un-surety which masked the language we have with the world and often our God lifts as we approach some purer thought of the form of order. We are prepared to accept a course which benefits us least as long as it is ordered, reasonable and knowable. Our appeal to reason for a rational order that makes sense of the world is rooted in the reality of the success of a design and ordered arrangement. Preparation in life entails a way of subordinating a situation to its law and the principles it operates by. The question arises in man whether and to what shall we subordinate to our laws and so create an order from and on to a seeming disorder and chaos, and, when to allow an order or chaos to prevail with us or over us and so subordinate ourselves to it. Here we find society in a modern sense; the actions and behavior of people depends on the order they impose and are subject to. This order remains whilst many parts change and so a unique harmony comes about from the relationship we have with an environment. But this order subject to itself and to the divisions of being natural created suffers the painful dilemma when it comes into contact with theories of what mans rights are. Natural religion arising from such an environmental relationship has been both ethical and prudent and seeks firmly to establish itself as a science of human nature in respect of the forms it apprehends as its co existents along its journey. Our first question regarding the will of an individual arises; does the object of our will rest in respect of and in the light of the world as an ordered being, a being which we might remark even if in chaos and subordinated to an order we create still assumes high principles (or more complex ones) of order and become a body of theory commonly known as the natural law. Whatever we will in the face of such knowledge becomes subordinate to the rule of the thought that a kind of existential ethic and establishment of new or old power will prevail to surround the emergence of everything we endeavor to do. Even the new and profound finds itself scrutinized by the sciences we have at present in order to understand it, just as in the mind we bare with caution the theory of empirical synthesis with the emergence of new ideas, a prevailing shadow over all we endeavor to long for in the will can be regarded religiously as a known end through the notion of the all-knowing God. We provide ourselves with ethical grounds for subsuming that all things good and bad are enacted by the individual before God and so entail ethical consideration of our freedom to

these things. The unnerving problem of willing and wanting something we have no knowledge of and no power to produce instills a sense of discord in the state of the person; even when we recognize the fault of wanting anything deemed 'out of reach' do we still unconsciously desire them. Sometimes it is of no resolution that the freedom to do something rests in acknowledging religious and social orders that curb the enthusiastic will with the ethical end in mind. Contemplation of God as arbitrator of our states does little to satisfy the sense of longing we find in the soul daily.

It can be remarked that as we grasp for freedom from this will we receive the wisdom of the world in a moment. We capture the notion of what we can do that does not directly engage a long term and obscure desire and we are able to focus on natural behavior that well replaces what would be the function of the will and what it desires. Contemplation and reflection prove an inexhaustible body of thought in philosophy equal to the acquiring and revising of other ideas and lead us to a quasi-religious regard for a universe which reveals its better nature in pure reflection of itself and even in a meditative absence of thought underwritten by a subschema of intentionality.

"I couldn't begin to think, I took a step back into reflective thought and realized the curse of the end of month phase; for a while those with the most forceful wills hang slightly in the balance awaiting signs that the month is truly over. The near dull days had reached this afternoon and I sensed beneath a veiled thought the impending future; September though not as cold as usual lay sleeping like a child and I wondered if enough stirred in me to wake into this next passage. They say if you're travelling unaccompanied you travel through a different sphere, one with a more personal and reflective essence, as if sharing the journey shuts you down and being alone opens eyes and doors. "Could I be entirely alone?" I wondered. I had been near alone with much of my life for some three years and wondered whether what I was because of that put people off me. I wanted to create out of the nothingness a place for myself and others who walked lonely on their path to unknown ends and shrank at the possibility. The assent to the proposition of a oneness of the 'world view' where ideas states looked after and respected the singular nature of an effort solely individual and self-originate seemed like a shallow, empty hope to the ideas our modern communities have of this issue. I wondered if the magic of the individual that is expressed in their common meetings might really be from a source of solitude similar in origin to the same energy source groups and peoples had. Right now I feared both the conflict of the real world of relationships and intense associations. To know where you're going is important, hope is important, I still felt perhaps I was shutting something out and their came alongside this the personal myth that my world was being prepared for something or someone and was too early to let the great cycles that controlled my world and other's collide into the assumed social chaos."

When we meet ideal situations we profess perfection of an imaginary system. Because somehow the world has expressed our own need we reflect and recreate the how of the system in *mente* whilst being taken in by an apparent teleology. It is one we would usually imagine does not exist, one which has predicates which do not always pertain to events and remains non-ascertainable as a real existent. The delusion was present in this solitary life too and I wanted to hide from these thoughts, but then followed a more dramatic twist. In recent months I saw a division in my ego with new friends, did the real passion and reflective eccentricity within me really want to be expressed as it had before, could it? Had I changed and become a superficial reality, a person with a private social life that the will of other people could not touch?

There were blessings to this, I felt some naked truth had been protected or saved. Perhaps what could not have happened would not happen and in this mode revealed a purpose of necessity? I was scared of assuming the life I had led was in anyway necessary and wanted to shoot out at the hidden

enemy of my life; the inquisitor judge and the questioning moral arbiter wandering through my actions, as I found myself in a world where I was forced into touching moments with others and affected others with the things I did. Blessed salvation somehow amongst all this, strength to take all in and carry on. Did others want the same thing as me? I told myself; "There are no two things the same, only one thing the same as itself."

Somehow human desire has either ruled the past several thousand years guided by some divine assistance or been aided by reason through the form of its ability to govern passion. I imagine the divine form of time resolving these suggestions. It is the passage of time I feel that builds the character of solace; I imagined ends that would logically conclude a hero and prophet of my intentions. "Whilst some refuge he takes in God it is the solution he has to a truer understanding of what can be attained and possessed in the world that resolves his conflicts and although a temporality of his possession may over state this truth through a number of assumptions, there are still fundamental structures of reflection evident on the surface." A natural passion indicates what it means to possess the truth or greater truth from a familiar notion of the will from and towards the truth. An evidence of this truth remaining for him and a touching victory emerges for our hero. If we place our hero outside of his transcendental being, we assume some certain limit to the benefit of any non-contradictive expression. To place him within reach provides him a release from our world and attainment in his own, but placing him out of reach of that transcendental aspect and we only further his life in the heroic form, he fails himself for our sake and can only secure himself again. The way one cannot escape one's life is echoed in the form of his transcendental being, one that he again would be powerless to avoid the victory of. Is it a simple certainty and necessary cause proving its hold on some divine plan for our hero or, from our acceptance of the unknown and uncertain within his search for proof is he giving himself some freedom from this world? We too are bound by his truths then once more freed again at the limits and ends they have which in turn have their own freedoms and limits. It is as if 'we' do not escape and it is the challenge to either God or our own transcendental being to escape determinism entirely and remain forever free in the preexistence of his apparent ambulation.

Passions are led by the success of their expression and the fulfillment within the desires that have never first surfaced as understood and recognizable; this is what leads an untrained soul to mistake his own endeavor; the passionate author either must not or can not know from whence comes the resource of his willing. When we battle against or for something for any possible reason in an ethical and causal system we succeed and we fail never sure whether our ideas ever ought to have taken seed or been followed up upon. It becomes a game of expression across a lateral plateau that we can never judge in its original form but only improve and tend bearing in mind the form of the piece. It remains also a pure desire and possession of what we desire throughout the activity, in this form they dualistically rely on each other and feed upon each other gradually building a form of internal and external synthesis. To break them apart is to become freed from this cycle (the will for nothing or the will to rest) but to create through this synthesis is also an end to the realization of our dissociation from the world. What we mean here is that having and wanting which highlight the difference between the internal willing and the objective having are to derivatives of one undivided state and a synthesis of two different states which each require a relation to their co-existence (unity other than the process which leads to this), in this case we make that co-existent what they share namely the relation to the subject and have one overall motion, that motion of the soul we call the passion. However passion in the form of a deontological existent is for no end and for the sake of itself, it is the end, and the source of its own power, the result is all will to possession from this becomes a purely a form of irrationality coming to be; we strive for something that yields not to the will, and remains an object for almost any possible reflection other than what it is, any consideration relative to it remains outside in another deontological unity. We have to 'be' primarily to secondarily will and possess, without being w

cannot recreate the being which is the unity of the world and the subject, the same being from which we derive the being necessary for any real process within the world.

“I hoped the play of my life would solve the questions of what eternal being requires in operation and much of what a theory of a transcendental self already assumes.”

The Passions

As I lay on the bed I consciously sucked in at the atmosphere of the room and all that had happened in the previous three days. It was the feeling of moving on, this coupled with the new surroundings and an implied future I would have through this new house. It felt like a low level psychological pleasure the end of a period and a victory of individuality over the temporal present. What was, had become the definite past now unrepeatable and sectioned off from what can be affected by the will. Some moments that were relevant in the recent year still stuck to present as if awaiting a further expressing, a continuity of certain passions and moments, the continuation of a principle of creation in this life that the small world I was aware of had yet to finish with. This thought contrasted the sure certainty I felt that the preceding years had been ended for all the near endings I had felt, a chapter had been finished and the temporality of the world through life had found closure. I felt suspended above this passing as I lay amid the unfinished décor of the house implying an uncertain yet attainable future. I looked down into the street as if expecting the image of this past soul still stirring in its life of events below. The streets made a painful metaphor for my past and with faint images of events echoed a reality, one that now stood untouchable like a photograph, one I could now no longer be with and now no longer change. Some objection stirred within me, why could I not bring this past to light let it witness heaven as its end amid so many other memories I still carried. The answer struck me cold. Like my love, my *soul* had moved on and was subsequently unmoved at this point by any attempt at recollection. The moment was now with me, closure, a transcendence of the soul and an end that by its appearance struck a deep chord within, the very depth of the moment almost unlike any other indicating the motion of the soul in some natural firmament or law, echoing such the law of recollection at death. “I want to think and be for all I am! I want to live!” I cried out to the day that witness implied another eternal moment. The world where past, where present, where future had little place against its own certainty as its heaven stood before it, alongside it. That familiar presence some eternal day, an eternal moment of birth inescapable like a great guardian over all that could

befall it. It stood in complete contrast to secret creaking memories the night revealed to itself and somewhere in the distance I could see an approaching echo of winter time, a memory in my life reflected from the pages of a book and a link to its greater whole, an eternal moment that could from past become present and then slip away once more, a recital and a repetition of some eternal fact etched in the cold existential eternity I knew.

The location saved my breathing, the peace of a moment secured by familiar structures. Dancing like a score upon my troubles is my soul; perhaps I settled all these things once long ago. Though I may still ask daring, have I now truly forgotten the passing clouds that once covered this life? I thought I once doubted the world am now faced with the ease at which it brings itself to close the matter. So profound and hardy against the world's willing rebuke, the world I knew passed on easily forgotten upon the winds and was lost, scattered amid the receiving stars. Like an eternal hope heaven has watched over always, we like her children squandered all our will out to the hopes that these days would not become lost, but I tell you; "Nothing good is ever lost!" I feel perhaps it is I who am lost, in a seeming empty new world, with new rules and obligations, with similar trims to older ideals. I find myself empty too, seeking the cover of this spent mystery we call the past and with the hope of a future. I sit weighing the causes, events and experiences that have led my soul to this small arena of debate. Life as fair as she is has bought and sold me up for this small space of time I make as my present. Will I be able to seek refuge in the world's momentum and recurrence? Will it remain cold and empty and devoid of feelings I once had? Yet too much went wrong, that's why we moved on, and now I can be happy to just let go and watch, try to catch up with the motion in the form of its atmospheric comedy, its play on experience and time. Life hinged to the now attempts to glorify moments of its victory in a reductive empty present, but what can we miss here; the sacred truth of the worryless now, the child of eternity acting as an heir to the repetition of the past, an inevitable force of its great reality. The tragic and its recurrence, what acts now as an inescapable past occurrence will one day re-convene in a more intelligible form stripped of concupiscence and a feminine repose to its immorality and be exposed as an eternally empty glass once more waiting to be filled. Shall we fill it now? Perhaps no act of will can fill it. What blessing there is in ignorance and what faithful fearlessness is found in doubt? Should I become a believer once again to carry on this path, forever unsure whether time will bless or restrain, teach or simply turn, for I too have made my mistakes and will watch the consequences as this world goes on and on unto my end. I remain in my heart.

Holding on to something and clinging, my hopes and my pleasures fading fast, my eyes for my fateful last glances as my world appears need be, to go on. I looked out from within, down into the deep consciousness spread against the walls of an irrevocable past. Some sense of security, a small hold of tension and clenched fists. Should we lie awake amid the dreaming questions, could we glance at this never-ending whole and not grasp in it an entirety; the simple shore to the soul, the windows of the worlds I knew cascading into certain light and then fading and fluttering like thin sweeping covers. I wept, wept for my heart to recognize absolute change and misfortune, but sometimes our songs help not nearly enough. Dared I now walk amid the trees without my head bowed low, would I ever sleep without the cold empty stills of my memory locked in these small passionless frames? The wind is ageless in its' eternal motion fights to secure the cold recognition of its passage in the world and the terrible mocking void of the fate of eternal being. Though I now so old seeming touch ageless the fathom of my now humbled soul, frail as I walk, calm as I talk and hope, I muster a soul-full, will-full agency. But eternal is the peace that wakes on and carries me upon the fretful passing of my feet over the still solid earth; this last, too cold to touch, a breathless reaching in the icy storm of a palatial era of time. Some sorrow in me works at my hands to prize apart fingers, to lift my arm to my shoulder

my hand to my head for the solid assurance of the blessing that I still move, despite my form slipping away from me forcing me to face an undeniable truth; eternal peace. Had I once known this cruel fate of life to death, of misery shrouded in a perfect glass case of light, an impenetrable collage of sacred and binding thoughts that issues towards all things it is possible to speak with words upon? Now what truth remains as I fall and rise to the glory of the ever-set days, as months pass and years lead the tragic dance to some repeal of an unforgotten conclusion? It remains not still, but lost in passing, like you and we in peace may pretend the fault-full passage of thought and human love would not once stumble, not once falter, not once break and in doing so break also my heart. Not still but lost, and like you will carry these challenges of the soul unto my final days, until my final breath scores it an infinite mark.

Would that the world carried on, I never forgot the crescent days and the last hours before midnight. Did I drop scented every cloud of covered white against my sleeping screen? Will I catch the faint misting of a fading eternal light every time I close my eyes? You may have fought on and not lost the touching peace, you may have forgotten old lands, hands and curious eyes, even you may also have forged the steel into swords that once long ago did penetrate to truth and bone, but I will still have fallen, why excite it? I will still be gone. Whatever we keep here close to arms like the last touching giving up of our fateful enemies touch, whatever we still betray to each other as 'the quiet soul', we will to end the passions, breaths sighing as heavy still as the mourning's end. Whatever quiet calm betrayed over time still leaks between the walls we all rebuild secure. There are always ways of forgetting the past but some things are difficult to get over. What did I forget, shy plain smiles out of the never-ending dream I'd made myself believe in, forced myself to recognize every time I had amassed enough trust in myself to carry on with what I had to. I divided my soul. I left one seeking friendship trying to stop bemused young adults from passing formal judgments and another so suspended between the passions of love and truth; trapped like a willful child never remembering the cruel fate of the twisting staircase from the light down into darkness. The one I thought I'd left dreaming I found wide awake amid my covers blessing every thought to end a vision of eternal suffering. I could not escape the powerful message left upon me; "Once so cold and now so quiet, once so upset but now so calm." But lost in a betrayal and faultlessly lost in its paradigm, his suffering the pretension and irony of his words. I calmed the sorrowful mutterings I had but we still sank, together in the seas of will slowly surrounding the life we shared. We drank at the ocean in-between each breath, but as I stared at my friends mouth agape, disjointed teeth and pale tongue. I rose to my reason in a last step to overtake the fateful message as a simple warning. Some baleful stills and the unrecognisable sense of wonder still struck out to the street corner, in some strange sense of repose from the twisted hands of its *happening*, the dichotomized struggle shortly behind and my one final pursuit of a future, of forgotten words between I and the now wakeful dreamer. Silence struck us as we walked back through these common doors of will and truth.

From the moment the moon catches you alone as if it were waiting, the slow temporal churning goes at your life. Passages reveal themselves like a passing drum echoing; a climaxed 'I' in the form of a bedroom back-dropped by ancient wall hangings, the soul within sized by the draughts of a low level alcoholic intoxicant. Whether looking forward or backward the memories by night fuzz in unrecognizably detailed painting, oil paintings of a holy childhood escaping into the distant past like eternally irrevocable prison cells; ones you will one day decide you have outgrown, or perhaps with. The calm dark soul you reflect in the moonlight gives further spiritual essence, for the calm breathing tide of the empty soul, you love, you move, love. I escape the unmistakable lonely silence of the dead of weeks; the quarter tone of heaven, even the modern psi-nouns of ephemeral spirituality that no

accompany the travel of our peoples through the brick-made world and heavens, a call out to our unmet passions; an Empedocles, a Sophocles. All those ruling that still need to drown out at their own following, to will them, move them, reflect them, as surely as all subjects will eventually be free from their overarching Gods. The heavens assure us they will eternally exist how also do they as parents await our own freedom our proved resistant leave, our give, our loss, our own, willing us ourselves eventually one day be free, to be given free. How a deadly arachnid spins, oh how the end to the night the moonlight gives wills to break free; amongst the deadly silence echo spheres to encompass wholes; spinning ends of spheres, spinning misalliance like the unbreakable chords of slowly spinning worlds of difference. All these changes, cycles of echoes, worlds of self-contained joy, globes of decrying epitome, self-encompass-able denial where forwarding tricks of the clock slowly turn, churning the ether. At the whole face slowly retiring, calculating are the events slowly re-inventing their form through a thick spiritual will; the world now light, calm, and now non-irritant for the world unperceivably remain certain and sure to the worlds within that reflect upon it through that light. About the right side the darker echoes of the formalism of sight, the lift and the weightless hull that will to follow the smoke of sacred fires deep pink the will for the wood to be clean of acridicity at the breaking crackle of burning and charring that make up its bottom. The base of uniform carbon cells slowly readapting by ones and infinite noughts, in order to will spiritual heat, billowing in precise ratios smaller than can be thought as if to melt, flowing out like hair. The other dishes of scented thick soul spill clockwise or against each other all locked by their bases to some unmoved platform baked clay; a stock solid world of mantle with innumerable variants, spheres of crust melted but alive burning, burnt, light becoming forever being, elliptic, close, outward and in all directions, of one or another, all edged so close to slowly will themselves on and on and on again.

I take my life from scriptures which we all once willed and believed in and I attempt for all to enter these pictures. I hold cards, days pass by and people walk on faceless through their dogged mission. On often lonely streets I believe myself also caught in a picture, framed by the faded echoed light of an old room with furniture from years gone, past away before like remaining coal workers exhausted and demanding, appearing to have no influence amongst each other they continue hollowed out against the walls where somehow they connect with one another to the give the papered wall its strength; bold and fronted. Their faces gasp at the material chains which contain some small echo of grandeur. We ee toward the passing reflection the mind contains for time. When shortly I shall get up and leave, and leaving the small circle of seats from before them where I had been sitting, I shall find the cold emptiness of my own soul taking on small spiral effect having mingled where I was just now sitting. Of the spinning once quietly churning room now, just leaving my vision out of the corner of my eye, my turning, my head, my gait, my vision, for all I should surely betray against where I have just been, but the room is still cold, still empty. Apart from me, no depth of where I myself have been, perhaps not a close omitted reflection of patterns. Not even my breathing along with my heart as I return with coffee stained mugs, some staining of my conditions of sense now further evolving along the semi-stimulating consumption of the coffee causing alerting and response. But so still does the heart become calm during small passing imaginings and so hard can the head warn against the childlike will, that feeds back calmly toward my heart, like breathing and willing; some old fantasists final proof of spiritual medium between temporal parts, an imaginative infinity of possible measures for our sciences. Where here or now to turn the bar of gold discovered into quiet faint reflections or music passing or believing see-able dreams, light patterns as that fade as they rise to touch at the form of the world of objects, some passionate conditions for the sensory noun-made world against the partial co-existent memory of my being here over time. Of any thoughtless will across time or space, against anything for any moving thing, but where nothing moves, where the claustrophobia of itself beats again, it

free breathing, surety against its very certainty, small swirls hide the eyes from depth. Of its deep small dancing circles spin for the world inside the room within empty straight visions, of seeing what is there but by an exaction. A perfection to tempt the small hurrying of rain, like storms playing on memories on the carpet which calls up whilst having by its detail against the shadows all angles which have made it upon its passing and breathing what it truly dictates as strong as the memory would appear to recognize again reflectively; no harm being done, or some sure story telling itself over and over again for us.

The problem of the Will to Act

One is grounded in being in that one's inner being, their subject rests as a form of will when one approaches any secure feeling that one 'is' and their state will remain un-mitigated and un-opposed. By this we mean it is greater to be and the soul rests on being, it even prefers to act out of the quality of that it has being. The world of action contains the 'for something' it does not preexist and act as a pre-requisite for reflection and action the way being does. In fact the 'for something' of action is one step apart from being and the subject. There is an inconvenience to action which makes the action 'for something' in a way that the end of that action cannot be directly for the inner subject. The fact that as soon as being is secured one usually desires no longer to act and that being can act as a psychological pre-requisite for our actions (we need to know 'we are' or 'something is' before we decide that the action is necessary or preferable) leads to the terrible consequence that; as we do not act we begin to lose the state of being and we become inanimate and acted upon. This will happen even when we try to remain still and peaceful as the necessary modes of 'being' usually as a direct result of 'having been acting' act upon us or act through us with disregard for our constant 'will to simply be'. It becomes imperative but we still try to fight against this hidden ontology and try to create a phenomenal transcendental cause to force us to act. We usually end up telling ourselves that our action is a duty and some result rests upon it being undertaken. The problem of the will to action rests forever in the problem of acting for the security of an end and whether the individual decides this act to be necessary or not. The paradox remains that if they decide it unnecessary they will not do it and if they have the will to do it they will not do it whilst 'will' (a real example of a being 'en soi' ('in itself')) which is strangely different from the inactive and passive will to simply be, has been cited as their reason for action. Many would abstract from this cycle to allow the rational pursuit of reason to replace our will (despite our being told this too is phenomena and subject to the *will* like all apparent being and phenomena) with a being that can formally dictate when to act and when not to act. This reason is assumed to even replace our 'will to be' with a possible transcendence through executing reason. The paradox is solved... but not. We still find reason opposing the 'being for action' structure and also the will when it acts upon our passivity chiefly when we will not act. Perhaps we should have followed the will as the main player in the game and allow being to be subject to this and reason solely for the purpose of action once being has been secured. One dares to ask; "could we choose any better before we were aware of it, the way the will seems to know prior to reason..."

The Promise of Will to the World

Onward this placate of priceless freedom, a time where I fathom nothing. My heart, my own heart feels helpless, helpless against the tides of passionless life. I long for love and many other things to swab my injured soul, clarity of conscience and freedom to believe that I too deserved this scene. That would at least save me. Somehow save the world I know now from becoming just another step, a link in a chain that I might never reach the end of. To pray for peace where I am worthy, that is my heart's

goal, to be sure in a humbling sense of wonder. To be cast free from the constraints of my material body and realize anew my act, my fate, my goal. I long for the company of those who care, silent worshippers of all we are, calm in the throes of passion we appear painted as before the world. But is the ultimate answer I seek, that I am loved still even between the walls. Of all that I can be sure of I know this question like the oldest friend in the room. How many others before me have sought the end in love, how many cried to a public to set themselves free from despair and join them in some unity of worship after their labors had been achieved? How I once struggled and in my innocence realized I had been watched all along, how nothing goes unrewarded. At times I have believed this. Now I stroll on against the clock, I read signs and symbols but never discover the truth and never do I find myself worthy for love. It remains and opportunity lost, spent or hidden. But I love you regardless. If only you knew. One day I will rise high into the night, a last goodbye whispered unto the stars, one day I will walk through these fields saying goodbye to a summer, offering a forgiving hope to the winds of change. Somehow I will justify all of this too from its grand phraseology to this very moment as it passes. Somehow I will justify you as well and whatever in its need that ever feared me and somehow a salvation of the heart. A last tear unto forgotten summers, a final song of triumph and calm and joy and then I will lie down to a sleep, my hero's soul finally coming to rest again forever.

The Inspiration

And then it came to me in a passive moment of reflection. I longed for the passage of the soul. Did it have a price? Could it be acquired? You must truly understand where you have come from and where you have been before you can move on. But a petty darkness had had enshrouded my history, would I be able to know where I was and in some way know I was not where I was. Moments hint in recent history that I was passing through an achievement and an awakening, whatever goal that might be remained elusive. Perhaps one cannot retain the past in the glory the present contains and perhaps where you linger on your route to an end you forsake that end. Somewhere deep within I could see the minute detail in the past events that continued to re-surface and some security I drew from their passing, their almost passive certainty. I thought now of the sleep-full nights, somehow peace watched over me as I dreamt of a manner of things with no real meaning to the events of waking life. I found myself waking to the contradictory assertion of my pride as if to deny their happening through the proof that I was something else in reality, a reality that after closer inspection bore even less will to be known with clarity than the dream. What was all hidden by circumspection was revealed as a pattern by a historical analysis; moments of days, a forgotten bliss that I focused on through the change from the pre-season warning memories to this event as it passed, then for every end a leap of faith toward security through knowing that all that has passed is still touchable, but gone. To straighten one's path I figured must not just be a present re-calculation but a synchronicity within. An understanding of where I had been through what I had been and now was. My soul lay behind me still unfolding and unraveling slowly, so slowly, perhaps I longed for its security now it was unchangeable, perhaps back there all I longed for was now and this very day. As the streets below played out their story, people passed through a small crack in my armor, they too moved and reasoned, played and worked, through grief and joy. They too caught me in glimpses and I thought somehow we shared that law like children. Somehow ignorant and blissfully free from depth and unsure needs like trust. But I trust the world I thought, what could I have done and in what way could I earn it's trust and in what way did it give mine.

The False Judgment

Where do I touch? What right had I to burn against the law a thousand stars and then in slo forforgiving shyness ask her once more to seat herself solidly over the principles of justice. What had done to secure this passage like a false history now irrevocable? Had I once longed for this day? To see a thousand stars passing through the scales, I secretly wished all would find their peace. What was the call to judgment I found deep within. A chorus of echoes in my mind forgave me. 'We too' they cried, 'thought of this passage of time; the passing into new life, rebirth and joy. But our aims were in fraught and never came to a known degree. 'You must treat that possibility has now become necessity. I answered, 'Now all that shall come to be will have always been so and surely here in there is success.' But I only dreamed. Some other force greater than I too had partaken in this and what I had ever known of power. What little still that I have enough strength to walk and stand, sit and breath. I was I who stood shoulder to shoulder with giants and had walked amongst their kind; judgment as the precursor of truth necessary for the salvation of the innocent, judgment as the natural passage in time of the end of all things, judgment as the careless whisper of the will when faced with the trials of injustice. But I knew I was forgiven and the dip upon the scales must have scarcely touched the resplendent ones. Not one found cause for sorrow but they wept for joy at some final vision of security, and I too now wept. Something had troubled me since, the simple thought of the endeavor for truth. I had willed so fruitlessly in fear and hope and touched so little and still the truth of the goal that I could have put upon myself echoed shadowy and un-formed. 'Perhaps the innocent have availed themselves of even the burden of truth this day,' I told myself. Some sure will greater than mine was willing teacher, but that was this time, only this time, and the truth that I would always know with certainty was like a child born of this episodic sign. What still would the world teach as I walk on hopeful, a fallen comrade now regaining a forgotten strength?

The Hope of the Field over the River

They all watched on as I tore myself from the final page. What blissful assurance my life had. But still in faith longed for the field across the river; the dream of this life in the heaven of its past and present. The way the clock hands impetuously beat strengthened this wish. I longed to live that dream amongst friends, to have company on my path towards its gate. Of course I was too early and too sure it was right for me. "But why doubt the vision?" I asked myself. I doubted it for the thought of peace. Life was secured in the certainty of the moment, for me, when I reached an end or knew a journey. What unsure passages revealed to me was a nowhere place, a dimension hid from the view of the real world; the problems of the black and white distinction of certainty, the problems of fuzzy logic, realities and goals giving up to a phenomenological outlook on life. I knew that I was and who I was and where I physically was, but the notion of ends and journeys was my own esotericism and the problems were phenomena that revealed themselves to subjective reasoning as if made clear in acceptance from the very fact that they could be expressed. I wrote now as if all things had already been written, seemingly fruitless labor. The most fantastic thought I had if I believed too that as I lived each moment, I could not escape that same determinism and necessity if I lived as if all moments had already been lived. What then would be the point of this life and existence if this were so. Was it for safety that all things must have already happened and when did these events occur, long ago or upon each other? "It is the unity of the oneness of God who is beyond time that precedes and follows every moment; it is this unity which causes all things." This mantra I allowed to air in my mind. The sempiternal being that shares in my experience I wondered would perhaps find little peace in the fleeting episodes of my life; but only time will tell and only the world will win. As I make time and history in my life I can be sure I am no creator in this episode, I can be sure also at least that some surviving will from a greater source slowly moves people and places times and truths and unto ever.

event that occurs unto my soul.

The Image of the Hero

It is the image of the hero in his own world which produces the terms of affection. One feels for the individual who in his own disbelief of others gladly gives absolutely unto the party which is as yet unrevealed to him. It is a security we witness; the individual is one with the power which draws attention to him, a power that establishes him and the limit of his life and experience. The moments which secure our image of him are in fact predicates with unknowable constitutions, forms and forces that shape our perception and continue clothed beneath all the universals that the mind can perceive and understand. We place the hero in his life as hero because he is alone as witnesses bare the truth that he is triumphant in his cause, we see he has secured his place. We ascribe further to the image and the consequent, the image itself and our perceiving it which returns it to itself and allows the further consequence of the revelation to us of the idea in the form of an eternal event. It is from our disposition not to change or recreate the idea that a certain natural passage unfolds between the subject and its idea. The subject cannot reflect the idea perfectly as the reflected upon reflects on the experience of it what we see is our self in the idea through a comparison of the idea to a higher form. We cannot reflect it to an infinity of instants and it appears we cannot satisfy this condition of an experiencing subject inherent in the expression of the subjects will. It is treated by the world as an attempt to possess the event which further elucidates the subject and world distinction. We have a will that cannot rest on the idea without implying an end to our subjective perception, the clause of experience that we should need to be nothing to reflect its totality to itself; that to see it fully it should also not be seen. The image fades to our slow parallel temporality and our reasoning becomes determined by the fading; in this case we are hit by dramatic realization that this person like us is imbued with uncertainty by reality, the image now reveals our hero as true to life, human with human thoughts, ends and goals no different from our own. The image and moment of the end of our vision forces us too to recognize the humanity we too are immersed in. His moment ends as ours does and we too are forced and thrown back into a very real life. So perhaps it is unfair or untrue that the world is painted through our naivety of this image or is it the logic that the moment only existed as an end for all events prior to it the individual lived though. It is an image of reality which is finally revealed as a backstage crew to a play, in secret having held and created and caused the whole charade and also of the whole image of the hero. We lose our faith, perhaps we now allude to the world as reality and the notion of its being able to recreate the perfect image at will once nature has beaten its path through the conditions. The idea we are left with is a fixed dyadic universal between reality and image which results in the overthrow of the ideal and hence all ideality through the succession of experience and the subject/idea comparison. What will the subject become in order to attain the simplest and most imaginable beyond the eternal idea? Will it make do as the believer of reality which passes the eternal as just another event, and leaves us to remain as potential subject of a moment that captures our entirety only to move us on? Will we one day approach this moment and time standing still will usher us into its end along with the idea we now no longer see with the same eyes?

The Passions Continued...

Sold again were my hopes unto the void of an experience that taught me long ago, trained me up to this form that I now hold and trained to teach others. Perhaps the silence of the wholes makes you feel that our reliance on our human conscience has been somewhat premature. The small soul I carry now I give in for and I give up to but do I touch the aching whole in slight even tonight, as I gasp and gasp

at the corner stones of being, being true and lasting this out to an ever un-complacent night. My heart longs for the ocean my soul drags me to a public, where I speak out against what is most harmful, a pro-forgiveness and carry pretense; too light to touch. Touching but lost, lost but calm, and as I find this to be true I find my stone heart beating, bemused at peace and forgiving, bemused at eternal light light forever becoming being. I exclaimed; "I trust in you because I still believe we share the will the end." and "it is only because I know this that I have such faith." This secured me in admitting whatever possible response from the decrying faces of the world. Could my soul deal in threats and calculate a risk and an uncertainty, I forget my head too often blundering in-between the law and the light. Out, into the frayed world I must love too, to see what she believes today. I witness her passing and it gives me that same sense of security as if at rest, I find there are so many other people wanting the same thing, is this world enough? We all grasp at her, she carries us all and watches us all and loves and believes us all, but is that enough? Am I? There are other worlds, worlds that crash between the night and day giving themselves up to the last throws of a partial un-committing last life worlds where it is always your last life, worlds where it can only be both first and last. Touching this world as she counts our losses and believes our hopes. I hope too, I really do. From one freedom to the next from one last gasp into the next life and from every beginning I in my small world consider, I'll think of her and some of the old phases, some of the lost dashed hopes that never came into being and we all forgot, forgetting also that perhaps they are still there to come true.

I was stepping by the paths, through the heavy winds, knocked at by female memory; one essence lost. Disgraced right before forceful God; empty wills, empty stills.

Powerless peoples before struck stories like mine, though, why I daren't believe the directions find myself travelling, or could even have that moment passing through itself; without one English word against its soul.

Hopeless dreams I quoted out to the sea never remembered me. People taught themselves knock out hulls to our earth, and forgive their fists through our worlds, as people like to think it care a little for the ocean you can bring through causing; greater souls and gall, for all men who dare care a little for the souls there.

Drift-less void vast I tethered and bound gave up the ground, against the falls of water that accompany and spray up against the tides that go out and around, against the shores that drown in the swallow of the gulls word, against the piers those who can never remember drowning against the lullabies.

My thoughtless footsteps to which a treasure could never offer up enough. Hushing eternal sleep calling guiltily on victories, smiles and frowns; the thoughtless will against life, but life for the sake of it; for God. I turned fallen through a faked ache at the winds that rise circling.

Shore-less soul after my eyes have already been, and a salt to the eyes of the travel that cover my gates for the earth, to cry out all tears that collect us encrusted; I'd trust you if again, if again. As I tried to remember their names I forgot they weren't you at all.

Dreamless sleeps that I laughed out, at his name his smile hurts and his wills to regain ground can anger her still. Never that thrill of a game against something as unreal as the name I'd give him, I could just calm all these parts, and just calm one part; I'd see.

My soul gift-less to god. Welcomed homeward to trouble me under the psyche of our great wholes; wholes that we all hold, fall out through and gain what they forge for the world for.

Pretty is the chance of my freedom. All laws follow their courses unto their end. As I empty myself of the will to the end the chances I have fall at one another; the priceless gift of my freedom like a untamed power, a will to itself and a forgotten whole unto the nights that pass. The echoes of the

spheres drag on at my past and what small opportunity there is to breathe as these days amid the pictures, somewhat slight in the confusion that follows all universal processes. I set a balls rolling in the direction of the heart my only admission is that I must leave before they reach you. I hope they reach you in your time. What did I take at the picture of my heart, some small sense of security and assurance? Satisfaction creeps at the heart of desire; against the unfathomable whole I banish serenity, for my success in this is to become childlike like the mind of heaven, but the touch of fairy is too ready to vanish. I remain rocked at this point of departure, my soul hanging against a world I have helped to create. I wonder which will in force guides me. The sole reason for this is humanity, a cause forewarning the dread of a force purely for-itself, broken against the ties that bind all the other causes of the world. I have mistaken so many paths, witnessed a people giving up to their own will and I have many times stopped back in to the lonely whole that I am too, where I am ready now to collect tears that fall, where I am ready now to follow paths anew and old. I dread, I wonder and find the sense of surety once more in the image of my soul that drags alongside my world-view. I feel painted on now as the creator of that painting remains unsure I grow cold and empty and attempt to produce the archetype of my form. Considering the world empty, their remains my will for it to be full, but cannot last until the end. I consider the will and the end as they procure a life for the soul aside the wants of humanities passing gall. I consider my will and remember this age old game of chess, the confusion and solitude, the victory and the loss. Pretty is the chance of my freedom. Where in my world do I discover such an abundance of color other than in its ideation, a process of full growth against decay? All laws follow their courses, but this one idea tiny against the representation of the part hidden multitude has broken itself too many times to be a slave to the law and has grasped freedom eternally and bound all places to the cause of the soul. The will has relinquished a doubt now that for all formal ends there will always occupy in the void; transcendence and a gift; a faint echoed image of the timeless force that shapes a world which has often so easily been forgotten.

Fine, forgotten or mistaken I shall last out these days. Whatever I say upon these thoughts will rise up and scatter them. I am forged, forlorn and thoroughly subdued in the past of echoes. My witness has surpassed me in my slumber as I wake now with ideas and resolutions and a conceit breaks my heart as I wander these pages. What is measure? Is it the cold reference to an empiric idea, one which trapped in its two dimensional preface returns solid proof of the existence of its finite operation within, its repetition without. Is it an eternal idea, trapped within the mind, a semi-divine calculation seeking a path from a void unto a salvation of evidence and conclusivity? This witness is a gift of repose without measure, proceeding in time as we also attempt to, every referential frame bearing her mark and carrying her name. Can I find my own soul buried in her essence, a lost childlike form a time with no cause? Do I dare wake once more passionate embraces of thought that fall into the dynamic of time with every passing breath? Can I find a time that embraces my every passing breath? There were pictures I took in the interlude of an old God arched over me, the blessed salvation of secondary wisdom and the terrible unsure humanity which forged its limit across the un-endurable plateau of eternity that held to the back of my mind. Outside the trees stand a solemn sign to my own nature within. Inside I remember cold assurances, lessons we never forget. Ecstatic moments and peaceful solitudes; not once do I bury these myself. I have lost them all and all pages have wept since carrying the fateful warning of time. It is Zeus as the bird, the son of a God, finally free from a reality. It is the lamb caught eternally in a field alone now from an attentive mother. What was freedom before this was a re-evaluation of all things but this was never enough and I still long for a narrative that carries the meaning of these things. One that makes sense of both time and truth and as people fade before me I picture the *ever*, the truth of eternity. Somewhere high above the land, out of reach but ever present delicate in its substance, unrepeatable and uncertain, fair but true. But is this to the

reader? Have we not already known this point? Did we not already understand my eternity? We be the question; do you have any familiarity with the source of the endeavor? Can you predict this path? Countless memories are masked now in an epic body. I dare tell you and utter the curse; "Why, you've changed." I glance skyward again. "No, nothing really ever changes. Nothing really ever changes all."

Where am I found free from life; free from thinking and willing and free from tiring and breathing? Here now I touch back to the doors of eternity that through which once passed all that has ever come to be. But I still carry doubts and am burdened in my echo of the dream. All that was to come to pass moved slowly into position and ceasing its opportunity ended in a glorious fulfillment of itself, and like the weary, watching passerby too ended in some earthly part completing the cycle of my life and glimpsing the forgotten child. But I carry my doubts of the life gone by: does it not now appear that all things have become perfected in its attempt on the world? I doubt now that I have honored the world I attempted to epitomize. I doubt myself too for I am neither old nor new, I am between doors and the echo of the world drowns out my call to the past. I am full my soul at times led on to some starry bliss that heaven endeavors to call hers. I am a being without a will to life for now the echo resides in my soul. A call to the world I witnessed passes me in a chorus of possible calls and a certainty of what will face sits before me, its root in all I have ever been. Despite this I will call though, whether it will be lost or not; I have been freed and enlivened by the afterthought of eternity, released from chains of duty and given space to fly free again. How I have changed through every door, how did every shadow of my soul ring out one true name? My soul in this form is all I have left. Now do I see I was myself only through some exaction of the order I rested in and how my soul now free longs for greater rest and peace. That it would live again reasserts all I have been through and forgets what became of the lonely life. He may have wandered long for nights on end but surely now that it has come before its own epitaph, the epitome of its total uncertainty, all that I once lived through crumbles to a dust of irony. I allow myself now the freedom to love and to give in place of the mourning of my own soul. Every place now stands before as an equal to each other, no memory burdens my soul in choosing a favor where I have been. They all offer themselves with an equal passion giving me to lean and I begin to drift towards them. They too love me. What is this bliss they have that also I find in other? Whatever illness I face life has prepared me for and death not made quiet but enunciated the who that I was. That surely secure truth I have leads to my remembering of the causes and still I find peace where your own soul dwells too, though you did not leave early only to find sorrow in the morning but, were born like I into the mind of all becoming. Where ever now I find you being as loving return, let all hope resound in my new faith onward until we meet again, onward until the end.

Where am I found free from depth; free from the journeying and travel and free from the people I share this world with? Dare I find myself set apart from them, though why should I still be so alone? It is within these walls that I have made that I stumble as if encaged where everywhere lays the opportunity for my freedom. Whatever I wanted for myself let that be kept to myself and un-revealed but all I hope for in the world let everyone hear and learn. Not a day shall pass by me without the hope of this world following near. It is like her moon which warns and cries of the forthcoming years, years in which there may be a greater fulfillment of her truths. Perhaps the enlivening will wear her thin and frail or perhaps it will teach of prosperity found in this life through certain courses and endeavors. I look upon the empty echo of the past as if comprehending a dream. What could it mean to the present moments, a discarded lesson and a history of experience and the whole explanation for all that is now? I say to myself, although now maybe subdued from its repetition. "One day I shall finally see what I am and what I have done." But why should I see and what will I have done? It is a world I long for and focus on.

and the world that is my guide and teacher in an endeavor that teaches self-respect but not self-consumption. The freedom from being oneself is an insurmountable joy, it runs anew name across one's capacity to self-reflect, a new identity shared by oneself and the world also.¹

1. But however it cannot be freedom from self which remains transient and continuous in the person. Any recognition of being the other outside of the self and being the other where the other exists as a possible nihilation of self results in a perceived annihilation of the self you have or the identity of that self. What we must properly describe is a freedom from being and more particularly freedom from being something which we find makes our dealings with the world uncomfortable. What we must accept is that the self supersedes and re-emerges from a *nothingness* upon a possible transcendental circuit of existence. For this it thrives on nothingness of its own making but is annihilated to the point of nonexistence in the face of the existence of the subjectively known other. Being on the other hand uses this same emergence of nothingness within its conceptualization, it is nothing which remains alien to it as the thing and is common with the concept of being. Of course, as much being we discover is replaced at the point of its annihilation with more being and it appears as a continuum like the self which appears to come from a common infinite source. It is common freedom from being a self in particular and not an annihilating self due to conceptual otherness that is subjectively seen as the new self but remains alien to our real self. The definition is that it is the self which I am when we direct an *in relation to* back towards it, the *what* (the question) of our identity remains the thing which is of oneself; one's own self by definition entails we cannot escape from the problem of never seeing others in the same mode we see ourselves. What would imply a contradiction which is only resolved by making the other self in the mode of other and there for not subjectively apprehensible cannot be entertained. The notion that we see subjectively only our own self and its reflection can arise from this but with the accompanying others which logically exist apart from the self we recognize as our own. Where in the self an extension of its identity includes others that are normally seen as other than the self we have a unity free from the paralysis of personal self-reflection. A being which sees others as self-extension and concerns itself now with the liberty of an extending higher self-reflection. It is not an alien or foreign representation of other but a homogenized extension which results in the giving of the original self to the form it represents. It is a freeing and a change of ownership which corrects the problems of self-reflection where only I am the possessor of this self and its delusion that only I know my selfhood and the problem of self-awareness where my own self is all I can know. This universalisation of conceptual self through its possibility lends us a clue to a transcendent selfhood where the self is witnessed as a being transcendent to and of itself and remains the possessor of the unique transcendental concept actively.

It is with a degree of effort that we ourselves engage with the world as an activity due to our conscious recognition that our wellbeing and our transcendence are implied by a direction of focus on the self. Seeing the otherness of the world we reproach the action which is commonly self-creating for the fear of a loss of self or some annihilation of the possible transcendence implied purely by self-recognition. For the act of self-transcendence to occur in action the act must transcend the possibility of its nonexistence at the point of its emergence into the world. It can take the form of transcendence either through formal participation in a transcendental concept of thought or its schemata or it must contain the possibility of such transcendence as a potential resulting from integration with experience. Attempting to relieve oneself of an otherness in self-reflection gives us the freedom from negative self-awareness, creating actions that transcend themselves or the world through participation is a re-focusing of the limits of what can be made to be present before the self. Self-recognition in action implies the same freedoms from the original self with its possible paralysis of self-awareness. This is a situation where one is limited in recognizing only one's own self and is cut off from the world in its most understanding and familiar way namely also being and sharing in you. This new mode of self-

- [click *The Island Stallion Races \(Black Stallion, Book 11\)* book](#)
- [download online *Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain A Course in Enhancing Creativity and Artistic Confidence \(Expanded & Updated 4th Edition\)* pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)
- [The Seventh \(Parker, Book 7\) book](#)
- [download Learning Windows 8 Game Development](#)
- [**click *Suicide: A Study in Sociology \(Routledge Classics\)* for free**](#)

- <http://redbuffalodesign.com/ebooks/The-Island-Stallion-Races--Black-Stallion--Book-11-.pdf>
- <http://interactmg.com/ebooks/Drawing-on-the-Right-Side-of-the-Brain-A-Course-in-Enhancing-Creativity-and-Artistic-Confidence--Expanded---Upda>
- <http://reseauplatoparis.com/library/The-Seventh--Parker--Book-7-.pdf>
- <http://unpluggedtv.com/lib/Learning-Windows-8-Game-Development.pdf>
- <http://www.mmastyles.com/books/Economic-Careers--Economics-and-Economists-in-Britain-1930-1970.pdf>