



not body/world but, body-worlding

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Amidst the thick swamp of your subconscious your past comes-up for air, in the shape of a plush lizard, adorned with text you forgot you read.

*...shape's the void we're in; order is the chaos we befriend. One thing and not another, one thing and then another; samsara, is what it's called, what we're at and what we're in: forms and naming. Names we bandy and are scouted by ...*

Wading through all the sludge. You pick-up pieces. Gently panning the bits of your psyche. Straining your eyes to find an understanding. Like interpreting a dream it may mean one thing and not another.

Every night Hypnos helps you rehearse for your meeting with Thanatos.

But for now you continue on, aimlessly drifting.