

Tombstone –

or ‘Just that enough time has passed...’:

(third variation)

Just that enough time has passed ...

... such that another slab of residue can be removed (smelling of piss and ash).

The {confidence in depression} building all the time ...

... in other words, my tombstone is steadily rising to meet me ... [rising] by process of sedimentation.

Knowing "what it is" feels good ...

... *not knowing* is the worst.

By definition, not being able to properly attribute names to one's anxieties is a disability with unknowable consequences.

The impact can range from

feeling that when someone asks you to *pass the salt* - that some euphemistic communication that you don't understand is being attempted,

to

something like blindly hacking and slashing at those around you to get them "off your back".

Quite a range.

Understanding what is your "place"...

... and what is someone else's territory ...

isn't the same thing as the game of labelling intangible worries to render them tangible.

The former [Understanding your “place”] requires the real research (however informal):

- of entering different spaces at different times
and in different modes,
- making comparisons,
- *testing the water* and
- repeating already-tried actions to see if they yield the same result;

feeling your way through assumptions in an absolutely physical way.

Once we're there [Understanding your “place”?]

and have a somewhere that permits us [space] in our reflective mode

(however it is achieved; by force, by attrition, through the compassion of others)

then work can start on producing sets of names for things that need

looking into.

What most people would call
“having somewhere to sleep”.

The reason for making the distinction here is to invite consideration of the
asymptotic (of a function, series, formula, etc) approaching a given value or condition, as a variable or an expression containing a variable approaches a limit, usually infinity. (Mathematics)

space that exists between eyes-open and eyes-closed.

My claim is that it is
in this (asymptotic) space (between eyes open and eyes closed) that names are produced, this is that
space from which names can spring.

Playing a role at all ... ever ... makes you scum.

That means, having it be possible for you to expel [or expand?] the limits of:
your self,
[your] expression,
[your] manifestation, etc.

That means you are sitting back in someone else's chair, and you know full well

that chair is rented.

Fuck you.

And basically all I can do is

"E36, they won't let me go forwards so there's only one option; going sideways, E36".

The promise of nothing but tombstone ahead,
just a bug-person in disguise
behind some kind of half-baked royalty-type figure.
Flitting from one leaf to the next in traditional style.

Must go sideways, E36. [E36 is the model of BMW Ben loves so much ... but does it have another meaning in maths or gaming?]

Learning to recognise one's own hunger and having the resourcefulness to address the issue;

how we build [a] post-apocalyptic wasteland
on top of the real world.

Something approaching illness[?] ... not quite it, but too close for comfort.

"Solutions now!" runs the cry, nothing to be done.

Nothing to be done but wait.