

## SIN AND FORGIVENESS

*The sign in front read: everything is allowed. I felt enticed. What was occurring in there? I wanted to know. This was a place where the body was at risk. It sounded marvelous. I could benefit from these influences. It would be exciting. I didn't only wanna watch. I want to immerse myself in the action. This was hardly like me. What was I looking at. If this was a school for scandal, what were they learning. I should've seen it coming. But I could feel this world crashing over me. I didn't know what caused this feeling. I wasn't quite like all the others. But I could sense it welling up all around. It may have just been the atmosphere. If there is so much self destructiveness around me, I would feel the same way. The world was running down. I was trying to counteract that feeling. But I realized that I couldn't do it on my own. I needed support. Where was that? Did anyone have a clear idea what was happening? They weren't supposed to. They were operating with different rules. I already understood the role of forgetting. I wanted to remember. I wanted to understand. I knew that the celebration couldn't last forever.*

*Was it enough just to be close to the action? What was the trick? I need to figure it out. There was enough haunting me. And I could sit through the challenges. I wanted to overcome any obstacle to my understanding. I was dealing with people who are willing to take more risks. They were in crazy situations. What would the body allow? At some points, the individual believed that anything was possible. It was a matter of stretching and reaching. I could sense this primal imperative. It seem to shake this place with its own rhythm. I was sure that I could learn it, and I could play along. I would hop up and down, and get lost in the moment. There is this wonderful sensation. I was doing what I needed to do. I wanted more. Did I have to change the rules? What was a losing was I losing?*

*I wasn't ready to throw myself in the action. I didn't want to feel the body blows. I didn't have the same level of edge of resistance. Nevertheless I was there for the long-haul. That meant observing what was going on around me. I felt that the observation on the added to the spectacle. I hated to go along with the grotesque. But I wanted to think that this was something else. It was more representatives than intent. As such this was only the beginning of something more. I could meditate upon the sacred, and I could reach another state of existence. But I also noticed this division. The closer I got to the action, the more I seemed to lose consciousness.*

*This was not all about altered states. But something was left out of my experience. I could pull it all together. I could tear through the façade to see something lasting. I enjoyed this appeal. I wasn't only attracted to the oddities, I believed that I was in the presence of some thing lasting. These performances were only a prelude to a deeper understanding. And this was not in session with suffering. Its sought liberation in enlightenment. If that was so, people needed to be more conscientious about what was happening around us. I wanted to believe that was possible. But there was so much interfering with us understanding this awareness. So I carried on.*

*I found a way to weave back-and-forth among these alternative influences. There was a sense of excitement. It was stimulating. I felt as if I was carried along with an immense revelation. Do they lack in mythology? Or did everyone else know some thing that I didn't? Who was leading this exposition? Or is that all that was needed to fit all the pieces in place? I*

*knew where this was headed. I'd seen it move along in the same way before. That added to the suspense. I had come out flat. I didn't have sufficient motivation. I was in the middle of some thing, and I need to find a way to adjust. What was this prophecy?*

*Did this experience point towards something raider? If you did, what was it? What was lacking? I reached into the darkness. I needed to know. I was not going to sacrifice myself to the moment. The others were hanging on. I realize they could do this only for so long. Even still, they would have to rest. The action was subside. And we would all be back to the same place. What was giving everybody the energy? Why were they moving with such verve? I knew that no one could answer. Each person was caught up in the performance. I was observing it all. I was also locked in the same cycles. Even as I escaped, I was pulled back in. I should've been embarrassed for my life. I should've wondered why I had been taken to this point. What were my own failures? Was a hero to do contrition? Did that contrition rely upon my sorrow? Where did it start? What did I leave out? I need to offer a credible performance. I felt that I lacked the necessary resources. I was letting my past interfere in my present. That was the whole purpose of this place. It helped to teach everybody this lesson. They could only seek forgiveness, if they had really messed up.*

*If they really messed up, it seemed almost impossible to change things. In a sense, each failure only invited a greater lapse. We were all together doing the same thing. I could only watch. I can only cheer things along. Someone needed to wonder why. It didn't work that way. The splendor faded. The luxury melted. And we were all left with the starkness. The celebration ended before it had even begun. Again, that was a marvel. We were all participants in this wonder. The gasp. The hope. The loss of direction. For the moment, I felt rescued. I was chewing on my team. I watched people lose themselves in the music.*

*I wanted to clear explanation. I wanted to know how I could let go of reason. This hadn't been my intention. What is this what it was all about? People embrace their foolishness. That seem to give them a temporary glimpse of a mortality. It would last just long enough. We could all we would all come crashing to the ground together. And other moments, they might believe there were alternative routes to Paradise. They could get involved in some form of meditation. They would follow a spiritual reality. But none of it would have that appeal of the moment. And I loved becoming part of it.*

*We were all immersed in it. We all embraced it. And if this appeal was so lasting, what was missing? I missing? What did I need to see? I need to jump aboard the action. That was all that ever mattered. We were looking for people who were willing to add to these risks. They would push it all to the limit. They'd engineer their bodies to make it happen. I could track this movement. It makes sense to me. But I felt greedy. And I wanted to be a part of every second.*

*I wanted to throw myself in a crowd. I want to feel the sweat. There was nothing reasonable about any of this. I could feel it feel time consuming us all. Even if we resisted, it would be there on top of us. And I found myself shaking in the wind. Fact I was just close enough to hell to feel those braces. That was why everyone was so enticed by sin they are taking things they were natural, and they found ways to form them. And they embraced this*

*deformity. It pushed everything to the limit. At times, they would feel that they didn't need to sleep, they didn't need to eat, that they could barely breathe. This was all part of the massive enthusiasm got everyone. For the time being, everything was happening all at once. I realized that none of this would last. And the temporary features of experience would fade. We would all be hunched over in pain.*

*We would would barely be able to move. It would require some kind of magic potion to keep us going one more time. I felt frightened by that progression. But I realized that I was in the middle of it. I need to keep my wits about me. I knew that I was going to lose direction. I would again be overwhelmed. For the moment, I needed to analyze everything that was going on. I need to provide clarity. I so much of this was easy. I was surprised. I wanted it to mean more. The celebration followed denial. This was all about self-punishment. Didn't recognize things quite the same way. I didn't want to go along with the same sense of guilt. I felt that I could find a performance that would give sense to at all. Some artists had been able to reconcile the balance. But this all seem too simple. Nothing was meant to survive. Nothing was meant to last. It was all temporary.*

*Even the now was unstable. I wanted to believe that there was someone here who could offer a clearer sense of what was going on. And I was being pulled under occurrence. I was trying to catch my breath like everyone else. I didn't like this. I wasn't ready to surrender to what was going on. It was more than simple observation. This is not supposed to be the end of anything. I want to discover some clue they could offer me longevity.*

*If everything was allowed, how long how far were they willing to push themselves? Where would that progression end? Everything was just beginning. But they were all lost in the sacred. And I can watch. I could become a part of it. And since I could resend her it was going. And that was that.*

If someone was really involved in the experience, I never believed that they could achieve enough self-awareness to offer valuable commentary. That was supposed to be my role. I didn't want to be so presumptuous. But that was the balance. I could array all the elements. Nevertheless, I felt that this was all after fact. I could not make things happen. I was only observing something that was going on around me. I couldn't accelerate change.

All in all, I needed a clearer perspective. I was never going to understand anything through my observation. If I immersed myself, I would lose my ability to describe what was happening around me. What did it mean to lose my perspective?

It seemed foolish to believe that I could lose myself and regain perspective after the fact. I did not want to give credibility to what was happening. But I needed that show.

Nothing would be happening if people weren't willing to waste it all. There was a time when these efforts could seem without any useful purpose. That was all part of the madness. But it seemed so much like a performance. And I got into the moment.

"We are getting what we want."

"I had no idea that it was going to go on this long."

"Is this something that I can see?"

"I want to see it all."

I could not understand the geometry.

"You are moving too quickly for me."

“Everyone here gets one miracle.”  
 “My life will need numerous miracles.”  
 “I stayed in place.”  
 “Someone else loves your show.”  
 “This could be something that I love.”  
 “You should be able to figure it out.”  
 “We come back to the tears.”  
 “No one cries here.”  
 “No one feels real emotions.”  
 “How does that work?”  
 “We get rid of what we used to feel.”  
 “Were you following history closely?”  
 “There is not enough time. I will figure it out when it happens.”  
 “Are you a good audience? You only remind me of something that I do not want to think about.”  
 “I would not be here if I wanted it to happen all at once.”  
 “It does happen all at once.”  
 “I gave in to that emotion.”  
 “I gave into that motion.”  
 “I am not going to move any faster than this.”  
 “And what is left.”  
 “We are going to build a building.”  
 “And you expect it to stay up.”  
 “We can hire a construction foreman.”  
 “You can put all the pieces in place.”  
 “We need glue!”  
 “How does that work?”  
 “I can’t compete.”  
 “You need to use brick.”  
 “I am using wood. It is all around.”  
 “How does that work morally?”  
 “It sticks in place so well.”  
 “Just use duct tape.”  
 “I am resilient.”  
 “I am expansive.”  
 “Developing.”  
 “This better work while I am asleep.”  
 “It wil all change.”  
 “A wind will blow it all away.”  
 “But there will be remnants.”  
 “You will need someone to help figure it out.”  
 “I cannot keep up.”  
 “I don’t like the math.”  
 “You are not supposed to.”  
 “This is going to turn out badly.”

“Of course, it is. It doesn’t matter. It never does.”

“I am about to give a speech.”

“Here, are your notes.”

“Do you grasp what is happening?”

“I cannot be in this place.”

“No one can.”

“Do not ask!”

“There is no asking.”

“Some business came up.”

“This is going to get no better.”

“I am drowning my sorrows.”

“It is going to take a gigantic sea.”

“Let it continue.”

“Close the deal!”

“I just figured something out.”

“There is an excess.”

“We have to pay the piper.”

“What is he going to play?”

“Something atonal.”

“That does not make much sense.”

“I am not sure who this is about.”

“Your name is Olivia.”

“David?”

“There are too many assumptions.

“None of this matters.”

“How long was this supposed to be going on for?”

“What do you think?”

“I am finding a little place within the place.”

“This is another level of articulation.”

“How does that work?”

“Stick with brick.”

“I need to use this wood.”

“I didn’t know that this was going to turn into a construction work.”

“You told me that you needed a job.”

“That was supposed to be a joke.”

“What isn’t funny with you?”

“My health.”

**“Olivia?”**

**“Why did you follow me home?”**

**“You gave me a sign.”**

**“I thought that you had skills.”**

**“I want to be nice to everyone.”**

**“I am working on something important. Can you help me with the architectural plans.”**

**“Why did the word stop?”**

*"We could not find a hammer."*

*"If I had a hammer."*

*"It is not the tools. It is the plan."*

*"The plan is never enough."*

*"You took something important from me."*

*"That is something important."*

*"How do you connect the bricks."*

*"Some things should not be connected."*

*"Hadrian had plans."*

*"I have vision."*

*"You need a planet."*

*"They did not know what they had."*

*"I could use so much more."*

*"Some people are not as friendly."*

*"Who is this guy?"*

*"He is a placeholder."*

*"He doesn't feel like that about himself."*

*"How else could I describe it?"*

*"He takes orders."*

*"Where is this headed?"*

*"Clean the board."*

*"This is funny."*

*"I like this shape."*

*"Who really gets it?"*

*"They say that it is geometric. But it is something else."*

*"We need to shut it down while we can."*

*"Keep talking."*

*"That can happen."*

*"I've given so much to you, and I don't think that I can get anything back. I don't wanna get anything back. I'm slipping down to nothingness. I don't even know you. I don't want to blame you. You have nothing to do with this. I wish you were a worse person. Throw it all back on you. I could say you were at fault. You have nothing to do with us. But you have everything to do with us. And that's all that matters. If the situation was different, but I feel differently about it? Do you feel differently about it? Where is any of this going? I have no understanding of any of this. I just sit in the chair. I'll get you something to eat. Don't say anything more. Don't interrupt my thoughts. You're here. That's all that matters. At least I don't feel alone. Beyond that, I don't care. I don't want to think about anything more. I'd be lovely. It's something I don't wanna think about. It's something nobody wants to think about. There's something that I think about all the time. It's growing on me. It's becoming more than it is. What are the risks here? How have I shown myself? None of this hurts. None of this hurts anyone. I recover from this. I move on. I'll create something real for myself. I become aesthetic."*

*"I jump in the car. I'll get taken away. What does it matter? I just wanna exist in the moment. After this moment, there's another moment. I could connect all these moments together. I could connect over dots. The dots are crushing me. You are crushing me. I don't*

*even know you. I don't know if what you can do for me. Even if you could do some thing for me, I wouldn't want you to. I don't want to get involved. I don't want you to get involved. I don't want you to interrupt anything that I'm doing. I don't want think about you. You're here. That's good enough. That's all that matters. If there's anything else more to it, I don't wanna be involved. I didn't ask you here for nothing more. Just sit here, and be quiet. That's all that matters. Beyond that. Nothing matters. I hope you're okay with that."*

*"Everyone else is okay with that. Why are you bothered by this? Why is anyone bothered by this? You should expect something more for me that's all that matters. That's all that matters for me. There are things that I said. Everything that you said. I want someone to give me a script. I want someone to finish this for me. I want someone to tell me where this is going. I think I know you. I think I did I recognize you. I think that we share something in common. This is something that's going to last. This is something that should last. It's something that I should forget. I need to look into my eyes. I needed you to tell me what you see. Everything is short term here. Everything that we know is short term."*

*"Olivia, that is my name. Remembered for a while. Then forget me. I needed help me to forget everything. There were things that happened to me. They were no big deal. I need for you to help me forget all of that. I need to concentrate on one thing. You're offering me something. You're offering something to everybody. I want to be able to understand that better. You know some thing. There's something you don't know. Or something that you're afraid of. This is going to invigorate you. This is going to invigorate all of us. This is going to help you to do something that you can't do. But you still can't do it. So you need to do it half ways. We all do it halfway. I need you to complete the drill. I need you to be there. I'm gonna have to hear about this all year long. This is going to make me silly."*

*"I'm going to ask for something that I need, and I'm not going to get it. This is not the way that it goes. Someone's going to have to say no to you. This is for people who no one ever says no to them. No no no no. My name is Sarah. And it doesn't make any difference. No one is listening. No one bothers. Even if some of these people did bother, they couldn't give me what I needed. Olivia only asks for a few things. That's who I am. I'm trying to figure out more. I hear crying in the night. That could be my crying. That could be my future. But it's not my now. I hope that observes me. I hope that makes me feel better. I became part of an adventure. I got taken somewhere. Something was done to me. Something was taken out. It was like an operation. I did not ask for this to happen to me. But it did happen to me. And I don't wanna think about it anymore. But I have to think about it. I don't want others to think about it to. I thought that I was dealing with other people. I thought that I was dealing with new people. I thought that I was dealing with different people. But none of this matters."*

*"Someone is signaling me. Someone is telling me what I need to know. When I look closely, I am the person who is telling myself. You sit there watching me. And you think that you know something. But you have a blank stare. And you said nothing. I've given you a chance. You flail around. You pretend that you're almost there. I want all of that. I want all of that anymore. I know where this is going. I want to ask. Everyone wants to ask. I'll take you*

*everywhere. Everyone will take you everywhere. I wish that I could explain this to you. I wish you would see the bigger picture. Then I could fit all the pieces in the bigger picture.”*

*“I love the façade. I like the ambition. There’s nothing more that I want to describe. I want to feel good. But I can’t feel good. I have an idea. I’ve been working with lots a lot of ideas. I want those ideas to mean something. It doesn’t make any difference. It feels so wonderful. I’m in shock. You’re the only person who could help. You’re the only person who can’t help. I can’t get help. There is no help. I’m losing myself. I was almost there. And it got taken away. It got taken away just a little while ago. I’ve been working on this for a while. This is about you. It’s about me. I need you to stop this. I need to take a breath. When you realize when it’s all about, you realize that you can’t be a part of it.”*

*“I’m not going to get any closer. I have to believe that it’s going to change. I felt that you had the world by the horns. But now you look as if your been gourd. That’s what makes us different. You’re still another deer in the headlights. I tell myself that I’m not gonna be like that. I’m telling myself that I’m going to escape those influences. Maybe, someone is watching me. Maybe, someone is going to help me. Maybe, you could help me. But you sit there. And you do not move. You do not say anything. Where is this going? Why should I think that this has anything to do with me? I believe that it does. I need to correct all the mistakes. I’ve got too far out. I’ve got too far into myself. I was going to this place that was for bidden. Now it’s been for bidden for me. Who are these people?”*

*“I really lost my way. I was following a clear path. Then I really lost my way. And I feel like blaming somebody. I could blame you. And I’m pricing. I’m not sure what I’m supposed to say. This gets a little scary. There are ways of controlling ourselves. They’re always letting go. There are ways of doing things that are for bidden. I give myself permission. I let myself get a little crazy. I’m looking for someone to laugh at me. All this laughing will help. Then I will go to the next stage. I’m in orbit. I’m with other people for an orbit. But we share nothing in common. There’s a moment that you’re in control. This was a moment that you were in control. But it is all slipping out of your control.”*

*“It is becoming some thing that has nothing to do with anything. And that is how it is supposed to make sense. You came in here. And I watched you. I gave you everything that I had. Now you want more. It’s not going to happen. This is getting tense. I feel as if I’m looking for some thing. And I’m not going find it I could touch it. I could become yet. I could move all over me. I can mess with it. And I could be 1 million places. This is everything that I want and more. It still doesn’t make sense. I want to scream. I can hear the yelling in my ear. There’s only one thing that I want. It’s not some thing physical. It’s not some thing for bidden. It’s not some thing allowed. It’s not something that happens here.”*

*“For a brief moment, I feel that I’m close to it. For a brief moment, I am here. I could give you everything, but it would amount to much you could be everything for me, but it wouldn’t amount to much there was a point and it all made sense to me I think that it is becoming much clearer. I am existing in this place where I already gave myself an answer. What is this place called? Who do you want to meet? I know you love that power. It’s like a*



*police car, he feels he has a destination. He feels that nothing can stand in this way. He tells himself that he's protecting some thing. But he has no idea what he's really protecting."*

*"In fact, he's protecting this place. He knows that everything is allowed here. He wants to become part of the action. Everyone wants to become part of the action. The action seems that it never ends I felt like I was describing one thing, but then I start describing some thing else. I need somebody to guide me. Someone I can trust. Someone that I know. Let's say that you're that person. For the moment, you'll be everything. You'll be all those people. But this is about you. And I know that you know so many things that I know. For a few moments, you can organize your thoughts you can focus on. It all makes sense. You have a system. We all do. But then, and all fades. You're not here for knowledge. You're not here to gesture. You're not here for the theater."*

*"You're not going to do a script. You're just moving along with things. You're pushing them along. You're trying to make them possible. Do you have a time to come to a resolution? Do you have the time to make sense of any of this? Who are you working with? I want to feel that there's an organization behind all this who can give me a clear explanation of what is really going on. This would be elemental nevertheless, I know that nothing is occurring that is going to give me the clarity that I need. I need to continue on."*

*"I can't lose my place. I really lost my place badly. I let someone else do the talking. I hate to say that I came off the rails. But that is what happened. There are ways to sort it all out. Have a good time, it will all be sorted out. For now, this is all you have to bring. This is frightening. I want to jump out. I want to get rid of all this. I can't make this many mistakes. Can anyone? If I make this many mistakes, there needs to be just as many positive things. From those positive things I can develop a system. Everyone is so fucked up here. They are seeking forgiveness. When you go this far, there is no forgiveness. Everyone is pointless.. Point back at yourself. But you're not really pointing at anything. Nobody sees anything. There isn't enough consistency. There's a moment when everything seems to be in place. There's another moment when it all seems to come apart."*

*"You have books, and you have films, and you have a system, and you're able to put it all back together again. I was excited here. I was very excited here. I was going out of my mind here. I was excited as the universe was. I enjoyed it all. I became at all. I loved it all. It was me. I went beyond it. Have you for the long. I could bring along characters to help with us. This is all so casual. I thought about this. You still have enough inspiration to make it happen right now, and it's also casual. I need to get it right. I need really got it all wrong. Got on a bus. The bus took me somewhere. I need to classify it. I need to get from one point to another. I need to ask somebody directions."*

*"You could give me directions. You are the direction. That is what it is what is so wonderful about this place. I don't know who brought me here. But I'm having so much fun. I'm losing myself. We're all losing ourselves. And then we're gonna follow a path. The body is going to give us a path. I'm going to find a wonderful moment. I can tell what that's all about. We can all hop on the bus together. Or we can do it separately."*

*“I’m doing a high wire act. You can join in. I’m in a tight rope. I’m on the swing. I’m doing it all. I’m going to fly through the air, and you’re going to catch me. If you fail to catch me. I’m gonna fall to the ground. There’s no net. I need to get this right. This is not a metaphor anymore. This describes what’s actually happening. This describes what’s happening in every kiss. This is a Valentine’s Day thing. I can’t save it. I need to say something. This is more than crazy. I love it. There comes a point when I have to say no. This is taking me nowhere. This is giving me nothing. Maybe you have a cat. Maybe you have a pet snake. Maybe you have some thing that is going to give you credibility for all these moments. I created a human being out of nothing. I found the parts. I put them all back together again. Do you know who I am? I have a feeling. We all have a feeling. I need a better understanding. I need you to do a rewrite. I need you to write that character out. I need you to pretend that none of it ever happened. This is all that you’re giving us. I’m studying you. I’m studying myself. This is difficult. I’m dealing with some difficult parts.”*

*“I need pictures. I need to know all these characters. You were part of the story before. We’re all part of the story. It doesn’t take much. I just need someone to pay for all this. I need an investor. What are you investing in? You’re investing in a process. This is not the only process. This process is all about independence. One object becomes independent from another. I’m going to show myself. This is further north than I want to go. This is paradise. I need you to invite me to your place. This will be a symbol for me. This will indicate that I’ve grown. I’ve changed. I hate this. I haven’t grown. Nothing is changed. I’m not going to get any investors. It’s all going to end right here. I came here for some forgiveness. But I couldn’t get forgiveness unless I did something really bad. I know where this goes back to you. I don’t wanna go back there. I didn’t come for a lesson. I didn’t come here for therapy. I just wanted a quick in and out.”*

*“I’m in. Look at me. I’m out. Look at me. Is there any different. Is there any point that you ask for more. Is there a point where you wander? Is there a point that you’re afraid? Is there a point that you’re touched. I don’t mean on the surface. I don’t mean inside. Are we talking about souls? Are there souls here? Just give me forgiveness. Just give me absolution. Just give me a restitution. Just give me a solution. I’m feeling remorse. I say I’m sorry. I want to stop. I can’t stop. No one can stop. Is there any stopping? We all need to stop. We can stop if we want to. All you have to do is tell yourself to quit.”*

*“I’m not a quitter. I know you’re not. I just keep the scoring. I know what you’re pointing to. I know what the simple form is. We could do the simple form. Or we could do long division. I could get deeply into it. I could touch all the parts. I can map all the parts. I can create a map of this constellation. I could create a map of the stars. There’s someone up there waving back on me. I really do wish. Does any of this matter? Do you matter? Can I matter with you? Do you want to do an anatomy lesson? That’s all that matters here. Do you have the numbers? I have all the numbers. I’m stumbling over my words. Are there enough words to stumble over? I have a theory about this. Someone is going to help have to help me sort it out.”*

*“hat’s my goal. I have two goals. I want someone to pay for this. I didn’t break it. But I want someone to pay for this. I want someone to explain it for me. There is no explanation. You could do a map. I have been 100 places. You could be another place. She’s waving at me. He’s waving at me. I’m waving at myself. Do I know what’s happening. Do I care? Can I bother. I can change the names. I am going to change the names. I think this makes sense for now. I hope this makes sense for an hour. For now. How long does it take? She’s brilliant. I could keep doing this. But I can’t tell you that I can keep doing this. I just want it to explode in my face.”*

*I want you to do something silly for me. You’ve done so many sillies. You’ve been around so many sillies. They’ve paid for all the silliness. You’ve collected all the silliness. I’m another silly. I’m gonna collect all the sillies. That’s an investment in itself. If there’s so many sillies on one side, there must be so many serious things on the other. They could even know it. You could take that evening out and build upon it. You can invite others to help. That would be a real investment. Then something would really happen. I can explain all that. I could offer you forgiveness. But you need to sing. You need to sing with me. I’m going to send it all together. I hate the fact that things can be described in such a simple way. I hate the fact that the body can be described in such a simple way. I need a nurse.”*

*“The nurse is checking me over. We’re so deep in this. Do you understand what that means? Does anyone understand what that means? These are star names. But these are earth names. These are names that are written in the sky. We write them down. We become these things. These things change us. That is all that matters. These changes result in other changes. We touch things. We touch the body. I want to be touched. Where is this going? I am already way beyond. I want my investment. Yeah, I see that there’s something wrong. I do. You don’t even know if there’s something wrong. It’s worse than that. Some of this makes sense. You weren’t involved in cleaning things up. You were involved in making a bigger mess. Where does this end up? I don’t sub further than you know. We keep on a path. We attain an understanding. We deal with others who understand the same thing. We push so far in order to complete the process. When we are this far out, it all makes sense.”*

*“I want you to take me somewhere. I’m getting attached to this. I want one thing. You only have one thing. Let’s say it’s not something physical. I certain idea. Let’s say it’s neither sin their forgiveness. You have an entourage. And they all say things to you. You say things back. And you think that you’re in control, because you were saying more things, and none of them affect you. Or differences in make? How did they get caught in this? You know some thing. You really do know some thing. I hear echoes. This is all that matters. I’m just along for the ride. At least, I’m not paying.”*

*“He’s going to pay in the end? Everything is very tight. I tighten even more. It’s feels so good. That’s all that matters. That’s all that matters. I follow along. I’m another satellite. I crash on the planet. We all crash on the planet. That’s all that matters. What do you think of this? I planned it out. Don’t even try. I’m way beyond this. You don’t even know. I’ve been 1 million places. And you don’t even know.”*

*“I am really afraid what happened in there.”*

*“You are just so much fun.”*

*“What does that mean?”*

*“I am afraid of what is going to happen.”*

*“All these things are moving.*

*“None of this has anything to do with me.”*

*“Let me get this right. All these guys love you. You give them each enough, but you give none anything. And you do not make steps. You are not with people, who help you to grow. Here is where things get crazy.”*

*“What is happening?”*

*“I want to touch your everywhere.*

*“That sounds freaky.”*

*“It is scary.”*

*“You are following me.”*

*“You are trying to follow yourself.”*