

AFTERMATH

“I don't like talking about work.”

“What do you do?”

“I mend broken hearts.”

“That seems like something worth discussing. You probably have stories.”

“I am looking for resolutions. I do not want to open old wounds.

“There must be a lot that you wonder about. Surely, you could share.”

“You do not look like a sympathetic person.”

“What do you want? Do you want to be saved?”

“I barely know you.”

“You probably could be more open after a few drinks.”

“I am not that vulnerable. I know how to protect myself against people like you; That gives me my strength.”

That was that. She was not going to carry it any further. He had played his cards. She was not going to wait to hear any more from him.

She might have been more susceptible to others. She had bounced off this contact. She wasn't looking for anyone else.

“I saw how you handled that guy.”

“That really has nothing to do with you.”

What does that mean?”

“Things are not going to get any easier for you. I know that you believe that you have some kind of head start. I am not going to give you any credit for your knowledge. This is already too far gone for you to make any sense of what is going on.”

“What are you hiding?”

“Nothing that you are going to see.”

“You seem like an open book.”

That was enough stupidity for her. She hadn't drunk that much. And she was not going to hang around longer to find out anything. Whatever occurred was not past.

She didn't have to review her night at home. She had been out for a couple of hours. She had a few drinks. She had met people. And that was that. She could put it all out of her mind. She could return to work and forget about it all.

She wasn't around to give a deep explanation. And on one was going to make it easy for her.

She was trying to stay on guard. She had wasted some time. But she needed to unwind. And that was all that mattered.

She hardly remembered anything about the past night. She hadn't been blitzed. It was simply nothing important. A door had opened. And it quickly closed. That was the only way to see it.

“I think that I have what you really need.”

She did not believe that her life could be broken down to a simple idea. It wasn't as if there an element that would give her the power to put everything together. There was no alchemist, who was her to provide answers. She needed to live in the moment. But there was no

available anesthetic.

He persisted in this belief. He had remedies that he wanted to share. That was the beginning and end of this involvement.

“You can make it easy for me. Can you explain it in simple terms?”

She wanted him to solve this as a design problem. She had ideas. She wanted him to share. Perhaps, he could work with her. They could put their heads together. There would be a final resolution.

“Are you interested?”

What were his risks? She didn't like to see it this way. She did not want the world to get boiled down to such a basic arrangement.

“Come to the ship. I can make you look better.”

“Are you saying that I look terrible?”

“I can make you feel better about yourself.”

“I don't really have days like that.”

“So be it.”

“We have lost the thread”

There were ways to bring more excitement to her life. This did not seem to have anything to do with what she was looking for her. For all that was denied, he was not offering enough for a clear balance.

She could escape on her own. There was refuge that she could find at home. That was all that seemed to matter. She had come closer to seeing something important. That was sufficient in itself.

At home, she felt renewed. She might have experienced deep needs, but those questions no longer applied.

She realized how much she had let down her guard. No one was watching to reward her oversight. So it didn't seem to matter. She would run out at the last minute. That would be big forever for her.

There was no satisfaction in any of this. She did not want to be around any of this. She preferred her home. She had given too much of herself. And there was hardly any risk. What would have occurred if she had become too involved. She couldn't let it happen that way.

She had found a serenity. Everything worked itself out from there.

She was not going to get trapped in this situation. She had an escape plan. She was waiting for it to take effect. That was all that she needed for now. She could sneak home.

She was not there to save the world. She was not going to put everything in place. She could leave all the strands loose. And that was acceptable. That was how she saw her surroundings.

For the time being, she had let herself get lost in the experience. That couldn't last. She needed to recover quickly. She needed to go back to work the next day. She needed to act as if none of this had happened. She could erase time and start again.

She was teaching her clients the same strategy. With that awareness, she again felt strong. She could easily slam the door on her troubles. There was no redemption in becoming too overwhelmed with the past. She needed to throw off all the madness and start anew.

What was she doing to maintain her health? She couldn't be taken down by these little

catastrophes. There were no damages. She got away and all the terror was over. It could not be simpler.

She had been doing her best to hold it together. And it only took a little push to get off of her game.

Who was really in the know? She had been looking for clarity. She only wanted short term satisfaction. She only needed a taste. She would leave it at that. She would escape and let it all be. There would be no lasting effect.

For the time being, she would return to work. She would not let any of this get in her way. There were no traces, no stories to tell. That was that. All her doubts were over for the time being.

There were some people, who could manage the chaos. She needed to stay away from them. She had been quite perceptive at protecting herself. She needed maintain this commitment. If there were temporary disruptions, she could accept them. All these risks were acceptable. There was little upsetting in her endeavors.

She could feel something catching up with her. She needed to be more consistent. But she was getting caught up in these currents. And that did not go along with her wellbeing. She needed to pinpoint the disruption.

The game was too far along. She had been so good at preventing her descent; When she reviewed her experience, it did not seem as delightful. She needed to get back to her own priorities. She was not going to surrender to the hopes of other people. No wonder, she could only bear with limited contact with her admirers.

Barbara observed her clients. They all seemed more adept at finding a clear resolution. They never answered their questions. They only settled for an answer. She wondered about her own inabilities. But they seemed more unable to find the words. What remained concealed?

Everyone seemed focused on the same goal. They had one-track minds. And Barbara needed to see the world in a more nuanced manner. She really had to commit all her efforts to the moment. She needed strength. That was her greatest challenge for the moment.

Her clients were pointing her in one direction. And she was not going to follow along. When she found herself lost in that routine, she needed to apply herself to finding an out.

She was becoming more protected. That only added to a sense of desperation. And her desperate nature only became more intense. She needed to dull these feelings. Perhaps, others could offer a temporary respite.

If the solution was temporary, she needed to accept those terms. But she realized the dangers for her job. And that only added to her upset.

If someone wanted to try to fool her, she wanted to watch his attempt. She would accept these challenges, then she would go back to her life. She had accepted the occasional inspiration.

She could follow the story along. But she realized what would be the dangers if the tragedy became too oppressive. It wouldn't just start in the moment. It would be rooted in actual pain. She was not willing to allow herself to get embroiled in a terrible conflict. She was not here for stock-taking.

“This is not about sadness.”

“I was asking you to be friendly. I was not looking for a solution.”

She did not want to be watched. She needed to find a way to disappear.

“You are trying to make sense of all these matters. You are a total mess. You know that. And you want someone like me to be completely honest with you.”

She had not idea where any of this was coming from. She had not share with this guy. He was prying. He thought that he was going to get some kind of rise from her. She did her best to ignore anything that he was saying. She wanted him to leae.

Once he was gone, she did not want any of these feelings to linger. Someone had tried to disrupt her composure. She did not appreciate any of this interference IF she gave a little of herself, it would not end well.

No one could be honest with her. How were these people being honest with themselves? They did not assume the same risks. So she could not give them authority. Even being honest with herself was a chore.

There was nothing that she was going to uncover by this process. Shew needed to let it unfold. But she was not htere to force it.

“If I am going to break down, I need to do it in my own way.”

This was too much thought for the time being. She was not looking for someone to read her. She knew much more than anyone else could tell her. She had already been considering these matters. If she did not have the language to make sense of it all, that was how it needed to be.

She had these thoughts. They could last as long as she could afford. Then they would all drift away. That would be the end. She was not looking for a lasting explanation.

She did not want someone to focus in her breadking point. She was holding up well. She was not going to let anything destroy her countenance. That was how it was meant to remain. She was coming too close to ending the challenges.

She wanted to sleep That was all that she could hope for. There was going to be no reckoning for the present. She wanted to say the same things over and over again. This could be a lullaby. It would rock her to sleep. And that was all that sufficient for the moment.

She did not want to see how the world fed the sickness. That would only leave her mor3e vulnerable. She had the power to resist. The same words would repeat again and again. She was hearing that terrible litany.

It wasn't as if she could bear to hear the same words repeated again. She was not looking for a ritual. She did not want anyone to offer a remedy. She aspired after sielcne. When it came, it woud offer her a needed rest. She was not overly ambitious.

None of this was part of her job. She didn't have to put up with any nonsense. If she was not getting waht she was looking for, she could jsut check out. She could go home. She could lock the door. And all her problems would be over.

Was there enough comfort at home? Could she cast off all her shortcomings? She did not want anyone to break her down. She could feel herself slipping. She felt as sif she was going to fall.

Her experience at home was not supposed to be so uncomfortable. She would feel much better if she got away from herself. Where did she have to look for liberation?

What if there was no outside for her? She wondered what it would mean to have no immunity to all the things that were affecting her. This was not her world .

Barbara felt this hollow inside of her. And she had tried every strategy to eliminate this

feeling and nothing changed. She felt as if she had a few alternatives. She needed to figure out a new approach. When she was at home, she felt that she had the ability to get things right. Nevertheless, she felt restless. And she wasn't going to get rid of this restlessness without some form of escape. If she was at a bar, she might feel excited about the music. She was all dressed for the occasion, and she lost her self in the glamour of the moment. In her mind she had prepared a script, and she was waiting for someone else to recite the words. Each time a guy stepped up, he only added more nonsense to the equation. Why couldn't anyone be honest? At the same time she understood their honesty would be crushing honesty wouldn't mean admitting to a sense of failure. It would expose the worst characteristics of these people. She had to resort to all the fakeness. Guys we go on about their plans for the future. They were all experts in finance. Or they had the real estate came cornered. Once they stopped talking, I only felt the hall of deepen. That added to her sense of desperation. Even though she felt weak, that didn't make it more likely that she would listen to the foolishness. She needed to rise up of reaction. She couldn't figure it out at home.

She had run out of answers at work. And she was living in this place and made it harder to recognize who she was. She had helped design a world for other people. And that seem perfect. She was in the same place for her self at all ring false. Even if she felt right with her self, these guys were seeing some thing else in her. They were crediting her creativity. Instead, they wanted her to flatter them. She recognized exchange. They would start off with a complement. That was never enough to steal the game. Instead, they got caught up in those silly games. He wanted her to praise her efforts praise their efforts. She spent time at work trying to boost the confidence of her clients. This was different. This wasn't based on an honest development of the self. Instead, these people are propping up their egos the falseness abound. Exaggeration set in. When her new friends were accurate and their descriptions, it hardly mattered. She wasn't enticed by their offers.

She didn't get caught up in the moment. She only felt a distraction. She had been knocked back-and-forth like a tennis ball. And there was a little to show for her experience. I she wasn't crestfallen. But she did sense that something was wrong. That was enough to set her off. She might have another drink. Or she would head home okay. She would listen to all the offers. She would mole over a future with a guy at the bar. Sometimes she can meet someone for dinner. It would start off well. But it didn't take long to degenerate.

The worst situation was if some guy was able to pierce her defenses. She didn't want to think that she was helpless. She realized that it wouldn't take much. Just a little pushed her off her game. May she had created this wall to protect her self. And seem to work over and over again. But it only took one brick to Absurd the whole structure she understood the risks. She felt misled. She let down her guard because she trusted someone. Now, it was becoming a disaster. She spent too much time with this guy. She had listen to his flattery. She had played along. In the world came crashing down. There is no way out of this. There is no way to escape. She was getting poured back-and-forth.

She knew these risks. She was having trouble. She needed to understand her options. She need to recognize the way out why was she even bothering? It wasn't as if he was giving her that much. But she felt afraid for solitude. It was pressing down on her. It was making it impossible to change. She sat there and listened. She became immersed in the moment. The complements

became more intense. It made a greater effort to influence her. She was giving in. She didn't want to surrender.”

She didn't want to let go. She had enough strength to walk away. She wasn't even she wasn't going to go back to his place. He she saw the risks. For seems so enticing. She needed to review. She had her own wife. She had a place. She had a job. She enjoyed what she did. She couldn't let someone who she hardly understood take a vantage of her. None of it seem to matter. This is how the world was developing. This was now the reality of history. She smiled. She was exaggerating about her own wife. It's really matter that much. She established her exit plan. She succeeded. All of this seemed a little absurd. She couldn't give in. When she made it back to the house, she wondered what she had just put herself through. She she felt this immense weight vanish.

She was more than convinced that she had done the right thing. It was all that mattered. She was escaping the masquerade. What was going to happen next? She had given too much to this moment. She lost her self in the mystery. This wasn't who she really was. She didn't have to worry about what happened. She had found her own balance. She could turn off the light and go to sleep. She could still feel the presence of the guy. Already, she forgot his name. But she was dealing with that same attitude, and it freaked her. All his creepiness seem to linger. She had given him permission to be this way. And he carried over.

And that should've told her something. She had the skills, but she was still dealing with heartache. Nothing really happened between them. She didn't even let him kiss her. This has nothing to do with him. She wondered about the other people who she had been. She didn't want to think that she was cursed, but she needed to get things right. What were the risks?

She would get caught up in the moment? There was enough to worry about. She was feeling the drag. She had been able to sleep. And the rest helped her to let go. She wasn't carrying on with an attachment for this person. She wasn't looking for anything significant in her life. Maybe, she needed to upper game. She needed to sharpen her expectations. It would've taken much for this guy had to have succeeded. That illusion was an eye-opening experience for her.

She went over the challenges. She wanted more from her job. She need a greater encouragement for her efforts. She felt that she was giving so much to other people, and she was getting very little back up. She need to find some kind of growth. She couldn't ask someone else to do it for her. But she couldn't do it all on her own. She was again caught up in this limbo. She was doing this silly dance with her self. A couple days later, he was at the same bar. She wondered if people were watching her. They picked up on things from her last visit this made her feel worse. She had no idea that she would feel this way. All of the sudden, she was facing some thing. She looked around. All the faces were strange.

These guys didn't know who they were. And they were still pretending. She realized she had nothing to worry about. She was seeing so much more than they did. They gave her a new confidence to move ahead. She would listen to this routine. She would not as if she was offering congratulations. But she was looking for the opportunity to dismiss these guys one right after the other. Occasionally, some guy guy tried to play the role gentlemen. He would take greater satisfaction in his own performance. And it would go on for a while. She was entertained. She played along. Sometimes, he would even buy her a couple of drinks.

She stared at her drink. Was any of this worth it? The drinks were strong enough. But

they were all watered down. But that really changed nothing. She was equally perturbed. She didn't want to be so dismissive. But how sympathetic could she be under the circumstances? She couldn't really abide with these risks. They offered nothing to her. She was given again in the same situation. After another drink, she told herself that she was in the grips of a lifeline. She held his hand. She let him kiss her.

Eventually, she agreed to get in his car. She sat down and enjoyed the comfort. This didn't last long. She jumped out at an intersection. She called an Uber, and she made her way home. What tipped her off? Does the drinks start to wear off? His creepiness became more evident. This should've been more clear did. She wasn't. Nothing was going to stop her. She felt lucky she hadn't gone that far.

She thought about returning to the same old plan. Would that even succeed? This guy seem nicer. He was a friend of one of her clients. He offered to buy her dinner. She figured that it wasn't a big deal to try it out. She just went along. And it all seemed okay. The dinner seemed so much out of the ordinary. And it didn't seem like he was expecting that much. But she felt this emotional pressure. He was trying to fit her in to his plants. That much. Everything seemed kind of work. He didn't have a sense of humor. He didn't know how to have fun. What could she hoped for from this experience? She wondered.

She drove into the madness. She should have walked out. This one was worse than the others. He was all well done. He had no sense of humor. He didn't know how to have fun. He was doing everything that he could to fit her into this little plan. It had little to do with her life. This guy was even more self-centered than the others. He had everything locked down. He was trying to close her as well. She realized that it might take a little time, but the result would be the same. She couldn't get together with him another time.

She realized it was all about gratifying her ego. She needed to put it all behind her. She hated the fact that she waste so much more time, and it had only been one date. But that was one night to Barabara. But it seemed to be so much longer, because he had only one topic of interest, self. He had a bit enhancing it from the beginning.

She was heading back to her world. She was licking her wounds. She wouldn't say anything more about it. When her client asked, she made a convenient excuse. And she left it at that. We could only be time before everything fell into place? She might've had questions about her life, but she needed to be patient she needs of developing understanding which would help her growth. He where could she find the needed acceptance? And her clients had been supportive. And she could only hope that was enough.

Perhaps she was pushing out too far. She had expectations for answers that didn't exist. What does it mean to let her loneliness get a grip on her decision making. She could see that her time is limited. And she felt pressure. Some guys wanted to take advantage of that. That added to her discomfort. It made her feel weak. She was moving back-and-forth between these feelings of elation in the sense of rejection. These are the actual conditions of her life. It wasn't a failure from within. This was all part of her nature. This is part of the world or work reinforced this mindset she can only accommodate. I she gave in again and again. Where could she find greater strength?

What was the foundation of her personal development. While sitting at the bar, she gripped her glass tighter. She needed strength she needed empowerment. She put her face in her

hands. She felt frustration. She wanted to know when to see what was occurring around her. That station became overwhelming. It was all too close to her. There needed to be a way to alter the balance. She needed to throw off the drag.

She was caught up in her own struggle. She was questioning herself. Where were the healing waters? She wanted another drink. She wanted it to be so much stronger. That urge was enough to drive her away. She realized how much she was being absorbed by this lifestyle. This damaged her integrity. None of this was right. What were her alternatives? She needed an exorcism. She wanted something to counter all these ugly effects.

At home, she took a breath. She had been lucky. She had avoided it as sent. She made it home before the real crisis yet. She was not going down that same road. What made her lucky? She found a springboard away from this terrible life. She could celebrate her escape. She could find strength she could find new confidence in the experience. She had created this fortress for herself. She could enhance the walls. Michigan she can dig in deeper. All of this was significant for her growth she could better herself. This was her enthusiasm Susie as him this was a lovely blessing. It all came together. It all made sense. The sunshine was brighter. Even at night time there was this glow. She understood that appearances were never enough to give her what she needed. She had to strip away this superficial image.

Was there something more lasting. What was that? What did she recognize? She thought about this equation. If she could solve it, things would make sense in her life. That was what she did for a living. She created designs. These designs commented upon the state of nature. They created a reality. But she knew what this was all about people would come to her seeking a change. And they would come back again and again. Sometimes, one radical change created the basis for another radical transformation. What was happening here. Did the self have enough resources to develop all these variations. What seem to be missing?

She was moving along the process. But it wasn't that simple. Each changed an image; it became a lock in itself. The self recognized what was happening. The individual was marking these mini catastrophes. Over and over again, they became a tempest. The world was shaken by these exclusive energies. What did this mean for the individual. She couldn't be that responsive to changes. These ups and downs would be terrors. Because she couldn't get rid of her fear.

Barbara was trying to be much more reserved. She was unwilling to see her self victimized by the progression of time. She understood the resistance. But these defenses could wear out the individual. Every nerve would be on edge. There will never be the means to catch one's breath. She faced this radical confrontation. She couldn't let it overcome her. She wasn't that way. She needed to be more reserved. Some women seem to egg on these guys. The guys would be silly. And the women might raise the ante. But she was headed in the same direction.

Barbara observed how her clients tried to protect themselves. They could be so open with their emotions They couldn't let themselves be read like an open book, but she saw this happening again and again. The guy would come in on . He complement the shoes. He would run his fingers through your hair. He would do ride in on a wave, and he did everything to involve himself. And she felt content with these gestures. But that wasn't her, that was another Barbara. She was just as drawn to fashion. All her choices were evident. What did it mean if someone else understood? Were they attuned to the stitch.? Did they understand the craftsmanship? What did they smell in the perfume.

All these effects seemed to head in the same direction. Was there anyone who could help? She needed to keep her wits about her. She wasn't giving into a condition. She wasn't sick. She wasn't distracted. She understood the interplay. There were so many things to see. And so much that remained hidden. The woman next to her was wearing a hot pink skirt. No one can take one one's eyes off of it. Barbara wanted to ask what this meant? Did it mean anything? At any moment, she only wanted to make it home safely. She could mix with the crowd, but she wanted the experience to be temporary. She wasn't seeking gratification. She only wanted a little taste, just enough to remind her what this was all about.

She had already been a come over and she's already been overcome by the fumes. She needed to hold her nose. She couldn't breathe deeply. For the time being, she was her own savior. And she found all the blessings she needed. The woman in the skirt might've seen it differently. But she had to know that she would come to the same end. They both work. They both were experiencing a sense of discomfort. And Barbara was trying to tell her self that she was further ahead could. She could trust her intuitions. She felt that she was not so hard edged. She could gently take flight and enjoy the moment. Did her companion feel the same way? Barbara could only hope that she did. But she had enough questions about it. This was the basis for a more protracted conflict in.

Barbara was ready to fight off these threats. She was committed to discovering the magic inside. She thought about the skirt. She wished it was hers. She could've accessorized it better. She had a lovely belt and contrasting purse She would've brought out the hot pink better, and that look would've made her stand out. And she was not looking to be a spectacle she didn't want more attention she only wanted to understand what was possible. That was the taste. It was not a trigger; it was lasting knowledge. And she could carry on with this awareness. She started with an insight: did anyone understand? Now, it was more evident. She did not want to be understood. She did not want sympathy from some stranger. She was not looking for someone to complete her story. She had seen this happen time and time again.

Some glib guy will insert himself in a conversation. He would act as if he had wisdom. His tempura really is temporary solutions might do it for some. She was not that naïve. She was not going to let herself be overcome. There were times that it was necessary to ring that alarm down. She needed to realize that she was not alone in the struggle. But she didn't want someone interfering with her life. She looked for unnecessary balance. There was so much appeal in the sparkly images. There is so much that she could contribute to the overall picture. And she remained with his understanding. And she felt wonder. She reveled in the grace. She was triumphant. She was alone again.

“I have been here too long already. I am yawning. I do not have the endurance to stay much longer. I have to work tomorrow. I need to be up for work.”

“What interest do you have in turning bck the hands of time?”

“The hands do not turn back. We remain in this present whether we like it or not.”

“He gives you the option to move to the next stage of being.”

“ I need cues for the now.”

“What would qualify as a cue?”

“I could accept any kind of guidance.”

Barbara could return to her prelapsarian state. There would be no sense of guilt; she

would find comfort in the present.

“I don't have any obligations for tomorrow.”

Here, she gets in trouble.

“I want this moment to last forever.”

“I can help.”

“I am afraid to hear that.”

What was the trade off? What did she have to give to attain more certainty. She recognized a debilitating trade off. She could feel this understanding wearing her down. Too much would be expected. And she had little foundation to resist the negative influences.

“You promised me that I would have better dreams. I wouldn't have to sleep.”

There was too much world spinning around her, and all of it was moving without her control. She had been here before. It was too easy to get drawn in again.

“Do you have any idea where you are?”

“I could tell you.”

“How should I act?”

“Act like it is working.”

“Everything around me is going out of control, How am I supposed to gain control.”

“You don't want control. You want to prolong experience.”

“I don't to get lost in the same patterns of experience.”

“Don't worry. Breathe deeper. It will all make sense for you.”

“Why are you trying to give me advice? You have no idea what is going on.”

“You are hoping for a coherence in experience. It's not there.”

Of course, it was there. That was why she went so deep in the experience. That was part of her nature. That was the basis for her survival. She only needed to survive. She was feeling pain. She saw it as pain. She needed to disrupt the pain. She wanted something to ease the feeling. That would be just enough.

“I can't do that. You have to use your own efforts. If you have got this far, you need to have resources.”

“That is why I am talking to you.”

“What do you really want to know?”

“I want you point out someone who can really help.”

“There are loads of people like that. What can inspire you to do more?”

She wanted to relax. She needed help sleeping, She felt the disruption. The negative effects were too many. She didn't want to think about it. She needed to stay out. She would find a remedy. Then she would sleep. She would really sleep.

Her nervousness was evident. If she could only settle down. She was off her plan. At this point, she would start to come apart. She would drift down. She was trying not to breathe too deeply.

She needed to coast. She needed just to go go along.

She was letting her jitters guide her. She needed to quit shaking, There was no earthly reason for any of this. None!

She had committed herself to a faith. And this enhanced her identity. She needed to maintain this faith to overcome the lows. She did not want to review her past. She was not lost

in a long analysis. She could not survive such an ordeal. She needed more immediate effects. She did not see her understanding as developing from a protracted reliving of her sorrow. Nothing was that overwhelming.

She loved the flowering of the moment. She gave herself to these sparks. If she needed to invest these moments with a little more excitement, she welcomed this effect. What were the constraints that seemed to slow her progress? She was not seeking a special kind of knowing. She wanted a more provocative experience, even if these effects were temporary.

She had put enough of herself in this moment. She realized that she risked disappointment. That was all part of her effort. It was better than looking backwards. She knew that she might be drained by the experience. But she was going to sleep it off. That would be enough. She was not going to initiate a process of reflection. There was no way that thinking was going to provide her with clarity. She needed clarity. Although she might be lost in a fog, she wanted it that way.

She felt as if she was rewriting her experience. But it was not based on seeing her life in a different way. She needed provocation in the moment. That would be sufficient to push her along.

“What are you expecting?”

“I am not thinking that way.”

She felt time's lull.

“I can help you forget.”

“I have already forgotten you.”

She was seeking a more direct address. What was she hearing? These were not voices so much as a dull roar. No one was speaking. She did not try to localize these sounds. That was just enough for her. She embraced the moment. No one was going to improve on this sensation. She accepted its immediacy,

She could feel it all unravel. But she was not going to give up on it. She accepted the now for what it was. She had done so well in achieving this moment. She was not there to watch it dissipate.

She didn't know how to communicate this experience. Perhaps, if someone else saw things in the same manner. That was her problem. She could not count on someone else recognizing the same influences. She did not feel isolated. She was responding to something real.

No one else could invest the moment with as much force. She could compromise her realization. That did not seem like a big deal. There wasn't much that she was hanging on to. The sensation had its source in something obscure. She didn't want to revisit old territory. She hadn't come here to be reminded of her mistakes. She sought something more engaging. She needed to be distracted.

She knew where this was headed. She wasn't trying to avoid it. She wasn't papering over the experience. She only needed something to make this more authentic. That would add to the force. So she accepted that blessing. And that was sufficient.

She felt that another voice was speaking through her. Things were being said. But they had nothing to do with who she actually was. She only needed something to move this all along. She was conspiring with time. She wanted time to be more considerate. She didn't want

sympathy.

Did she need to strip away these layers to hear what needed to be said? Such a resolution seemed like nonsense. She didn't want an answer. She needed an effect. And she could immerse herself in the effect. She wanted nothing more. She could not ask for anything else. That would imply going back into her past. That would bring the ghosts back to life. She didn't need that. There was no fear on her part. It simply made sense. So she went along with that present. There was no choice.

At times, she felt that could create a more committed connection to the now. It was available. She had striven to reach this point. There was no delight. She was in touch with something constant. She may not have had the language to express this understanding. But it was evident. She was fighting to leave it at that. She didn't want the feeling to dissipate.

There was a skill to making this sensation last. She realized that she had limited abilities in this regard. She was learning to take advantage of her insights. She valued these feeling, but she did not have a profound understanding of their nature. She was not sure how to prolong them. She accepted them when they came upon her. She welcomed the surprises.

She could use more profound inspiration. She did not recognize a creative foundation for her life. She loved that appeal, but she went along with her situation. She was seeking these upturns. She did her best to preserve their influence. There was too much outside of her control.

She could use a push.

She was not going to return home. She had come here with friends, but they were not to be trusted. They were not good friends. They were people that she knew, and they shared a similar need. But no one really knew how to change this situation.

For the moment, she was trying to fade away in this place. Someone could endow her with a more sustained vision. She did not rely on this connection, but she knew that it was available.

If she was blessed, what would involve? She was looking for an explanation. She hoped for more certainty in her world. She wanted to relate to the physical world in a more sustained manner.

How could the world give itself to her? She did not have the meditative bent to power her vision. She only needed something simple. How could the world grant her serenity?

She did not like the intermittence. There should have been a more constant touch. There was too much disruption.

She aspired to amnesia. An intensity of feeling without memory. How could she remain so separate from herself? She needed something to separate herself from any kind of associative thought.

She wanted to be absorbed in the now. That seemed possible. She needed a more extreme motivation.