

## THE TASTE

*“She's submerged. The dissent was constant. This challenged her goals. She could taste it. she wanted, She wanted to know it, knowing it and giving it, running more of it, annoying as wanting, more giving, more needing, more loving the flavor, and nothing at all. around. Becoming liquid or liquid touch, the liquid, knowledge known as the given passed off in the hand, another clue, where to find it, find it everywhere, find it in the eye, hear; it is touch, touch t some more, I love it, love, love, love some more is going along. I'm going along, taking some more I'm feeling some more, I need some, matters, it's using the flesh; it's melting snow; melting. we're all liquid we're heating up or boiling, going under, another taste, how much is this?”*

*“How much do you need? hHw did I get to this point? Don't ask, just go along, too much to think about it, have some more, have a slice, sliced up, mixed up, getting mixed, stuff getting so mixed up. I can't stop, ask for more, I need to get home; you can't go home; you're already here; what are you saying; you asked for it; he opened it up; I didn't see it ;like that you might not of seen; it like that; but it is like that; how is that; what's the flavor;what's the flavor of life; it tasted; you're born to taste it; that's who you are; and you know that flavor; you know everything; that is the only thing that matters; going backwards, going back and forth.”*

*“What can you do for it? What can you do to make up for it? Can you do, when it was happening, do you know the odds? We both know the odds; this is incredible; this is the last time we're going to do this; going back-and-forth in the liquid; it's warming up, it's warming up, what does out of us is some thing that's frightening. Domewhere we have to go, getting the touch getting more of it, not holding back, he said you weren't going to hold back; he said you were going to go along with it; he said a lot of things; you need, need to, you say you need to live, what you say, you need to live in record time, or leave it as it is now, now as you want, it is to be as you do it over and over and over again,you can have some more, you can have whatever you need. You can have another day of it; you can make a day of it; this is different for you than it is for others.*

*“There's a plan. You start in one place to try to make it a go. If given so much of yourself to it, you try to make so much of yourself in it, glow you give it; you explode with it; you're in all parts of the earth, how did that happen, how did you get everywhere, what is the exaggeration, thinking that you can do things, that you can't, all these interruptions, and you love to do rough disruptions because of the exploding you, and they explode for more, and they give you so much more, and you take all of this and all of this, for what it matters of what. It doesn't matter if what it could be before. What it will be before, it will never be, in it, all goes liquid, liquid in and out, liquid all around, liquid through and through, and this is how you're going to get there. You're going to submerge yourself in the water.*

*You're submerged again, and all these flows flow together, and they're flowing out if you can try to hold on, and try to create a wall, a boundary, something to hold it all, there is no holding in, for you there is no holding back, he went down this road, you're taken down this road, you were taken down yours, went down, he couldn't get up, he didn't mean to fall, he didn't mean to, labs he tries to stand off; all of this is useless; all of us hurt and wasted. It shouldn't hurt, you need to go with that, you need to flow with that; you need to feel right with that; that is how you explain it; that's how you feel it; that's how you carry on, and that's how you carry-on*

*with someone else. That's how you share it, that's how you grow it, focuses in a concentrate, and it's hard and it combines with something else. I can find somewhere else. Where is somewhere else? Where is somewhere here? So no so, it's going so fast, and you're going so fast, and; you can't stay with it, but you need to stay with it; you need to make notes; make notes, make notes, and repetition, make sense. It's your punctuation, your way of stopping, your way of getting off, before you need to get on. But you get on, you get on, you get on, you need more. It's just a taste or just a suggestion, not now, maybe later, maybe with someone else, maybe with someone who can take it, someone who really understands, someone who goes along with it, someone who goes along with you, you put up your hand, so it takes your hand, you're taking a long time. Taken away; where is the score? it's not supposed to go, supposed to go with you, and you go with it you go with it, you go with you, take with it, he take a long time. It's a possibility. It's more than a possibility. It's a performance. It's more than a performance. You get rid of a hiding part; there's only the fleshy part; there's only the flashing part; be on the skin; you stip it away; be on the stripping away; be on the actions; you just give in it ;comes over you; you can't stop it, and you try to stop. It tries to stop you.”*

*“I can't get over it, gets over you, as long as you're speaking it, as long as you're seeing it, as long as you're feeling it, as long as it feels for you ,all these parts, picking a person up, connecting, connecting them in a single pattern, pattern and one, new. It mattered; oh dear, what can a matter be, not now, who is calling you? Is moving as fast as you, oh dear, can matter be finding the matter, and matter and everything. This time, it's not in the energy, not in the radiation, something solid, denial a break, moving along with the patterns of these breaks; it's open when it's closed, it's closed when it's open; you get into the universe's weight when it's not weight.”*

*“It's touch when it's not touch, it roars, throttles forth; it explodes; you explode with it; you need another body; your voice to this one; you've worn it out; you need to get it ready; ready for another encounter, another explosion, another so much time, what time could just stand like that you can clap your hands, clap your fingers, click your fingers, snap your fingers, it all stops like that, just like that, what time this time, you needed to create the science, you needed time to go along, you needed time to answer yes. What are these words? What is whispered? You need to connect the whispers? you need to turn them into a solid war? A hell of somebody who knows somebody, who wants to share ,share with somebody else, who else needs to know, who else can. You tell I found someone to tell. I'm listening, I'm listening, I'm listening, do you want to tell me more, how do I taste it? How can I taste it when I don't touch it; how can I know it when I don't feel it; how can I feel it when it's not part of me.”*

*“Project out. I feel outside of myself again, and to the outside of the feeling of myself, I connect with someone else's understanding of getting outside with the feeling of myself with a feeling of you. How can you do this to me? How could I do this to myself? It's the only way to do. It's the only way to taste and taste and taste. Some more I've planned this out; it's been planned for me; I could've made it simple; I could've cleaned it off; I could've found someone else to clean it off.”*

*“There's so much to clean up in this world, cleaning up for supper, cleaning up to taste, cleaning up to know, to wipe my face, to clean me off, to get rid of the passion, get rid of the flow, get rid of all these things, coming over me and where are you going?”*

*“Are you leaving, are you leaving in the night? Who else is going to watch? Who's going to help fix things? Who is going to clean it all? You don't need to wash it away. You become part of it it, becomes part of you; you wash yourself in it; there's so many lights; so many connections, skin to skin, cell to cell, molecule to molecule, atom to atom, a little bit of a rip in time; you were there you know it. Has to be said, you know who; you have to tell; you know who; else; was to find out everyone's long for the same thing; to feel warm, to hear the bell ring, to get off, to know, what you have, to do, to become automatic, to become automatic with others, to become automatic with yourself that's not how, you wanted to be, that's not how anybody wants it to be, you can't see it, that way you can't be that way; you can't let anyone else make you be that way, but they make you, be that way, and you want to be that way. See you accept it, and you accept it over and over again, we're getting closer to the science. The science takes you this way and that, and you hear the echo. You see all the lights everywhere, and you're going off with it. You're all going off with it. You want an explanation. You'll get an explanation. Everyone will get an explanation. Everyone will understand. In good time, just wash up for dinner; just let the nourishment flow inside; you we need to become self-contained; you can't ask for these things anymore; you can't ask for yourself; you can't ask for someone else; this isn't supposed to hurt; this isn't supposed to affect you; this is supposed to be something other than you; you try to show sympathy; you should try to create parts in yourself to show sympathy, to the sympathy, you give off some thing that you need to take for yourself. You are one another. You're not thinking about this.*

*“You're not feeling this you're not being this. You're other than this. The words will guide you. You will go to this other place. You will be seeing you; will see and be seen. You'll find an invitation. You will accept the invitation, This is your invitation, as your invitation to become some thing that you're not. Do you remember me? You're the only one who I remember so I believe it. I was belief, in the past, I believed or nostalgia. I want to go back to that I believe for a living that I want to go back to that.”*

*“I go back to bed, and I go back to bed and everything, This is easier than I thought it would be. This is the only way that I could do it. The only way that I would be accepted, the only way that I could say it and see it. In there and write it and do it and know it and have it. It's still going on. I can feel the electricity through me. I can feel it shaking me back-and-forth. I finished off. I did what you needed me to do. I checked all the boxes. I read all the lists. I took, and I gave it back.”*

*“I gave back more than I could take. I jumped up and down. I jumped out of my skin. I jumped out of you, and you were making me do this again and again. So many uses, so many uses, use yous the plural, the ongoing solution is never going to hurt; they got what they wanted; they kept asking for and they got what they wanted. They realize that's the only way to get what they want, and you're going along with it. You only want to be fed. You only want to taste it. You only want to realize that you only want it, you only want it, you only want it, and wanting can't beat it. Can't be you, can't be anyone else. It has to be me; it has to be you; it has to be all of this, or are we going? Are we any closer to understanding? This understanding, the rift, the understanding would takes us back-and-forth opening and closing all at once, revealing and hiding. How do you really hide it? Just feel it, going over and over again, but he was saying that you can save us. Who can ever say this? Who falls asleep? In saying this before insecure, who*

*has everything? What are you missing? What has been taken from you? How are you addressing yourself? How will others address you? The coherence falls apart in the listening, but it's so simple. Show up. You pretend nothing is happening. You show up. You pretend nothing is happening. You don't get angry. You pretend it's not affecting you. But it's only affecting you, but how does that work.*

*“You're too early to be early, too late to be late. How does that affect you? This has been on for a while, and you're going on with it. Do you really have enough in your pocket? Do you have enough to give away? Is that your only hope? For more, do you love the process? You love the reward. That's your only hope for more. If you can just get close enough to it. Close enough to love it, close enough to say this is remarkable. When you've served your time, and you've given your time to this, and you've given too much time, do you want to take a look at this? Do you want make a claim? I'm already regretting it. Getting in the way of what I need to do. I'm already regretting it. It's getting in the way of what I don't need, to do, what I don't need to take what I give, and take what I rely on, when I catch my breath, I can't catch my breath, every breath is counted, and I need another breath.”*

*“I need a breath. Be on the allotted breaths; otherwise, I'm out of breath. Catch me, as I fall, that is supposed to mean something, that supposed to keep things together. The chant keeps things together. We're both part of the same ritual. We are both walking back-and-forth on the same street. Part of the same experience, the same chill. We have a head start. We have a head start, and everyone else. we need some more medication; we need to taste it; before we taste it.”*

*“Do we have the potency? Do we have the draw? Do we have the effect? Did we get close enough? Did you give us what you had? Did you share the disease? Can I taste it in me? Can I taste the parts? Can I take apart the parts? I need to taste. Can I ingest myself, do you like the taste, do you like what is given, do you know where this is going to go?”*

*“I don't have the words to say anything else, so I say with the words that I have in the skin, that I have in the flesh, that is given to me, and I can pass on to someone else, and this is the making that's doing this. Is the doing, is being this is all of it, together these are all the parts and receptor. Can you try to stop me before I finish?”*

*“You try to get in there. Before I said anything. What does it matter, and what does it produce? You have that feeling in the knowledge. and the everything in the ripping time. I need you to go somewhere, somewhere that no one can see.”*

*“You are somewhere that you can't see yourself, then I will feel that I too am part of it. And I'm not afraid of it. I'm not afraid of telling you that I'm not afraid of it, but I only fear it because it breaks apart from me. and comes back to me. and that's what it is to me. It's breaking apart.”*

*“Do you understand how this happened? You understand, what I gave away. But I couldn't get back the tears. Up inside of me with tears, up around me, with tears up everything. That what I say. I have destructive urges. The constructive urge making some thing, making something that breaks apart. I don't have the tools. I don't have the glue I don't have everything that it takes. I have to look at it all. I need to see it closely. I need to see in the way that you don't see it. Then we can see it this way together/ We can say that we're finished. We can make ourselves feel done. We're over done, we're all boiled up. in this breaks. the seal. this breaks the*

*knowledge. and that's why I wanted to taste more because that could help me. In my questions knock, knock, knock, I'm here, knock, knock, knock. I have something to ask you. I want to know one week later, two weeks later, one months later, six months later. I want to know how long can I keep wanting to know. I go to sleep tomorrow, and forget it all. I don't want any of it, affect me, it's all that affects me; it feels more desperate, and the noise keeps on. and the patterns keep on, and all the questions, and you think you know, but you know only as a target. and it brushes and that is it is it. It is over!"*

There was just enough to give her that reassurance. If she moved towards the light, she could find more of what she needed. She was not decaying. She was not going to surrender. She only needed a glimpse. She needed to see it all from the right angle. There was someone who could better understand. What was this thin thread that connected it all? What were all these variations in time? What was this kind of knowing?

She was trying to stay away. She did not want anyone to say anything to her. But she could hear him whispering. And she needed to listen closely. She needed to learn what this was about. And how could it matter? How could any of this matter?

It mattered to her, because she could listen closely. She could read it back. She could take it from memory and make it mean something. And it meant so much more than that.

There were all these ideas inside. But she did not know how to combine the, She couldn't combine any of these fast enough.

This wasn't something that she wanted to wait for. The waiting would cloud the answer. They would make it mean something else. And this deformation would destroy the meaning. And what was said wasn't said. She could tally this up. She could share this with others. She could package it in a different manner. She could mix it to make something else

There was a way to watch the world and get it to say something else. You could get someone to say something else. And she was seeing these changes. And this transformation was in the flesh. It was in the world

For this moment, this was all that mattered. It was all that mattered to someone else. And she went along with the mistakes. Because this was how it needed to be.

She had it so perfect. When she tried to repeat it, it would all be about making mistakes. This was the only basis for trusting anyone. You needed to get it wrong before you got it right.

She did her best to interpret this. This was not something that she could lie about. She could get it wrong. But once she got it right, she needed to get it right.

Who else was messing up? Who else was ignoring what needed to be said?

Was there something else that needed to be said. The words were doing it for her. She was in it, and she was not part of it. Who was watching with her? She had sustained a sensitivity.

"I am not asking for you to give this to me. Don't give it to me in this way. There were too many variations on this theme. Did you like slowing it down like this? How did you get to this part. This is something that you cannot go back on."

You were stopping time, and someone heard you. Someone was going along with you as this happened.

The ship was sinking.

"Don't let it break like that."

She was moving too fast. Her heart was racing.

“I need you to quiet me down.”

“It doesn't work like that. You have pushed yourself. You have made yourself like this. It is up to you to change it.”

“How does it work like that?”

No one was going to offer an explanation. There were so many ways to be. So many ways to offer an explanation. She realized where it was going to go. How would it explode?

She didn't need to worry about the explanation. She was the explanation. She understood how she was trying to trick herself. How had she forgotten about what she needed to know? She needed to say with the idea. She needed this idea to become part of her. She tried to count along with it. She did not want to be interrupted. She wanted someone to count along with her.

Everyone was shading it. She wanted to understand how to combine the colors. What else did they show for her? What about people who did not understand? She needed to speak more clearly. She needed someone else to go along.

She needed it to be much simpler. She needed a million explanations.

“This will help.”

She couldn't wait for a future. She didn't want a future. She wanted to feel it now. What would tomorrow offer? She had trouble keeping up. Those who got in couldn't get out.

She would wait. She would wait until the point of revelation. That was marking time. That was giving sense to time. Then the time would break. What had she lost?

This was the time for all forgetting. She needed to explain what that could be. She would be back at work, and she was supposed to have figured it out. She was the same person. But something no longer fit in this picture. There was someone who wanted to know more.

“Can you offer me what I am missing?”

The words were not going to do it by themselves. They had to be words in time. And they were supposed to offer something in this process. But the words were changing in the process. They were becoming something else. That was part of the enjoyment.

“How can that be? Things are not making sense anymore. You say one thing, and then you tell me that the words now mean something else.”

“I am trying to anchor it all for you.”

“We are all creatures of habit.”

“Don't look over here.”

“You are going to have to explain it to me.”

She needed a word that would chisel its meaning in time. Thus it would not go through any variations. It would be that way, once and for all.

She loved that there could be something so constant in experience. But she was not close enough for any of this to make any difference. This wasn't supposed to matter.

“I want a word that can hurt the way that I can.”

“I have zero idea what that can possibly mean.”

“It is not supposed to mean anything.”

“I need someone who can do time like I do. Someone who can follow along when I lost place.”

“How many different ways were there to do time?”

This was not supposed to be a savior for her. Everything would get out of hand. It would all slip away. She needed someone to explain it to her.

“You have been here before.”

“You are very observant.”

She had given too much of herself already. She was going to hang on. The lights flashed on and off.

“You are pretending to be something.”

“I don't need your explanation.”

It was no longer about her questioning someone else. She was getting everything that mattered. Anything else wasn't worth anything.

“Was that code enough for you?”

“I only want to open doors.”

It wasn't about that. She needed to understand all the possible destinations. She could mark and connect all these points. This was about something that remained unsaid.

This was not going to be enough for her to forget. She needed something to help her forget. She needed a better word. She needed to connect to time in a different way,

What was this clattering of objects? She needed to keep track of the little changes. She was listening with more acuity. How did that happen? This was not going to get better. She realized that. Time was not going to offer any variations.

It was her world flipped upside down. But the patterns remained, and it would all end up the same way. This only made things messier.

She needed vision. She needed to do one thing perfect. This was what she had been taught at work. And she needed to carry forward the same kind of operations.

Even when she was off her game, she believed that she was holding it all together. She needed a new kind of reassurance.

“I need you to flip time back for me.”

There was a momentum. What had put things out of joint?

“You know how this works. It is not something that you see. It is the same through all the variations.”

How could she arrive at any particular variation? Did she need to undergo all the variations? This seemed entirely random.

“I do not want random. I want targeting. It wants to start out the right way and end exactly the same way.”

If she couldn't put the pieces back together again, what would that mean for her. She couldn't act as if this was the beginning. She was already immersed in the process. She was already part of it.

Someone signaled her. She was sure that she was going to be given what she needed. The physics would finally make sense.

“You can feel it inside.”

Time could put it all back in place. It would all echo in the same time. She needed to match moment for moment. She was getting ahead of herself. She knew what she needed to track in order for it all to make sense.

She didn't need a whole script. Only a favorable word would be enough. How could it work like that?

She needed to cleanse out the disease. She was getting ahead of herself. And it wouldn't be enough to catch up. This was not a test run. She was already in the middle. She had made her choices. So she was going to have to make something of all this.

She did what she could to cover the mistakes.

It was inevitable. Someone would catch the pattern. She thought about one of her clients. The person had everything in place. But she was so behind herself. And she was never going to be able to catch up. Barbara was exactly like that. She had surrendered whatever integrity that she had.

She hated this weakness. But what was the alternative. A person could take more radical steps. Increase the risks. Play with danger. Then it would all going back to the same thing. Too much of the same thing.

There was still time to change it. She could change it. Barbara could make it better. She was waiting for someone to expose it.

She had done herself right. She only needed someone to see it and understand it. But there were too many understanding people. Even that fatal redo was pretty much the same thing.

How could a person change the order? How was that ever possible? What was needed to reconstitute the events in a different manner.

She was too deep in this to make a difference. She needed to turn down the volume. It wasn't helping. She didn't like what she was hearing.

At what point would her story no longer be hers. All these events were happening around her. They were not her events. They were bad things that were happening to someone else.

"You can fix this."

"That is not how I work."

"I needed some of you to leave so that I can recalibrate."

Everyone could laugh. They could enjoy the moment. They could forget the moment.

"I need it to be more precise."

She was not naive. She needed things to make sense.

"How will physics help it to make more sense?"

"Follow the time line."

It was going to be difficult to make it back.

"There are other ways to paint this picture."

"You can't change it after it is done."

"You keep doing it over and over again until it take the desired form."

This was too much to think about at one time. But she was following it along. She was part of it for now.

"This is an acceptable variation."

"It would be easier to head home. You can make it all make sense once you are there."

"I am not writing a book."

What strategy would make it easier for her? She could no longer rely on her memory. She needed some way to help her to remember. Even the writing would become hazy, It was not going to offer a clear perspective.



“I need greater clarity.”

“Do you think that someone can offer it to you?”

“Of course, of course they can.”

“It is better to look toward the future than lose yourself in the past.”

“Are you trying to interrupt?”

“I can taste it.”

“What is it?”

“It is honey.”

“Get me out of there.”

“There is something else besides sweet.”

“I am tasting the now.”

“You are going to get destroyed by this moment.”

“You have to move more quickly.”

“I am catching a little bit of this.”

“The whispering.”

“Follow the rhythms. You are not going to hear the words. But the rhythms are going to offer you clarity.”

Her clients wanted to get control of time. She was teaching them methods. She had not realized that this was the basis of her enlightenment. This was no longer just a form of seeing. It was a way of being with herself.

“This is becoming normal for this place.”

“What are you saying?”

“Something that I have heard from my clients. They want some form of stability. And they embrace their chaos.”

“Then you are back to the way that you were.”

“You need to slow time.”

“That was what you were supposed to be doing for me.”

“You could have waited.”

“They are sending chaos.”

“I am right behind you.”

“It is going to get worse.”

“You need to fight it.”

“That smirk is not going to tell us anything.”

“I am running out of emotions.”

“I don't even have any change.”

“Have you paid off your debts?”

“I am way beyond any kind of balance.”

“That is really more than I can take.”

“We are all accommodating.”

“That is all that I need to think about.”

“The weight feels heavier over time.”

She was giving too much credibility to someone else. And she couldn't withdraw into herself. She lacked the resources, and she was too far from home. The story was playing before

her in real time.

She could feel it slow down again. She needed a clearer way to track it all. These sneers and smirks and furtive glances were not offering a thing. She was not part of this every second. She did not have the explanation. She did not have the manual. She contaminated everything.

There would be two stages to the process.

“She is too hot right now. She needs to cool down. None of this is safe. Surveillance everywhere.”

What did any of that mean? The world was spinning around in a different manner.”

“Someone is going to understand this. And this is going to be a turn on. And you can take it from there.”

“My body is not on the line.”

“It will be.”

“I need to cast off all these influences.”

“Who else is watching?”

She wanted to know who else was watching. She needed to figure out what went into this kind of seeing.

“I am controlling it in serious ways.”

“You cannot give up so much of yourself.”

“I have forgotten any way to control this.”

“I control what I can. Everything else, I just go along.”

She was losing her ability to see. She was accepting things that were not acceptable.

“You are going to have to remember all these gestures.”

It wasn't just a pain that she felt. The world reflected what she was feeling.

She stared at her client. There were so many things that she could see. She understood how she could alter these patterns.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I am trying to bring out the best in you. I am trying to see all these parts and deciding how to combine them in a new way.”

“Have you been listening to me?”

She had been listening carefully. It was all going into the picture.

What would it mean for someone to read Barbara with such acuity?

“No one is going to make it any easier.”

“So you understand what I am about.”

“Barbara, I have seen it all.”

“How do you know my name?”

“You told me.”

She was thinking about her client. Who was this guy? She had been interrupted from trying to create a positive image. This guy wanted to offer her that same sense of comfort. What did she know about her? He knew her name. That was not some kind of key that would reveal her secrets.

There was a surplus to knowing. These details, which seemed to make no sense. She had gotten away from all of this.

She gave her clients a spark. They could take it from there. But it was about more than

that. From her point of view, they saw something about the world and how it was all put together. They were her bellwether.

This guy was pressuring her. He was trying to imply the same thing about her. She needed to be careful. She had shown too much. And he was taking from there. Ge was twisting hte picture. He was deforming it to mean something completely different. She did not enjoy this manipulation.

Some people saw this a part of a romantic story. They had put together this protrait, and life had added to that magic. It was like an amusement park ride. People would line up in the hipe of seeing the same thing again.

There was too much knowing in her proximity.

“You are pretending that you are some kind of mystery. You go to work everyday like all of us. You punch the clock.

“But I don't punch the clock for you.”

What would it mean for someone to provide a better version of this story? Tjhis guy wasn't doing it. And he seemed to imply that this was her only alternative.

“You already got what you were expecting.”

“We all do.”

“This is how I want it to begin and end.”

“It never functions like that.”

“I can hope.”

“Hoping is not going to get you any closer.”

“It has before.”

“How do you see me?”

“I see you in all your mediocrity.”

“I was not looking for this kind of judgement.”

“No one wants to be that vulnerable.”

“If you know that, you should not be trying to bother me.”

“There is a place where you could be closer to an answer.”

“I am not going to touch you.”

“That is not what I am talking about.”

“It doesn't take much to get pushed over the edge.”

She needed for it all to slow down. She did not like the acceleration. She could go to a place where it made more sense. She would not be moping around. She had a greater purpose.

None of this codes were giving her an answer. Everything was a mess here. She needed to rev things up. She needed someone to shake it up a little more.

She felt that there was a reward waiting for her. She could taste it. The after taste became more prevalent.

Her weaknesses were becoming more evident. She was now leading with her vulnerability. She wanted something. That was all that seemed to matter.

She could sense the inflation of the moment. She needed a way to sustain this flavor. It wasnt just the aftertaste. This needed to bedcome part of her being. Did anyone else recognize this same need?

“You are one of us.”

“I am only one.”

She needed to disengage. She could not let someone else disrupt her sensation. If was not going to contribute to her elation, she needed to dismiss him.

She was recognizing this power in her clients. But they did not see it in quite the same manner. That made her feel less powerful. There should have been away for the universe to impart that knowledge.

People reacted to things that were happening around them. That made so much sense. And she was going along.

She could see it another way. She was planting these seeds. There would be a way to pull it all together. This universality could bless all these moments simultaneously.

“I need to do something else.”

“How will that function?”

“You need to use your mind?”

Who was telling her this? This had nothing to do with her mind. This was another kind of being. All something more elaborate. She needed the world to respond in a different manner. What was the great interruption?

She was going to arrive back at her house. And there would be all these parts. And a greater artist could find coherence when it might not seem apparent.

“You expect it all to happen more quickly.”

“I am keeping track.”

“The world is not going to love you that way.”

“I need something to make me feel right.”

Her clients had offered her a convenient shorthand. And the more that she contemplated this picture, the more that she realized that the gaps represented serious gaps in her personality. She could never know. She was not supposed to know. There was nothing in her experience that would help her to understand any better. And that feeling was her everything.

“I don't want to be responsible for this.”

“No one does.”

“No one wants to give that much of the self for such a little return.”

“We are all users and abusers in one way or another.”

“I need to get out of here.”

“Was it possible for someone to come out of this show?”

***“I need you to forget all about me. I was not asking to become part of your life. I did not want you to try to decipher what I am about, We are too different. We will always be too different. You cannot sort through my life in an effort to find coherence. I am not here for you to offer an explanation. I do not want you to break down what I am thinking. I am not looking for some kind of secret meaning. I want to be here, and I want to be gone. That is that. I am going to keep on like this until someone asks me to stop. And that is going to destroy me for whatever that means.”***