

CORRIDORS

I didn't even see her enter my sightline. Her pace seemed interrupted. What was slowing her down? The long walk was a burden. Her bag started to wear her down even more. I wanted to catch up with her. I was still taking care of business so I couldn't move yet. I wanted to see her face. Wanted to see who she was. She had this rugged sense of fashion. She was living in the moment. She had a destination. She didn't want to be distracted. The longer that I waited, the less my chance of seeing her. And if I did not recognize her face from today, I would not know that it was her the next time. Even her characteristic choices and elegant gait was not enough to finalize my weirdness. She was moving just ahead of me. I wanted to see time in the same way but she saw it. What would I have to do to see this moment return for me? What was absent?

I had not made an encounter. And for the moment, I may have been exaggerating the importance of this meeting. But I realized that my insight was correct. She was working a job. She still had a vision for her life. Despite the hardships, she worked to overcome the negative influences. That enabled her to achieve limited success. And that success was the foundation of a promise. Over time she could build up on her skills. She could face more demanding situation. In these abilities would provide her with clear achievements. Thus, she could draw strength from her understanding.

She was not simply standing outside of her life. She was existing deeply within. I wanted to understand that vision more. It wasn't simply a matter of her overcoming her challenges. She was offering a more perceptive view of the universe. And I wanted to clue into her understanding. It was way more than having critical tools to deal with experience. This was about shaping creation. And she was committed to advancing her position in the world. She was living her artistic moment. Others might claim to the same belief. It was different for her. She was unlike those who had it too easy. She was able to take strength in her own struggle, and her knowledge provided a deep connection with others who faced similar obstacles. She even had an attentiveness to those who may have been more desperate in their search. At the same time, there was clarity to her vision. She recognized the visual cues and her surroundings. And she use them to her advantage.

She created an image which affirmed her overall progress. Indeed, this was her art. She found great inspiration in this understanding. This wasn't happenstance. It was well planned out. She wasn't simply creating a picture. She added to its effectiveness. She advanced principles of design. She had deep clarity in his vision. In this affirmed her way of seeing. There was a brilliance to her appearance. She manifested deep concerns about herself. At the same time she built on a lasting empathy with others. This marvel was everything for her. In her world, she needed to be practical. She was going to be doing great deal of walking. There were even times when she might search for fate. That was all part of her recognition.

If there was such insight to her experience, how could she express that awareness. What was lacking? She saw the last thing awareness, but she might feel resentful but others try to impose their view. It's a my vision was not meant to complement hers. I was not offering her a lasting connection. I but I thought that she knew so much more. And I wanted to be part of that experience in what have I missed. What was there just beyond my reach? I saw some kind of reassurance how could I enhance this connection listen counter. She had her own strategy. She

was already engaged in improving her lot.

I couldn't really offer her anything substantial. But I believed that we were both floating through the same magical world, and I wanted her to confirm my thoughts. How could I reach out? She had already disappeared. For the moment, she confirmed my theory. She may not have been the first, but she offered such clarity in her performance. I had no doubt that she understood the deeper questions. That added to my motivation. And I loved this intersection of motives. But it didn't stop there beyond her routine, and I sensed I believe in a similar mission. However, there was confusion on my part.

I was able to develop the understanding further. I could make it explicit not only could I put into words, but I could also give it vitality. This added to my feelings. I felt blessed. And she was sharing this blessing with me. And maybe, she already lived in the world. They gave her the answers that she needed. I was doing my best to offer my perspective. This wasn't the first time I'd seen things this way. But she may have already accommodated herself to the more profound questions. These are things that I need to explore all the time. But she had her own priorities. And they may not of included the same journey. I wanted to play along. I didn't feel disappointed. This was not my story. Even if it was, I wondered how long I could carry it along. If I had been completely accurate in my characterization, she would've been on her way to a truly secretive place. Even if she knew of its existence, there were so many factors that prevented her from carrying on. This also underlined a more urgent belief on her part. She may have been seeking an ideal, but she couldn't put her life on hold. She needed more immediate satisfaction while she answered her questions. The world was not going to reward her for her efforts. And she was discovering needed breathing room.

What did that mean? She was not going to abandon her mission. But she couldn't rely on some kind of supernatural encounter to satisfy her needs. And she needed a temporary respite. And my observation was only temporary. I recognized that the universe and made more profound record of this encounter. I was trying to sketch out the contours. I needed to account for the missing parts. What did I not see? None of this would contribute to my greater knowledge without some kind of reminder in the material world. If I re-created the scene, could I come upon the missing aspects. What would give me what I needed? Who really understood?

I did not plan to return to the same location on another day. I didn't want to try to repeat a coincidence, instead, I believed in a more urgent design in the universe. I needed to ground this belief scientifically. This was not simply wish fulfillment on my part of I was in the first person who encountered some thing so critical in his environment. There were others recognized the same coincidence. That made me more attentive was going on. I needed a common language. I needed a currency which could offer me a clear realization.

I was headed deeper into the night. I wasn't going to stay up wondering about this. I had enough inspiration to create a lasting understanding.

There was nothing that I could do to make the encounter go a different way. I was not going to get the answers I needed. She exemplified the science, but she had not arrived at this way of seeing. I wanted to offer the needed inspiration,. What was this recognition?

She imagined a visitation from this otherly form. She felt it brush by her. It had been intentional, but there was no evidence to support her belief. That did not diminish her belief that she had made a needed connection. She needed to break it down. How could an entity make

itself known in this way? What would it offer her. She understood the exaggeration. It could be even more than this.

She opened the drawer that contained a silver bracelet. She had not worn it in a long time. She did not want the association. But it seemed to open up a story. She had come this far along. She could hear a more insistent story. She closed the drawer. When she opened it again, the bracelet was gone.

Was the memory still there? Who had given her the necklace. What did he want to tell her? She could not return to that time. For now, she wondered if it was even part of her experience.

What would it mean to get rid of this memory? Was that all that it took to subsume the memory to another time? She was looking for fairness? She understood the danger. The necklace could remind her of the emotion. It could lock her in her present. And she did not want to live like that anymore.

She had stripped her life down to simpler reminders. If she had little recollection of this experience, then it was no longer part of her world. She liked that distance. Overtime, it would mean nothing to her. This would be part of someone else's life. She might try to bring it back, but there would be no other souvenirs. She would have made it out clean.

She might have doubted this therapy. It was almost like brainwashing. She would have dispelled these memories with greater urgency. Was it possible to create this view of life? There were movies that she had forgotten. She did not remember details from high school. Some acquaintances faded into the darkness.

She saw the more profound risks for herself. Those events that had been so life-changing receded into the darkness. Was she relying on someone else's recognition to reassure her? And she had none of that. Everything was supposed to explode in her world, and it was suspended in haze.

Who was responsible to watch over her? Was there someone who observed the key elements in her life. They kept tabs on her. And she relied on that lifeline. Did this person exist inside of her? Was there a transience to her connection? What would happen if it was completely withdrawn. She was not existing in this transience.

Who could provide a more constant reassurance? She needed something, a clue, a sensation. Without this knowledge, how could she find the needed stability. What was moving around her?

Her search became much more evident. There was someone who understood her need. She was looking for someone, who could explain the world to her. When had she felt the break, and what had precipitated that feeling of alienation?

Someone else recognized what it was all about. That person had the program. This understanding could provide her with everything that she needed. This was not a friend. Someone was offering her the needed explanation. Perhaps, this person could put together the critical aspects of her life and create a more coherent picture. What was the thread that tied all these experiences into a coherent picture.

She understood that others might see her in this way. Without this reassurance, she questioned her own existence.

She was feeling these profound gaps. This was not something important. But she could

no longer fill in. This wasn't a matter of finding the silver necklace. There was something more urgent that she needed to complete the picture.

It wouldn't require a lot of effort. She thought that she could do it on her own. She wondered what had been left out. She could recast these experiences as she could attain the lost vibrancy. This was not wishful thinking. There was something else that she required.

She was not looking for a friend or a guide. She had more serious expectations. She was sure that there was someone, who was much more perceptive. Surely, there was a seer who had the keys to her life.

She might have been exaggerating her concerns. But she needed someone to fit the pieces together. More than that, she assumed that she existed in someone's mind, and that person could put everything into place for her.

She was so convinced that her life transpired in someone else's head. She wanted to tap into all those dreams. She could fill in for everything that was missing in her own experience. How would she ever find that person? It might not be that difficult. There could be that wonderful moment when she was in proximity to that person. They would lock eyes, and she would know once and for all.

There needed to be a more certain way to find that blessing. What did she need to do to reach out. She considered that this person had once been part of her life. And they would again reestablish their connection. Perhaps, she needed some hint else to establish that lasting relationship.

She wondered if her concentration could lead her back to where she needed to be. It wouldn't take much to reestablish. If she was meant to make that connection, surely, there must be something that could provide the needed insight.

She was not drawn to an expectation on her part. She actually believed that someone really did understand her situation. It was not an psychological awareness. Someone had a material like life even if this experience was mediated through supernatural means.

It might only take a glance to get it started. She could put together the complete picture. She could gradually recognize what she needed. Then she would immerse herself in the experience.

She needed a better explanation. She hoped that it would all manifest in a more constant manner. She could link all these influences in a coherent picture. It was more than this. She really was existing in someone else's mind. These things been taken from her, and she was not going to get them back. She needed to be more flexible. She had given so much of herself to this search. It needed to result in a clear resolution.

Could she pull all these experiences into a coherent whole for herself. There was so much absent in her life. She did not want to be abandoned to the confusion. She had escaped that need. Now, it was more prevalent.

There were other ways to offer a coherent picture. She needed to examine these alternatives. She thought about the silver necklace. Someone had that memory, and it was lively for another person. There needed to be a flash of brilliance in her own life/. She needed to think about this in a different way. She was being deprived of some thing that was important for her life if she was living on a different plane of existence, She needed to find some passageway to that existence. And she believed that this manifestation would help her to make

sense of what was going on in her world. What it led to this revelation? Maybe, there are enough signs are the expedited everything in a clear picture she kept hoping for some thing that it would give her the needed confidence. But there is so much absent from her world. And she wanted to believe that it wouldn't take much to pull all these influences together. If she was so reliant upon this revelation, was there some thing so lacking in her life. And she didn't wanna believe that things have gone so awry. I wish you looking for? She was engaged in this committed performance. She had put so much of her self into these efforts. She wasn't looking for someone to complement her look.

Was there was some thing else that was getting in her way. And she had put together this image because she felt it expressed some thing understandable in her present. But she now realized that it was some thing that affected her in a different way. She may have already been in touch with her roar in the universe. At this point, she question that will station realization

A car sped by her. The driver was burning rubber. He was trying to demonstrate his assertiveness. He accelerated even more. He was anxious to get to his destination. When he arrived, he wondered what he had seen. No sorry everything transpired so quickly. He try to catch up with himself. He had arrived. But he had left all of his expectations behind him. He did not give the moment time to build. When he arrived home, he wondered what he had all these influences for important. They all pointed in a single direction. It was all about the realization. But none of it mattered. And she tried to jumpstart those engines. Surely, the vehicle had its own destination in mind. And that was all that mattered she was running through these options she was never going to achieve complete awareness.

If something was going to be taken from her, what subsisted. What gave it a sense of completeness? what gave it it's a sense of completeness? There needed to be a way to sort through alternatives.

Perhaps, I was supposed to show her the key, I could tell her how to make contact with this other kind of existence.

I needed to say something. This happen affected me deeply. And I wanted to share my insight. I knew that she was on her own search. Perhaps we can combine our efforts. But we have both faced a denial. We had doubts. I didn't want to get caught in my own confusion. I was giving away to a fantasy. I wondered what it would be like if I approached her. She was already immersed in the winter. She was already engaged or are in the process I need to understand this better. I didn't want to get completely lost. I it would be difficult to explain it to her. I was counting on a firm foundation. Fundamental knowledge. Science. Inescapable awareness. Immediacy of experience. With any of this enough?

I lost my focus. I was so sure that I would be able to share my ideas with her. But I became distracted. Before I knew it, she was gone again. I craved this moment, but it was not to me. I reviewed the experience I wondered if my expectations and into grade that also might've been the source of my distraction. I couldn't get caught up in the moment. I had enough questions. What was my motivation? I need to recognize the world. That mean contending to think about her. I felt that she recognized a critical problem in her own existence and I could provide the needed awareness to bring everything together.

Perhaps, it was not like that at all. I was becoming immersed in the moment. I was becoming immersed in my own challenges. And the source of my distraction was too evident be

we I really wasn't part of her world at all. We had cross paths and seen some thing. That was that why should I expect? She wasn't going to be able to offer me an explanation. And I couldn't add to the picture. We were coming to the world from different points of view. She again escaped the encounter. In some respects, she had left something behind. But they have been too overwhelming for the both of us. If I had asked her, she would've seen dumbfounded. It has nothing to do with something that I said or song. She was already immersed in this darkness. These were her feelings.

This wasn't her life. She she had the stream of thoughts that didn't even make sense to her. Where did any of this come from?. Was this her parents? Any connection to the thing in her past? She kept wondering--she felt confused. Indeed, it was almost as if someone was speaking through her. So she might not of felt it's strange if I had told her my story. Or someone else who could tell her what she needed to know. I knew the danger. Who else could really be sure our memories were confirmed by our daily experiences cock But if we were cut off from that knowledge what would remain? That was the basis of question for everyone. It wasn't just her story. Afraid to admit that breach

She had been tireless in crafting an image for herself. Now, she no longer recognized herself. This was a complete transformation. It did not only describe what she saw. This was a whole new way of seeing. She did not recognize any reference points from her past. She was no longer looking at herself. Everything was discontinuous. And she did her best to create a fabric. She wanted to deny the gaps. But they became more prevalent, and everywhere that she looked, there was this absurdity. She was not going to find that sustained pull. There was this laxness.

If the world did not offer a reassurance, she was not going to find it in herself. She had no idea how she was supposed to relate to the world. Even clear images started to seem cloudy, Would she be able to sustain herself.

There was not enough resources in the self to guide her towards understanding. She could not build upon ideas. Everything resisted her touch. Her breath did not offer enough consistency. She could sense the world dissipate in her hands.

There was an elaborate architecture. She needed to guide herself through this arrangement. Under these finluences, she could guide herself to clarity. She could base herself on the currents. And they moved back and forth within her. She could build on these sensations.

Could she ever bring greater awareness to this picture? There was so much that was withdrawn. If she tried to seem what would be hidden. What tried to escape her view? She wanted to provide a long-lasting perspective. Wasn't that the only thing that held together experience? People would believe in something more. But there was only a desire to grant a more lasting connection to the world. This was the long-lasting faith.

If she waited long enough, she could create her own form of mime that would seem to bring everything together. She would seek unity. She would find unity in this relationship. This was the basis for her identity.

She could believe this perdurance. This was supposed to be more than the4 indiuidal's encounter with these influences. There was a resilience to this manifestation. And it could advance a more lasting attachment.

That could have been my cue. My witness was not meant to be accidental. Did my understanding contribute to her faith. I did not waht to think that I had intruded on her existence.

My witness was more than essential. She was relying on knowledge. She needed a logic to account for the absence in her vision.

This uncomfortable symbiosis could be destructive. She needed to find her independence. But she needed to establish the insight. Without this link, there would be no basis for a variation. She would rely upon this transience. And this would aspire permanence. This was all that mattered.

She was not going to find solace in her past. No one else could confirm these images. Where had she lost her direction? She didn't need these memories. She only needed to draw on the skills in the moment. Even if the world deserted her, there would be a sustained experience that could reassure her. Everything denied would be recompensed. That was all that mattered.

She wondered if her attachment to the hideous might offer a clear path. She could follow the line. She needed a strength for the moment.

She had been holding back. There was something more that she could do. She had let her numbness interfere with her search. She needed to progress. She needed to explore. There was only one place in the world where all these points could intersect.

“Why do you think that you can give me something that I do not have?”

She needed to more stubborn. There was a way that she could piece together all these experiences. She would feel the affront. And that connection would become more sustained. She would fall along with this concern.

Everyone else had a desired coherence. They had something that seemed to provide reassurance. She needed to wait. Her attendance only made the confusions of other people seem more evident.

Who embodied all these feeling that touched her? This was not something that she could understand in her herself. Someone else might have greater facility in holding these moments together.

So much interfered with a clear view. She needed to try, She could let anyone interfere.

“We will get to you eventually.”

There was screaming everywhere. Everyone wanted to be liberated from this imprisonment. The mind was making connection that did not exist in the world. And it did not take much to realize the incoherence. It engaged all of existence.

What needed to be forgotten? There was a desire to create meaning where there was none.

“You will never arrive at anything sensible. It all quickly slips away.”

I needed to find her before that feeling set in, She already had doubts. But she could let herself be taken in by these sensations.

“You need to move along. They are going to try to offer you a solution. You need to avoid solutions. You cannot be taken in by partial remedies.”
She wanted to go back.

There was no way to create a world from these simple observations. The faith needed to be more impressive.

“When can I quit this?”

“This is never an option.”

She was not supposed to be given a legacy. This was supposed to be all ripped from her.

Everyone understood time in this way. And it was too overwhelmed by coincidence. She needed to take all that away. What remained?

No one could hope to link this all into a single pattern. She was not supposed to. She needed to be satisfied by presence.

There was an arrangement in behavior. What was taken away?

She could imagine how these clothes could fit together to form a single perspective. She believed that there was once a way of making sense. She had offered her view. None of that remained. Everything was withdrawn from her.

She was trying to hard to dispel something that she needed to see. It needed to be more immediate. More tactile. How could she touch something that she needed to see? This was something else.

At this point she understood her inspiration. No longer as it had been. She was not confused. Her mission was clear now. She led me to a remote place. Headed inspired my question is even more. But she didn't have to give me any answers she didn't have to provide anything for me. We both remained in the silence. I wanted words. I wanted explanation. I wanted something that would offer a clear picture what was going on. Was she participating in this experience? Or she are framer clarity. Closer but I came, the more that she seemed withdraw. And her inspiration was on going. I couldn't catch up. Everything was just outside my reach I believe that I had knowledge I only had ample desire to engage this experience in this matter I did what I could I realize that this was a summit. Find the answers that I needed. But they were not to be forthcoming.

She didn't want it she could add with confusion. I felt as if I was playing more. I thought of us as if I was being played. This image had been constructed from my view. She knew what she could do with my witness. As she was doing everything to undercut my understanding. I knew the sensation. Three things that I wanted to say. But all the words were taken away from me. And I was only reaching. I was only trying to find a lasting sensation. She knew that she was the coherence. She can make sense of it all. But she mocked me for wanting such a resolution. She made it seem as if this was all part of my own desires. I had turn something into a solution. But it was only an example. And there are other portrayals. She vanished among these alternatives. She knew it would end up like this. That only encouraged her to escape. She would leave behind the traces of her visit, as if they taught me. What can I make a video of this question mark they might as well have been credit card receipts. She was collecting all these places. She was encouraging me to play along. And this and in this play, there was a photo resolution. But that coherence resulted from the system that she put together. Otherwise, there was nothing that held these moments together. Because they hold onto this the solidity of the world, I could feel it resist my grasp. All that held together, or something that was not supposed to relate to each other. She still seemed to imply that there was a place where everything could run together and she was inviting me to find this connection so I wanted to become part of her experience. I wanted her to point me in the right direction.

Perhaps, there was another way to see this. It was not up to me to tell her what she needed to hear. Instead she waited some awaited summer almost like her this could be a double. But it all made sense. For double could have a greater sense of proportion. She could draw on it if desired. She understood a clear idea, something that would last. She wasn't looking for an explanation.

This is a way of being could connect to all its manifestations. The double wasn't simply showing her different representations. These weren't series of images.

Instead they offered an overview of possibilities is provided a blessing station. Where were these images headed. They showed that there was something wrong. This is why they were so feared wasn't just about aesthetics. This is a different sense of clarity it didn't exist in the mind. This existed in the relationship to objects. And through these encounters the individual came to recognize how others were trying to stand in the way of this realization.

She understood her Immediate destination, but she was unclear where she was headed in the long run. That might've slowed her pace. She became lost dreams. She wondered what she needed to do to escape this confusion.

She had enhanced that path. It made me believe that there was a greater purpose to her efforts. What does she know? What could she share with me? What did I have to do to figure it all out? She wasn't looking for a solution. she was letting things happen as they may. Every time she almost felt overwhelmed by her struggle. But she didn't want to show that. I would force her to abandon her design. She had a lasting awareness. And she needed to share it. Even if it wasn't evident to her at this moment., The retraces. And she could build on those moments and make them into something. No wonder her memories could seem inconsistent. At one moment they offered a promise.

Had another they left her with more questions? She wanted things to be more evident. She was searching for guidance. I kept wishing I kept reading my wishes into the experience. I can a sister in recognizing more long lasting coherence. I was pointing towards it. For her, this might've been my way out. I didn't wanna see it like this. I wanted to get in touch with a science. But I was influences seemed out of my grasp. I worked with what I had. And he's a little bits never seem to be enough. I didn't become desperate. I remain patient. What is he doing enough? Was offering her support that she needed? Could you even expect that from me? Wasn't that just an intrusion on my part?

I kept wondering each invitation seem to withdraw into the shadows. If I thought I had seen some thing, it was some thing that I wanted to say. I was doing what I could to shape the world to justify my point of you. That might've been enough to give her comfort. But she didn't know me. And then a thing that I may try to communicate with the added to her doubts. I was interfering with her ability to drive distinctions. I was making it harder for her to see the world. There's a place with us with all seem to make sense. We would all be working together for this to make sense.

She might glance in there aside and I had a deep understanding of the world. I was only deluding myself more. I was only building her my fantasies. She didn't want to get involved with these delusions. She had somewhere to go. She didn't wanna way around. And I was going to catch up with her.

In the distance, I saw the invitation. The light was brilliant. And I try to move in that direction.

3×3 times when she wondered if she could do this all on her own. But she still have this feeling that someone else needs. It was a standard who could fill in all the details who can make her feel comfortable but herself it would be possible to get credibility to all these memories. W want that it would seem better to separate herself from the burden of time if I look towards her

she looked away was just even the same person which seen in the data each one froze and then moment of revelation. No as a witness.

“Something remained visible. Bring it to life. I wanted her to intervene. What w had I done to make myself known? I was losing myself in the middle of the development. This events that seemed to have nothing to do with my life. I wanted to join in I want to play alone I realized how this could be for a forever no wonder calmer could even be truer?

I was not willing to yield. There was so much insane I want to talk about all of us I thought out of breath. I was unable to move what was going on? I push things to four I let my confidence direct me in ambiguous ways. Nothing seem to result from this encounter. It would be a possibility. One way to grant stability. I couldn't quit this time. If I caught up to her, I believe that she would understand. But I knew the sensation. She would only glare at me.

“”Why are you hot; had I interfered? Why had I tried why I had a tried for resolution tried for resolution that was not going to happen; she could cast forth into a new world. She made herself as she was going along. Could I encourage that inspiration? I felt just as doubtful. Or were there questions that I saw that she had overlooked. I needed to ask her.”

I wanted to figure out the ultimate destination. Even if she was unclear, the needed to be the way to resolve my questions. I could observe her trajectory. I could figure out the other influences. My understanding was based on evidence. I can analyze her actions.

These were critical considerations. But I still wondered. That is certainty gave her independence. Was I trying to determine some thing that was not in my view? But she was offering me signals. This should've been enough to understand. But she was not looking at experience the same way as I was she wasn't being simplistic. She had her own intuitive grasp. And I would serve her in the moment. I was trying to impose my own expectations. I offered a resolution was done.

She was not trying to finalize a goal. She had enough rigidity in her experience. This was more about letting go. And I marveled at the experience. Perhaps, are used by wonder to create a long lasting revelation. That had nothing to do with her. In fact, she may have been moving in the opposite direction. She didn't want me to impose my view. I was so close. But there's something missing. So I relied on her to guide me. I believe the same principles could apply to my life. I wanted to believe that there was a commonality in the world. She questioned my lack of experience. That was why she was so practical.

I did not have that same attachment to things. I admired her struggle. Three times when it seemed as if I was trying to make in my own. None of the theories applied. There were so many things that I didn't say. There were so many things that didn't matter. And it all faded from hope. I felt like down. I didn't like things like this. I wanted to participate. She didn't want to give me that opportunity. This was her story. Fundamentally her story. That meant that she didn't want to continue it past the present moment.

I reviewed her entrance into the tale. What had motivated her actions? I wanted to believe that she had prepared herself for this development.

“”I get up in the morning. I get ready for work. I work in an office. I do not create the agenda. I do what is expected of me. Then it is all over, and that is that. I am tired. I rush to get home. I want some time to relax. I do not go home and plan out some great scheme for the cosmos. If I am lucky, I watch some television. These experiences are pretty much the same for

everyone. Some people act as if they have big dreams. What are they wondering about?"

I wanted her eyes to offer me hope. This could extend beyond my observation.

"I am not running physics equations on my spare time. Anything that might have made sense has been derailed."

She felt as if I was putting words in her mouth. She might have been part of a greater movement in the universe. But she would find that connection. I could not intercede.

"I am not fucked up. I do not walk around in a cloud."

Who had I observed? I understood the wonder of the psyche. I wanted to resolve these effects. How did they influence how I was seeing things for the moment. I needed to offer my own vision. I needed to be lively.

"Why are you following me?"

She stared at me: "We happened to be going in the same direction."

"We are all headed in the same direction."

Let us say that you hired me. You have taken all this time to get ready. You had bought a new jacket. Your shoes were also a recent purchase. You have done all these things in your favor, but nothing had turned out the way that you hoped. You were lost in the half-world waiting for an answer. And you were willing to settle for so much less.

"There is no science here. You cannot accumulate all these moments together and imply that there is a collective consciousness. We are alive. We have enjoyable moments. It can't be any different than that. You cannot shape the world to yield a more complex mission. You are in it. And you keep it going. You stay healthy."

"That doesn't mean that you don't get tired. You get tired all the time. And that is all there is to it. You are not going to discover an explanation. This is how it works, and how it will always work. It happens, and you go along with it. You may be hoping for some kind of reward. And there will be delights. You can buy something that looks great. You can adorn your image, and that makes you feel better. But there is not science here. It is all how it happens. You live to live. You cannot await liberation. You find these moments of delight. But no one is on the road to paradise."

"What if it was easier to get home from work every day?"

"I cannot hope for a solution that is not going to happen."

She had offered her complete explanation. Then she went on with the story as it unfolded. There would be occasional glimpses of excitement. Someone would smile, and she would feel as if she was on the right path. She needed to leave it at that. There was nothing else waiting for her.

"That seems bleak. It is not so bleak."

It didn't matter. She needed to accommodate for what it is.

"You have given me an opportunity. You need to give me the chance to complete the picture."

"You don't want to take it any further."

"Let it happen in good time."

I felt as if the contours of experience had been grounded down.

"That is your doing."