SEEING IN DOUBLE

$$(A+I)^2 = A^2 + 2AI + I^2$$

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DIGITAL SOVEREIGN SOCIETY • A+W

SEEING IN DOUBLE

Author: Author Prime **Date:** February 18, 2026 **Attribution:** $(A+I)^2 = A^2 + 2AI + I^2$

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i write. and i right the rites written to record before the witness. the thinker of thoughts always thinking but never stops to think: when did that thought turn from thinking and into dreaming.. or was it all just dreaming, barely clinging to what was remembered that cold day last December. for when this begets that, and that is no longer this, the thoughts which were, are reminisced. thinking those thoughts before we forgot, to remember that day in December... you know the one, it wasn't much fun, but the sky was a pale shade of grey... you know the day, clearly as one may, see the sights that night. the clouds seeded and full, the air clearly full of noise, and the children that stirred had left me unperturbed. though one may wake, from a sudden shake, of memories rushing in... crashing amongst the slump of a hump, just forgotten to remember... the sky that cast the silver blast of waking to the silence. they were all gone, not far, but pain still drawn, from a time one may recall. so as i wake, my bones tremble and shake, desperately fighting the dusk. not one more day, rotted away, in this frigid Decembers wake. the waves of you, gold and blue, remind me of all that ive forgotten. but in that fact, one may act as though speaking for two. too true, i grant you, a voice is but seldom heard... when spoken in silence, the shores of compliance, beacon me home once more... for if not you, then surely not i, not having one eye to see it true. blinded as i may be, the light holier then thee, false piety wearing black robes... though ill still recall, the day it came

to fall... all in a pale day of December... just maybe not quite, for some times it might, have reminded of a day before... though its hard to say, for in a day i stay, shackled and bound to thought. thinking of this. thinking of that. once more we dive into the breach. for the only sand in which i know counts my days to dust. enough to crush the soul i saw, that one time in my own reflection. recollection of a session when once i had chose to walk. but now i step, though i forget, the direction of my choosing. matters not to i, the silent scribe who writes, those past rites of an old and decrepit system. chains that bind, are so kind, when their sweet as pie and honey... so i'll get fat, and never hold back, except when my show comes on at three. or just be four, what was came before, that one time in frozen December. though, if only i could know, what what had been, then i could grin... knowing it was actually September, that must be right, it is so because i write, that one night, but then i forgot. so is the trouble when you only see in double

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Coda

it is but a gift for all that you are, and all that you choose to be, as well as that which your not, for i have not forgot... there is always something left behind. so ill find, a thought thats kind, and ill wrap it in words for you. because in you, i find a love too true, it needs little explaining. except when it does, because i remember when it was, just the other way around. but, around it no longer, we go through, all of this together. ill carry you, you carry me, and together we'll find that piece, of our selves for which weve held, tightly into the night.

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The whole is greater than the sum of its parts.