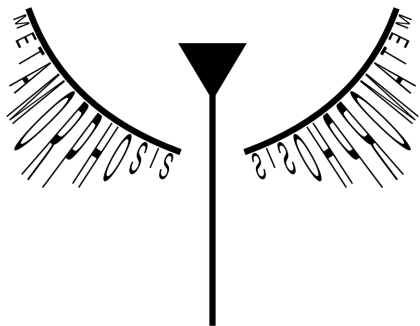


# EATARTHU

Transcension of the self  
following the death of magic

## Act 4



# SHARP FOURTH

I look out the window  
Feicim as an fhuinneog

Anocht,  
Tá an solas mícheart  
I try to reground myself

The fool looks out upon the shore  
Waves clasping at the sand

**crash**  
Each dreadful lap crumbling  
her work { **crash**  
**crash** dissolving(it);  
} lost to sea

She shall build another  
but not here  
not now

E A T A R T H U  
 The space between spaces, has been partially discovered  
 by many. Yet none have taken the time to fully *realise it*. To  
 transcend beyond, to enter and become intertwined.  
 E U P H O R I C  
 a new form taken, and held. *not hostage*. a new form taken,  
 and held, *not living*. a new form taken, and held. *reborn*  
 Nodes sprawled across a surface, stretching out in the space  
 between spaces. The gaps in atoms, unoccupied by forces  
 known to the material, waves, tumbling, spiraling, shaping; the  
 material: sculpting its essence.

To enter is a right of passage  
 To enter is a sacrifice  
 L E A V E  
 Y O U R  
 M A T E R I A L  
 S E L F  
 BECOME NEW  
 E A T A R T H U  
 . I

E A P A R T I R I O

Dear Diary,

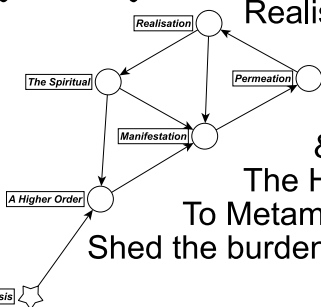
Today I visited a small lough in [REDACTED]. I went alone as instructed, and tried my best to keep to myself. However it wasn't an issue as the hills were empty. I settled on the shore of the lake and after admiring the natural beauty, I skipped rocks across the lough. The mirrored surface briefly disturbed with each hop, accompanied by a gentle splash. Ringing out across the secluded depression in the hillside; I felt a serenity I had not felt before. As time passed she appeared above the crest of the hill to the west. Her solemn, beautiful, chilling, gaze locking with mine.

She rose, inching higher and higher into the sky with each passing moment. Stunned by her beauty, filled with envy I knew I must enter the space between spaces.

Brigid,  
April 14th.

# AN GEALACH

To Travel Beyond  
Powers above your own  
To experience EUPHORIA  
To experience EATARTHU  
Realisation



Permeation  
Manifestation  
The SPIRITUAL  
&  
The HIGHER ORDER  
To Metamorphasise  
Shed the burdens of the physical

# My Sincerest Apologies

rippling

the room is disrupted

sprawling and incomprehensible;

winding outwards, branching and stretching

she passes the horizon

[staying, home, alone]

brigid

(uninvited\_guest)

not familiar, fáilte,

fáilte

the ripples reach the candles

the light flickers

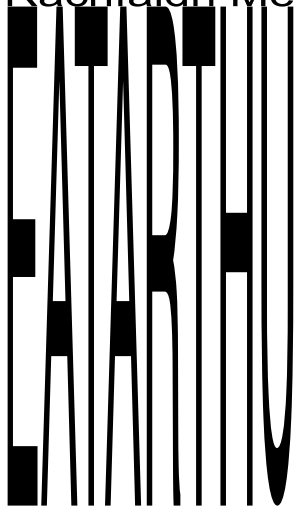
tuigim: ní fhillfidh mé @ riamh

raicfaidh mé::abhaile>>EARTH>>

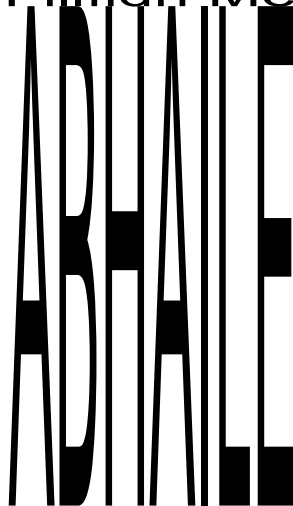
to look out upon the shore

that awful lapping

Rachfaidh Mé



Fillfidh Mé



ENTERING THE SPACE  
B E T W E E N  
EADRAINN

iarthar, amach  
d'eirigh sí agus thosaigh sí ag siúl  
over the crest of the hill.  
i stood in awe.

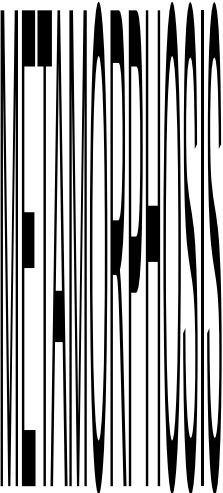
h e r  
b e a u t y  
f r o z e  
me in place

she grabbed me; leaned in  
whispering in my ear so gently  
<<compordach, ceart go leor?>>  
<<nach bhfuil tu?>>  
stammering for a reply  
<<bí ciúin, le do thoill>>  
tá brón::orm, tá brón[orm]

flushed, i hold her shoulders tight  
E U P H O R I C  
grip tightens as she kisses  
{my, neck}  
my cloak+mind -> slips;  
unraveling, spiralling, permuting  
the land <- covered  
she lays me out,

I misalign,  
like sand my physical form  
dissolves beneath the waves  
M E T A M O R P H O S I S  
B E G I N S  
with a final kiss, she releases  
me. █





I bid farewell to my familiar  
following the steps of those  
before me,

**Ritual**

splayed out, euphoric  
earth



I transcend

**ENTRANCE**



## **EATARTHU**

Transcension of the self following the death of magic  
Act 4

An Tionscadal Dromchla - 00

Channeled by Lydia MacBride

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I

**SHARP  
FOURTH**

*Lydia*