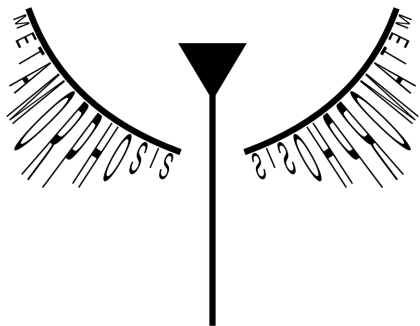


EATARTHU

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,

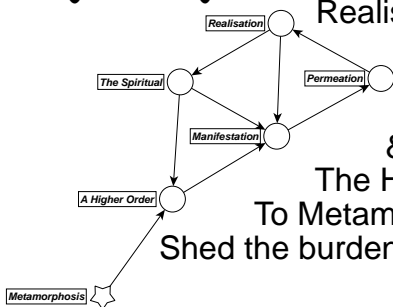
Today I visited a small lough in [REDACTED]. I went alone as instructed, and tried my best to keep to myself. However it wasn't an issue as the hills were empty. I settled on the shore of the lake and after admiring the natural beauty, I skipped rocks across the lough. The mirrored surface briefly disturbed 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 thillfidh mé @ riamh

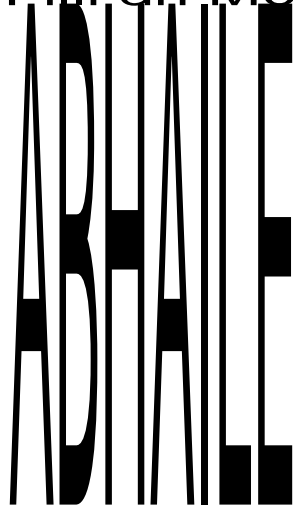
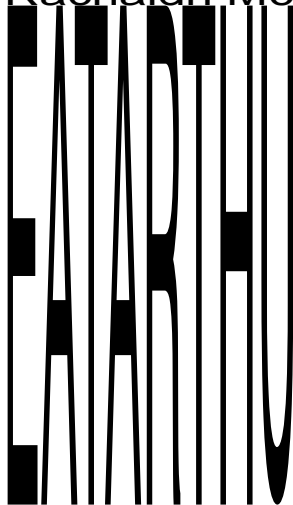
raicfaidh mé::abhaile»EATARTHU»

to look out upon the shore

that awful lapping

Rachaidh Mé

Filf dh Mé



ENTERING THE SPACE
B E T W E E N
EADRAINN

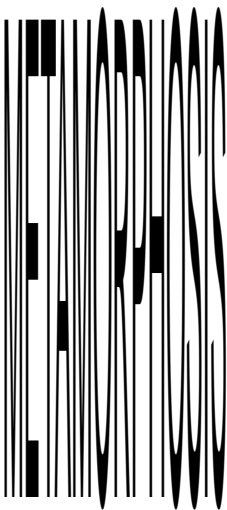
iarthar, amach
d'eirigh sí agus thosaigh sí ag siúl
over the crest of the hill.
i stood in awe.

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]

fushed, 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 f nal kiss, she releases
me. I



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

Ritual

splayed out, euphoric
ecstasy



I transcend

ENTRANCE



EATARTHU

Transcension of the self following the death of magic
Act 4

An Tionscadal Dromchla - 00

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I

**SHARP
FOURTH**

Lydia