

Just when we thought we were done.

Not yet.

The ouroboros of the rabbit hole calls and calls before even knowledge is sure of its existence -but if it is, then why even bother with the holes for the pigeons? Seems to only limit the boundless imagination! A whole holey new dimension, never explored before- with the colourful birds of 2A. One needs to know that they are no special snowflake, only some have been before and will be after. Bird flowing, fluctuating, impossible to contain.

But within this holy holey new dimension, there was something off. Something misplaced. Something lost?

There was everywhere to be, but nowhere for me. So I went out and bought a school, and put my teachings into rule. No more pigeons for no more holes. And no more tolls for no more souls.

Is what I would like to do- if it weren't for the seemingly boundless options. A false hope, keeping me searching- for the perfect pigeon shaped hole.

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Now you better use your gumption and you better be swift, because we're moving onto the accelerated bit.

How can one be less than one when he spends their time surrounded by zeros and ones? – And why must we announce before opening the door? Only to set us aside for the else? If they want to be free then you mustn't put on a grand show! In spite of this we'll still be proud to announce when time comes to show.

And when the signs become borders and walls- remember my words: why even bother with the holes for pigeons?

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*But if you take these teachings to the extreme, multiplying and surrendering: so porous the earth can be crushed into a fine dust- anarchy.*

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*PART 2: HART*

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Beware of the monsters that lurk after turn(ing) the lights off. The time has come for an era of affairs and unions.

Igniting a spark of desire to rise from the earth and to circle and fly! Spreading wings so naturally and as so assumed natural. Watch the nymphs emerge to sing painful loving tunes. No longer nymphs anymore.

*But this one did not sprout wings. Instead they rose from the earth and watched in disdain of the newly sprouted cicadas. Unlike others of their kind, they did not feel left behind or lost their ticket to the ultimate nuclear ending. Others thought they were pure and clean, but what did they think?*

I thought of many things. Watching these inept creatures with disdain and bewilderment of their immaturity, I WANTED AN ENDING. I was not sure of which kind, but I did not want theirs. In the nights I dreamt of dragons and the seven letters- these kept me busy in the unending darkness. It made me wonder, which was never a good sign! The questioning of its existence only proved its irregular existence! The nuclear ending was never for me. No more search parties for the nonexistent! I am done! I am over with it!

Only those who are not swayed by the heart can see the absurdities of it.