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THUS BE DIONYSIUS

Philosophical Reflections

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CONTENTS

TRUTHFUL ESSENCE	8
PRINCIPLE	26
CONTRADICTION	42
COMPREHENSION	65
GLORY	88
TWILIGHT PONDERING	105
SUSURRI	122

Dionysius: Metaphysicus is an amalgamation of philosophical musings, introspective ideals, and a departure from traditional conventions, all through the lens of the protagonist, Dionysius — an embodiment of the author's unconscious desires, characterized by contradiction, neurosis, and delusion. The protagonist, “Dionysius”, *not to be confused with the Greek God "Dionysus"*, is a metaphysical individual that had been hiding within his mind for all of his existence, however, one day, a desire for understanding the external world had struck — a new hope that seeks a deeper comprehension of the world that surrounds him.

This fictional exploration of metaphysics is not bound by linear objectives but rather flows as a continuous stream of consciousness, encompassing the author's aspiration for a heightened perception and understanding.

Epistemology is the branch of philosophy that explores the nature, acquisition, and implications of knowledge. Throughout history, the assertion of what was to be considered observed, sensory knowledge was at upmost of epistemology — what shall the individual consider to stand as factual in the material, how shall the individual acquire a specific, external fact, what objective criteria can be used to distinguish justified belief from subjective interpretation? Epistemology seeks to provide a systematic framework for understanding the nature of knowledge, the sources of knowledge, and the methods that can be used to acquire knowledge; mostly “knowledge” refers to familiarity, awareness, or understanding of external phenomena.

In this work, we focus on epistemology and its grammatical structures as they pertain to external knowledge; that is, knowledge that exists in the world before Dionysius' arrival, and is outside of his mind; essentially any set of information that has not been generated by Dionysius and/is not central to his philosophy.

Metaphysics is the branch of philosophy concerned with questions that extend beyond the physical world and empirical observation. Throughout history, it has been influential in theology and has often been associated with dogmatic assertions. Simultaneously, it has also challenged theological assertions through a distinct interpretation prevalent during the Nietzschean era. As of the time of writing, the study of metaphysics focuses on investigating the nature of reality, the existence of supernatural entities, and mystical hypotheses.

In this work, we examine metaphysics and its grammatical structures as they relate to internal intuition and knowledge—specific sets of abstract information that manifest in Dionysius' mind. We explore the mystical assumption of his soulmate, as well as his ideas and ideals.

Author's Note:

The primary objective of this book is to create a contemplative and tranquil experience. It seeks to depart from traditional essays, writing styles, and modes of thinking, instead cultivating a subjective approach to exploring concepts of value, validity, and truth. Consequently, all major ideas presented in this book are intended to be original, derived from my own consciousness, subconsciousness and unconsciousness. However, I have also been influenced by external sources.

As of writing this book, I have been influenced by Friedrich Nietzsche and Jordan B. Peterson.

Truthful Essence

The leaves are floating in the air; the serene waves wander the observant. An unravelled thought becomes a memory; the remembrance becomes but the distinction.

“Truth, my daring friend: a descended angel, your archetype is — a loving calamity, my mind might be.” Who might Dionysius be, if not a daring daredevil; to bestow it all on a vision, a far sight, to be happier than ever, or conceivably delighted least?

“But who is she, if not a daring hypothesis; who is she, if not the metaphysical unconscious?” He so whispers, laying down and pondering.

“An excellently carved notion of the future; an everlasting gift to the sanity of the idealistic dreamer; such treasure, the entity of his vision — just like beautiful despair, is it not?” How tender these leaves can be; how

nostalgic the air he breathes can make him feel; his true thoughts — the inner representation of his unconscious desires, they appear to be. But what is he truly — a philodox, a radiant entity, the tragedy of Lucifer's potential, the evil of all that is good, or the good of all that presents itself as evil, the Messiah of his own nemesis — the foundation of its structure?

In this state, Dionysius can be observed sleeping under a mystical, slim tree in a gorgeous, calm location, unlike his dreams: anxious, scary, tragic — yet ideal, unique, otherworldly; the absurdity of dreaming in which he appears as a presumed impostor — a thief of the collective's fun, estranged and denied, despite a lack of wrongdoing; outwardly entities that assemble social structures they perceive as being groups appear to him as nothing else but cults.

Foggy, it often is in that sacred place of his mind; it often frightens him. He does not comprehend why he thinks and observes those things, but they appear to scare him.

Stunning pictures are, traumatizing what their expressions often uncover — for one to be afraid of a metaphysical whale gliding through the ocean that our sky attempts to be, the idea of being on its own is merely a shard of its endeavour, for one is incapable of being more than it is permitted to be; despite one's trial, fate had appointed from the beginning. How saddened that turns him, how existential that gets him.

“How can it not bother you? Do you not realize such a cataclysm, such a depressing possibility, you dear friend?” Dionysius appears to suffer from what looks to be an apparent, twisted personality — as he often goes from being calm, collected, assertive, and strategic to being distressed, neurotic, turbulent, and inefficient; from being overly introverted to appearing overly extroverted, from being logical to emotional, and from being stoic to attempting to control beyond his reach. He is at best described as being but a contradiction, but him being the contradiction, his mind appears to be working in very abstract — mystical ways. A precursor to a unique revelation of metaphysical inquiries.

In a beautiful, mystical place, Dionysius resides close to a wonderful bridge connecting two sides of land — with a river of serenity in the middle — laying down under an oak tree. There are no other sentients or beings, for that matter, just Dionysius and his evocative speech — stuck within patterns of mind that present themselves as colourless yet black and white. The implications of the external hold little influence over him. Alongside the beautiful aesthetic comes the tragedy of Dionysius' own mind, often resulting in many of his troubles. Yet what is he to do — as lonesome and unwarranted as he was spoken to be — what is there to be externally found in a world that lacks substance altogether?

“Nothing and no one knows my pain — not even my very self.” In a loose white shirt and a laurel crown, Dionysius travels to nowhere; at least externally, for the whole journey is but a story, generated in a story. Dionysius could very well represent the beacon of all substance and matter alike — their evolutions included — the creator of all.

In the place in which serenity presents itself as not just beauty and a complete palette of purple, but meaning; behind another oak tree, Dionysius spots a tangling, shadow figure of what appears to be the very lack of a self within the underman — nonetheless, an interesting sight for certain. At first glance of the never—before—seen shadow, Dionysius yells to him:

“What could you possibly be, you dark spirit?” In awe of Dionysius' perplexing aura, the underman responds:

“Men like you have died long ago, along with culture and their purpose, its creator; what else could you be, other than a spirit of the past?” The underman holds great difficulty in comprehending what Dionysius even is.

“You look human, yet your glance strikes familiarity; it is as if you are but a tarnished beast, an inferior animal! How can you not partake in any group; are you so evil that you have betrayed everyone? In truth, who even needs a loner like yourself?” So speaks the underman. Dionysius

has yet to meet such a spirit — otherworldly yet so intriguing! Yet it appears that the underman is very quick to jump to conclusions and act in the moment, incapable of perceiving beyond the physical.

“You strike me as a being that has made the pact of death with the external, you tarnished soul — you have given everything you could have ever had, that would have been rightfully yours, to the safety that is to be found externally — at least to your perception; what does that say with regards to your true self or perhaps, the very lack of it?” Dionysius speaks in a soothing voice.

“I wonder, does your spirit not shatter from being a slave to the external? You are a creator of nothing — for even the misery of what you appear to carry is not even yours; you have taken on the responsibilities of others, only to find yourself within the abyss — you are consumed, strange spirit.” Dionysius speaks before observing a plethora of tears falling from the ghostly, dark, and tormented figure of the underman.

“Give it up, you fool — there is nothing that lies externally that will complete you!” The underman, hearing the words of Dionysius, cannot believe them to be true — such wisdom, such vision, such intuition; he has never heard before.

“Is this the spirit of an ancient God?” The underman ponders to himself. The spirit can be observed fading away into the wind, with a few sounds of despair; sadness, anger, and silent screaming can ultimately be heard.

“There are slaves and masters in the external; just like there may be angels and devils within my mind — as for myself, I am unsure of what I truly resemble.” Dionysius ponders in a fragile voice. After such an incident, Dionysius picks up the glass of wine from the table near him; pouring some in disbelief, he then proceeds to sit in the pool. By mistake, he drops a bit of the red wine into the serene, calm water — only to notice the pool becoming incrementally the colour of the wine — yet its texture resembles blood.

“Goodness, what is the meaning of this? I have done it now, today I have killed a man, have I not?” Dionysius attempts to decipher and analyze his meeting with the underman and his surreal appearance.

“He’s left with tears in his eyes, such despair, I have yet to notice, you poor soul; this world has been using you ever since, just to throw you away when you are no longer required — what are you to do, what new master will you fall under, when will you become the owner of your very self?” Dionysius starts becoming delusional, and so he falls to the ground after all the despair that he has just witnessed. However, the underman has not yet deviated from his path towards uniqueness; after the death of God, he embraced the new paradigm of the “Atheistic Religion.”

“We start anew, with different beliefs, principles, and a vision of what we desire.” The underman declares as he creates this religion. This paradox is perplexing; the underman has once again become part of the external, but this time he views God in the darkest of lights. The death of Christianity has given rise to the evolution of the

underman, who is no longer a mere product of modernity but the very reincarnation of the blind follower.

This notion of the blind follower comes from those beings who lack an internal world and, even more puzzling, a perceptive self; they have fallen prey to the capable narcissistic devourers of singularity. He is a fool, used repeatedly by his own creations, be they supernatural or epistemological religions; he attacks as part of the group, never alone.

The underman has given birth to this new religion, which does not prioritize the individual, but instead focuses on the collective — it deems the idea of singularity unethical. This new religion aims towards a proclaimed objectivity, the annihilation of the individual, and suppression of Dionysius' almighty ideal. It stands as the very enemy of Dionysius and aims to annihilate all presented meaning. To him, it appears to be a group of crazy nihilists. It represents the underman's lack of true self and is a direct result of the death of Christianity, attempting to fill an empty space within the heart of the underman.

The underman's approach to liberty can only be achieved through the collective. Any form of enforced individualism is a direct attack on the greater good, as he comprehends it. Dionysius, on the other hand, believes that true liberation can only be achieved by disregarding the greater collective, detaching oneself from the idea of who they are, and transcending within their psyche.

“Listen to my call, you underman! I hereby declare you my rival, but unlike you, I heed to none,” Dionysius yells to the skies.

What is failure exactly? Is it a wrong oversight or a premonition of the future? What is the need for sufficiency when all matters revolve around physical subjectivism? Dionysius has yielded himself to a melancholy that trims so profoundly, so intensely, that triumphing low down now presents itself as a difficulty; when his perception of who he is attempting to tackle a hypothetical wall of the material, he may become dangerous to his vitality — in the idea of the fall within the abyss, the perplexing lack of

consciousness, but not necessarily in a violent manner, merely the resemblance of being no longer.

At times, he stands saddened by who he has become, of his mere presence in the tangible world; by assembling an inner visualization, through patterns, of one's self-image in an admiringly idealistic form, by making use of one's ingenuity, he has glimpsed and perceived this to be of low importance in the physical world.

“The reality that I am unsure whether I even feel the unhappiness, the agony of despair anymore; I have spent, and keep on doing so, my whole time in a world filled with hypotheses that transcend materialism; the physicalism of principles having no impact over my mind in a manner that hurts not only my integrity but also my inner emotions that are bound in a core of mischief and judgments from my subconscious,” he speaks, sitting in a pool of blood. Society — humankind as a whole — is but a set of belongings seized and stolen from Dionysius, but without them, he could not survive, for he is but a sprout, an intangible one.

“It is not necessarily what I think of it, but rather what I deem an objective truth; humans are weak beings, bearing the prospect of wrecking the omniscient itself, but to get to that end, man shall journey an epoch, an eternity, only to find himself stuck within his selfishness.” Yet Dionysius is different, so much more, as a free spirit! As a man of his own set of ideals, one of pride and glory for the self!

“I stand as the freest of all — the embodiment of what it means to go on my own path, disregarding the external as if it means nothing, satisfying my unconscious mind, and meeting her, at last, I will.” But does he claim to know anything or nothing at all; not even the introspections within his mind, not the words that he speaks, nor the ones expressed for that matter?

He seems to be thoroughly doing things that satisfy the future; he exists for no real purpose other than hoping for a mystical connection and disassembling the perceived patterns of the world he is a part of — remaking it into a moral and rather efficient world that satisfies Dionysius'

idealistic framework and the wonderful... magnificence of his insights.

“My thoughts are overly metaphysical — I am incapable of stating universal truths; for they are merely subjectivism disguised as external facts — therefore, I shall write for my own good, to escape the idea of making my consciousness disappear, to perhaps feel a sense of accomplishment, acceptance of the unconscious, and maybe, sufficiency towards the all-efficient?” Dionysius speaks in a defeated voice, falling unconscious yet again.

Standing up tall and mighty against what appears to be emptiness — a shard in the fabric of reality — against all odds, had he known any better, he would have done things differently; yet nothing in this world presents itself for free — everything happens for both a reason and a toll, which is often far more expensive than one can afford. In shambles and disarray — loneliness and frivolity — my presentation in the material of whom, or what I may be is a far more difficult, enounced, and mystical state of mind and inquiry at the same time.

For what reason does man confront his demons, other than to appease the external? Why are demons to be confronted, yet not eliminated or befriended — what is the reason behind their appearances even; a lack of love, appreciation, an even greater lack of being observed and influenced — Dionysius walks the path unknown — yet so well known by his internal world, so clear, yet colourless, so filled, yet emptiness is but its contents.

For God is dead — what ought I do, my soul has never had one — neither an angel nor a Devil; do I stand in the memory of the fallen, or do I strive towards the unseen? A lack of desire; these people stand with wicked, rotten devils portrayed as angels; such insatiable hunger, truth hits very badly — yet good, oh but what even is good and bad alike, if not mere interpretations?

Methodologies and hypotheses reign supreme over all — or perhaps merely unless the tribute falls off shortly after. On the will to being, it is with great turmoil that I must present the inner failure of the way behind Dionysius' mind — behind the very sheets of the dark intellectualism

residing nowhere close but there. A reason to triumph, a greater one to fall right within the depths of hell itself — notorious archetype of a hellish existence, bleak survival could never set a beautiful goal for the very art of living.

To these ends, I mourn in sadness; such an inefficient usage of time, energy and but most importantly passion — the very identical passion that has been lost ever since the dawn of Dionysius. A brief exploration of what may constitute the so notorious bleakment — the very blades that we so hold over ourselves — in great remedy of tranquility and, oh, the innovation behind the stage of man. A constitution of remedy — a bill of sceneries; a methodology of tranquillity; serene, clear, and unshattered. If death is not but the remedy, what is life ought to portray — oh, nought serenity! As perplexed as ever, man has wounded himself in the portrayal of ambiguity; unreasonable remedy, and a loss of words; such anguishes me.

Let us mourn in reason; let us fade through demeanor; let us face our evils; nought fall deep within treason. Ah, it

is but yet again, these foolish humans — in their attempt of forming serenity within their collectives, they have stumbled but upon themselves and their so-called brothers alike. Men, modern men, are weak, so very weak.

Ambiguity through a facade put up by these lunatics, these puny boys disguised as men; men-children in their seniority; how pathetic, leaving a vision of meaning for the moralities of others, illogically weak, herd-minded tools.

Do not stare at me as if I am but a tyrant; I do this for our future selves — not for you, nor present me. In fact, I could not care less about ourselves; I merely cannot suit myself up, but ponder what my fellow men would have to live with and be surrounded by — mediocrity served as progress; pure pseudo-empathy, I reckon. We might have died a long time ago; our spirits merely clinging on to our corpses that lie within the physically perceived world; this modernity, steal of a metaphysically proclaimed pseudonym of the here-after; nudiustertian proclivity.

Articulation of divinity; the archetype of insincerity, dreadful waves of sinners, nought, yet nought but my soul, shatter me, nought is nought, stands not strived — not to be articulated. Oh, what disillusionment of epistemology, a break from modern academia, enlighten my very self from these shackles that my subconscious mind is prevailed upon, shall my harbor know no peace? Oh, no — not yet again, it is but empty, traveler of serenities, you are but chaos dignified, a pseudo-arsonist of modern values, Dionysian principle — chaos within the serenity, a break from drudgery; a fall within the abyss of the unconscious, a tight escape from the hivemind of the external.

Tolerate my soul; burn it up in tangles — illogical as I appear to be, disgusted I appear to be confronted as. Pitiful, I stand of being, weak and incapable, powerless, pathetic, Dionysius.

Principle

The ontological paradox of transcendence presents a confounding mathematical dilemma as we ascend from mere existence to survival, from survival to life; the epistemological comprehension of being necessitates and posits a variable that constitutes each stage of being, implicating the enigmatic nature of the ability to be. Our observant comprehension of the endeavour to surpass limitations, the tragedy of its hypothesis, the very chaos of our mortalities, and the epistemological being of man's quest for a superior existence all comprise the essence of being. Dionysius's persistent self-questioning eventually culminated in the inquiry that underlies all others, the very spark of our cognitive abstraction — existence.

What could lie amongst the illustrious exploits of Dionysius in his relentless pursuit of dominance, of subduing others or even his own vanity? His grand ambition is to achieve harmony, symmetry, conformity, and peace in the outward world by thwarting the pursued and the aspired; in his mere words: “Magnificence, I must

proclaim! I am in a perpetual state of despair, unlike any of the greatest, the mightiest of them all.” Dionysius's vision transcends the universe itself; his ideas are such that they can even challenge the mystical, the very thoughts that make the omniscient question themselves and simultaneously tie them to the omnipotent. His vision of lifelong monogamy is more rational, ethical, and meaningful than any other desire.

Regardless of being fatigued and hallucinatory, the mere thought of attaining his vision and bringing it to fruition fills him with exhilaration. The very notion of achieving such a feat without having to suffer throughout the struggles of existence and survival, and instead raising oneself to the graceful stage of living is a perplexing yet intriguing hypothesis; however, the essence of the problem with this supposition is the whole point of Dionysius's evolution. His ability to surpass his limitations and transcend the notions of what he had observed throughout his being is the antidote to his agonizing tendencies. This hypothesis thus negates any materialistic elements, such as being born into a wealthy family or having a supposed

advantage, as these are essentially meaningless with regards to the soul and character of Dionysius.

Dionysius commenced his journey at the pinnacle of existence, yet from the lowest stage of being, with the goal of ascending the Stages of Being, which he held in high regard, in order to attain the ultimate glory of living. Yet regardless of external miseries along this path, Dionysius is bound to confront his inner demon, for his fervour for aesthetics, wits, and singularity would only lead him to feel estranged, rejected, utilized, and unwelcome. Although these emotions might be unsettling, they stand as Dionysius' closest allies — the beginning of this voyage stands as a sorrowful preface to optimism, a grander perspective of one's self. Dionysius stood in the material realm as an entity, but unlike others, he shall materialise as destined to be exceptional, meant to be unparalleled.

Nonetheless, such a gift could not exist without a curse, for all archetypes must adhere to the laws of equilibrium. If there is good, then evil will inevitably arise alongside it. Nevertheless, these concepts are subjective,

for neither good nor evil can subsist without individual perceptions.

Being is the epistemological yet metaphysical implication of standing in the material with regards to Dionysius — his presence into the material presents itself as an archetype. It is inherently tragic that the supposed embodiment of what it means to stand as singularity against the external has encountered such a difficult journey, or perhaps synthetically carved it himself. For Dionysius to exist, survive, and live, he must first and foremost be. It is of low substance, the idea of merely being; however, our Dionysius will cross the serene aura of this world for all it is worth, even if it takes him to not only stare within the abyss but fall within and ultimately tame it.

An abysmal tragedy — the never-ending, bottomless pit of what appears to be omnipotence in its reach — the abyss. What might such a preponderance, such a mighty entity present itself to be, presenting itself to be the metaphysical embodiment of a fountain, one that succumbs all substance and matter — order and chaos,

beauty and ugliness, serenity and agitation, power and weakness — all minds and matter that are incapable of standing up against it, inferiority yet not superiority?

In order to understand the abyss, one must not only stare within but grasp it with all his might. The abyss, on its own, is an entity not to be reckoned with, such a powerful, benevolent idea that even the most powerful of minds could not tame it. Yet Dionysius is so much more, so much further than these frivolities of beings, and he shall prove to his consciousness that the substance hiding between the sheets of his unconscious no longer stands hidden from the observatory, from the front mind's eye. What is he ought to do in the face of such malevolence? It is but a strategy, to fight it off? No, rather, tame the notion of the abyss. Dionysius must not succumb to it but succumb the idea of it, its exponentiation into the epistemological world, yet its hideaway?

The path to understanding is fraught with danger and peril, but the rewards are immeasurable. To comprehend the abyss is to comprehend the depths of one's own being,

and to achieve a level of understanding that is beyond the grasp of most beings stuck within the stages of existence and survival. Dionysius will not be deterred by the darkness that lies ahead, for he knows that his journey will lead him to a greater understanding of the universe and his place within it.

Merely his lonesome soul, the depths of his unconscious, the unending, sheer, and pure despair that he cannot but fall onto; Dionysius is yet to be ready to contest and wrestle with such an entity. Special as he is, unique as he stands, it will take more than sheer desire to uphold and tame such an entity, capable of upholding omnipotence over its reach. For Dionysius to comprehend such an entity, he must comprehend his psyche for all it is worth. Starting all the way down from the bottom, making his way up from the mere notion of being, climbing the Stages of Being with all his might, attempting to TRULY comprehend the idea of what it takes to truly be.

“Oh, what an interesting sight; what am I ought to do with all this flesh — oh, these entities, far greater in

ignorance than I stand, yet not as neurotic as I am; hold on, what am I again?" He truly cannot comprehend what he even is, which stands out quite surprising.

"For all it's worth, I might as well just let it go — this sense of uncertainty, of evil intent, the external is truly not all that welcoming, nor embracing for all it seems." In his attempt of understanding why the external world is the way it is presented to be, Dionysius realizes that he is a but a tarnished stranger in this world.

Despite being stuck within his mind, his enhanced world for as long as ever, he has missed many clues, cultures, and ways of living. He observes that these entities are different from him and have a different approach to existing, which seems optimistic as to crafting a greater, superior future. Though these entities may seem tarnished to him, Dionysius cannot inflict pain on them because he sees through them. However, he is reminded of his weakness by the abhorrence he feels towards them; his mere existence is tragic and painful to bear amidst such chaos and orderliness — he does not belong here!

Despite all of this, Dionysius desires to learn more and understand why not only he, but many others must bear the responsibilities of existing in this external world. He observes that sentient entities become enslaved by external values, logic, essence, and morality, failing to internalize them to their fullest potential. Instead, they become speculations and appear to be themselves, but throw their personalities and ways of being to uphold external harmony, leading to external falsity.

Dionysius finds these entities intriguing when they stand on their own, but they lose their singularity when they form groups, and their superior ideas are replaced by speculation. He speaks in disarray as he ponders the interesting nature of these people.

Yet Dionysius somehow does not fall prey to their encumberment of essence. He manages to dismantle external substance and internalize it to a higher level of abstraction. This helps him greatly into not only evolving his mind, but also shaping the framework for which he perceives with. This singlehandedly transforms the

individual, Dionysius, into not only a superior singularity, but a colossal power to be reckoned with, one that may trade substance for experience.

Such is Dionysius — a drastic shard of the very pinnacle of remembrance, an everlasting gift of malfunctioning, an even more supreme ideal. The perplexing mind of his stands as yet below and beyond these very shards filled with the enigmatic component — the substantial embodiment of the metaphysically innate reality of Dionysius, embracing manhood of potency, glory, and empathy for both oneself and the other. A quite absurd claim, reality materializes to stand as, between and among the very planetarium of acuity — such affinity cannot be but a distinct actuality as to why, who, and what the causation is. Dionysius — as a brave, glorious yet fragile uncorroborated soul — you shall redeem what you ought to do, remembered as being meaningful, and not just an extermination of logical fallacies. What a unique ideal of an idea, bound to trifle, not even time itself!

If there are to be grotesque horrors disguising themselves as pathological empathys, the world as we know it would not adjust in the slightest. For these monsters are but ever-stirring, everlasting, and most notably, a conceivable incarnation of our externalised selves — as notorious as it may be glimpsed upon, such revelation cannot be but the causation of a mass-influx of perceptive significance: a manifestation of the fusion between psychoanalytical trait neuroticism and unconscious, internally conceptualised belief system.

A manifestation of an archetype, a perplexing death of stars, of pecks and dust, a methodology of antibiotic treatment of what is to be perceived — the death of all yet a trend for none. A mathematical foundation of innate principles could never satisfy the soul of man, nor the ambivalence of the unconscious; pragmatism of the unconscious, inabilities of an aspiring adult. An even, or perhaps uneven, set of methodological thinking embedded within the mere idea of extrapolating the stage in which one resides; is but a remark on top of the lack of observation of the self.

If Dionysius is deemed to be singularity itself, what ought his archenemy be? In retrospect, essential nullification or mere nothingness — yet, as far as a world's clown is concerned, the underman would inevitably be deemed as his total opposition. This raises a rather interesting notion: For one to be met with total supposition, one must equate something first and foremost, which therefore proves Dionysius to be not a mere illusion, nor delusion, but actuality. For such actuality to stand substantial, it must embrace itself as meaningful, as powerful as Sidious; it must condone its very being, for greatness is enough of a chore on its own for the man staring at it all. As a closing soul, Dionysius is not a mere frivolity, nor mere greatness, but an archetype, a very foundational piece of evidence that shows the rumination of an entity's soul.

Perplexing defenestration of modern belief may leave Dionysius as barring a thoughtless reed, and even a paramount embryo — an everlasting distinction. Quite as always, leave it to society to extrapolate out its arch-nemesis — for it stands in their most suitable arsenal — to hold man on a cross with but a short — sighted vision.

An idealistic formula, the collapse of the hive-mind is the extermination of the collective. Yet all of this seems rather unduly violent. In truth, Dionysius does not ought to be bewildered with such rudimentary negotiation, for he knows better, oh so much better, as a powerhouse all on his own. I cannot seize this odd feeling of devotion; it is as if it were a component of me all along, and for all it is worth, it very reasonably materialises to have been.

I hold the aromantic proficiency of perceiving two personalities in but a mere entity; I hold resentment for this ability. An interminable scenery of a fragile constitution — what an amazing sight! The absurdity of perception honours gracefully — a rather nonchalant materialisation of the very quintessence of both fact and falsehood.

These clouds utter to me as if I were all along; they occur to know me. For their grasp on material essence is embraced as nothing short of glorious yet creative. It appears rather disreputable: an incrementation of presumed methodologies and logical frameworks; a

comprehension of philanthropic annexation of both; to behold a vista never before witnessed, the exhibition of our epistemologically logical articulation of the very embodiment behind the proclaimed declaration of a principality — the claim that emerges to hold but an insignificant reluctance is in fact but the vessel of a plethora of substance.

An ever-lasting nightmare, I had overlooked myself from an illeist perception, eyeing the tragedy that had fetched a grasp on me. I was sitting in a chair on a foggy night, right on the second floor — I glimpsed upon my window on my right; yet danger had taken hold of my vision. Close to a street lamp in front of this household, a man with a sharp blade had appeared; yet I was incapable of speaking at all, as if I were mute. A lady had then opened my door and had brought a cup of tea and medication, after which she had gone downstairs. In my best attempt at notifying and warning her, I could not speak at all, nevertheless. In this nightmare of a dream, I must have been of old age, and I was also incapable of standing up. I cannot help but wonder what the metaphysical

implications would be, for I have been haunted by this nightmare for quite a while now.

I cannot help but hold my nightmares each night; going to bed is but a horrific thought. I desire to sleep no longer; I wish to act and turn the world to my bidding! Stand tall and mighty, just like the leader I had envisioned myself being all these years.

I grieve with angels; then, I mourn with devils — I take no sides, for I apprehend them all. Unlike them, I stand lofty, potent, and unrestrained, just like a bird, free to travel wherever is required, whenever desired, in any weather surrounded, for whatever is bidding. I stand on the refined line between an angel's paradise and a devil's chamber; the fine line is but Dionysius, my glorious creation, for I have sculptured the notion of his in my mirror, yet I have lost myself ever since.

Contradiction

Everyone has been scuffling, tussling, and wrestling with the idealistic and dogmatic — opinionated from a higher sense of narcissistic morality — the concept of God for a while now. It comprehensively carries the fact that it was just a different shade of thought, hence why the matter that disavowed, rebutted, and purely disclaimed such a notion and concept might lie within the unthinkable, yet in the physical. It is to be theologically implied that God had created man in his view, his mere mirror — despite such, who dares state man himself had not done the identical from the very beginning?

At the outset of Dionysius' development, Christian assertions were presented to him like warm bread, together with their unpleasant, dogmatic claims; nonetheless, those metaphysical assertions did not seem plausible to him, but that was not to be the case for others. Many beings had grown in homes where faith served as the foundation for their morals and logic alike — it has served as their primary source of being, the core of their moralities and reasoning.

For them, any other reality in which God, in the monotheistic, Judeo-Christian manner did not exist was to be disregarded immediately, almost as if this was not the cause of intuitive cognition and search for truth — but sinful, wrong behaviour in which the questioning of the omnipotent is not to be implied, yet being and the existential quest is supposed to be a play of ideas. If truth were to be a mediocre steal, just like theological assertions of the hypothetical heaven, thus a greater colossal beast had appeared. Thus stands the implication of objectivity — specifically external reasoning; if truth is to be regarded to the highest level — is the search of truth perhaps, to be regarded just as such?

One of the main issues with contemporary theological assertions lies within their absurdly high levels of dogmatism. Funnily enough, the greatest part of theology — specifically western Christianity — is its culture and sub-cultures alike. For these on their own can bring the notion of Christianity — as a singularity — to a level that is so tremendously glorious that one's spirit cannot help but ponder its implications. As to what may stand as metaphysically correct, when arguments are presented in a

manner that does not satisfy the sanity of an internalized framework — but the presumption of the pseudo-intellectual minds of such thinkers, perpetuated by a sense of external pondering — quite a mystifying play of ideas, regardless.

In a world with so many religions and variations of what constitutes the metaphysical supposition of God, it appears to me that all these beings have filled their desire of security and comprehension with mere supernatural concepts, with a lack of self-conceptualized belief. On the other hand, what is there to state about the atheistic beings, the very same ones that themselves claim God to have died? Yet instead of becoming the masters of their own lives, they instead run towards any gullible, collectivistic external formations: from a disregard of meaning, logic and emotion to political ideologies — socially manipulative institutions on what constitutes to be moral, ethical and reasonable. Do this, act this way, behave in a certain set of patterns, do not speak of this or that, or anything that goes against the collective's line — limitations on speech, and behaviour by the state and its herd.

Religion, at least in the theological sense, has been fading behind the sheets of this globe for a while now. It thoroughly carries the fact that it has been replaced by as much of an issue, if not one that stands as worse — externally articulated moral, pathological derangement regarding the consciousness of the majority. Thus this implies that the majority of the external has not changed in the slightest — but it has now shifted towards a collective manifestation towards pseudo-empathetic and pathological, narcissistic behaviour of what constitutes morality and the meaning of the individual. It is equal to the act of killing a man with a knife; now it is simply being done with the usage of a gun.

Regardless of dogmatic, metaphysical claims or pseudo-intellectual assertions that the post-modernists have raised, all of this stands meaningless about the future and its logical implications. Hence, there are no credible facts when one stands against the force of an omniscient perception, but merely subjective interpretations of what appears to be a fact.

Therefore, I will herewith proclaim the apparent truth that God is merely a dying premise in the modern world and the contemporary sanity of the underman, but is that not to be applied to the world itself also? Our discernment into the present and the biological go beyond the intangible. It is to be considered that Christian assertions died at its creators' own hands, and post-modern ones to theirs, alike. Oh, but what is Dionysius to do — how inevitable his anguish gets when each religious belief falls to the ground, helpless and in mourning of the hereafter, and so he speaks:

“Oh, nobody understands this pain of mine; my heart aches, oh, for I no longer shed a tear — death, how far are you? Please befriend me; mourn with me, my friend, for even God has left us now. Please do not rely upon my shoulders, not now, for I could merely help myself. Yours truly, Dionysius.”

“How much you are to be missed, Christ. You were a beacon of love, nourishment and yet tragedy, mischief, and agony — they did not understand you, my dear friend. But

I do! We were born on the same day, in the same month, our perceptions of reality stand not so far to the ground — yet besides such, oh no, not even I understand your soul; remedies of a fool, I appear to embrace.” Speaks Dionysius with tears in his eyes.

By this, we inherently reach to the underside of the metaphysical. We could further question ourselves, is mourning the possibility of the individual’s forthcoming — our impending doom — rational regarding such a supernatural supposition? To think ahead is to prepare, but what if the hereafter relies on one’s contemporary being — and to some extent, it does — for there is no future without the present. Hence, for one to be renouncing the “now” is only going to be repudiated the “then” and ever after. Despite such, this is but a hypothesis, for even the present is but a stone set-in place for Dionysius. The future is all he craves, for there is nothing of substance in the external presentation of what constitutes morality, truth, and logic alike.

Regardless, what if one were to deny the present and receive the future still? Dionysius stands as a great example of an individual with a talent for going against the normality of the past, present, and future alike. Yet how would he finagle it? What strategy would he involve towards such a possible event?

A large preponderance will oppose the idea of worrying in inevitable anguish about the hereafter; nonetheless, the belief in the all — powerful is nothing but a self — contradictory point to the one that had stated such opposition. As we have grasped this already, conventional theology asserting that God is omnipotent does not change the very fact that Dionysius' desire lies within the enigmatic — contemplating, devising, and strategically entrenching, embedding an intuitive set of premises that his exemplary vision will be attained, and not encumbered by delinquency. But that he will not only conquer the tragedy and despair of epistemological consideration and the traditional assertions of theology — but dismantle them, alongside his transcendence into the very principle of what stands beyond manhood.

The encumbrance of ideas by man could have easily been the death of the hypothesized omnipotent; for what purpose must Dionysius be doomed to suffer on his own? On whose grounds are entities so concerned with the existential subjection of thinking, with little outwardly perceptive radius? By pouring the greatest of wishes and desires into the hands of the hypothetical, what the entity does is tossing not only his integrity but his belongings into the abyss that one is incapable of observing but also abstracting and reasoning. The notion of the all-powerful, the magnificence of its essence, the bleak embarkment onto the unrealistic sanity of the epistemological — who dares state that God is the higher power and not Dionysius?

“Such delicacy praying to a god is; truly beauty is in the eye of the beholder when even the unobserved becomes the vision and delicacy of the starving man's soul, of the same man that had sold his pride and glory, his very integrity for a metaphysical, pseudo-theological mess of an ideal, one that may never be logically explained.” Terrified, he often gets, for he is afraid that his lack of omniscience

will become the end, the downfall of his existence, but what is he to do? Unfortunate, it is; anguishing it only gets.

“As for the ‘death’ of ‘God’, I have nothing other than well prayers for it; I wish this supposition nothing but stoicism. I can sort of envision such a being to be deeply saddened by its creations, and I mourn with you, my dear creation,” speaks Dionysius in relation to the future.

An undisputed claim that had gotten its roots from the very devilish presence that God could potentially be — for twisted, the mind of Dionysius often seems to be, as far as entities are concerned — but what about theirs? They perceive themselves through an overly opinionated point of view; the world is full of them, these beings that lack a TRUE conscious of their own. Such an idea of having custody over principles and substance through which they are squared to a variable, one that lets itself be defined as the supposition — perception of time. Through the generation of matter, we have acquired substance despite the division into particles. Henceforth, its area belongs to the one that is daring enough to change the current

present, bend it towards the endeavour of the internal through the abstraction of particles. Dionysius had found himself at the bottoms of the abyss — only to find an identical nightmare. Yet again, this world is merely the shapes of what a hellish dimension appears to be. How tragic, this endeavour of his.

“On the death of the human spirit — I would make the claim that us mere human beings desire the undesired most of the times in a way that's nearly unrealistic. What a never-ending tragedy, truly pathetic, for the misery of the human soul. Such would be a rather detrimental positivism, for this is what seems to be an alarming wish. More courage leading a more powerful existence in relation to the notion of tragedy. It is of equal importance to realize the implication that on itself brings — a sorrowful answer to the fact that this holds its roots in the perceived, non-hypothetical — epistemological world that our unhappy souls reside in. Unfortunately, as it may be — one's pain stands nonetheless as one's outlook in life,” speaks Dionysius while pondering, realizing: “My shadow is both the archetypal evil yet a supposition for all that presents itself as good; at war with heaven, at peace with hell.”

To misperceive the entities around yourself, to detest yourself greater than anything else, even the ignorant and immature entities around you; what kind of example are you setting, dear Dionysius? To form a God, one within his mere physicalism, one whose presence equals yours, or perhaps it becomes you, it consumes the idea of whom you were. It negates your emotions and relates its logical framework. It leaches off you just so it can throw you out the window of gravity. Its purpose is of an obelus, one whose division is not only its meaningful approach but the whole of his vision, yet of none — or the nudiustertian being not only an unvarnished, factual truth in the material world but a scrutinized memory. You have failed, and you will keep on failing, for you are not yet the ideal, the pinnacle of Dionysius — of manhood.

The Christian spirit might have died, yet the weakness behind the average of beings — it stands up in shambles, far from even retaliation. Oh, miracle — what might you bring other than a supposed lack of agony — yet you never seem to show yourself without your almighty disappointment. You seem to appear no troubled but concerned of all those souls that left with sleek chords.

This may as well correlate with the mist. Presenting a framework of methodology in the shape of a metaphysical embodiment of what appears to be a malfunctioning calibre, there are a multitude of philosophical implications to be made, specifically existential ones — they do not appear at the desires of the entity, but at its observant presentations of the embodiment.

The new religion — after the unfortunate course of events that had followed the death of God, at least in the theological definition — a new God appears to have been born externally, and he is certainly not as forgiving as the previous one. Now, this interesting figure stands as the underman's master. You might ask what such a being could be; well, it is not a being, at least not in the fundamental sentient sense, but a massive influence over the underman's psyche.

Such a new God is the implication of the narcissistic, pseudo-empathetic behaviour of their psyches. Their internal frustration with their inner worlds had caused them to lash out in need of serenity, for their internalized

senses of the world are but unorganized bits of what appears to be resentment. Yet what could satisfy such entities, when even what had appeared as trusted principles have become nothing but meaninglessness, for these beings, at the very least?

Supposedly, their antidote to agony is not a greater future, nor a mere comprehensive framework of logic, but the mere idea of the destruction altogether of the whole world and its belongings, as we know it: embodiment of the very external, creator of chaos, misery, and the lack of responsibility — we might as well comprehend such a being as the crucial arch-nemesis to Dionysius.

The implication of the theological omnipotent, and its fall within the abyss, is the very work of the underman; for the very theological component had fed off the lack of the underman's self-image, symbolism, idealism, and THE detrimental lack of vision, the underman's compatibility with the external stands within the very plethora of nihilistic tendencies. Regarding what it means to be — exist with a greater purpose, the underman has therefore

created yet another supposed master, yet against the strive towards a greater self but an inferior epistemological conclusion and presumed fact: authoritarian regimes, socio-political annexation, a direct attack of what it means to stand as singularity.

Such an assertion is incompatible with hypothetical evolution; yet, despite that, a greater inquiry is to be pondered. May the underman transcend its pathetic weakness? Such a hypothesis will imply great turmoil, going against external logic even, perhaps. Such is the Underman. It looks and hunts for anything that may fulfil them, usually not in a reasonable manner, but for anything that may offer them a sense of internalized safety. Be it contemporary assertions of theological suppositions, or post-modernist agenda, the underman can be seen as a being that does his best to run away from his very lack of self. Unlike Dionysius, who embraces the idea of being and strives towards his soulmate, the underman wants none of that. For the underman, the only good is to cease any sort of sense from the world, internal and external alike. The underman stands as not mere frivolity but a resentful spirit

that is not free, for he is too preoccupied with the external world.

The external focus of the underman is imminently a discovery of his lack of an inner world. Such entities have no chance in understanding their true selves in that position. If hell could present itself as the pit of nihilism, these beings' notion of the self may as well be as such.

An insurrection of the very constitutions resembling individualism, paired with a sense of serene idealism, appears to be detrimental to the underman. For in his best attempt at standing as singularity, the underman is so resentful that his inability to stand as the sole leader of his life appears to be a potential nightmare. Such weakness, a lack of compassion for the self, a chaotic sense of narcissism, a resentful plethora of sheer anger, and, unfortunately, a lack of vision.

The underman's lack of an inner world shifts him towards a feeling of security, but where does an archetype

as such discover this? Externally, of course, from illogical theological assertions all the way to political agendas, the underman is the best at being nothing, being a complete none, lacking in substance altogether. In relation to Dionysius, the underman stands as a total failure to his psyche, yet complete normality to the external. Yet, does this not imply that the underman is the very representation of the external?

Hopes and dreams are but a force of evil to the underman. All he knows is the tragedy of being, yet not the tragedy of the self. This archetype and entity alike, and many worlds apart, cannot comprehend such disillusionment with the path. Such is the mediocrity of its essence, what a drastic endeavour towards what appears to be death reincarnate. Oh, you tender abstraction, how thoroughly I treasure you. Such mystifying supposition in hopes and dreams may you be tangled in.

The underman's conscious consideration is a hypocritical one. In his attack — in the ethical purpose of which theological assertions are to be disregarded — all he

does is merely fall within the pit of what appears to be an externally generated paradox of post-modernist suppositions.

What might we — as mere mortals — truly define existence and its fact of being? It is to be considered that existence relies on the level of observation provided by entities; external matters directly involving Dionysius in events that do not transcend the observed, physical world. For each one of us, observation had started from the very first moments of our arrivals into the material, but whose idea was this?

Within our perceptions, we have decided that the most observed of entities within the material are not necessarily organic matters, but the agonizing chaos that's ultimately a part of our identities. The world itself, through all its elements, holds the trump card over us all — the final rhythm to our melancholic lives; the beauty of our future, the missed piece, the very enigma of our existence — its metamorphosis into survival being not the purpose, but

the sacrifice of our old, rusty, and inefficient internalisation of what we had hoped that the epistemological was to be.

Dionysius MERELY exists, for he observes his being and is, in return, observed as such — as a mere entity, as but frivolity, notorious archetype of inferiority — of the abhorrence, of the pinnacle of hypothetical alteration of what constitutes manhood — as we now observe and perceive Dionysius being in the stage of existence, he must comprehend the external for his gain. The presentation of a certain set of didactic, neurotic, and internalised metaphysical factors are to be but a distribution towards the external — all in a way of setting respectable boundaries with what Dionysius so perceives.

And now, after all the methodologies presented, what may Dionysius be left with, other than the annexation of divinity, the contemporary remarks — meaningless they appear to stand, regardless of any other iteration; yet there must be an influential reason as to what stands as the philosophical reason to being, when existence is all he has. The transcendence into survival — henceforth, this being

the secondary goal — for the main one is the idea of transcending beyond normality and straight into the essence, the very glorious act of living. Furthermore, any and all entities within this class will inevitably find ways to hurt their futures regardless, for when reality is too damaging to Dionysius, suffering per say, the antidote is often thought to be whatever makes him forget — disclose his perceptions of the agonizing pains of this world — be it substance abuse for the chemical imbalance, the shadow's trickster behaviour, and even the abundance of psychoneurosis — a lack of being a part of the sensory world, at the same time reality seeming like nothing else but a chase towards foreign matter.

In reference to Dionysius' act of being, has he signed a paper in which he had debated his will to being and existing? Certain external entities had done it for himself, the very ones that had brought an innocent soul into this torment of a world, without his approval and desire to begin with; and so, is he the absurd one for the wish of his consciousness meeting its ends, or conceivably the entities for having committed such an act, and their proposers alike — is this the correct interpretation of being gifted

existence — or perhaps, merely a curse, tangled up in beauty?

As it is perched, it is of great necessity to stand responsible for one's suffering; although to merely exist is chaotically agonizing, the entity can defeat this stage nonetheless — a wonderful remedy to the inner child of the self. The glorious act of living is enough of a cause for any entity, Dionysius included, stuck within this class; and the moment the entity embraces his inner chaos and agony, through the mediatisation of them, the sculpture of what remains within a more mature approach to suffering, Dionysius has a greater chance of transcending into survival.

Dionysius is at the lowest levels, at the depths, the profoundness of bottoms, at the near and tight fall into nihilism, for meaning and its actuality is of no importance to such an individual whose sorrow and despair cuts, carves this deeply. Dionysius is incapable of perceiving potential happiness, for his traumatic experiences would never seem to allow him the transcendence into survival.

Their mind lost in the matters of possibilities, despite standing behind the curtains of the abyss; often the entities stuck within this class have little need of external boundaries, let alone Dionysius' hypothesis of its internalisation that holds a meaning that an entity of this calibre is incapable and in no awe of such output.

In resemblance of epiphenomenalism, its essence is of a purpose that seems more significant than one may perceive at first; the ability to perceive the hypothetical through an intuitive lens, through the interconnection between reason and physique, the material might be a superpower, an even goal that us — wrestlers with the void stand devoid of perceived external worth. One matter that we could very well strive for.

Once stuck within the void of four walls, Dionysius had gotten used to following his very consciousness — lonesome, unwarranted, and unduly undesirable, he did not feel any negative sentiments; external concerns had no direct impact on it. Such was more than the ideal strategy, being the most efficient with that current perception of his.

And now, Dionysius must make peace with the external; he must understand that the externalisation is to be presented by the omniscient. In this manner, he shall understand that despite others being completely different, and the fact that he is but a stranger into this world, he will nonetheless improve, as time goes on, as necessity is to be respected. Thus, by comprehending and envisioning the epistemological answer alongside the external, and picking on the necessary responsibilities, Dionysius will therefore make his way into the stage of survival.

Comprehension

Dionysius holds a dear, personal duty of reminding himself that he is not merely a man — but the vessel of the implications of being. Alongside this duty comes the metaphysical requirements of interpersonal faith to the superior archetype of what he does not possess observantly, epistemologically. Yet despite these implications, what is Dionysius to do, standing as mere frivolity within the presence of the material? Shall he embrace the void of his meaning —the facade of the wandering ghost he shall become?

Plethoric meaning appears to stand externally, yet the nihilism of the underman appears never-ending — specifically because meaning is inherently developed internally for man to truly ascend within greatness. Yet what is there to be defined as plethora when even souls that were normally singular become but ash, and even ash appears to be far more beautiful than man may at first?

Oh, if only man had decided to stand as anything more than what he appears of being, maybe then both the pragmatic and the enigmatic could have become anything but distinct detriments. For man's lack of control is far more superior in comparison to his soul. Oh, but such implies that man is of no substance. And so it stands, in conformity with the nihilistic archetype. In the end, what is Dionysius — if not but a pile of substance? Yet the implication of this very principle constitutes the nullification process, for man's nihilistic tendencies take everything of internal worth away from everything that he appears to be, both to self and external.

A lack of both time and supposition, an incrementation of suffering is but to be demanded. If to exist was not depressing enough of a cause, then survival might just be it — in our attempt of finding meaning, we have disclosed the very possibility of purpose as an intangible matter, and through its lenses, we have designed an immaculate sense of pride, a desire for divine envisioning, the ultimate of all tragedies, the idea and objective truth of the lack of omniscience that us mortals very well possess.

The entity is at what is perceived to be the normal stage of being, yet miserable, as this is not enough for an entity to thrive in his being. This level is the one that most humans are at, one whose misery has travelled within the veins of the ignorant, of the preponderance, of the norm. This level is chaotic to anguish in compared to mere existence that may and could very well be an essence of nihilism itself. This one overflows with the responsibilities that could down the person; in wish of its existence to be nullified, erased from this world, in hopes of the commitment to fading away and its everlasting gift to the disappearance of the conscious.

It is to be considered that survival is existence taken onto a level greater than existence itself — a pragmatic presence in the material, secular world crammed with responsibilities, often some that the entity had not chosen. And so, we might as well interrogate ourselves this once again: what morality is in truth? Is there a genuine validity of an overly subjective foundation of ethics that concerns human conduct?

Let us take a step back and envision a hypothetical scenery of the past. From the very beginning itself, man had needed a purpose. He could not possibly tackle the very reality of such a tribal mindset — but he did not know this truth, for this very thought was essentially unconscious. His need for a meaningful survival had struck him from the start, and so collectively, man and the other entities among himself had started to behave in certain patterns that, to their perception, was the right thing, a course of actions that had led to the unarticulated end.

Whereas such an incident could also be the relation of hope and purpose, via the imminent will to power, of having the mystical be not only a metaphysical supposition but a genuine, relentless introspection with its reed within the observed, one could state that such an action would be common sense. Yet how many individuals exist out there, entities with desires, a genuine vision, yet they seem to lack the adherence of such, usually found in people high in cognitive neuroticism? Such people are beyond pessimism; they have evolved into the lowest of nihilists when it comes to the ideal and great principle of the self (from which the

subjectivity of a framework of pure intuition, morals, and logic) purely the core of individualism.

Whereas to meet the end of such a problematic matter, let us dive into a rather plausible yet interesting idea: perceptive omniscience. An entity this great, a gift as tarnished, and a curse this sharp would be the genuine, literal connotation of impossibility — Dionysius couldn't possibly perceive it all, or could he?

Omniscient perception in the literal sense is incomprehensible; yet the idea of being — merely on its own — would present itself with such a notion. Comprehending the fact that external beings are, in truth — overly subjective and, to my awareness, highly discouraged, demoralized by the death of God, such beings may very well be forgiven in an attempt for their lack of understanding — specifically of human ethics, reason, emotions, behaviour — and most importantly, the internal systems within their very minds. But whose fault shall it be brought upon, for their God just died? Encumbered by delinquency, they have killed what they have prayed to for

so long. Poor souls, estranged and denied, perhaps this itself is merely an alternate universe of Dionysian principles.

To contact the external is one of the first steps into the idea of transcending into survival; it holds the start of the fusion of the internal and external world and helps create a greater comprehension with regards to the world itself. It takes Dionysius a step further towards omniscience, his glorious goal.

When even survival, the supposed, presumed “suitable” stage in which most find themselves in, it appears that the same delusion that was presented in the stage of existence — more and more ways of making oneself feel and be present — a great lack of achievement; the conceptuality of an ideal future becoming clearer, more serene, more aesthetic. Dionysius, therefore, falling into a deep love with his purpose — one step closer to omniscience, one step further away from being understood.

There is great empathy — or should I say sympathy — for we all travel through these stages nondependent of external influences, we stand tall in the face of retaliation; perched as one may see fit, powerful despite not being allowed to. What a perplexing remedy.

The preponderance of entities seems to lose themselves within their “love,” a tenderness of devotion, an abundance of spans, plenty that they overlook. The hypothetical, what then?

We exist here, as of now, in the secular world, yet the very planet filled with an unhealthy level of dogmatism — within our simplistic, presumed alternative of faith, the methodological, modern archetype hiding behind the very sheets of epistemological presences. Our metamorphosis, its shift into survivalism holds a purpose greater than anything we have strived for before, for our scarcity of omniscience fails to divert us towards death. But what does the day of tomorrow hold for us, if not distress, despair, further agony, anguish, sorrow for the distinction, discrepancy of beliefs, incomprehensible needs, and

eventual partition, detachment of one another, or so-called “breakup”? Does any of this bear any sense?

Gazing at each other in great appetites that we are sufficient for each other's needs, relentlessly presume of one another as not tangible partners but lifelong monogamists — a dyadic relationship that shall last an eternity, for loyalty and the connection of two minds was all I deemed to be of genuine purpose.

Reminiscing, selfishly mourn the words we could have spoken — reasonably not being supposed of. Our sanities being too preoccupied with the adoration that is flourishing within us; despite such, the everlastingness and perpetuity may bear the chaos, shambles, and disarray that we, as individuals, might not stand capable of tackling.

The fact of the matter is, if the relationship, through its affinity, has the prospect of ceasing, it is not worth it. And sure, you might have comprehended and apprehended “something”; but have you? All you have

learned is the acquisition, the accession of the pain that lives rent-free within your heart, and obviously, the truth that you now know: that individuals can be very dissimilar despite your inducement, attraction, and appeal towards them.

Is it me that just does not get the human spirit, or perhaps the human heart? How do they seem so hollow on their insides? Was the causation merely the need for attention and observation? Whatever it might have been, it had its part in the essence of being human; and for that very thought, I highly reject the notion of mankind's nature.

What is beauty exactly? Is it a quantity of matters thought of within the patterns we may observe — a planetarium of consistent dopamine release? I have grown to understand that one shall not idolize the one entity, living or not, for which you are but a side character. For what you perceive as being aesthetically pleasing is merely a shard of your ideation.

Reality is often more disappointing than that; but to learn that may unscramble not the heart but the mind of the receiver. Imagine walking on a narrow, curvy classical street filled with street lamps, stunning classical structures, and a thirst for taking pictures!

So now, let us ask ourselves: why does that occur? What is the meaning behind such vivid, abstract thoughts whenever we compile the external in our internal senses?

All of this may trace itself back to epistemology; for what we observe is what we declare as being truthful in the physical world. For our desire is merely a metaphysical adoration that has its roots in the divine, the enigmatic — the idealistic sensation which has grown ever since Dionysius has struck through the fabric of society. His endeavour, his arrival, and metamorphosis into survival was an exhausting yet rewarding choice, one of unending worth; for he believes that he is getting closer to his vision, his ultimate wish and desire. But is he genuinely? Is this not a mere subjective hypothesis that he in his very subconscious mind created? For the lack of her arrival

cannot but facilitate him with unending torment, with unending pain — an agonizing chaotic nightmare that holds greater horror than the hypothesis of hell itself.

And as such, I have lost myself in but another sea of melancholic nightmares coming to life — my proper agony has found itself in an indirect confrontation within my intellect, its potential being of a greater purpose than to let me to the bottoms of hell itself. If existence relies on the level of observation given by entities, then who dares say anyone exists?

Dionysius cannot be merely understood, not by a hypothetical fairy, nor by other entities, for his thoughts are the very manifestation of metaphysical inquiry — theirs stand as observed; it is unassuming to attempt and understand him. One needs to go above and beyond, to make the sacrifices of trading observant knowledge for the abstraction that cannot be merely explained, but just felt, as if it made no sense.

“My lack of omniscience; the lack of perceiving the world through the lenses of an omnipotent being; a supreme entity, a God; I would move all the mountains and wander all these worlds thoroughly; the wish to save another, incapable of rescuing oneself, the audacity of observing survival greater than supposed; it is but a distinguished sacrifice to salvage.” — Dionysius

The flimsier the probability, the loftier the urge of disappearance from the world; the interpretation of the external may come into and with great delight, a highly required ideal.

Ye wretched men, I wonder — do your souls not shatter asunder for “loving” so many souls, thou lust so much greater than your pride — how come that in your screwed attempt at vandalizing the heart of another, you have caused no injury in those hollow, recessed insides?

Dionysius truly abhors insincerity and mischief, yet in his endeavour to break the tedium of the external, he had

encountered a more sinister, ominous, and menacing demon, realizing that he is no longer capable of running away from the inescapable despair that he had thought to be a mere metaphysical notion, but nevertheless, turns out it very much exists outside his parameters — the human essence.

His words cut deeper — oh so much more profound than a blade's flakes — for he is rather harsh and judging in his speech. One matter that he desires to achieve is of greater worth than assumably thought; he strives to achieve the “Purity of Rationalism,” or so to speak, in which he can negate ALL rational notions with abstract ones that may or may not hold observed worth and perceived value. I am sure that if he could negate all his neurosis, he would very well do so; but one other decision that he would certainly choose to make would be to move away, as far away as possible from mankind.

“The great deed of man had been decided from the beginning. One must not succumb to one's very tragedy, but overcome it with its sibling tragedy called self-

improvement, for one's greatest card is one's potential future, a very meaningful one, at great hopes. The bizarre query that I, as Dionysius, bear dearly and have held for quite some time now, ever since I was a young boy, was along the lines of 'Why am I in the body of a human and not of a bird?' We are but slaves to the external in the end regardless."

I, for one matter, did not genuinely comprehend why I had the perception of a human. When I stepped outdoors, not once did I not ponder this inquiry; every time I glimpsed upon birds, I thought of how much wiser we would be with the perception of theirs. Being able to observe and think through the senses of the entities that are below ourselves, I wonder though, would this be a privilege or a trade?

Birds are incapable of critical, logical thinking on par with mankind, so despite their ability to fly, they were not given the great tragedy of thinking. Despite this, my thirst for wisdom had vanished. I felt that nothing mattered anymore, everything was frivolity, and nothing made sense

to me. So all I did was drown in my nihilism, deny external entities and matters alike, disrespect authority over and over again, constantly judge the outwardly as if I were some sort of an idealistic God. Truly tragic what loneliness can do to a soul. And aside from this, the trauma that comes from irresponsible growth cannot but further agonize this problem.

To state that our Dionysius is fragile in nature is an understatement. He is the fragility of nature itself, the embodiment of mortal, humane suffering, and its very product. He is all that this world's terrors could ever offer. He is the mistake, and his downfall, the perfect downfall is not necessity but a perfectly rational option.

The idea of the loss of consciousness is of great detrimental value to one's sanity. However, external entities, these entities will constantly preach life, living, the good and beautiful yet completely misinterpret the chaos within the IDEA OF BEING on its own. Such irrational beings filled with the optimism that enables them to carry

their minds away from this very disaster — how sorrowful these people are.

In our attempt, our very investigation of the tragedy of others, we have succumbed to one greater darkness of our own. In our desire to transcend the hypothesized, we have found an even and lavish mystery. By understanding ourselves, our minds, and hearts alike, we have reached closer to the unattainable.

Standing here, naked and devoid of any authentic meaning, I cannot help but ponder: what is the meaningful, consequential answer to one's suffering? For the sanities of the privileged few, a vision may do the trick; yet, after Dionysius attains it, will he live in harmony for eternity or be struck with nothing but continuing despair and sorrow?

One main factor that influences all these minds is suffering; for there is no cure for that. We all suffer, some in an abyss filled with melancholy, others among external entities. No one is safe from the truths of this world; in

reality, the tangent point is rather plausible yet enigmatic. The ideal in which we seek understanding from the unlikeliest of entities concerning our sanities through and through.

Even so, it is hard for him to get over the tragedy of stupidity that lies within the minds of external matter; entities. Ignorance can be greatly present within an external subject, but to my awareness, when observantly genuine in the minds of the collective, it grows exponentially. Essentially, what this would mean is that no matter how futile it may seem at first, such action should be greatly denied and alienated. The more ignorance allowed, the greater its intensity. But how may I stand here, speaking of the deletion of thoughts, when my whole identity relies on the very similar conclusion? Am I the hypocrite, the arrogant bastard? Has Dionysius been in the wrong all this time?

Such an idea is highly capable of substance synthetic bias, in a way that it holds one truth to an increasingly higher one. Such is a world embarrassingly confident in its

being. It shall prove what it can while falling into the pit of nihilism. Again, this notion can either be the result of the greatest of our fears or perhaps the worst of our ideals.

Desire — what even is it? For one, it may be the tangible affairs in the physical; whereas, others may wish for a stronger sense of abstraction. After the meeting and comprehension of the external, the enlightenment of survival, the idea of existing in a world made from one's intuition does not seem to be so bad after all. At least it was not for Dionysius all those years ago. Essentially, whatever you seek can be attained through work, demand, and most importantly, luck.

The modern individual merely has himself and his notion; in need of intellectual consideration, he has encountered nothing but mediocrity. Defenestration of ethicalism by modernity, turning him into a resentful force, with ashes on the bottom, fairies up in tangles — half paces of stairs, fog within one's outlook — the wish of attainment, the collapse of it all.

Tragedy — oh, this world cannot fathom its very plurality; its lack of structure has become but its downfall, for all I had deemed of purpose had become but ash under the light of moons; oh, what a serene death ultimately awaits me, so shall rest at last.

I have yet to find a contender, for my survival has been but chaos — the slight remedy of a melody far, far away from here, in a distant place, one in which souls may rest asunder in the glimpse of remedy; what a drastic course of intuition, beautiful as it may be observed, serene as it beholds.

Pondering beyond these shackles that modernity stands as cannot but turn me into an impostor, a vagabond; for I lack home altogether, for the metaphysical assumption is but my remedy.

These serene waves cannot help themselves but mourn the way of Dionysius, for he is but the frivolity

among many — the overman of none. A pale sky is but abhorrence of truth and disarray, my dear reader!

Oh, but do not leave your soul for others to enjoy, for you are so much more; for you read these texts, for you mourn alongside — and so, we tremble with fear — yet excitement towards the unseen!

Clarity, yet humility for our deepest selves; does my soul resuscitate itself? Had it not been for the tragedy of manhood in the modern age, we could have achieved so, so much more; if only man had become the Almighty, the powerful of all eras, we could have preserved God — we could have saved him long ago.

Ah, you never—ending tragedy, yet again we mourn together, for our souls are but broken fragments of our tender devotions — an imagination never perceived. Does the main factor of survival lie within its pact with the external — or perhaps, the user's pact with the outer world?

Unfolding such chaos, melody to a loser's ear — a melancholic draft towards what presents itself to be formidable, glorious, and notorious to a meaningful being.

Just as such, the individual remains but a fragment within its very life, just like Dionysius accepts his frivolity and plans to go further and beyond — so shall you, and all individuals alike; individuals that desire to stand as substantial singularities within.

The introspection of taking to the stars is far too menacing, yet at the same time perplexedly intriguing. From the mere idea of transcending the spirit of man above and beyond from what is to appear as limited, a greater belief cannot but triumph — the very metaphysical annexation of falsehood becomes but irredeemable when it comes to such a logistical component — what a diabolical supposition.

The hypothetical embodiment of masculine caricature by the postmodernists, but an unrequired methodology.

An absorbed assertion would be the very application of ethical segments within the logical procedure of overcoming humane anguish is not only an efficient method but also a romantic one.

Glory

Raising oneself from the mere resemblance of the stages of existence and survival alike — is the paramount goal, the vision; yet throughout such a pilgrimage, man shall travel an epoch to submit himself within living — if anything, this is but commendation to what magnificence, acclaim, and substantiality behold.

Undecided and unconcerned, the plurality of the juncture that is to be perceived: the past no longer stands as consequential, and the present becomes but a laughingstock on its own — for ever-after, we are to be granted the future, by our sheer selves.

Challenging the external is one idea, befriending it is yet another, but synthesizing its greatest elements is the efficient one; a plane of naturalism — one of never-ending pain and mischief alike — sorrowful abhorrence of metaphysical adoration for one's exemplary vision.

An idealized essence of living lies within the variable of being — for one's soul could never tolerate a lack of meaning, an overman's soul — and perhaps even an underman's; let us not fathom our visions of what we consider to stand as meaningful when all requirements are but singular subjectivities.

At war with God, at battle with ourselves, at warfare with our consciousness; we often take up arms and fight the conflicts that we should not have even considered; how fragile the human mind can be, closed within its walls only to block the perceived external hostility for oneself, tragic beyond words I must express.

Such an introspection, is it the tragedy of being or perhaps the idea of surviving above existing, and for God's sake, let's not even daydream of living, for that is such a glorious, majestic matter; such an exquisite thought, it makes my blood boil, turns my heart rate up and puts a notorious smile on my face — I cannot allow myself to be this cheerful, I must not take my mind off the tragedy of

being, but that on its own sounds immature, does it not, Dionysius?

He stands truly saddened by whom he has become, getting out of bed is quite difficult, sleep no longer does it for him and even nightmares feel more real than the presumed real world — it's been a long time since he's interacted with the external, loneliness has followed him not only his whole being, but even in the future, despite some knowings that he will make, Dionysius will feel lonesome, regardless; the only one entity that could fix all of this is his beloved, but even the hypotheses of hell & heaven are more likely to occur in the physical than his meeting with this entity — this tribulation on its own turns Dionysius into a fragile reed in hopes of perpetrating the ultimate demise.

The Devil is constantly within him, for his very angel had forfeited its fight from the very beginning, or conceivably, his lack of standing thereof had given genesis to the monster that Dionysius very well is. What could he do? A singular and lonesome soul in great necessity of

external assurance, forlorn as he stands, he had pitched his dignity. His tragedy evolving into the sheer agony that lies within his despicable soul — how could Dionysius metamorphose into the idealistic mirror of his prospect if unqualified to whom he shall be — perhaps even is?

Despite this, who even is he? Can he remark on his being as one meaningful shard of the very planetarium of souls? And even so, delinquent as he may glimpse fit — by compiling his experiences, he has now conceded the quintessential, being the sheer mirror of his future. The notion of being part of tomorrow pushes him into becoming one supreme entity for which he cannot but seek to be, as dreadful as it may be.

An act of supposedly achieving one thing could be thought as being but the essence of living. This is important, very important — so important that one cannot truly live without. The creation of anything — be it substance or matter — is detrimental to individuality.

Ponder yourself, the idea of whom you are — attempt to transcend such a metaphysical hypothesis and morph your very self in the very embodiment of what you are, or perhaps, you appear to be or stand as. It is to be considered: the consciousness' desires thirst and presence of idealism had started from the very beginning, in such a way that it shocked not only epistemological substance but also the metaphysical subconscious. The notion that we, as sentient organic substances, seem to perceive as genuine matter is pathetically unfortunate, due to the very fact that the immobilization is a conflict of ideas.

But to sort of escape the notion of humans and their tragedies; the undoubtedly inferior way they seem task for what their consciousness predicts as being meaningful is purely bliss, in a way that is very damaging to their genuine unconscious.

“I suppose that one of my greatest of fears must be the human spirit.” — Dionysius.

Telling the truth is one beautiful thing — it holds a plethora of magic, almost as if it had bestowed an agony on top of another. Attempting to fight the miseries of the external is just irrational; it is much wiser to get done with it, attempt to forgive, yet do not forget. Beautiful tragedy — it is always a shade of it.

And so, even with Dionysius's concussion, bestowed with the anxious divinity of the mystical, the tragic yet fantastic fate of demise that lies in the unknown, it is in no way an excuse not to move into the future with all his might. He remarkably, pleasingly comprehends that, for it is not what had happened, nor what is happening, but what shall happen that matters truly — to raise oneself from survival up to the glory of living. The whittling of a path must be intrigued from the early beginnings.

Dionysius is obliged to have a goal in mind to work even at the austere of actions, for he is incapable of standing in the material without the guidance of his vision. For such matter to be stated that it is a privilege is but oblivion; it is the quintessential itself to carve a path of

one's vision — to internalize the outward for the gain of Dionysius. For the exterior is at best a tragedy.

Repercussions of the very distant future — an everlasting archetype of melancholic dreaming — oh, is this not an artistic love? But if you choose to be but sheep, you might as well, at least, follow the path of Christianity; for at least, this religion is the foundation of not only the Western world but also the academic and technological one. A path can only be so narrow; the more entities that travel it, the harder it gets for others — a path is supposed to be singular. The carving of a path shall be designed singularly, and the refusal of the external is imminent. Through its affinity, Christianity has brought many underlying principles, and although its dogmatism may be an agonizing subjectivity, its juncture of what is considered good and evil, being the driving force, is to be understood, noted, and highly underlined. Dogmatism is not the only element of Christianity that most modern intellectuals seem to focus on and grasp as meaningful to their half-baked assertions — an archetype of sensual, metaphysical misery. The modern world is but the very product of the

nihilists hiding under the umbrella of Scientological, the 21st-century postmodernists' attempt at critical thinking.

Exuberating such denial does nothing other than suppress the actuality of meaning and increase the invalidity of such rotten ideals.

The annexation of traditional values has done nothing but create a far more menacing monster; the removal of the dogmatic element on its very own is far more desirable than letting a whole set of substantial meanings fade away.

The totality of the metaphysical omniscient — yet merely its imaginary counterpart — is the very quintessence of misunderstanding the logical validity of the very omnipotent, even its hypothetical fragment. The apparent archenemy of the psychoanalytical synthesis is but its principal element; the obscurity of an idealized survival that stands as the backbone of the modern individual, a man in his very developed aura, in his very "evolved" epistemology. What an irredeemable

understanding of what constitutes modern suffering, attempting to render it as nothing other than a different product, yet being the very same, precisely identical.

A close rereading of modern literature quickly points to not only the death of a quintessential sense of meaning but also the passion of the unseen; hence, a lack of vision.

The carving of the path is not mere desire but quintessential to living. An everlasting concern of what may constitute the myriad, outstanding malevolence fused within ambiguity, a perplexing play of methodologies, embracing the unconcerned along the very songs that I once sang along — Dionysius.

Contributing to societies is nothing but a different share of archaeology, a diabolical proclamation of degeneracy, of triumphed, concerned validity and mysticism ever since. An unseen constellation of fact, disguised as nothing other than proclaimed objectivity, well hidden under a Myrobalans dichotomy.

A young man without a shadow can become the very shadow of one. For one to benefit the outer, one must internalize the disaster of nothingness masked with chaotic evil. Through both trauma and applied malfeasance, one can perceive the external through the lenses of the victim, for his mind has evolved into the glory of the assailant that was in truth the workings of a ghost.

Now on the significance of the axis that lies within rationality — idealism, I might have to enrich the fact that a life of reasoning is a very dull, bland, and tedious one. It is us, entities, mere wandering mortals lost on a planet who are in great necessity of a purpose, and us, as kings and queens of our inner worlds, shall dictate our ends. Through intuition and willpower, morality and idealism, principles, and pity.

This but sorrow; it had bestowed upon our backs, upon our pathetic shoulders that require the support of another, of one that we may be capable of trusting. Even so, I am standing here, right now, or perhaps in the very distant future, with great hopes, cravings, and wishes that

I will be able to hold the metaphysical manifestation of my vision tightly close to my physique. Standing tall and mighty as the embodiment of masculinity, power, and assertion, infused within each other's spirits.

The metaphysical answer has been combed for as long as we have been capable of theoretical thinking. Disputing the lack of material, the physical and the supernatural in our desire of forbidding chastity, we had encountered a long time ago the truth that we were entirely not adequate, and I was not sufficient. He has diverted into bitterness, its matters being not the tangent nor the asphyxiation of the divine but the essentials.

Dionysius opposes the way of the external — despite that, he is exceedingly interested in comprehending the psyches of other entities; but he often does it for selfish reasons, such as apprehending how others think to fend himself from possible enemies. He does tend to fake whom he is in truth to others so they will not have the upper hand on him.

To live is to embark on the great journey that life itself has to offer — through its endeavours, its dreadful days, and its good ones even — but to do so, one must have his great vision accomplished. It is the very quintessential bargain of the physical, the holiest of all, the most exquisite and unique, the very perplexing: one's intimate vision.

The misery of a broken mind — Dionysius is walking all alone — the loud sounds of pouring blood falling off the sky; the one noise, one substance that we observe to be nothing but rain, hiding as God's tears about the possibilities of his mistakes and hoping to never bring such mistakes into being. Dionysius, therefore, speaks to himself:

“Not one will ever treasure us aside from ourselves, and nobody must, for we are more than enough. We are quintessential for one another.” In wishes of comprehension, he henceforth mourns himself.

“Despite her lack of physical sight, for my lack of perception and omniscience alike stands as the genuine meaning of my self-hatred, I shall desire her endlessly, until the very end. I shall stay true to her, for she is my vision, and our meeting — the beginning of our lives.” He whispers, “I envision a future in which I can arise into living alongside my vision and triumph at the highest of levels. Create a world that satisfies myself and my internal framework.”

Our world's greatest treasures are often our very blades, hidden in delay for our coming into the vacuum, into the void. Our very ignorant points being nothing of epistemological worth. Idealistically, one must desire a romantic partner through which fate can be observed. Such a notion is highly dependent on the matter of thinking, built through that abstracting world of ours.

“Prepare yourselves, wretched men, you shall evolve into the one thing you have sworn to never stand, the tarnished image of your greatest moral necessities, such as whom you truly must be; not whom you were, nor whom

you are, but whom you truly shall be, for the present is merely a matter of conscientiousness, and the past is but our memories, non-existent they shall stand. Open your minds towards the future, and keep them as such. We all must greatly attempt to do!" Dionysius speaks.

'Course that the sophistication of such fates cannot but bring delight into the vivid heart of Dionysius. He must establish a strategy for the very mystifying future, but as he knows life, the less you tend to plan, the more stressed one gets to one's lack of planning. The more, the very same, it is not even a matter of epistemological observation anymore. So what must we do?

Our minds are in great deficiency of knowledge, but what can the nihilistic mind devour? What can it consume for the very breakfast of our level of being? How can such fate be brought into the material? We are lost, and always have been. Rational madness, such is life I must express, but even so, what should I possibly do other than the very fact that in my attempt of elucidating the external, I have

done nothing more than succumbing my very self into a greater darkness than supposed.

The investigation of such a matter is thoroughly depressing; unwantedness, dealing with such is a problem, a great one at the very beginning. However, the further Dionysius goes, the better, not only for himself but also for the external in a rather pleasing way.

“But so, my feelings are rather bottled up, being too afraid of receiving even bits of happiness as if feel that I deserve nothing, that I have no real value as a “common man” and the only valuable thing that I possess is merely my adoration of whom I am, abstractly speaking. Such anguishes me, despite it being highly illogical.” — Dionysius

I would claim that the most unfortunate part concerning this would be the very fact of causation, its points relying on the anger of Dionysius. He deeply dislikes being taken advantage of, feeling as if he is a hamster on a

wheel, incapable of conscious decisions due to external subjects attempting to control him.

The understanding of our integrities is a great part of Dionysius' formula, for it is our greatest of treasures, succumbed into the great characters that we possess, embracing our inner demons as part of ourselves. Such a notion is not simply substance; it is the very principle, the glory after which we seek, starve for greatly.

Inform me, Dionysius — do you not comprehend anything you are sensing? Is it stupidity or ignorance that portrays you within its aura so reluctantly? Or perhaps, and bluntly speaking, you are just a mistake, like every other entity? What appears to be wrong with you, my fellow? No amount of snow will cease to exist if you survive, Dionysius —surprisingly you are that important, at least to one soul, yet to no matter.

Twilight Pondering

Philosophy — as we now know it in the modern age — is nothing as it once was. The mere rumination on what it implies to be a philosopher is no longer in its impudence of discussing the will to being — glory, power, and evolution — the flourishing as a singular entity, but to beg and appeal to academia for a label you've no control over. Modern philosophy has become a herd-minded, excessively collectivistic study in which no singularity is to be upheld no longer, in which the collective appears to oversee the intellect of the individual. For one authentic philosopher to exist, he shall go against modern academia, push against all fraudulent philosophers, and exceed within the stage in which no pitiful underman's soul resides.

The almighty rationale at it again, but in truth, there was and remains one substantial notion that I very well support and enrich: that what it truly takes to think is to ponder beyond the notions of good and evil.

Funky — men seem of standing, how nostalgic they seem to get debating their will to being through the irrational usage of epistemological substances. In thesis, these men have become a greater frivolity than presumed. For one to uphold a sense of truth that is — or at least presents itself — to be a hyperbolic, subjective notion — an influx of internally generated ideas, untouched by external misery — one truly must challenge the greatest authorities within the psyche. Metaphysical causation of principles as a substantial entity may debate as.

Yet, if not mistaken, the epistemological claim that perception is to be observed as factual — which is quite an unintuitive one — perpetuates a supposition that as long as substance stands, it therefore exists — which on its own is rational and observant. The argument to be made, as far as I'm concerned, is that substance being metaphysically supposed as generation of a superior archetype — or as the rationalists might claim, “different” — matter is simply unconcerned with these supposedly perceived artifacts of thought, as matter will exist whether one decides to perceive it as such. Therefore, I will imply that matter is not as to be perceived; it stands regardless of perception,

outside of the mind, of the internalization, and so no amount of modern ethical values will change that.

The horrific turmoil of the real world is often perceivable at first — a conclusion being drawn with nothing but mere effort — and a stigmatizing taste of mind. I often ask myself whether any of these matters: the feeling of not belonging anywhere, the lack of perception; all of these cannot but stun me within a plethora of painful substance.

An unfortunate neurotic mind is incapable of feeling, unless we allow anxiety to be defined as an emotion, to which many modernists will. Regardless of any definition — supposition, and desire of forbidding the chastity of the external — it is with great neurosis that I will, and perhaps in the distant future, perish with a lack of epistemological achievement, but what would the achievement truly be, were it existent?

A plausible causation of nihilistic behaviour — an even more perplexing methodology of one's suppositions — cannot but dictate the lonesome soul of Dionysius. Synthetically reforming an idealized framework of the hereafter, our inner desires become but plausible delusions. What ought we do? Oh, gorgeous external, why do you hide so often? Whom was it? What shall it prove distinctly? Transcending our understanding on what constitutes the self, over planning our futures with regards to whom we truly are — and not what we appear and present ourselves in the material, transcending both our presentation of ethical necessities, logical implications, and internalisation of epistemological understanding, comprehension of communication.

Pale thoughts, foggy clearance, susceptible inclination of what presents itself to be meaningful — an idealised approach to logical annexation; a depressing, dark, and gloomy scenery this world seems to present, but is gloom truly the only way of mending suffering?

What even is gloom, or sadness even — these emotions are very difficult to process and even comprehend. The ability to predict the constant, agonizing events is a wonderful gift; the notion that society progresses towards a greater path is unfortunately quite absurd — there stands no chance, no memorial of fates that we can truly evolve above and beyond. Perhaps it does have to do with one's untamed neurosis — how does one tame this curse mark? Is it through nihilism, existentialism, or absurdity? Quite frankly, the presumed answer would have to be a synchronization of all the above — and even if it may be observed as hardly probable, it stands as the most logical conclusion that one may have to come yet.

But desiring such a relative outcome couldn't possibly be of eternal bliss — could it? Well, it somehow could. It is only through the attempt of wrestling with the notion of everything that presents itself as evil, and — yes, even its archetypal enemy — the dogmatic good. Yet individuals — all kinds of singular entities should strive for their true selves, as if they are longing for serenity, for a drop of water, for their stomachs are filled with neurotic nourishment.

Through that very pool of what seemed to look like blood — the sky had spoken with such delight, almost as if the mere presence of the archetypal monster had become not an epistemological tragedy; but the tragedy whose presence was very much existent from the very beginning — the causation and implication of aesthetics?

“At times, I truly wish I had the ability of fading away for good, or perhaps for merely some time — oh, my soul stands tarnished — so broken I cannot help but wonder. I suppose it's also a... sort of superpower, switching through personalities as if it's nothing,” speaks Dionysius, a legacy of broken minds?

Let us not pretend that our minds are whole. They are at best a bunch of shards in a quest of longevity, not even close to what it may be seen as. Beauty may be found quite rarely when one looks externally, but there is a planetarium internally.

“The very search of whom I am might as well know no boundaries, but I do know that I will perceive myself in a perfect other; regarding this all, I wonder — might we disclose our inner selves to the external, is gazing into a void rational for the very long run — what I do seem to be sure with is the very ideal that I am chasing.”

What a generation of gullible entities, almost as if these very entities could bring the potential of mass destruction. But with respect to the human soul, what is it to do on its own specifically? The great death of culture within modernism, the post-modernist push against bare traditionalism — all these political axioms being but the enemy of the future!

“Humans are patterns, matters for me to analyze, yet their emotions struck me deeper, oh so much deeper; their futures looking so chaotic hurts a part of me in a way.”

How agonizing unhappiness is, how tragic each day gets, the very world that he would cherish, the future is all

he grasps, and Dionysius, the colossal entity of all melancholy; he cannot but demand the time in which he will no longer be stuck within this loop of sadness and anguish.

“Those mighty serene waves wandering the very observant might as well transcend the notion of metaphorical idealism — and become the very reality, the very tragedy we've very well become to; a frivolity I remain, incapable of transcending existence itself, stuck within these parameters, such that this world had chosen to enclose me, my vision becoming distant day by night.” He speaks in such a defeated voice.

In solidarity and solitude does Dionysius find the shards of whom he might be, a notion as such does seem to bring great delight deep within.

“It's those days of troublesome unhappiness — misappreciation of the present that makes my desires for the future short-sighted when stuck among people.” An

ugly truth that may be — yet an even uglier one might be the truth that is to be implied and perceived oppositely.

“Perhaps the idea of dying on my own is not so bad after all, all this unhappiness, these cores — they're way too much to handle, I just wish to have a peace of mind — a calm moment in the present, this anxiety does not leave me alone, it's killing me from the insides out.”

Despite it not seeming great, the truth is that communication between two entities is unparalleled to any other thing; in any type of relationship — platonic or romantic alike.

“I suppose we are all just a matter of walking substance — mere bodies with an unfortunate consciousness, drifting around with the wish of being saved; in our desire for acceptance, love, security, we have found the inner abyss our souls — condescending. Just like my previous dream I had when I was little — of two colossal matters — bodies — attempt to clash and all I had was the option

of minimizing their sizes, a chaotic, scary dream. In our attempt at ruling the external based on internal principles, we have noticed our main weakness — the in totality of our shadow — with reference to an ultimate ideal, such would be and stand as an efficient supposition. To reason is a great aspect of maturity, to stand reasonable in the face of retaliation — an overman.”

“Illogical suppositions are incredibly awkward in a way, almost as if they're to be mistaken for a sense of intuition; sometimes I'm left pondering of what I truly think — almost as if the number of possibilities is unending.”

“Looking back in time, I was just a little boy yet I have started observing the absurdism of life — I had an awkward intuitive feeling that I was merely a consciousness lost in space, and that everyone around me was a person with no free will; which had given me, sort of, a feeling of superiority yet hopelessness, loneliness, and a stack of free emotional turmoil.” —Dionysius

On the art of war and peace — conflict and utopia — an interesting notion would be the resonance of the shadow, in assumption with the asylum of ideas; despite all of this, the heart of his bleeds with pure reasoning — rationality and the will to power — goodness Dionysius, you have done yourself yet again.

“My pain knows no boundaries — it is eternal, never-ending in velocity, sharp enough to strike through my heart. I hold a resentful magma within, I wish I could just mend it — however, there stands no way of doing that,” speaks Dionysius.

“Often, I am left pondering of the harmonious possibility of pulling the shadow out of its hiding and befriend it. I just — I do not even know how to put it, but I would rather go far away, in a distant place — one in which no human issues are present. On the traumatic experience of life — the endeavour that we all settle on, it has got me thinking about the possibility of having a consciousness within a world that does not transcend universal truths and is perceived only in hypotheticals —

to make the case for transcending the spirit of man through a hyperbolic definition of what time — and/or our existences bring of substance — such matter is at best futile; chaotic.” —Dionysius

“It takes a hell lot of chaos for one to achieve the upper version of themselves — the power to change the outwardly based on the internalisation's synthesis.

In the modern world's fierce battle of identity, we have overlooked the importance of understanding our psyche, including our shadow and the beauty of the subconscious; we are relentlessly trying to decipher the divine and grasp objective morality, while also grappling with unending expectations — we have many obligations, and ignoring them is a one-way ticket to hell — however, I wonder if it is yet another obligation to ponder the existential meaning of our lives. At present, I am uncertain, but I find solace in the idea of a distant future.”

“I guess it's that time again, that utter, miserable feeling of presumed sadness — unhappiness. I hate it, deeply even. So weak, such frivolity, such pessimism.”

“Through the foggy air of earth, I cannot help but wonder — why here, why me, why the fragile human body, why not another human, why this perception, why this horror, why this nightmare; no matter — we are here to suffer, so get used to it. Not much to do, I would change the world but I cannot even change myself. There is a severe, rather condescending difference between the notions of fiction and reality as we perceive it — not to state quintessential, perplexing archetypes, but rather imminent shades of two obnoxious pieces that are detrimental in the literary institute. An everlasting debate against what we so call over-dramatization of emotional suppositions that are epistemologically present — not by desire, but adrenaline.”

“The churlish of people would have no interest in one's affairs. Such entities, I am afraid, are among us all, always — imminently ourselves.”

“A philodox, our Dionysius appears to deem himself of being, rather than a genuine philosopher or thinker for that matter. He is stuck in his ways, yet such a good listener; he understands the crowd easily, yet demands his consciousness to hurt it before the identical occurs to himself, despite his principles. An abstract vision is worth the causation, for it bears the essence of truthfulness or so to speak, the meaning of its prospect and genuinely disseminates its being into one of a superior calibre. One horrific introspection is the notion of being; likewise, one majestic belief can always be of matter, although the uproarious point is that even such a principle cannot choose to exist. It is the act of being, one concrete fact that has continuously altered itself with time's aid; would this be a product of idealism, or rationalism?”

Have a moment and observe the small things, a break from drudgery; one serenity of mind, perceive the drops of water, appreciate it for what it is and then move on. Comfort is only comforting if you have achieved your vision; else you are merely distancing yourself from the truth that your life is not a tad palliative but simply a matter of perception — for that, you must move on and always

seek greater. An overly irresistible ideal would be the hypothesis of the desired — one which you may not be fond of — the one which not only kills you but your conscience alongside. From what is known, loneliness is both a desired yet undesired approach to life; it truly makes sense even, for the fact is that people are a waste of time, but to be so lonely, heart-breaking it is.

Worthless, Dionysius often deems himself to be; it becomes much worse when an intimate conversation is turned into a collectivistic one.

“The remedies of intimacy: truthfulness, the solemnity of myself, breaking down — oh truth, make infallible to hurt me, yet begging you, do not break me apart; I am too lonesome to be mended; please, do show me empathy, yet do scorch me alive, burn my soul, mine essence into pieces, throw my corpse into the void that I am not sensing, aye?” Often, the shadow plays the role of his healer, mending the wounds that the physical entities could not. “Contending with my neurotic psyche — the sorrow, abhorrence, and frustration concerning a supposed future in which I could

transcend a little further — a framework of the hereafter, a beautiful remedy.”

The pursuit of happiness is anxious, irrational, and ineffective; power, specifically the power to overcome one's conscious, is the one matter to amplify — and in many cases, even discover; and so, I have come to realize that treating my shadow as my one friend and rival might get me closer to my vision. One day, we may stand lofty and happy, secured and embraced, loved for whom we are, by whom we cherish and by whom we have chosen.

Susurri

Whispers of Despair and Desperation

For we grieve together — oh, why might I not fall within the schismatic abyss — thy soul, mine heart, oh my mind is but a wayfaring sail, yet besides — ah, they are all gazing at me, disjointed as I stand; do judge me; ah, don't I wish to have had but a brain in place of mine heart? Scorch me alive, I so dare you — hurl mine corpse within the inferno — all that counts is the acquisition of my vision, dear Death; for I am no longer afraid of not being, for I have never been more than I was permitted to be — ah, these cuffs have grown chummier than ever before; narrow, my chamber has but become — what an illogical epistemology, these humans present themselves as; tell me, do elucidate me — how could I dare morph within one of them; thy spirit never breaks, for I am but an impostor — a mere fraud — within this culture of weak, inefficient, and pathetic men that lack control altogether; via all this fog, what even am I — at last — if not a wandering sail?

Whispers of the Ambivalent

Oh, don't I consider this as logic? Nought, for I am not a logical person, nor an emotional one — I stand as the embodiment, the epitome of intuition! I am the entirety of my vision; my consciousness stands as everything that the hereafter proposes itself to materialise as. I am all, yet I stand as — as far as epistemological assertions are concerned — frivolity. Cease of asking me not to judge you when everything you do is judgeable, and as perception may imply — to a degree, one that is unhealthy for the two of us: You are wrong, I am wrong! We are, therefore — both corrupt, sinful towards truth, and decayed towards our metaphysical probations — by comprehending this, we shall harmoniously complement each other, my beloved unconscious.

Whispers of the Contemplative

The illeist perception derived by the higher man — an individualistic formula for the hereafter; if it isn't the pinnacle of efficiency, nothing is. For the singular path of the individual is but the ambiguity of all that is to be metaphysically presented — despite external aspects concerning objective standards, from modernist & post-modernist religious assertions, the mind of the herd is but singularity itself — but its only element is that its manifestation is interpreted as the collective-unconscious; tragic beyond belief. I dearly write this to you so you may be proclaimed as my saviour, dear author — for my boundaries as a character are thus limited by my inability of perceiving the external world — the one that stands as further outer than even the proclaimed externality of what I deem to be of opposite substance to the factor of internalisation.

Whispers of the Harmonious

An aegis to one's survival — the art of existing with troublesome responsibilities, the metaphorical and dynamic hell — specks better than nihilism, plenty worse than living; additional pain as input, bits of tragedy as output. For all he had strolled will be all he regarded to be of existence; materialism or the world — the material world is yet another tragedy. The one has misunderstood his deeds. Inflict pain upon his soul — the more, the merrier! For her touch is all he could ever long for, holding her tightly to himself is but a fantasy. Even at the entrance of hell, her closed eye he would happily inflict, for the other eye, he would crave it for himself and only; had he had an omniscient power, mere hypotheses on a sheet of paper form a vague man, riposting one's tragedy, a draconian enigma. Both stand revolted and unhappy, more so than the world, yielded within their minds; they have strolled these worlds unknown. This earth does not know them, they are in a distant world, enlightening the external, for their inwards are too prosperous for the outwardly, and their souls too bright for the outside.

Whispers of a Tormented Heart

Ah, you idealism; for all that I ever existed was all I dreamed of being. For all that I ever loved, was all I thought of perceiving. For all that I ever cried, was all that I thought of holding. For all that I ever craved, was all I feared of being. For all that I despise, is all I am, but all I have ever dreamed was of holding her tight to my body; a wandering hypothesis loved within dimensions. You are all I think about, yet who even are you, if not the whole of my intuition, my vision to whom I am indebted to — for whom am I saving all this serenity? What am I, disrespecting your existence largely? Who else could I be, not to adore you this much? — Oh, you devilish, constant neurosis, your dreadful claws struck right through my mind — for whatever that may be, a melancholic romance with the inner notion of omnipotence. Ah, my soul is tarnished, my heart stands cold, oh so incapable of love, filled with nothing but a question mark.

Whispers of the Melancholic Soul

As such, I enclose myself within my chaotic melancholy. How much I would cherish and adore conversing with another force regarding my thoughts, introspections and desires, I wonder how privy and charming it is to hold somebody dearly, surprisingly texting them every dawn and dusk, balancing each other in a fierce but harmonious manner. I believe our tragedies to be omnipresent — as in no matter how much one may suffer, its ends know no boundaries — for that is what it means to lose oneself within the influx of survivalism and fall deep within the void that our very inner unconscious minds seem to visualise and retrospect in an unworldly manner. I wrote it once, but I shall do it similarly, as extensively as I may detest and loathe the external forces. I can see my shortcomings and issues and that I have chosen the most menacing of decisions and travelled the dreadful streets to find a consequential survival in my nihilistic existence. In my vision, my concept of a purposeful, calculated vitality was too distant from the material world with its own set of disasters, or so has my

pessimistic mind had thought, once when I was nothing
but a boy, a frivolity I remain.

The End.

My Appreciations!

Thank you for taking the time to delve into the pages of this book. It is my sincerest hope that within its words, you have found a guiding light, illuminating the intricate contours of your internal world. Regardless of who you are or the path you tread, your presence here has been cherished, and I am immensely grateful for your interest as you embarked on this literary journey, as metaphysical as it might have been. As we bid farewell for now, let us not part ways as mere strangers, but as overseen minds, connected by the shared experience of exploring the depths of our mortal existence.