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## odyssey : dreams : sands of time

A few days ago, probably in late April 2009, while lying in bed in early morning, I imagined which parts of my site might withstand the sands of time. I imagined wind coming from the left across the menu items on my site and observed where the ink turned into black sand and was gently blown away towards the right.

Most parts vanished quickly, and of the ones than vanished, the one that held on longest, was the short introduction of the evolutions section. What was rather astonishing to me was that the ideas that had first led me to more and into public, namely long-range feelings and elementary star signs, did not make it. With them, also everything else disappeared, except *space and time*, *metamorphosis* and *odyssey*, of which this text is a part.

I would have certainly expected the first two of these to persist, but that all the rather cultural or directly physical content would disappear, was somewhat astonishing to me. But most astonishing to me was that the *odyssey* section would live, even though at the time nothing was there, yet, nor was I sure at the time what I would put here, if anything, and still now I do not know all that much more about it. Or maybe I do now in a way.

Conversely, it makes me very happy that I managed to produce an idea that is on par with the possibilities of the sea, a true part of the circular river Styx, and, yet, can be formulated specifically in just a few simple and direct sentences.

### links

- [www.exactphilosophy.net](http://www.exactphilosophy.net)
- [odyssey page](#)