

Everything in Hilbert Space

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Abstract—My vagabond mind is churning, flickering, evaporating in this 3am fever. I saw endless shells, bodies for inhabiting. I am just a passenger in this scheme. Empty arrays, an innumerable amount, for eternity. Diffuse from one to another, leave one ruined and immediately cling to the next one. Swinging on the vines of consciousness, sucked into being temporary forever; what purpose do I serve, here, before the Sun rises?

Index Terms—temporary, fleeting, self, identity

IN REVIEW

I caught myself re-reading something I had written months ago. Something about a bell tower: time, a wounded animal? No, that can't be right. Wait, no, this doesn't make sense at all but it *feels* right. The author had a *reason* to word it like that. Surely, this is simply a comparison between the passing of time and a bloody, limping animal. But let's consider the author's perspective. There's something here that doesn't make sense. What was their motive? No, no, no. There's a contradiction here. A hunter looks at blood on the forest floor and rejoices. A wounded animal, the second hand, gushing with the red blood of time itself! Aha! But still, I'm disturbed by it. Why is it useless? I'm not convinced that this is cohesive, not even a little bit. These must just be words, slapped together in a "pleasing" way. A desperate attempt by the author to feel better, to write something *meaningful*. But still, there is a spirit to how the words exist, arranged in that particular way. Who am I to get in the way of somebody finding a moment of peace?

TEMPORARY TATTOO

Nowadays I'm just looking for things that are familiar. Anything to remember how things were before. (How *I* was before? *Who* I was before?). Precious memories, like ink on skin: Floor time. Thursdays. Opening shifts. Reading room. Hot pockets and falling asleep on the couch. (How many have I forgotten?) These, too, will dissolve after enough wear. Now they are just lines, incoherent and torn, crosshatched across my body. Now: I'm just skin.

Dearest Collector,
I'm writing to inform you that we can no longer harbor these memories for you. You see, it is quite a burden to us: there are just too many. I know how closely (especially as of late) you hold them, cradling them like infants, nursing them with words and daydreams... but we must retire from this profession. They will continue to grow up without our watch, and I promise that they'll visit. They might not be the same when they return: some sweeter, kinder, more compassionate; others, sour and

bitter and fragile. But that is the beauty of remembering. What you are doing is not remembering, but *hoarding*. Let go. Let memories be what they are: mere remembrances. You, dearest Collector, are a culmination of all of them. You will continue to inherit their treasures. Learn from them and grow from them, but don't grow sick from your obsessions over them. I hope you are well. Write often and keep growing.
-Yours.

HERE

And now, I am *here*. It's months later, and I've finally made it. (Say this wearily, but with some confidence and assurance.) What I mean to say is that, I have finally arrived *here* at this *place*. I am here. Now, let's be here, for a change.

SPEARMINT AND BLACK LICORICE

A loophole in my senses. I can smell this dream.

REFINED

Black coffee, percolating
Like thunder rumbling.

CANVAS

And so I asked the wind: how do I paint the sky?

FOR WHEN THE BEDROOM WINDOW IS OPEN

My walls have come to life with the fluttering of forgotten thoughts.
Oh how stagnant this air had become! But now: a breath, flourishing.
Imagine: trapped in a tower. Sticky notes, my valiant knight, rescue me from this heavy hour and kiss me.
I want to sing with the birds that live beneath the palms fronds.
Shade: light's futile attempt.
There's hair on my socks.
I'm desperate for another seven days.

UNRAVELLING

I feel so distilled and bare. Clawing at something in hindsight. Unwrapped, shaved, thinning out until I'm just a single thread wrapped endlessly around restless fingers. Cat's cradle with freshly sterilized hands. My core is cold and clinging to the heat beneath the sheets. Just get up already, you aren't going back to sleep.

AMBIENT

I'm ditching my work to listen to the piano. This isn't simple neglect, no, this is passionate abandonment. Espresso for here, please. Pack up my bags and sit by the door. Small conversations. Things clinking together. The air. Pages turning. Small things: for safekeeping.

HONESTLY if I got to choose an alternate reality to live in, I'd keep everything EXACTLY the same except I'd change the Sour Patch Kids slogan from "Sour, Sweet, Gone" to "Sweet, Sour, Gone". Just the slogan, not the actual flavor experience. So like, when people ate them they'd be like "Hm, the slogan doesn't accurately portray my Lived Snack Experience" and in that chaos I would thrive.

THURSDAY IS THINNING

Thirsty hours thickening into months; there will be thousands at this length. A threshold for thoughts. Thinking through theories. Strength is a thrilling lie, a theatrical thief, an unworthy oath, a theme of thorns. I'm trying to thrive beneath the beaten path.

LUCID DREAMING

This is my grandma's house. Maple syrup. Floor. Melting.

OUT OF TOUCH

I'm a phantom of winter. For once, I'd like to undo my blinds and see something other than blue.

INTIMATE THINGS

Only things that I can know: like, how when I wear that one pair of shoes and walk up the concrete stairs to the fourth floor of the library, I get a little *zap* of electricity when I grab the metal knob. Or, that my humidifier needs water, or, that the light in my bathroom is a warm-orangeish-yellow right now, or, that I've been having nightmares, or, that I light my candle at least twice a day.

SMALL SECRET COLORS

Walks to and from the University: passionate red, bashful orange, lackluster blue, peculiar yellow. Hiding between cracks and fence posts. Spring in the desert.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

PEEL

(UN)GROUNDED

RIBCAGE SENSATION GRAB DREAM

A PROPER NIGHTMARE

ON HATE

UNFINISHED CRISIS