

A real anthropologist becomes concerned with the whole corpus of humanity and thus life itself, and so as naturally happens in the field of knowledge—a proper anthropologist must be a historian, and a proper historian must be a scientist to study the dawn of life, the causal chain of events, and such the scientist must eventually fall into chemistry, and a proper chemist occupies a field based on physics and must become a physicist, which to become a proper physicist one must occupy philosophy and philosophy can't stand without faith and faith can not be achieved without art. And so anthropology is indirectly aesthetic and religious, despite it feeling founded on the firm 'ground rules' of the universe.

Each field depends on the other- not because it is a key to unlock a new door, but because there is precisely no threshold as the boundaries are inextricably based on each other. All knowledge, information and

perceived reality, in this way, is fundamentally and indubitably distilled into a unified field/substance.

Clouds of this unified entity will change forms and require various energies to become nothing more than a thing in itself, for itself, and will never bridge the leap to be that symbol it is mapped to via language.

And so- for the experimenters and information handlers, the creatives, the faithful, the hopeful, and the insane, flourish it proudly that you are an untethered agent who needs no sincere label for any bit of flux that deceives you as constancy. This is, we are, it is soup and steam and a fractaline salad.

**Stop**

I am still fragile, and frail

The habit is to find wires which run  
underneath the base of my physiology,  
and to correct them

This means that even if the surface of  
my existence is rippled and waving and  
storming,

My warm currents pulse on, gently and  
with unchanging strength

There must be a foundation for a house  
to stand through the gusts of time

Our world swims with lives of flotsam  
and jetsam

They never find the dryness of land

Let me be an island

For no man is an island

And I wish not to be Just a Man.

We have few senses in the world of  
much stimulus— few ways to  
experience

Yet I must cover my ears in silence, for  
it holds too much noise

Yet I burst speakers because sound is  
not loud enough

L'éternel féminin, das Ewig-Weibliche,  
Helen of Troy— she which we ought  
revere

Is that which is outside of the human  
realm of ignorance and confusion

Our lips will never meet, yet I  
daydream of her, write her, speak to  
her

Pray to her, breathe her atoms which  
toddle around the atmosphere

I offer a sacrifice to her; my human  
body.

Take my body and all that may or may  
not reside in it

its busy halls of blood cells, its inward  
eye, its chemical fear

let it fall in the space between mold and  
loam

cracks of phosphorus and dressed up  
men who failed at living forever

Feed me to the Earth through the  
mouth of fauna, and through the roots  
of life born after my end

Do not honor me in the shallow way of  
Men, forget my name, and instead  
breathe Her air,

for I never left her arms, nor will I.

I am not the start nor the end of her

Like her, I will carry on, doing what I do  
best: drifting

The same action I took while walking,  
just less complicated

I was born drifting, and *will* die drifting.

That's all I know, and all I will know.

I shall not fail to revel in her  
movements, I have married her,

And I am her; her who I shall never  
meet.