

Experiential romanticism

Monday, 29 March 2021

Conservation of self

It is necessary to conclude the affair. I cannot make as much matter of that thread of recognition as thin as silk. The confluence is not sensible, within.

Her assertions are not known. Her expressions bear threads of sense and significance in humanity. However, her obscurity betrays partnership or at least communication in fidelity to my self. It may be her intent to be recognized as self and same, but I am unable to claim the assertion.

It could be her intent to speak to the world of our self destruction. Our reckless disregard for our sustenance. Like Paltrow. And millions and billions of others.

I can't imagine that, either. Would that not be spoken? Is it not the intimacy of self that is found at the frontiers of body and emotion? The worlds upon worlds within?

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