

Logical romanticism

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Complex numbers

I haven't seen Roan for thirty six hours. I've been through stages of inanity to arrive at a reflection on an existence together. Which would be her point. "Not the easiest life, this one, together.". I imagine.

I only know of the significance of intent. The substance remains in kindergarten. "A proper mess", I said. "So special", she responded. Our magic, not so magic bed.

If that's a relationship, kindergarten is a meet market. However, by generosity of intent the substance is relational due to significance.

I fear that if I gave her everything, we would have nothing. That we would collapse into the world, into the oceans of a subjective bed. That the metaphysical partnership would not exist. That a subsistential metaphysics would be found.

Would be not found. Lost to sense and reason we would be.

Free electron drift is the physical representation of what electrical engineers call static electricity. Basically, anything less than a millivolt. If a circuit has a microvolt potential, it would be indistinguishable from nothing.

Like complex numbers, a relationship has the real physical part and the imaginary metaphysical part. The

physical part is evident, and the metaphysical part is lost to subsistence.

“To thine own self be true.”. The sweet soul of self that lives at the existential being is lost to the hyper-objectification and hyper-rationalization common to the daze of subsistence. The indulgence of comfort and convenience. The accomodation of inanity.

I lift myself up, out of those stages of missing to see my misunderstanding. To see my emotionalism. My romanticism. That parisian psychoticism I know as energetic romanticism.

I do adore the physical accomodation of the metaphysical relationship. And I do adore the metaphysical accomodation of the physical relationship.

It works. I keeps the mind out of bed, and the eyes in the head. In that magical, counterintuitive tantric practice that is experiential existentialism.

John Pritchard, @syntelos [CC-BY-NC]