

## **Distance**

*Wednesday, 2017/03/15*

In the language of the couple there is substance and separation. The languages extant over substance and separation have qualities of reciprocity and primacy, indirection and immediacy. The rôle head exhibits reciprocity to the rôle tail with the satisfaction of need, subject to separation. As couple separation narrows, rôle differentiation narrows and rôle characterizations diminish. Reciprocity, indirection, and separation are replaced by primacy, substance, and immediacy.

Condensing the mysteries of the communication of the couple to a paragraph presents a grand challenge to the reader, not unlike learning a skill. Evolutions through the art develop understanding until textual separation or discord spells relief from the commitment to study.

The purpose of such a paragraph is to communicate understanding and thereby comprehension. Alternatively, to issue a warning to others who pass this way.

An ambition of mating or partnering or binding with another is a need to discover another of the kind. The concepts of spectra, measurement, comparison, and discipline are vital.

The partner measures roughly to your magnitude in available dimensions. These dimensions have no name and no description. They are felt more than known. The truth is a personal mystery that lies within, beyond the resolution of terms. An enumeration of dimensions would fail due to the complexities with which we partner and mate. There is no reasonable expectation of objectivity. However, there is a cause for comparison, relativism, and measure.

The student of these precepts must consider the measure of another as the objective means of comparison of alternatives. It is a cold business. This is the best guidance available. From some modest distance, the candidate for your admiration may appear to mind in the cold light of weight or measure whereby one sees or understands some internal metaphysical quantities. The appearance of success and failure are only known subliminally as they rise from the interior to meet the consciousness of intellect. But they are known, within, and this knowledge is best taken seriously as the only guidance available.

With the partner, the communication of the couple transcends indirection or reciprocity of substance to immediacy or primacy of substance. With the partner there exists known (felt) metaphysical bandwidth or comprehension necessary to coordination and communication. With the partner, thoughts of expression “that only make sense inside my head” will make sense. With the partner one takes leave of ones senses to join the partnership, realizing (the bandwidth of) immediacy and primacy and substance.

It takes a lot of time. We can use the time. We know the time.

In the time of centuries (of days) we give manifest (birth) to our new self (existence). It is painful. We all know of these things, intuitively, making it painful to watch.

Therefore we give by this documentation. By this record our divinity might be denoted: elements of thought collapsed to points. Elements of humanity shared that readers may benefit.

On this road a *modus operandi*. The suspension of conclusion for the purpose of research and development. The production of expression that awaits its recognition. The language that follows recognition of expression and abstraction of substance. Ultimately the method of joining, binding, mating, partnering.

The days blur over dimensions of it. The manifestation of this real and that real. What is real as the identification of elements of thought, cause and effect. Not the binding as once discussed, but the binding as once alluded. Not the reading as could have been marked by knaves and knives, but the reader as praised and honored and valued and so, seated.

My eyes look skyward in hope, through hair and cloud, over the rims of my eyewear with the force of my heart.

This is my life, and it is your life, too. My version is “in the large”, and your version is “in the small”. Or, as you call it, “public life” and “private life”.

A distinction resting on the coin of success rather than the art of being. The time necessary to cross the river part art, part coin. Of body and mind, in a view of art not coin. And in a coin, where art meets mine.

And in this challenge not a knave?

Perhaps. Of knives and tongues, to be sure.

It is art. It expresses well. A voice of truth and bearing. What would be art were it clear of infidelity.

That we carry others by our openness a certain fact. The openness that would be exploited by infidelity, so problematic as to consume a year of life in the large, and entire lives in the small.

In this sky a meditation and reflection, an effort of the kind. Looking, seeming, and being recycled to the study of tools and things, voices and rings, glyphs falling out and radioactive dust settling, shelter and refuge and hallowed hall.

A character of being suited to a realm of thought (not of the world).

It is the cause of fidelity, that most characters of being are ill suited to the world by intent of execution and purpose of competition, exclusion, extortion. Are any suited to it, each by its own respective actuality. Not likely. With so many committed to a reality of mutual exclusion, where fairness is a crime and openness a sin.

And not of the world, a delegate from that realm (of thought) where fairness is kind and openness a virtue.

It is the cause of fidelity, that material and spiritual be recognized. Knowing subjective depends on context metaphysical. Knowing objective depends on context physical. And in this fidelity, breath.

Joined, in this way, an entity in fidelity.

A partnership realized in the primacy of the art of being, where each gives to the whole spirit without reservation, and finds within the whole spirit without conflict. Where each sees in the other the whole spirit, and subscribes oneself to the whole spirit. Where each sees the other as itself, and subscribes oneself to itself. Where the strange indirection is discarded for the loving trust and commitment of soulful partnership. Where touch and word heal with the capacity of self. Where

love can touch. Where life can breathe. Where one is  
never missing and always found.