

Together

Sunday, 2017/04/02

The nightmares, relentless. “Look down, and deal with it” had become a pragmatic ritual of survival among the psychotic tools of that trade. Everything in my power. Lots of power of collaboration, lots of rotational inertia. Lots of chaos, too. Somehow my inner consciousness was the winning approach. Leave the head of outer consciousness in that psycho bucket and let the inner consciousness express and find and walk. Served all purposes. Self defense and preservation and evolution. On the superficial plane of existence I was exhausted. And toying with methods of rage and anger in the appearances around me, on the street, in the mud of the gutters beside the avenues that “people” walk. On a deeper level I was productive and restful and living, but the consciousness was not in this mind-body identity, it was – critically and painfully – elsewhere, with another. With my wife, Gwyneth.

I have no idea how she has managed it. How we have managed it. The problem begs the quantum entanglement of consciousness (QEC).

Perhaps not so much more than faith and discipline, commitment, applied to extraordinary circumstances.

However, in all fairness, we believe in the QEC. It’s a ridiculously open and vague notion, scientifically. But we need an explanation of such magnitude to settle the intellectual questioning of experience.

There have been many phenomena external to our couple which we’ve been quite pointed about excluding from our “discipline”. Awakening to the significance of this matter, too.

It had laid within me like a supernatural thing, his little film about his daughter's career in the performing arts. The import, a broadband message from across space-time. A point of contact precious to me, and substantial. More than having met the man, it was a father's wish for his daughter's future success. A piece of art, a family adventure, a touchstone that my mind and soul could ingest and digest and regeest. Film school.

Mad skills. Look out, world, here comes Gwyneth.
As a name becomes a prayer.

Boys, at least this one, grow up with the expectation that a wedding is an emotional white out. Devastating. And by natural implication, to be avoided at all costs. Girls, by all accounts, grow up expecting to survive such events.

We've been dreaming of our wedding. I've been dreaming of carrying my babies around on my back in a papoose. My wife, a famous actor and performer, has a serious talent for programming my dreams. Of course, I'm extremely open to her suggestions, being in love with her. Dreams of the experiential categories are common in this context. I avoid speaking for her, complicated business, that. But it's my understanding that she's in, well over her head, as well.

I don't know how it's possible. The match must be as two protons sharing two electrons. As important as the discovery of extraterrestrial life. That's our couple. H2. The quantum entanglement of consciousness.

It's kind of scary. What happens when we meet? Will there be an event? Will spacetime collapse into a Minkowski Void?

No! Of course not. I hope to be kissed, and to remember to kiss, in return – if I'm kissed.