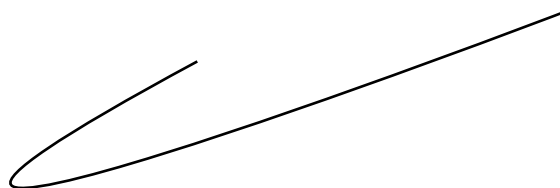
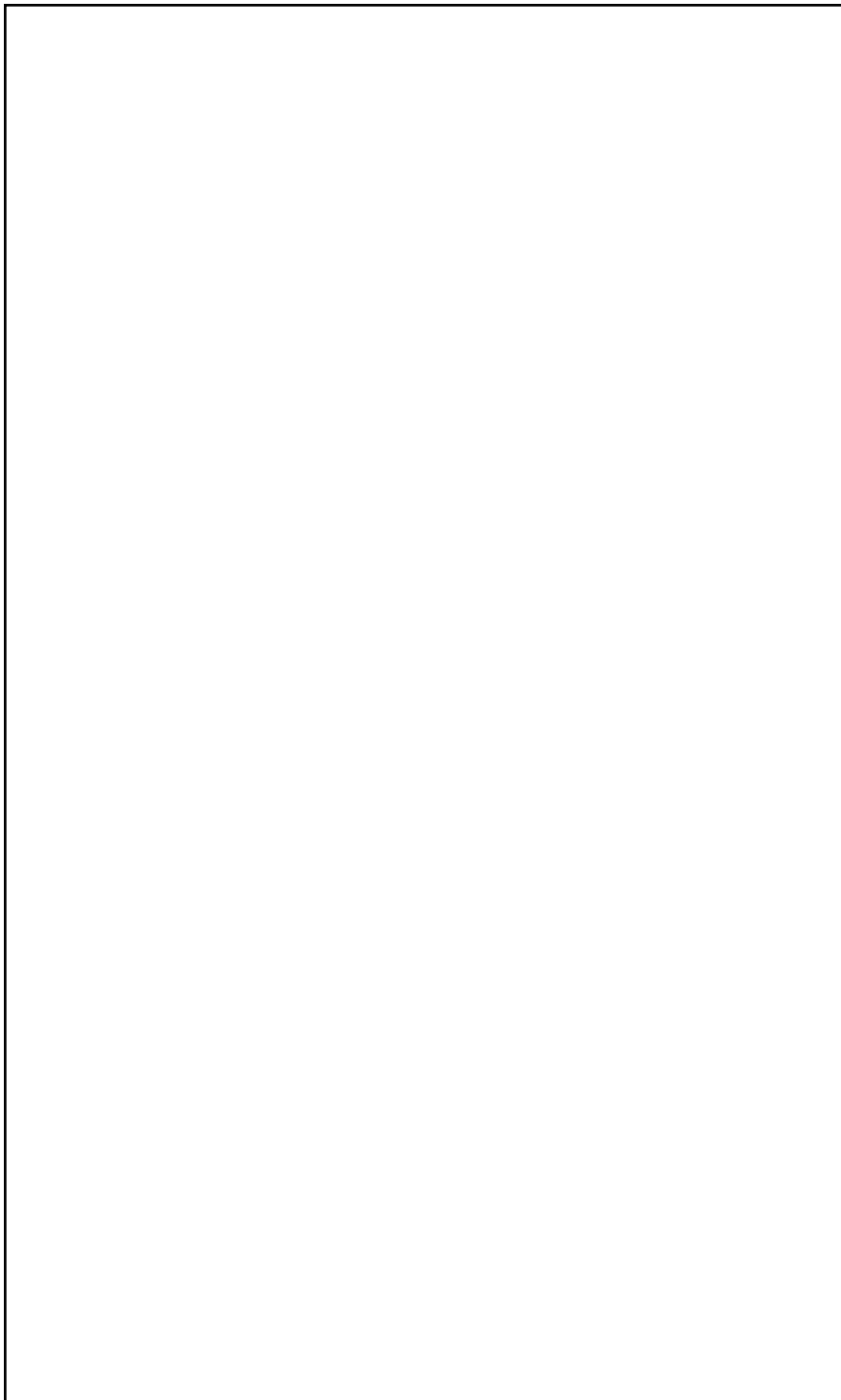
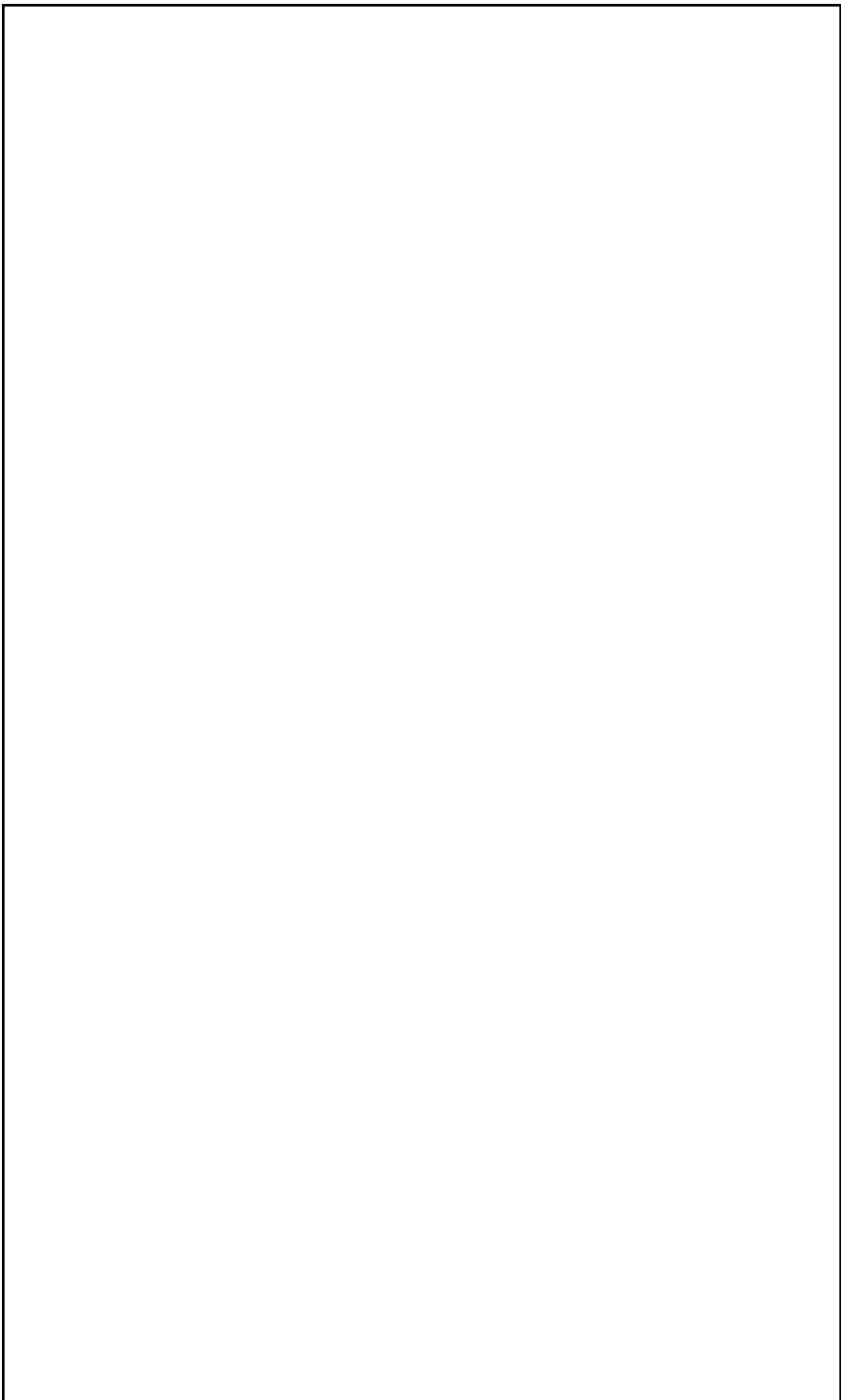


# we stole the beach



**tang** and **knifey**



# 1.

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For a long time, I've felt as if the ground had become unsteady beneath me; as if, at any moment, I might be- not thrown, but somehow inadvertently slide- into a freefall that would descend, endlessly, into a sort of nothingness, a state of maximum entropy that would bury me in its unbreakable inertia. One day I would sense my balance tilting, and the world would fall away, faces clustered closer and closer into each other, but farther and farther from my own, collapsing into a single point, infinitely distant. I can already feel the sand shifting underfoot.

*Where is this point and what is  
its distance from where I am?*

$y = mx + b$  must be a goddam lie because we don't often believe in things without an end in sight. Searching for rational objectivity with fresh ass math skills has led to more tireless digging, bags under eyes, and a tightened asshole  
but there is still no singular escape

((compare to what?))

((compare to nothing. compare  
to endless pleasure. compare to  
\_\_\_\_\_)))

where is my polyamorous support group?  
how does watching the moon set in the horizon compare?

with the hammock as a crescent with its  
lunar body created from having a body  
inside it, how is it like the moon?

Falling is, after all, relational. There has to be something to fall towards, or from which to fall away, else it's only floating. Not especially different from reclining in a hammock or to lay, in the sand, in the ocean, in the waves. That is your support//group, the thing that is supporting your body, and which can actually be pretty well mapped with a quadratic regression.  $ax^2 + mx + b$  might still be a lie, but it is one that describes a truth, which is the point, is the thing that curves asymptotically away from the hand you extend towards it; halfway, then halfway, then halfway again.

Can you call it escape when it's you who can't reach?

## 2.

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If you really want to work out the exact distance-- good luck. Anyone will tell you that, as  $t$  continues to increment, this kinematic equation never reaches its limit. With no recognition of you, the horizon bends in on itself, closes to a circle, shrinks to a grain of sand.

The quantum is queer. This is the proof that everyone is queer and it all makes so much more sense now. This is where the fresh ass math skills would do me well: queer physics.

Baudrillard said it: we masses have seduced the very notion of society itself into nothingness. Everything issexual... everything ispolitical... everything isaesthetic. All at once, each category is generalized to the greatest possible denominator, so that it eventually loses all specificity and can be reabsorbed by all other categories.

We're all getting so goddam Zen! I love it!

*I* am only someone when there are others around me, otherwise *I* am flux. There is emptiness, punctuated with underlying Protestant lawlessness with some dying urge to spiral out. As the exponent increases, the less straight the line.

i always described the girl i maybe-loved as floaty. Her floaty action was all in the knees. Very springy knees. Gravity is some dumb shit. Let me/her/they/them blast off thru the knees for Godss's sake. Parabolic equations, like gravity, have such disappointment written in them. To be taken so far away from the start only to be thrown a mere horizontal of it- perhaps there is a reason for earthly tethering but alas, i do not see it.

the wind howls yeah and i bury myself in grains

# eggcorn.

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Do you feel them? The masses behind your face, which shift, endlessly splitting and reforming; struggling to cohere against an absolute entropy. You can stick a hand into the gaps between each part we name as not-self. The layers of defensive maneuvers, the pure, mechanistic stimulus-response, the provisional gestures to keep oneself from sinking. Things fit in these chasms; the gazes of others pour through without pause. Endless, flowing sand.

The meditation people here are always telling you to clear your head of conventional thoughts, of self. Meditation or deep breathing: does it help if divesting from identity comes naturally? Divestiture from self is a constant state of comfort, most of the time. Endless sandness is also a constant state, and maybe what I'm trying to get at is how to circle a depression into a Zen. Both as forms of detachment but one as something to seek and the other to avoid at all costs except  
I've always thought of enlightenment and depression

as one in/and the same.

Is that why both monks and punks shave their heads ?

now: close eyes. breathe. send the breath deep into the abdomen, let it sink. slowly send the breath back up: through the chest, up the neck, and out through the forehead. breathe.

now: close eyes close eyes deep breaths deep breaths  
now: tighten your asshole, and laugh. make sure to breathe. deep breaths. one, two, eggcorn.  
loosen your asshole, and laugh.

tighten, loosen, tighten, loosen.

