

DOUBT-VALIDITY-SEEK-NEW- INFORMATION-SHIFT

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1 SOME DECADENCE

I had crutches all since I was born
can't feel my legs
My prick doesn't work
But I learn to live off this limbs
Starting with my toes
I started liking, had a taste that's all
Endded up biting off my toes
As of writting, I'm finishing the ancles
I will end up eating me whole
I find some solace in the idea
I will also shit me back all
I can repeat till I've grown bored
This is the quest
I've embarqued on

2 INTRODUCTORY THOUGHTS OF PERSONAL JOURNAL

I think learning danish and the old skald style poetry writting is worhy the all-so-long learning prosses, the amount of time nesessary to be literate in danish, I estimate to be three months of intense studyes in which most of the language is comprehended, and then a lifelong quest af accumulating the rarest words and oldest grammar patterns. I just need to muster the

will to do it, I've noticed some waning in myself, and don't have too much confidence in my powers. The historical danes were so fine, really, works of fiction don't do them justice, having sail for some time during my youth on small sail-boats, and having dane ancestry, I get the obsession with the water-sailing, when you are floating on good wind it seems like magic almost. It is so rare, to say something because words fail me, that danes ended up forming a welfare-state. I might have gotten something wrong; If you tressor might and kunning why would you sacrifice the strong to save the weak, it must come back-down to christ doctrines. But this is of little importance now, because for centuries we have yelled outloud, god-era is over. the blood of man cannot fuel this new era, instead we are pushed forward now by the wise-man-dreams, their mind. In this age of wizards what is the dane new creed:

<WITH A MOVEMENT OF THE HAND ELEVATE MILLIARS TO HEAVENS-
LAIR FOREVER
ASH OUT THE SKY, AND PURIFY IT LATER
MOVE THE GLOVE WHOLE, AND WISPER THE WEATHER ON YOUR
WHIM
WITH THE POWER OF ETERNITY, PART THAT THAT IS INTO THAT
THAT IS NOT UNTIL IS ANEW
THE FLAMING WORDS, THEY ARE SACRED, A GIFT FROM ABOVE
WE SAT LOOKING AT THE FLAMES UNTIL THEY APPEARED
THEY APPEARED LIKE THE LIGHTNING FROM WHERE THEY CAME
RESPLANENT BOLT OF LIVELINESS
WHOLLY MADE FROM IT
WELL OF THE WIZARD-POWER
THE WHIM OF WHICH TURNS THE GLOBE
ENABLE A LOT BUT TAKE GREAT COSTS
REQUIRE MUCH TOIL
FOR SUCH CREATIVE-DESTRUCTIVE POTENCY
TO BE PINE-OVER AND CONQUERED
I NEXT RELATE YOU SOME I'VE BEHOLD:
HOARDERS OF GOLD MOUNTAINS LIVING TO MY TIME AND BE-
YOND
SUCH BLOOD LETTERS THAT COULD HAVE FILL UP THE OCEANS
SUCH SOUND ARRANGERS SEEMINGLY PLAYNG THE STRINGS OF
MY SOUL
ELEVATING ME, FOR A TIME I FEEL HEAVEN, I FORGET THE
WORDS>

3 ABOUT THE TECHNIQUE

I've found a new way of being, it's about knowledge. I will try to relate the reasoning behind it: the way we live depends on the things we know or believe. By systematically doubting what we know and doubting the validity of what we believe in, all while seeking new information. I can shift my whole self. I call this new way doubt-validity-new-information-shift, a way of shifting your mind, build it anew