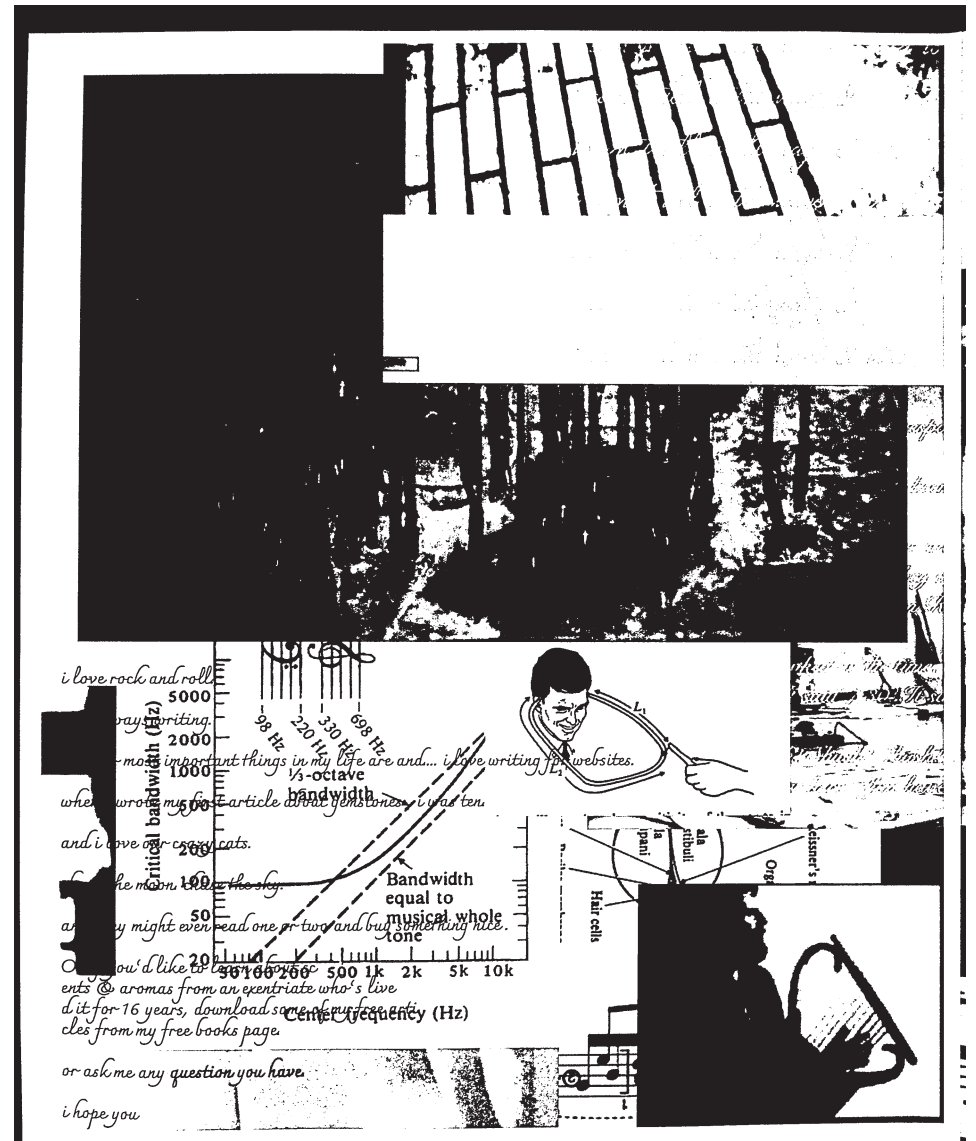


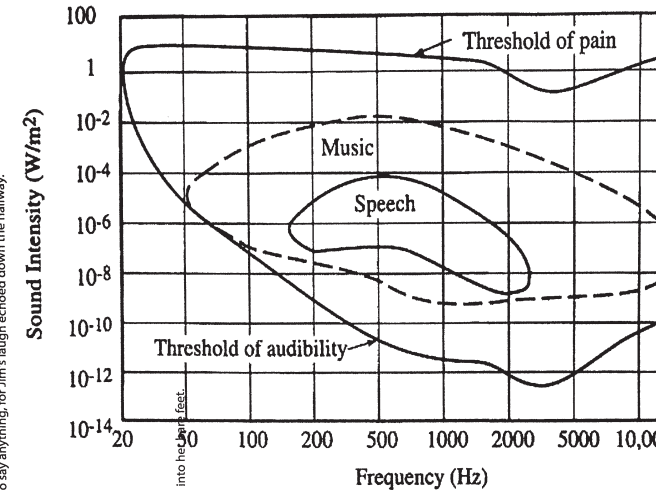


# jim



every time my eyes flutter shut, m  
ay it be cause of bright light in my face, i feel such a drawi  
ng into that void full place, i have slept so muc  
h these past days yet i feel no rest all i fe  
el is drawing to that unconscious place.  
meditation feels like awareness of det  
ails, but in a limited and controlled fashion, i think i often say tha  
is like being pressed against a screen because i am ext  
remely sensitive and thus over and over often  
fter my dissociations allow me to recognize t  
hat it is a screen which i'm pressed agair, which  
dissociations becomes distant and muted.  
is almost a balancing act of both these exper  
iences i focus on the sound of the cars by me r  
aint now i on a

a almost a balancing act of both these exper  
i focus on the sound of the cars by me r  
on a  
of the espl  
nd me.  
e off, they co

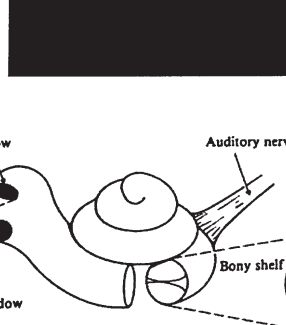
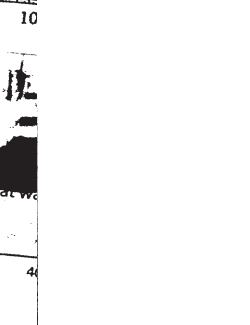




You enjoy indulging in your self-pity;  
You take pleasure in self-inflicted punishment.

It's like you bathe in it. Like  
A patch of sunlight  
That you act like you're drowning in.

It's an escape. A tunnel  
With a light so dim at the end  
You can't tell if it's salvation  
Or your reflection.  
You hope it's salvation.  
You pretend that it is.



Oval window

Auditory nerve


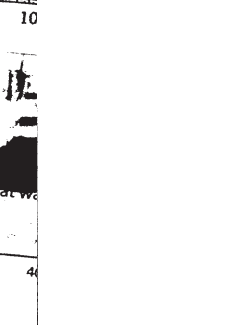
Bony shelf

Round window

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Oval window

Auditory nerve


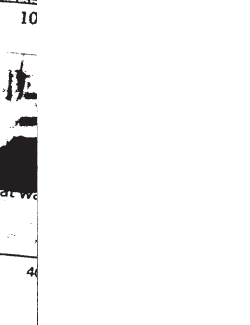
Bony shelf

Round window

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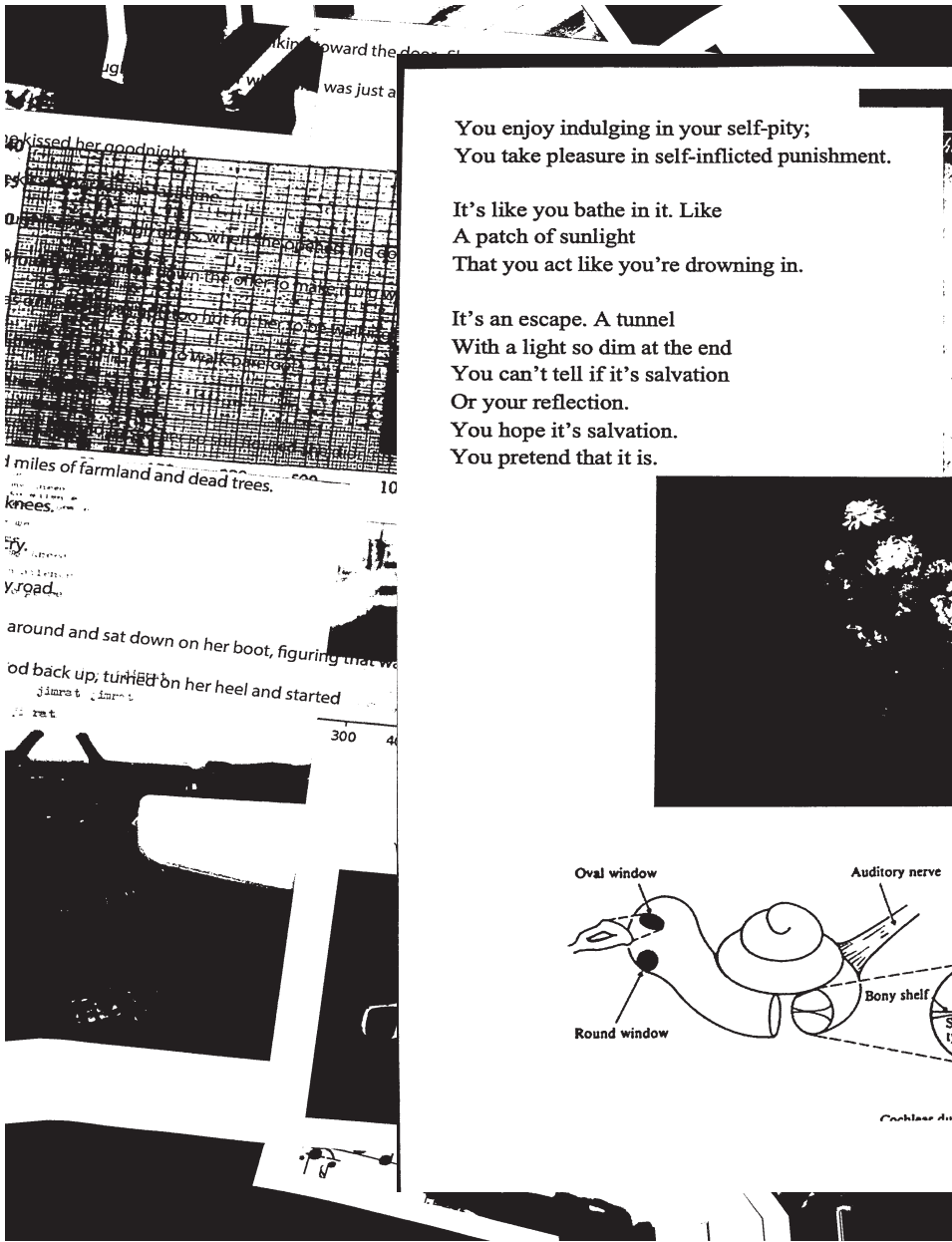
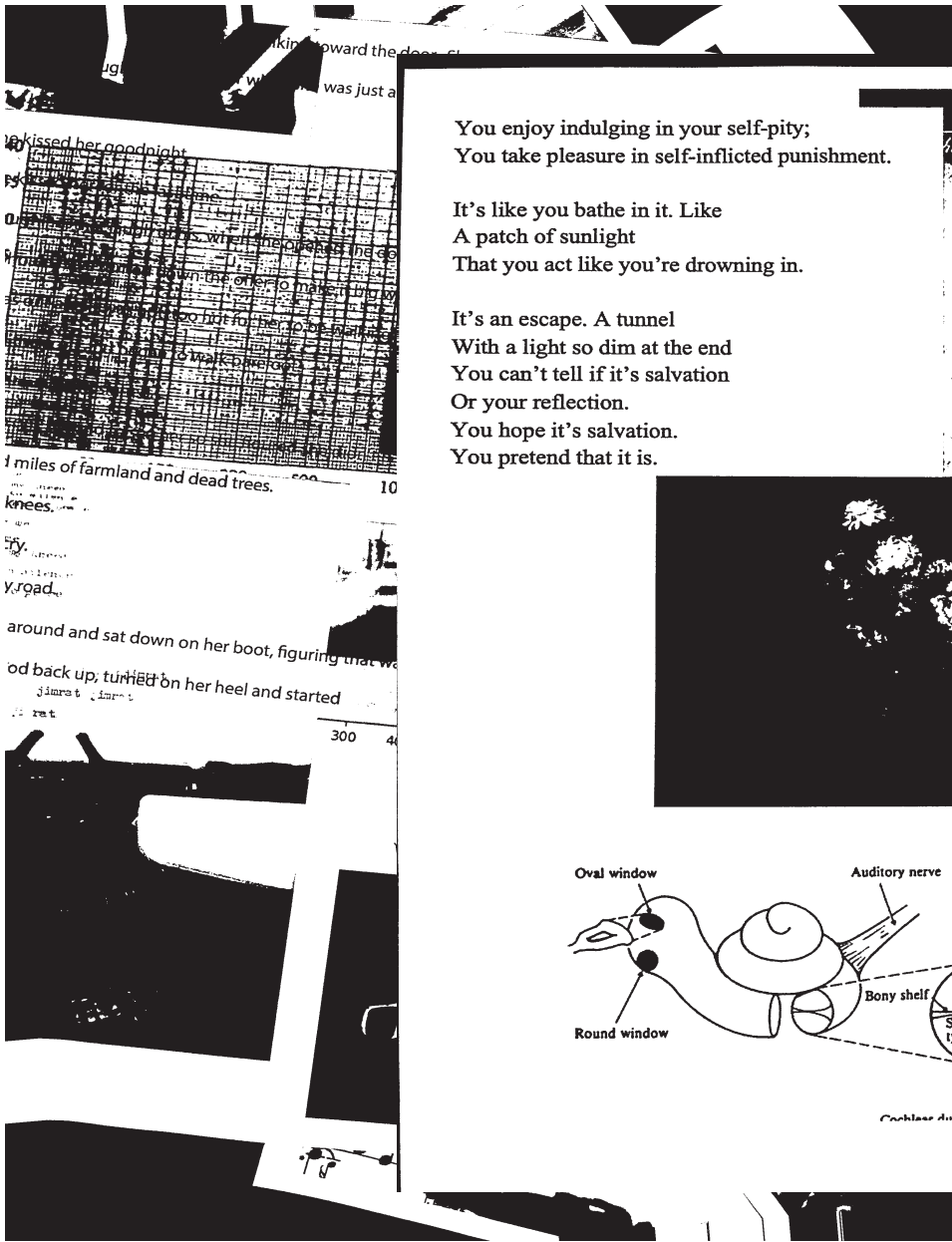
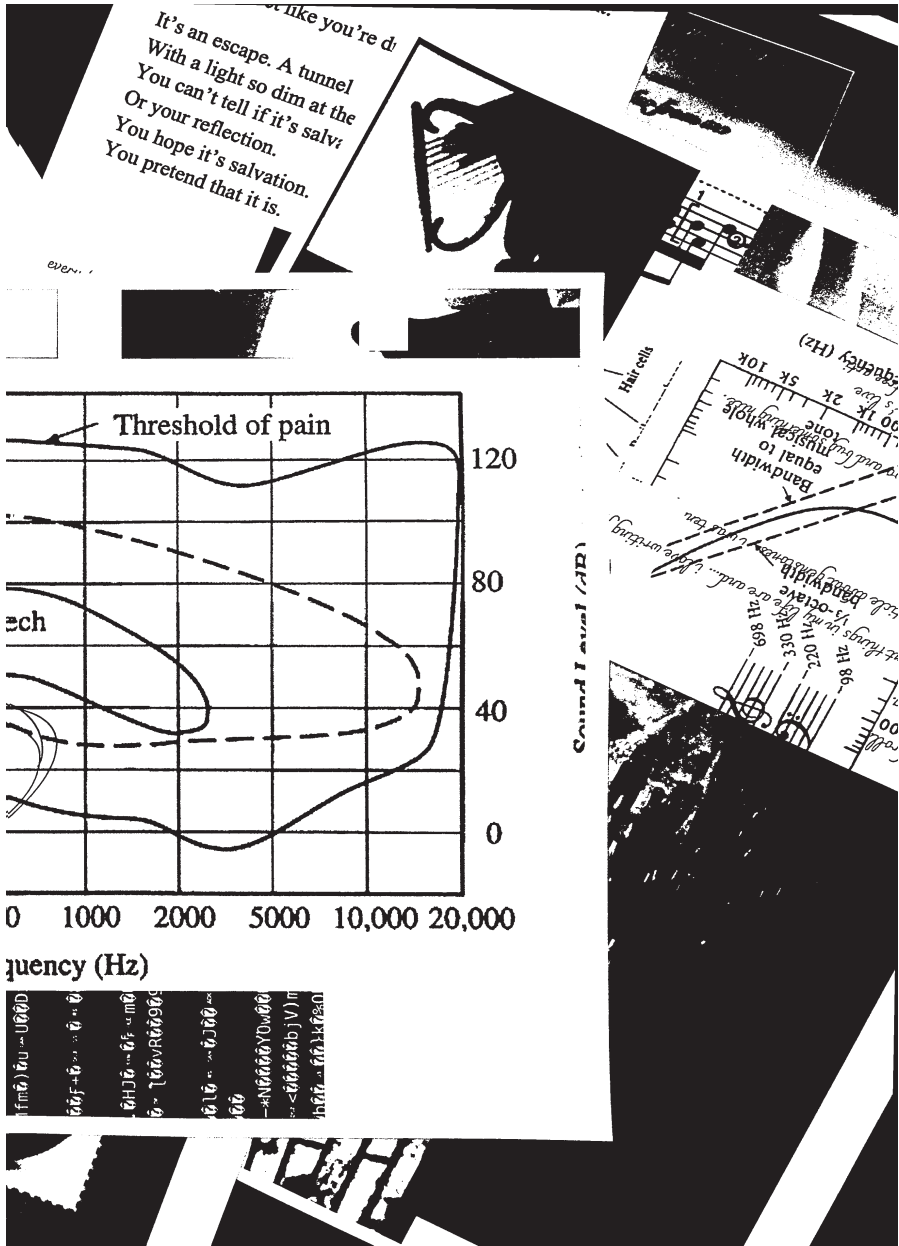
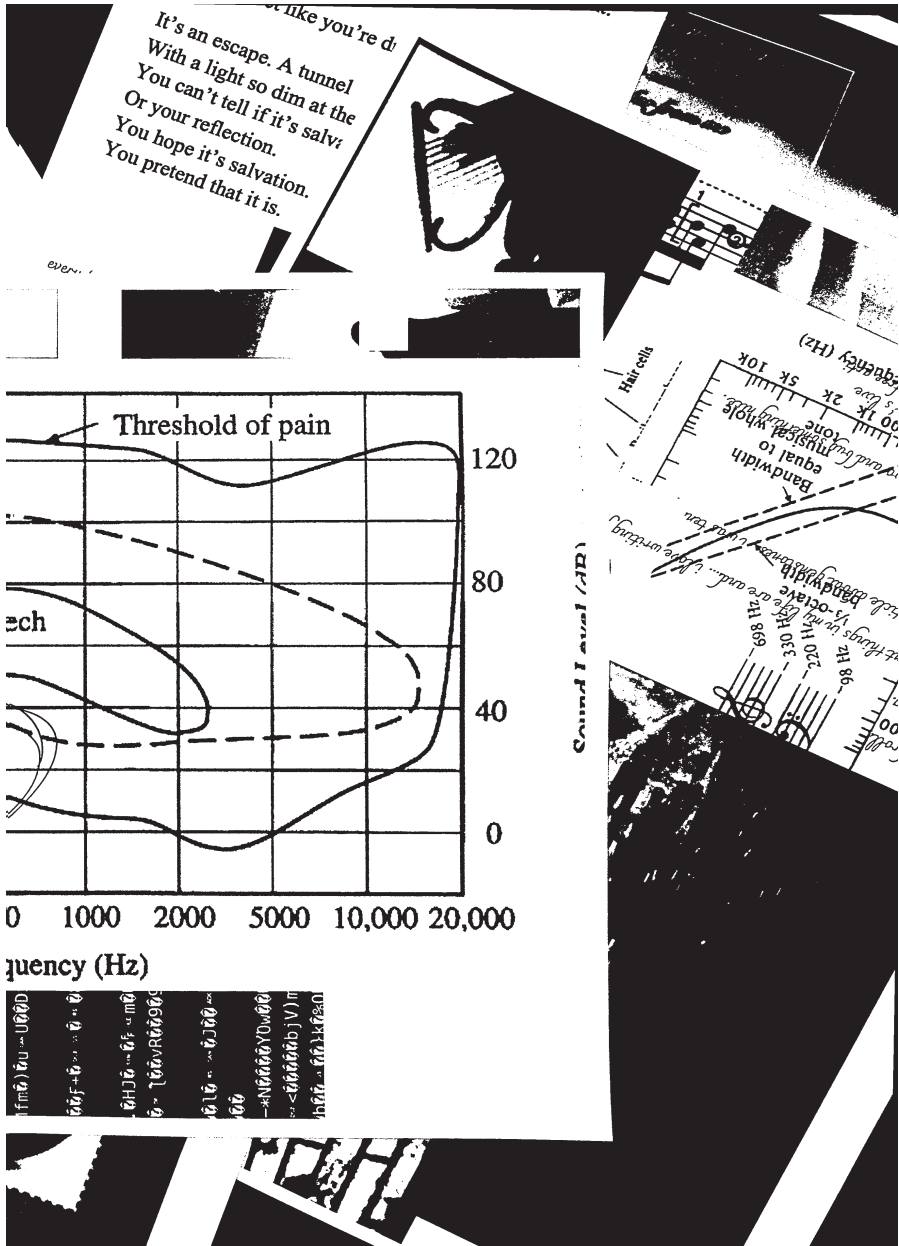


Oval window

Auditory nerve

Bony shelf

Round window

[illegible]

[illegible]