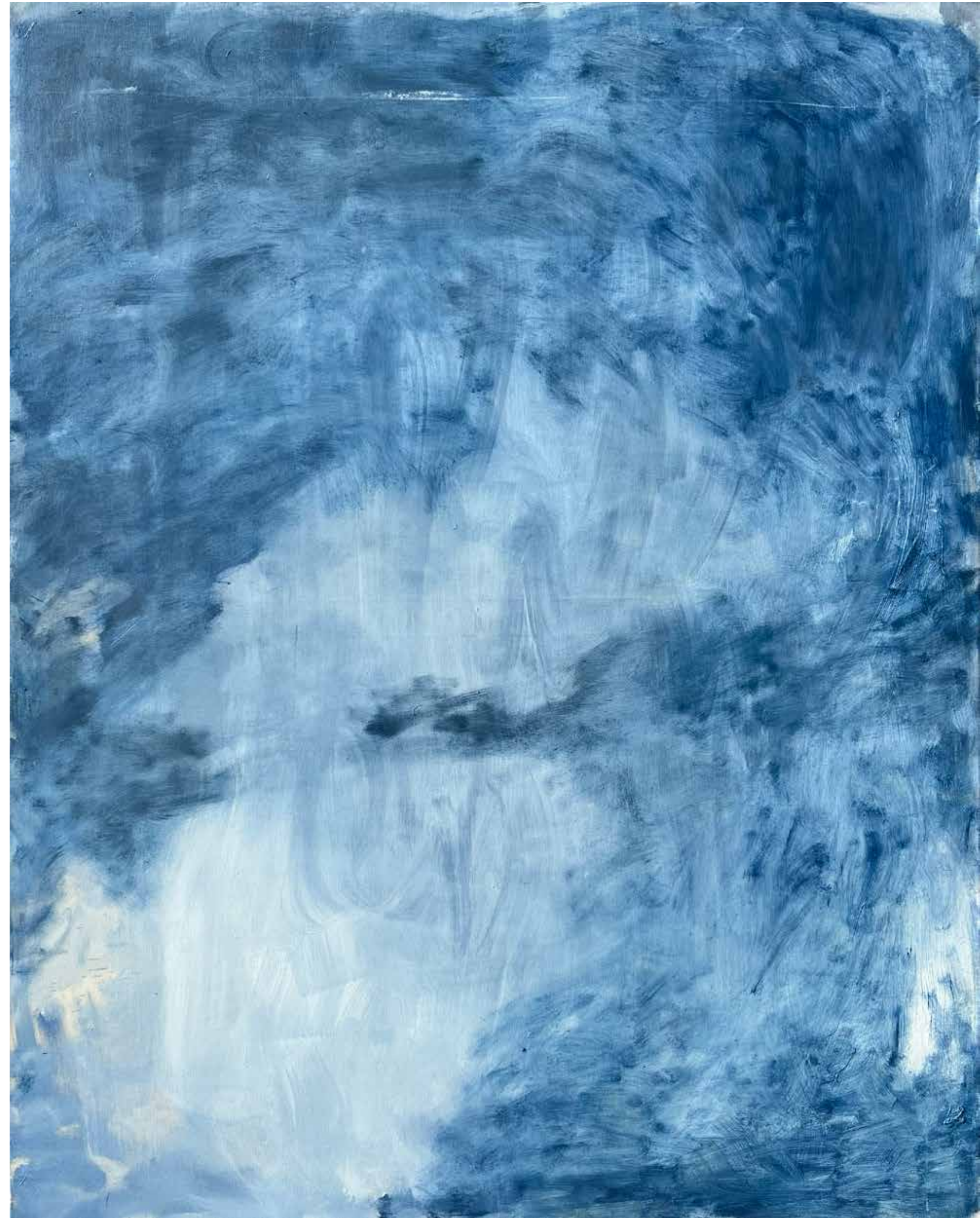
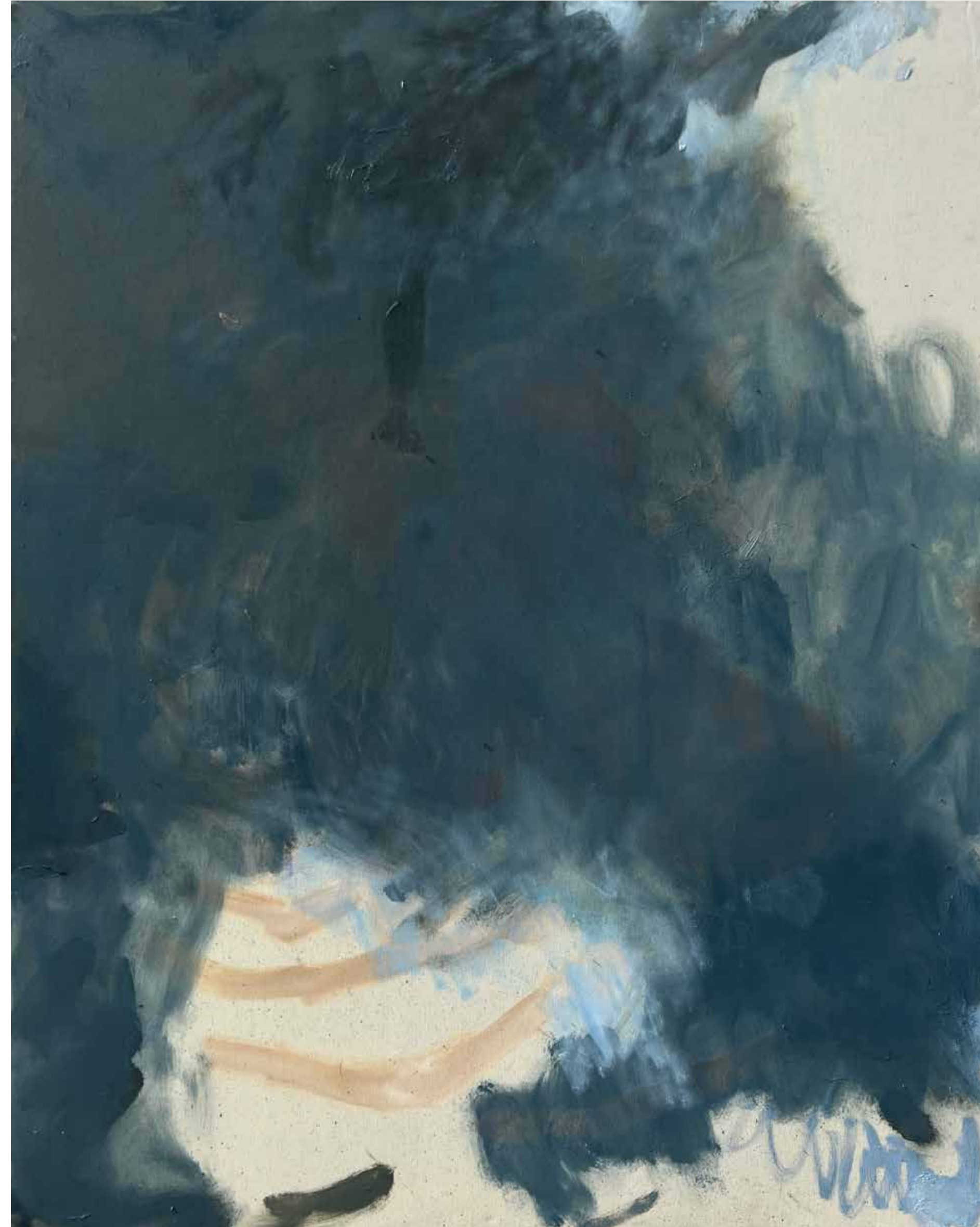


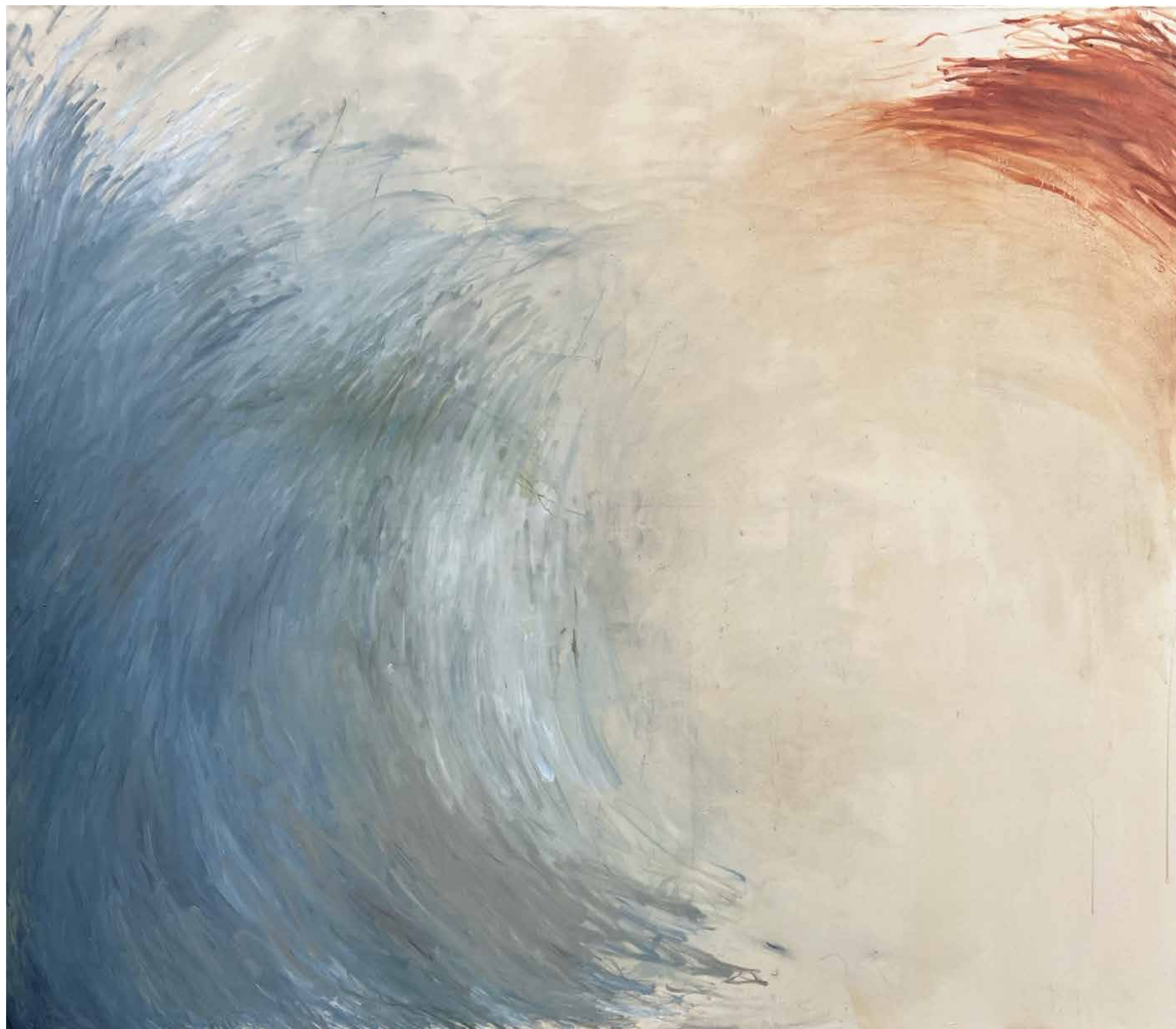
... because of the way words modify eachother, write themselves over each other, cancel one another out, because the unsaid always counts for as much, or more, as the said, and because language can never cover what it signifies

Language is always an abbreviation









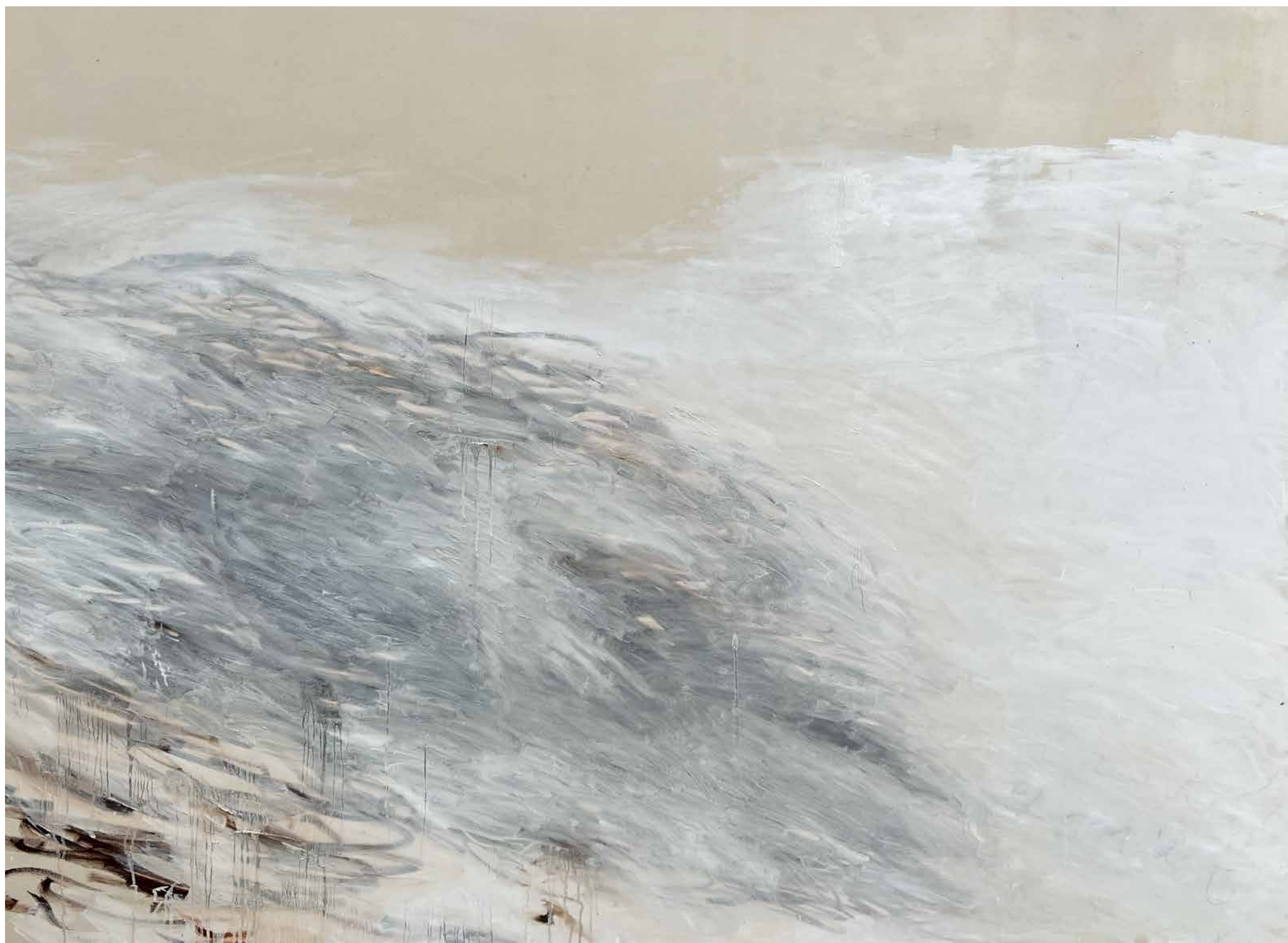
*If you love the sky and the water  
so much you almost cannot bear  
it*

*Nude*

*The Poet and The Oracle*

*Serenade*





I am

o ver whelmed

I want to show you my soul in an insdeisgn document



it isn't really working





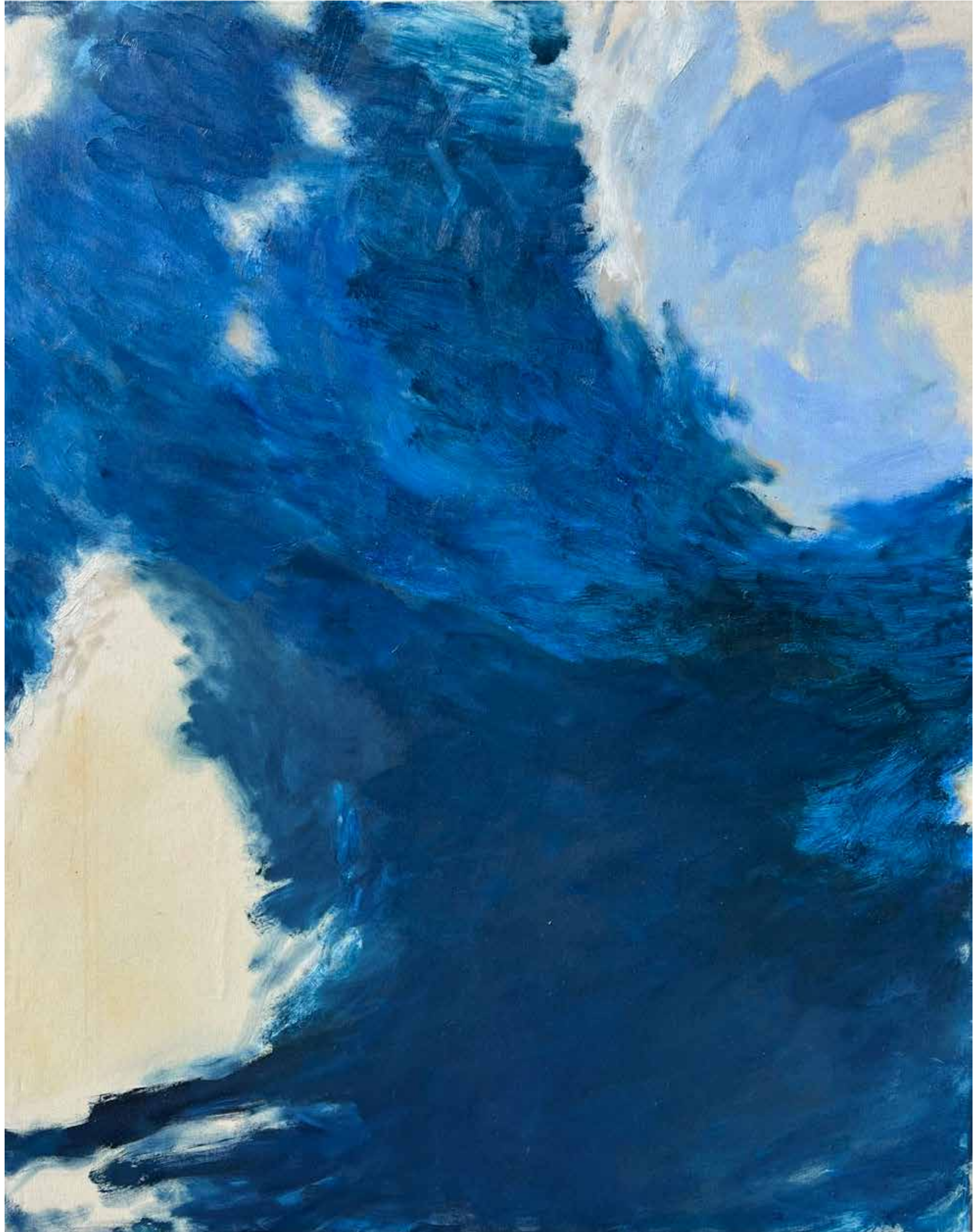
Think of an object's capacity to emit, reflect, absorb, transmit, or scatter light; think of "the operation of light on a feather." Ask yourself, what is the color of a puddle? Is your blue sofa still blue when you stumble past it on your way to the kitchen for water in the middle of the night; is it still blue if you don't get up, and no one enters the room to see it? that it is the business of the eye to make colored forms out of what is essentially shimmering. This is how we "get around" in the world. Some might also call it the source of our suffering.

Maggie Nelson, Bluets

















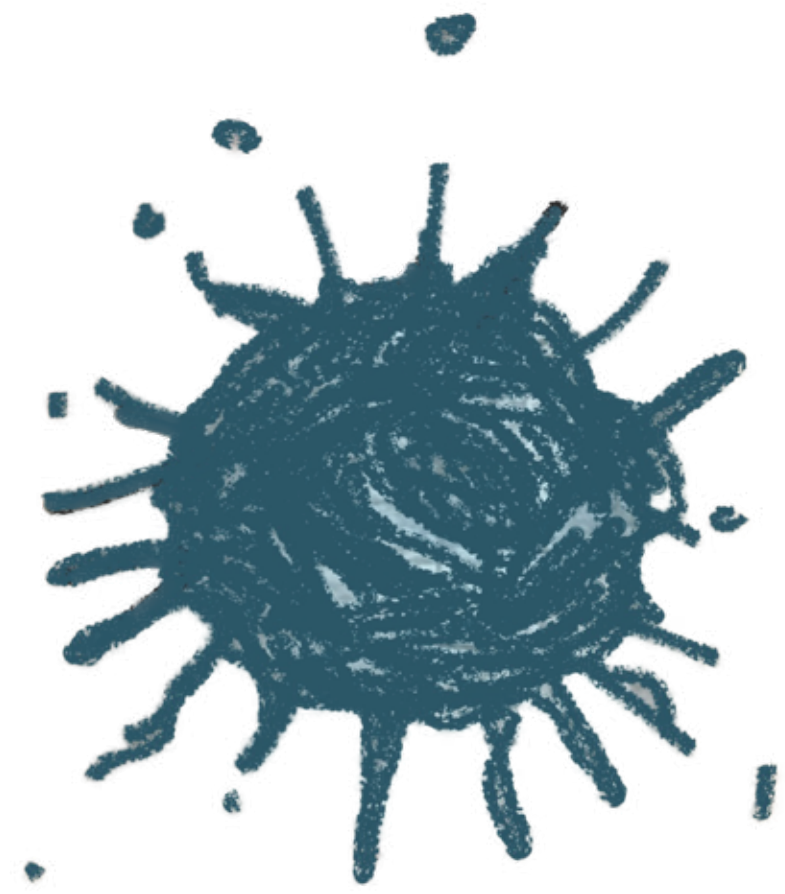


*There is a colour inside the fuck-  
ing, but it isnt blue*

*Aan te je rennen*

*A curious nakedness of thought between them*

*L e v i a a t h a n*



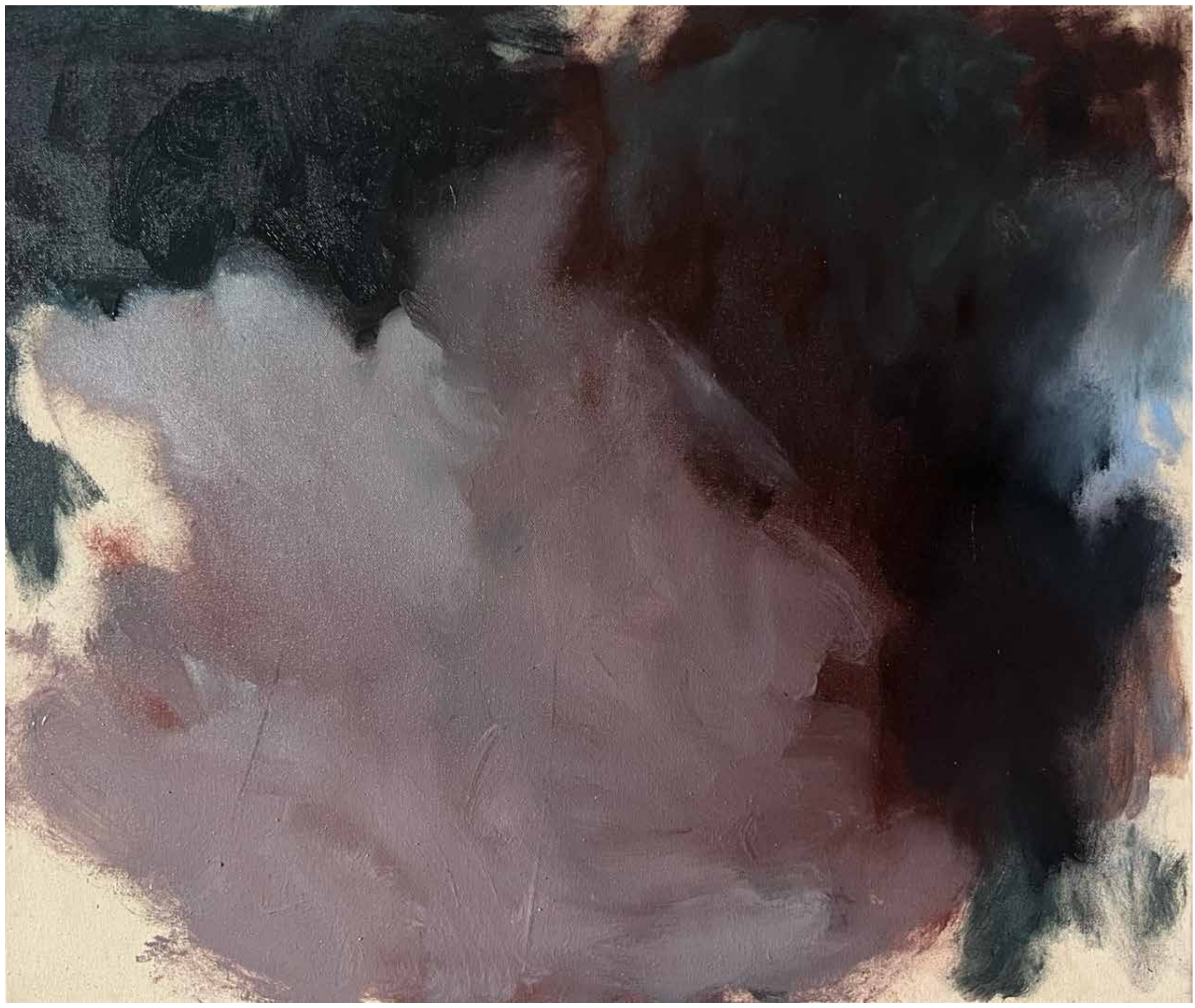
















*ik doe het nog steeds*

*Your good legs and Your relentless absence*

*It's not my fault you love me*

*E v e n t u a l l y,*



It was mostly peaceful, chaotic

But mostly  
peaceful chaos



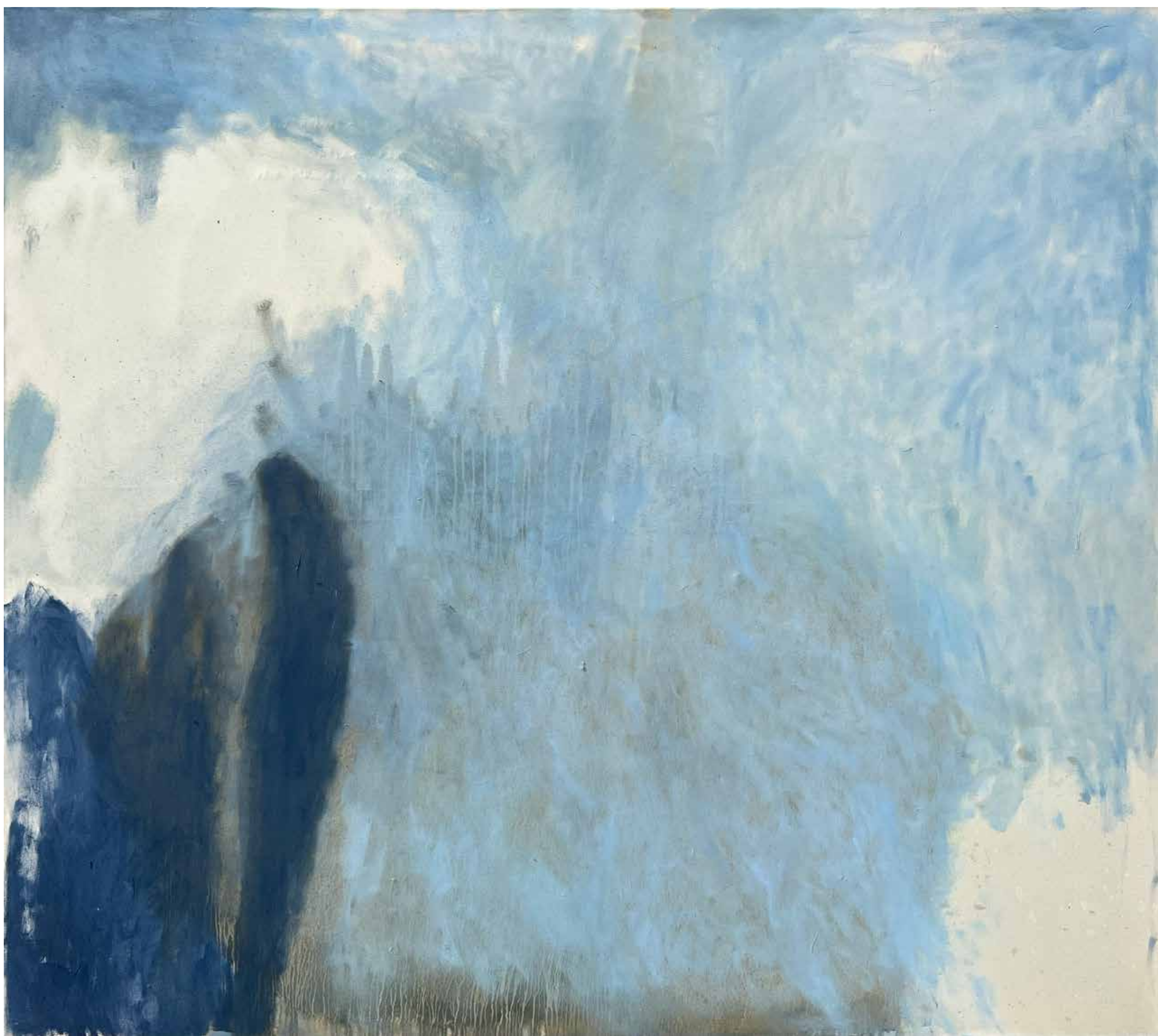






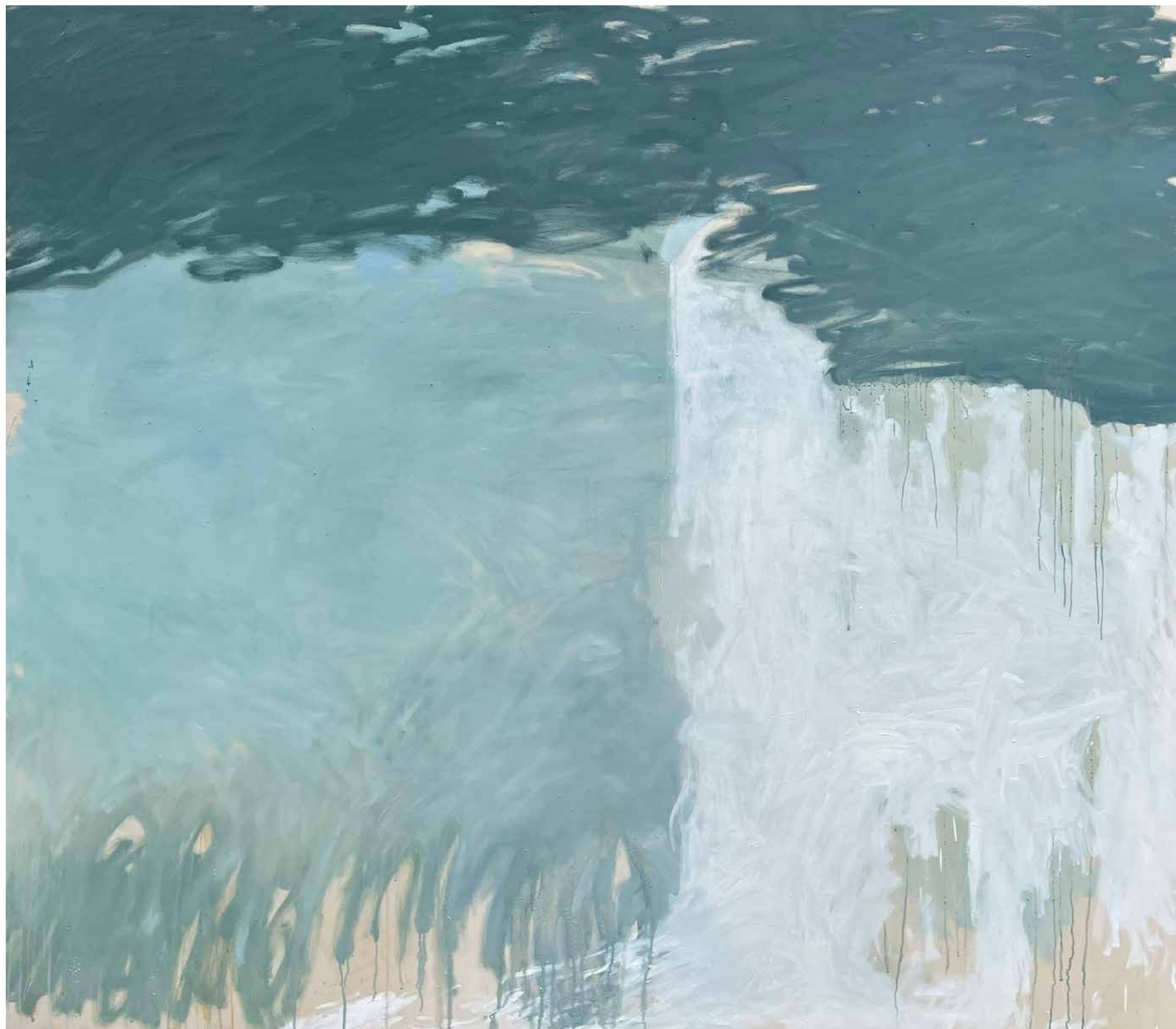




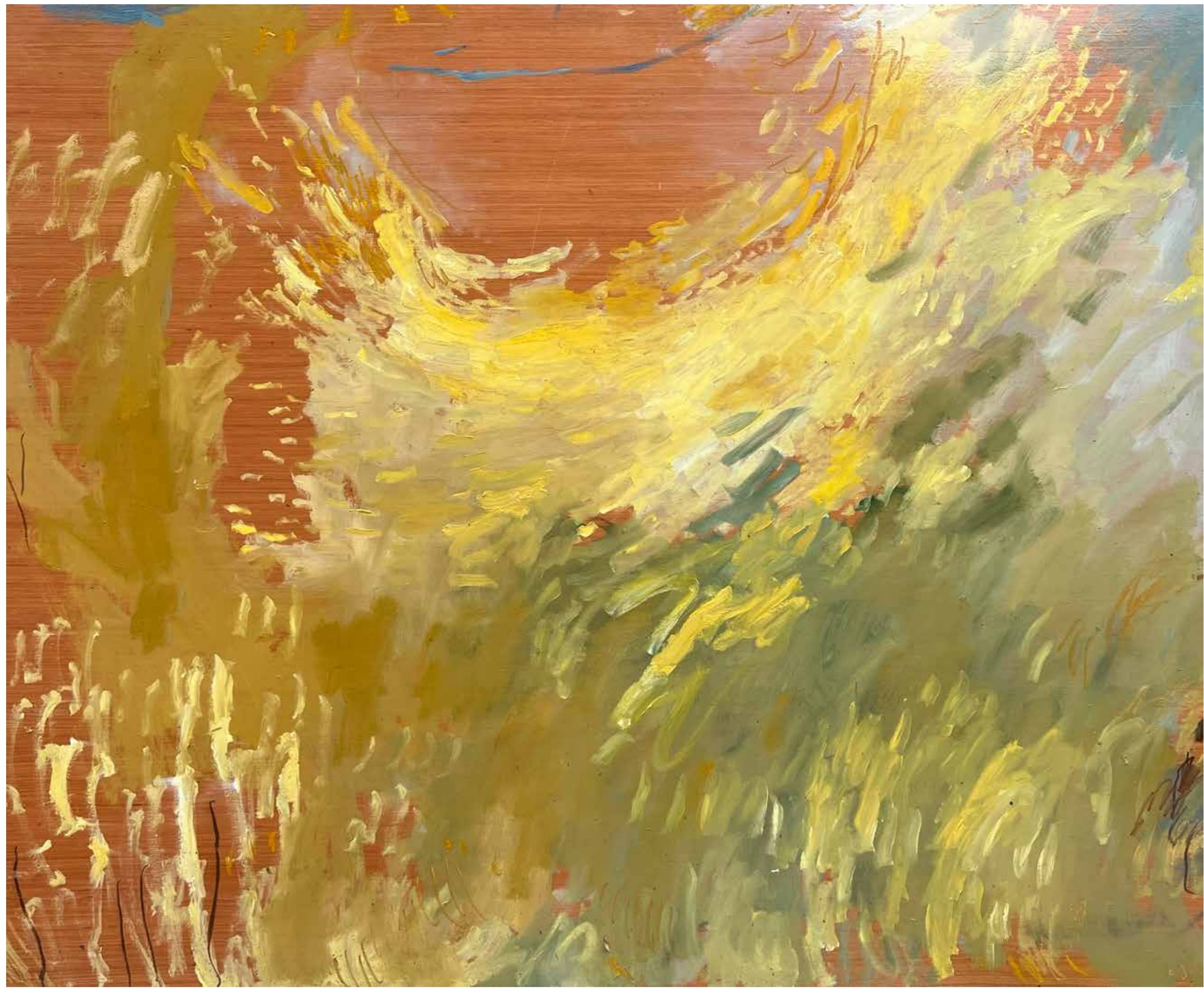














*Disgusts and rewinds,  
falling  
and laughing*

*We'll talk later*

*Mijn ogen vullen zicht met de jouwe*

*I dreamt of noise*

*Swell*

*Sanctuary*



I need to mix the blue with the yellow











*Flirting*

*with the*

*edge*

*Arena of The Unwell*



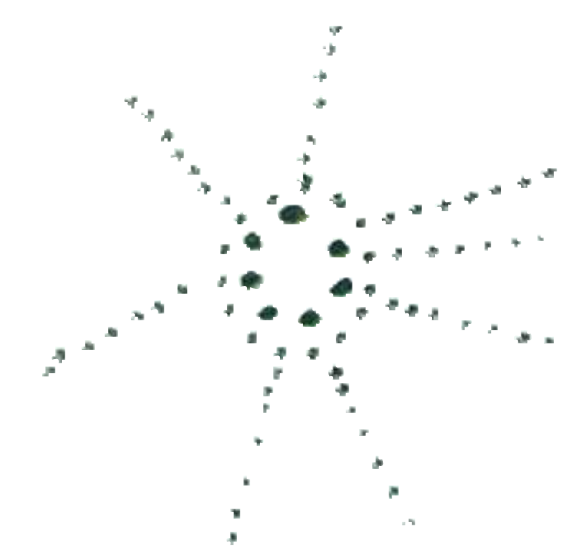
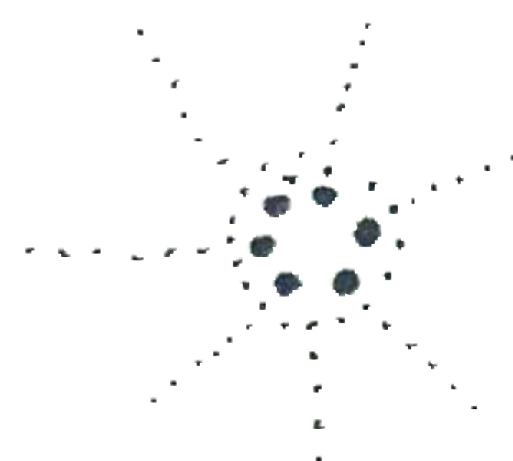
*This acceptance  
[of the fundamental  
impermanence of  
things] bewilders me:*

*sometimes it  
seems*

*an act of will, of  
surrender. Often I  
feel myself to be  
rockling between  
them (seasickness).*









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