

## *Epilogue*

**Catch me, I'm falling**

**I always thought it would be different - that I could escape in tact. Exit stage left. A free me.**

**Catch me, I'm crumbling.**

**The walls were to come down, yes, and the ceiling too, yes. And a million openings to let the light through like a million open doors onto an infinite space.**

**Catch me, I'm imploding.**

**But not the ground. No - not the ground and the space and the very matter of self. Ok, I had anticipated it, but only in the abstract. The dissolution of other must be the dissolution of self, yes. But when the ground opens under you - and space becomes only a flattened delusion. And**

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the very skeleton and tissue and flesh by which I define myself beomes molecularized, vaporized.

Help me, I'm falling.

And the very definition of self is gone, not just the definition - the very reality of self is gone and here I am perceiving, but perceiving what. And ambition is lost, not just abandoned; and the future is lost, not just abandoned. And all the divisions, binaries, economies and spaces lost, far from abandoned.

Help me, I'm running.

There's no going back. For there was no path, but a rupture. Like a child picking up wet sand forms that crumble between the fingers, I keep looking, holding, crumbling all to dissolve. Is this entropy? My greatest fear sprung from desire? (It is not a doubt, it is the doubt - consuming all.) And now I only pray (to whom?) Please stop it. Now I only pray to myself - absent. Please leave that alone. Not them. Not that. Let the links dissolve but not the forms. How to save them? How to save them from my self - my crumbling self? How to preserve them as an other - linked?

Help me, I'm loving.

Am I on the border of the true love, the one without self and other? Or is it simply death - the dissolution of the self. There is no way to find out prior. There is no way to stop it. And I dare not wish it. And I dare not think it. - that love and destruction are one and the same.

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