

I took 3 spaces towards frontality and turned back to look at spliced space. (1) "That's funny. I don't remember seeing you here". (2) "Well that's funny I could have seen you here".

Recently I press into my sternum to reveal not a chamber but a thing that gets us somewhere -- to veinity point, a point to aid in advancement. Altocolumnus Rectilintularis. This again I look down and "That's funny, I swore...". Incisions are vessels. When a slit is made it is perhaps the work of moving two materials closer together. Actually, yes, but in a way that de-emphasises the one that became two and prioritizes the wealth inside the space. Inside of the deposit may be the knowledge to re-establish the seamlessness, but that's not what's important here. Heroically leaping from mass landing to mass landing, incisions hold inside of them an inherent formal function of a stitch. A bond more recognizable/disclosed now that I can see the two edges. A relationship Unlaid. To be a trap and a circumscription, a forced manipulation, a portalic mesh. "That's funny, I don't remember seeing this much goop". I become in-gaged in the dialogue of the wound and begin practicing forecastings in the manner the matter is supposed to be. To pass over is to sail through and actually allow what you know as the marred space of the wound to fulfill (and surpass) its potential as a residence. ["Wound" here is divorced from trauma/pain and rather relating to Rawness...perhaps in the vein...perhaps tender.] In the cross lives the Wraith, an embodiment of matter and occurrence that has garnered the ability to enact the multiplicity of Savagery. Wraith, disconnected from linearity of fleshliness, generates its corporeal form through a vibratory/rotational mesh that keeps touching itself--and only through this atmospheric touching of the self does the Wraith materialize. So not an actualization of a borderland creature with the ability to pass but vibration or a fizzle that maybe CAN'T bounce from ridge to ridge (from mass to mass). Out of possession of the ability to come out. *At this point in the writing there has been a shift from the desire to weave and understand two lands to recognition of a desire that is actually BOUND. And now the process is to think about this Bond. *

When I divest into the language or Portalic Transference this bound space perhaps becomes what I mean. A lack of desire and ability to materialize on the either side of the portal and ultimately to continually buttress the portal open. The Wraith generates/is a portress. The existence of the Wraith itself flays space and caustically begins to underwork existences, making it important when beginning to examine It that it's remembered that initial actions which engender Portalic Space are Savage. These are actions of brutality, actions of damage: explosions, shots, stabs, disintegrations etc. What's left is the "Raw" --a portalic divot now breathing. When beginning to process through this section, remembered is it that portals are almost always vacuous entities in their own right. And by this it is meant that the divots are vacuous and they are named as entities as a reminder that they are Existences (or "Living" Exclusivities) made way by kinds of negatives/reductions/divestments/less than 0's. This then means that the Wraith isn't technically alone as it rotates in the exclusive/vacuous raw divot. The Wraith is shrouded in a presence or a companionship This is to say--perhaps--that the "fortress" of the Wraith is It's primary(only?) partner. Since the Wraith is consistently a vibrational mesh that only semblances materialization [indeed It's own portalic manifestation], It does not rely on "touch".