

delimit; how to occur

Part I

Out of options.
Out of rational established suspension.

Out of line. Out of distance. Out of time. Out of shape. Out of sequence.
Out of momentum. Out of signs. Out of cycle. Out of prospects. Out of proportion,
Out of memory. Out of absence. Out of silence. Out of desire. Out of want. Out of
need. Out of pressure.

Cope. Unable to execute sometimes even falling over mid-sentence
erasure of the following movement a shift in the preference of positions. *the*
underlying problem - Out of sequential finger movement.

Out of energy to say no - to turn away - to turn off - to walk away - to
recognize - to stand up - to settle down - to move forward - to land steadily - to be
honest - to break the pattern - to shift the outcome - to be a sequential result of
action and reaction

Out of fear. Out of shame. Out of habit. Out of hunger. Out of delusion. Out
of dependency. Out of inability. Out of exhaustion. Out of comfort. This type of
horror in front of the television surrounded by too much stuff where you find
yourself continuing to emulate instead of actually being, and out of what? out of
boredom?

Part II

It no longer delimits the void. Objects sharpen - they have denotation but not connotation. Movement becomes a map of the movement and it can navigate but it has no location. Fear of falling remains a constant and you still sit in the denial aisle where everything becomes an outline of the thing.

You get old but so what?

Part of the reason (i.e. *Part* of the reason) it became such a constant in your life is because it distracted this anxiety, this paranoia, this caring.

You get old but so what?

There is clean and then there is clean. You've spent so long not caring and now the caring crashes back and turns into obsessive worry.

And you get old but so what?

Settle into this type of horror, surrounded by too much STUFF. You settle into boredom. Settle into limitation. Settle into repeat.

It can no longer delimit the void.

But right now almost useless in front of the television watching nineties horror films you are completely discontent or maybe just somewhat anxious but about what you have no idea and it starts to seem like you have lived your whole life out of boxes and bags surrounded by too much STUFF and you want that clean home everyone else has but when you move time and relationships burn out so quickly that it becomes impossible to just SETTLE and You continue to find yourself constantly emulating someone instead of actually being that person

It no longer delimits the void.