

## Øbscured Variætjøn

What is I? How does it form? Plains of our perceived existence. Reflections and deflections. Isms worn like comfortable coats. Kaleidoscopic visions with the changing light and the deadweight of psyche's thrashing. What I am is reflected in who you are. Who you are is reflected in who I am not. Mirrors forming an endless tunnel of repetition. Neurological evolution causing physical revolution. In the storm of I, something is formed—something is lost. Is forgiveness the same as acceptance? Will you repent for what you craved in a given moment? Is your atonement honest? The singularity of an instance can never be repeated or understood in the seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, years that follow. Was it worth it then? Is it worth it now? Can the question be truly answered if the moment is gone? As you fall into yourself, into your bones and neurological truth, do you recognize the gods and devils you've formed? Does your skin become constricting and claustrophobic when you pretend to be another? An other. Mental seizures in the form of strobe light vision.

Do you truly know who you are?