

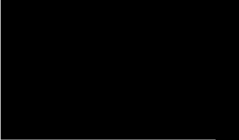
BOUNDARY CONDITIONS

Transcension of the self
following the death of magic

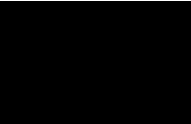
Act 5



**SHARP
FOURTH**





stood waiting, under skies bright
through the dead grey facades
the dismal reality of a suburban hell
forms an unfitting frame



the breeze blows, gust after gust
a standalone tree sways;
beauty, green and vibrant
unaware of its captors

my attempts to rationalise it
categorise it, as I had been taught
fall short and insufficient
there must be something more



An Investigation Into the Material Properties of Lunar Stone



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Dr. [REDACTED]

Abstract

On the 14th of April [REDACTED], the on-board Thorne-Newbridge energy field detector in a Surface Research Group monitoring station located within the [REDACTED] National Park recorded an *Anomalous Energy Event* (AEE). This event was flagged by our researchers due to the recordings similarity to a previous experiment conducted on the [REDACTED] Lunar Mission, during which another Thorne-Newbridge energy field detector on the landing pod recorded the background TN field of the Lunar surface. April 14th's event also drew the attention of local authorities as it coincided with the disappearance of Brigid an Saol.

This paper will explore the relations between Lunar material, AEEs and the disappearance of personnel through a thorough investigation into the material properties of a sample of Lunar stone gathered during the [REDACTED] Lunar Mission.

Methodology

In a cold hallway, wait until your arms lose strength and your legs give out. Blood pumping at dizzying speeds and a mind on fire. Become engulfed in the tunnel that presents itself to you; its walls like an angry crowd pulling and scratching at your limbs. Any longer and you would be ripped to shreds. Like an awful honey, the remnants of a hive that met a hornet, your humours course with such force as to break their vessels. Under the cold lights, see the insides of your eyes; its slender veins sprawling and spiralling like a tree in winter.

Step off this horse now and let my bones become twisted and petrified; my blood viscous and unmoving I'm set in place like stone.

in my naïvety I dedicated myself
to the wrong cause; wrapped up in the method
I neglected my own principals
I neglected my own health

*a healthy dose of scepticism
is enough to poison a whale*

to lose inertia and crash
a flaming wreck
a spectacle for onlookers
foetal shaped mess
weakened muscles convincing themselves
to run a marathon in place

self deluded
I convinced myself my work means something

*anois, gan féin
tá brón orm*

*To my sweetheart. I
am sorry for not
being around this
morning but I needed
to catch the sunrise
over the hilltops to
get myself in the
right headspace for
writing.*

*I forgot to ask you
to pick up some new
handsoap while you
were out last. I
need to stop getting
so caught up in my
writing for both our
sakes! Stay safe and
I will have dinner
ready for when you
are back.*

Imogen

why did you pick that
you should have done something else
you fucking mess
fucking molehill
whats wrong with you
you fucked up now
stop tripping over yourself
my legs want work
get over yourself
I'll be okay
dont need your input
haha
haha
haha

in a clean room::a sterilised place of worship
neutral [in the eyes of the arrogant]
a weapon [in the hands of the damned]
a tool [by all means]

ensnared and entangled
in its neighbours; corridors of our own devising
occupy the same space as passage&&portal
transient space we can/cannot process

the white walls and cold floors, washed in a
wretched aura >> aims to go beyond
to transcend by quarter 4; go inbetween for
profit and strategy; corrupt this space before
our competitors
in our hands a weapon

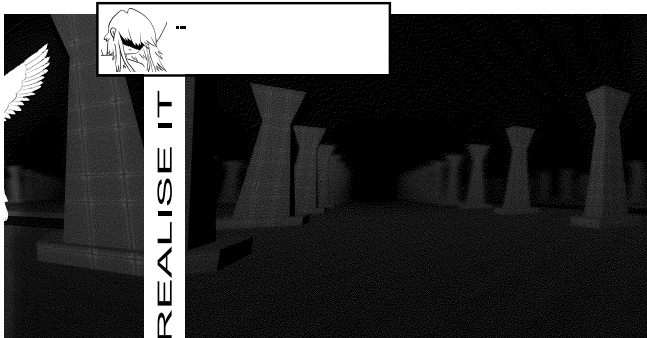
for once, clarity
i learn(my purpose), my work(gains meaning)
an gealach, tá brón orm
ach críochnoidh mé é seo anois.

her beauty ensnared;
in wires and probes << I sever. a sabotage
untamed energy, a fierce aura like lightning
bright, full and shining -> strikes me
I relinquish my place in the rubble,

I misalign,
I occupy a superposition
I cross the event horizon
M E T A M O R P H O S I S
B E G I N S
with one final dust filled breath, I form a new
self. **I**




Hello...?
Is anyone there?



-

REALISE IT



eolaíocht agus asarlaíocht
chailtéar na teorainneacha
cosiúl le gaineamh
athríonn mo choirp
ag tuaslaig

rugadh mé i spás nua
le tuismitheor gan aghaidh
chaillim mo chludach
tógaim foirm nua

I SPREAD MY WINGS

the stars are beautiful tonight
I've never seen them so bright, full and shining
I crossed the threshold
and the grass is greener

Dia duit, mo ghrá

BOUNDARY CONDITIONS

Transcension of the self following the death of
magic

Act 5

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**SHARP
FOURTH**

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