

Sebastian Michael

Three Pieces of Mind: III — Thought

Imagine you walk into an existence and it all just makes sense. As you look around you, you see: there is order, there is beauty, there is, above all else, meaning. There is safety in knowing that that which is is to a purpose, an end, that that which is not is not meant to be, and that that which seems random seems random only but is in fact the result of a logic that is coherent, relevant, and above all fair.

This is an existence, surely, that you could feel comfortable in, happy. Contented, your competence defined by the level of your comprehension. The layers arranged in ascending order: down in the basement the murkier, darker, less savoury parts, also those that need cooling, those that shun daylight, those that are ugly, and those that are rarely enough used to not need to be strictly on hand, but also not so obsolete as to be simply discarded. But also a place for the fugitives, for the ones who need, who seek sanctuary, now and then, be they beings or objects or deeds. At ground level, the entry point: wide and open, welcoming even. A receptacle, an atmosphere, a place just to be; perhaps a foyer, a hall. At the centre of it, a sweeping staircase leading to the first gallery from which there are corridors, offices, residences, halls, meeting rooms, where people come together and discuss and debate and learn and study and—it is not a university this, nor is it a corporation, it is not a monastery and it is not a hotel, it is not a church, very obviously, and it is not a resort, it is, after all, just the thought and so it is clearly all of these and none of these at the same time, it is

a thought and the thought is the edifice and the edifice is the be all and end all, the alpha and the omega, the beginning, the middle, and the de-termination, it is... (let us not use the word yet, let it still be merely, not merely, but absolutely, a thought)—and exchange their ideas their versions their conceptions of the conception. The higher you go, the narrower, the steeper the stairs must become, the loftier the thought is, the more exalted, exulted, even, its realisation, until, at the pinnacle, at the top, there is room for no more and room for no less than it all than the all than the everything of creation the encompassing overallness of it all, than the inexpressible, ineffable thing that is everything that has ever been or could ever be or could ever be imagined to be or could ever be imagined to be imagined to be, and it is the definer, the guarantor, the creator. The Thought. Which is why every thing encompassed and contained within so makes sense. It is there because it is necessary and it is necessary because someone is able to think it and someone is able to think it because it can be thought.

Thus in a circular, cyclical motion the Thought invents and then reinvents itself in eternity. The question does not have to be: is there a Thought, the question simply has to be: what is the thought now? In its current iteration, in its contemporaneity, in its majesty and its servitude, and to whom? To whom is it what? Not why? Everyone now knows why there is a Thought, the question is not even to what end, everyone knows to what end, the question is simply, in what direction: the vector.

That is the Thought. The Vector, the direction of travel. To whatever end, at whatever time, in whatever context.

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I thought me this thought so I built me this temple so I could be.
And now this is done I can also cease to be, one way or another,
the thing that is made up of me and my temple, my thought, is now
there and persists, with a life of its own. Only: how?

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What then remains, a question I wonder, I wonder how?

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How does it connect me to my world, how does it relate to every other
thing there is, what is the connexum, so to speak, the force field that is
not matter, not energy, not information, that allows me to empathise,
allows you to sense where I'm coming from, allows the temple to
breathe and the mind to excite beyond reason beyond doubt beyond
measure, that allows the Thought to be live?

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What is the affective field?
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The currency of words: so devalued, so exasperated, so spent. So inflationary, so unstable. So furtive. And so loud. So emphatic, so bold, so brutal, so crass, so subtle, so diligent, so vulnerable, so susceptible, so tender, so categorical; so open, yet, so weak. So powerful, so strong.

The nature of words: so ethereal, ephemeral, evasive. So direct. So obvious, so contradictory, so poetic, so banal. So unreliable, so precise.

The power of words: so like any other, so unique, so reflective of its time, so expressive of the riches that it holds, so instrumental, so defining, so astute.

{Love?}

