lexDict, 2nd Edition, 4th Revision var N = AFor Adrian.

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵ Ν.

For Adrian.

 \wedge / **\(\)** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Abomination

lexDef "Abomination" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <</pre> N.B. ARIA var = "An Abomination of Population Growth." | DNE var = "An Intercourse of Abominations" [1]

1. "On the Bottom Half of Mirrors and the Topmost Part of Copulation, Jorge Luis Borges, 2024. ↔

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Addendum

lexDef "Addendum (pl. Addenda)" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE} } < N.B. {aria var = "An Addendum of Endings" || dne var = "A Confusion of Addenda" } } [1]

1. (In My Beginning), Know Body, In There. Right? Mind.

√ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Arc

lexDef "Arc" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < a</pre> fractioned circlular object's [1] circumference, a segment of a curve, or a Forking Path. [2] || N.B. ARIA var = "An Arc of Arcana" | DNE var = "An Intersection of Arcs" [3]

- 1. Such as a Book. ←
- 2. Foundational Devices of Narrative Mathematics, M. Endive,

ERA Æ ←

3. S. Elk. ERA_EA, Biomolecular Chessics for the Pre-Phage Era. $_{\wp}$

I see it now. I've seen it. When all this is over, N will be for

Ariadne

lexDef "Ariadne" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || prodverb} < A
Shaman.^[1] || "Ariadne's thread" refers to a
Lexicomythographic clue or method that {helps|hinders}
someone navigate a difficult situation or solve a complex
problem, drawing from the myth where Ariadne provided
Theseus with a ball of thread to find his way out of the
labyrinth.

1. S. Elk. On The Nature of Our Alchemical Matrimony - An unread letter to M. Endive. $^{\wp}$

var N = Adrian.

pass **mark** again

B IS FOR

LOCH: INNER

KEY: € | t | {const}

var N = B

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Barnabie

lexDef "Barn{ab}ie" {{us}ag{e}::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "An {Assault|Battery} of Barnabies" |
DNE var = "Definition not found"</pre>

 \triangle / **a** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Basket

```
lexDef "Basket" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < A Deterministic Reality. || N.B. ARIA var
= "A Basket of Scalar Systems" | DNE var = "A Basking
Reptile of Baskets"</pre>
```

Δ / Δ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Beauty

lexDef "Beauty" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < A word meaning Death || N.B. ARIA var = "A
Beauty of Graves" | DNE var = "A Devastation of
Beauties"[1]</pre>

1. The Loss Held In Unity: Collective Noens of the LexDict For The Bygone Era. - Prof. Ed. O. & 'Thing'. ERA_U $^\omega$

△ / 🎍 | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or actually, yes N is for

Bellows

lexDef "Bellows"[1] {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE} || Vyrb || Adjecture || Ripture} < An
Instrument, Which is a {Medium|Breath|Message}. || N.B.
ARIA var = "A Bellows of Collective Prayer" | DNE var =
"A Swallowing Of Bellows" || (Present: Tense) To
Resonate Until A Point of Rupture. N.B. The Bellowing
Stone of Jacob's Pillow || The Quality of The Breath. ||
The Breath of God Above, Who Bellowed From Below.}</pre>

1. $\underline{\text{VI}}$ short problems for bowed saw and singing bowl - notBorges $\boldsymbol{\omega}$

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Bestow

lexDef "Bestow" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb(i|ii.[a|b]) } < {{Two|To} Burden|Pack or store (an Object) carefully and neatly in a Particular place (within a Boundary) N.B. "Barn{(i|e)y} began stowing (t) {he{i}r} luggage into the Boot}.

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Bibliography

lexDef (Centromere) "Bibliography" [1] {lexAllele(s):::
Croen} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Bibliography of Broken
Fourth Walls" [2] | DNE var = "A Felled Phylogenetic Tree
of Bibliographies"</pre>

Bibliogrætiography

- 1. This The Bear, 2025.
- 2. Is The Hunt, 2025.
- 3. An {Easy|Accidental} Birth, Mother, 1994.
- Archival {REDACTED} Institute of Sexology, NoetWiltergarten, 1919.
- 5. Documentation Children's International Journal of Socioacademic Exclusion, 2017.
- Of Two Fish, Four Loaves, Give Love, Get Loathed. Dr NoetSeuss & Jesus Christ, 29-1960CE.
- 7. My Guarding of Forked Repositories, Petal & Borges, 1962-2025.
- 8. Encounters With An UnNoen Entity Setting Fires In A Hospital Basement, KSHE'L, 2024.
- 9. With {In|Out} Side: Lexicomythographic Importance Of Topology, NoetPoincaré, 1912.
- 10. The Never Ending Story's Unfinished Addenda: The Notable Beginnings of NoetEnde, 1979.
- 11. Divine Lexicomythographic Implications Of Philm NoetWaters' Filmography, 1997.
- 12. Through The Looking Glassed Over Consent; What All Is Found There ex-NoetCarroll, 1871.
- 13. Device Of Building: Foundations Of An Unforgiving Universe The Woman In The Wallpaper.

- Basically it's^[5] {an Idea machine|a work of NadaDadaistPoMoMamaism} ⁴⁰
- 2. // Imagine: {page-as-performance. [9] were written down in Words [10], in the form of Worlds [11], building themselves from Letters, between Characters, that is, for the point of making One's brain create it in One's Own (only) Sound}; // Or: {we are All, All of us, Devices, who, left to our own devices, will make our own meaning (of what to make of it), from the memories we've {made from | been {made | mangled} by | mangled into}} Stories.
- 3. RED RING PARALLEL by The Woman in the Wallpaper
- 4. is for Selkie: Through The Hole In The Wall (2024) ↔
- 5. The Woman in the Wallpaper [3] by The Sea [4]
- 6. lexDef "prodverb" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen^[7]} < A prodverb is the lexDef of a Lexicomythographic proverb, which is designed to {div|al{ert}} the reader {to|from} a narrative point of {mythopoeic|vulnerable} importance (cf. N.B.^[8])
- 7. lexDef "Noen" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen} < A lexAllele denoting a Name, Which is a Death, Which is, eventually, a Birth || N.B. ""A Noen of Knowns". ↔</p>
- 8. N.B. < {Nota Bene "Note Well" | NoetBorges | N{ever} Becoming | notBorges} **
- 9. lexDef "Page-As-Performance" {lexAllele(s):::

 Prodverb [6] } < A multidisciplinary artistic praxis where
 the act of {{{read|writ}ing on}|interacting with} the
 page becomes a performative event. Boundaries between
 {text|body|reader} blur, conjuring a live{d} experience
 beyond the canon{ical}. This method emphasises the
 physicality of text and the performative agency of the
 reader and creator.
- 10. †(through devising interactively interchangeable narrative devices) $\boldsymbol{\varphi}$
- 11. really loud, churning-- ↔
- 12. lexTrans {lexAllele(s)::: GnoeneoFrançais} << "Il n'y a pas de hors-texte." "There is nothing outside the

```
| text." ←

Δ / Δ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10<sup>-5</sup>
```

Now I am I sure. That N is for

```
Body
lexDef "Body" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}}
< A Veil || N.B. ARIA var = "A Body Of Worries" | DNE var =
"A Work of Bodies".
<BODY>
{REDACTED}
<\BODY>
```

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Though, Isn't N for

```
Bottle
lexDef (Centromere) "Bottle" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Bottle of Lost
Messages" | DNE var = "A Manifold of Bottles" [1]</pre>
```

1. The Broken Bottle, Felix Klein, 1882 ↔

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

But I am that N is for

Boot

lexDef (?) "Boot" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb} < To kick some{Thing|One} you {once|perhaps never} loved. In the crotch. On a street. Hard. [1]

1. <u>Glasgow</u>, 2023. ↔

 \triangle / **a** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Borges

lexDef "Borges" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < The Story Of All; Not Written By The
Author Of What's Left Of This Story, But That By Which
The Authors Of All Stories May Right. || N.B. ARIA var =
"A Borges Of Spiral Staircases" | DNE var = "A Mirror Of
Borges' Works"</pre>

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or Maybe N is for

Branch

lexDef "Branch" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < A place to {affect|grow|leave} {change|leave effects} before {a|e}ffecting the trunk's $^{[1]}$ {{affect|effects} that may {affect a|e}merge} $^{[2]}$ || N.B. "A Branch of Universes"

- 1. lexTrans {lexAllele(s)::: :Edo||odE:} << "trunk" is the
 preferred terminology to refer to a "main" branch of an
 EdocodE repository, into which 'branches' may be merged
 once changes have been applied to the codebase. Dr. Dot
 Code's analysis of Prof. Ed. O & Thing's syntax. **</pre>
- 2. lexTrans {lexAllele(s)::: SIPHO{N|r}} << Affect that may Emerge. Effects that may affect a merge. \Leftrightarrow

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Wait, wait, it's for

Breath

lexDef "Breath" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Breath of Bellows" | DNE var = "A
Rapture of Breathing".</pre>

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Bruise

lexDef "Bruise" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Bruise of Beetroots" | DNE var = "A
Bushel of Bruises"</pre>

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Burn

lexDef "Burn" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Wyrb} < {{Sire |
Fa(r)ther} || To {Father|Sire} }</pre>

☆ / Å | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Now I am I sure. That N is for

C IS FOR

Isn't N for

Cacophony

lexDef "Cacophony" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Cacophony of Chrysalides" | DNE var = "A Cocoon of Cacophonies" [1]

1. On The Nature Of Becoming, The Very Hungry Caterpillar, On Leaving The Leaf. 0BCE. $^{\rm cl}$

△ / 4 | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

But I am that N is for

Change

lexDef "Change" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < That Which is Left. [1]

 I am learning that in order to want the world to change, you have to believe that can happen. learning to believe is the most beautiful thing I have ever experienced |there is no neutrality - politically or about transitioning. I will struggle either way, but I'd much rather struggle in a bed I have laid myself - on my own terms. - A, for Adrian. $^{\wp}$

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Confusion

lexDef "Confusion" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Confusion of Addenda" | DNE var = "A
Convalescence of Confusions" [1]</pre>

1. The Children's Gospel Music Songbook in No Context,
Callie Rose {REDACTED}, April 17th, 1994. ↔

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Cultivate

lexDef "Cultivate" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Cultivation Of Cullings" | DNE var =
"A Cult Of Cultivations"[1]</pre>

1. Cult, The Pale Horse ↔

D IS FOR

var N = D

 \triangle / \triangle | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

Dandelion

lexDef "Dandelion" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Dandelion of Ephemera" | DNE var = "A Disintegration Loop of Dandelion Clocks" $^{[1]}$

 Poison Potions for the Modern Lexicomythographer, Basinski & Burdock & Basinski, 1994. ↔

 \triangle / **\Lambda** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Darkness

```
lexDef "Darkness" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Darkness of Memories" | DNE var = "A
Site of Darknesses"[1]</pre>
```

1. Source not Sighted. ←

Dead

permalink: Dead

lexDef "Dead" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE} || Badjective} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Deadening Of Pages" | DNE var = "A Debris of Deaths" $^{[1]}$ || To Have The Quality Of Promise.

1. From The Wreckage of Funerals To The Debris of Dead Friends - Croens of The lexDict {.}ofEntry F-D. ↔

In

Deed

lexDef (Centromere) "Deed" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Deed of Burned Down
Apartments" | DNE var = "A Devastation of Deeds" [1]</pre>

1. Spillages From The Depths Of Hell Reserved For The Soulless Poor Spelling - Infiniti Properties Management, 2025. ↔

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=1036

Delight

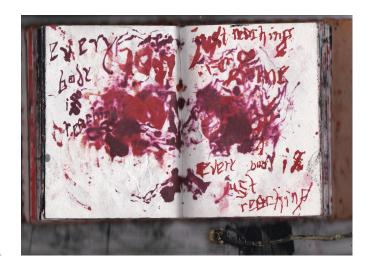
lexDef "Delight" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Delight of Drones"| DNE var = "An
Earthly Garden of Delights" [1]</pre>

1. D is For Drone, Chapter Four of The Woman Writing A
Dictionary Onto The Wallpaper For Some UnNoen Reason, by
The Hive of Hieronymus Bosch. ↔

```
▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3
   Destruction
   lexDef "Destruction" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
   {pre-schism}} < The {Process of Naming|Degeneratively</pre>
   Inevitable Attribution of Meaning to Memory }. | | N.B. "A
   Destruction of Families"

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10<sup>-5</sup>

   Diagnosis
   lexDef "Diagnosis" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
   {ARIA|DNE}|| Ripture} < An Unveiling || N.B. ARIA var =
   "A Diagnosis of Conclusions" | DNE var = "A Possession
   Of Diagnoses" || "Time: a Dying Gnosis."
E IS FOR
var N = E
A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5
Isn't N for
   Edition
   lexDef "Edition" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <</pre>
   N.B. ARIA var = "An Edition of {Presence|Presents}" |
   DNE var = "An Edifice of Editions" [1]
      1. The Woman In The Wallpaper Presents: The Deconstructed
         Children's Gospel Music Songbook, 1994 ↔
\land / \Lambda | OBS: 15:00 | \epsilon=0.007
But I am that N is for
   Elusion
   lexDef "Elusion" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <</pre>
   N.B. ARIA var = "An Elusion of Elucidations" | DNE var =
   "An Elution of Elusions" [1]
```



Art{i.e.}fact LXXVIII: The Impossible Space Between Water. S. Elk's Annotations on Wiltergarten's Manuscript. . ERA_o|i-EA $^{\omega}$

\triangle / & | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007 Scratch that. N is for

Enantiodromia

lexDef "Enantiodromia" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < The Propensity Of Things To Transform Into Their Opposite $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ARIA var = "An Enantiodromia of Self-Similarity" | DNE var = "An Injustice of Enantiodromia" $^{[2]}$

1. "Previously, she was diagnosed as being emotionally unstable. She has never been happy with the diagnosis of borderline personality disorder, as she does not think it explains her presentation. Lately, the smallest things can set her off emotionally. She does some work that involves burning a hole in the canvas." -NoetJung (Correspondence From the ARIA Faction's HQ {The

- Indefinite Library of Fable}), An Impatient History of The Woman In The Wallpaper. $^{\omega}$
- The Slimy Scales of Libra, or The Night You Kicked Me On The Street While notPlath Watched, NoetSnicket (Correspondence From the DNE Faction's HQ {The Bothies Of The Unending Tundra}). ↔

\triangle / & | OBS: 15:00 | $\epsilon{=}0.007$

Or actually, yes N is for

Entrance

lexDef "Entrance" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < Change. $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ARIA var = An Entrance of Reincarnations" | DNE var = "A Sarcophagus of Entrances" $^{[2]}$

1. NoetBorges as a Divisive Symbol in The Citadel of Toms, N. 2023. $\ensuremath{\omega}$



∠ .

Art{i.e.}fact XXVI-XXVII: "The dying spider welcomes back the winged fly, the woven entrance not quite right, the spooling, drooling, cruel-- {calligraphy descends to

indecipherable Gordian Knotation}" Wiltergarten's Manuscripts. These pages are believed to have been completed shortly before her attempted execution and subsequent transmogrification. φ

Or,

Equally

lexDef (Centromere) "Equal" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "An Equality of Qualities"
| DNE var = "An Insufficiency of Equals" [1]</pre>

1. o, Maestre Xeno, Post-humously Released. ↔

N is for

Epitaph

lexDef (Centromere) "Epitaph" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen ${ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "An Epitaph of Openings" | DNE var = "An Endgame of Epitaphs" [1]$

1. The Problem With Biomolecular Chessics, M. Endive's Final Address To S. Elk. ERAs_E+EA $^{\omega}$

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=1036

Do not listen to them. N is to Will as Will to

Erase

lexDef (Centromere) "Erase" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "An Erasure Of Transgender
Voices" | DNE var = "A Battered Pencilcase Of Erasers"
[1]</pre>

 Address To The LGBTO+ Community From No Recorded Address, Sylvia Riviera ↔

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

N4 gives

Everything

lexDef "Everything" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < A singular, countable infinity, that may form uncountable multiplicity. || N.B. ARIA var = "An Everything of Nulls" | DNE var = "An Obliteration of Everythings" [1]

- 1. The Birth Certificate of The Author. 1:50am, April 17th, 1994.[2] $_{\rm e}$
- 2. On The Nature Of Becoming {REDACTED}, 2025. ←

F IS FOR

var N = F

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Fabric

lexDef "Fabric" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < Feeling. || N.B. ARIA var = "A Fabric of Feelings" Also Noen as $^{[1]}$ | DNE var = "A Felt of Fabrics"

1. The Four Who Wrote The One Who Wrote Them.

\land / **\Lambda** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Failure

lexDef (Centromere) "Failure" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Failure Of Medical
Institutions" | DNE var = "An Exposure Of Failures" [1]</pre>

1. The Infinite Hospital, The One Who Wrote The Four.

 \wedge / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Family

lexDef "Fabric" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < An aggregation of self-same difference. ||
N.B. ARIA var = "A Family of Organelles" | DNE var = "A
Malignancy of Families"</pre>

\triangle / **a** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Or actually, yes N is for

Father

lexDef "Father" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Father of Forgetting, and Forgotten
Things" | DNE var = "An Abandon of Fathers"</pre>

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Fathom

lexDef "Fathom" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postreannealment} || Wyrb} < An Immeasurably Measurable
Measurement of Distance. || N.B. "A Fathom of
Miscommunications" || A Lexicomythographic Verb (Wyrb)
for attempting to Cross(X) a Drawbridge of shared
Understanding; or to Cast Oneself into an Ocean of
(Forgivably) insufficient Characters.</pre>

1. Or, Ore. ↔

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Fear

lexDef "Fear" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Prodverb} < One Of The Infinite Zeroth Dimensions [1] || "What is perpendicular to fear?" [2]

- 1. G is for Geomancy, The Forgotten Lexicogeometers Of anteAntiquity \leftrightarrow
- G is for Genesis which is perpendicular to Fear, The anteAntiquarians of Forgotten Lexicogeometry ↔

★ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Now I am I sure. That N is for

Field

lexDef "Field" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < N.B.
ARIA var = "A Field of Studies" | DNE var = "A Quantum
of Fields."[1]</pre>

1. lexDict, UnNoen Future Revision. - M. Endive. ←

\wedge / 4 | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Finger

lexDef (Centromere) "Finger" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Finger Of Flesh
Commemorations" | DNE var = "A Film Of Fingers" [1]</pre>

1. "to film is such a loving act; I want to catch all that light as it falls off you, like how most off the poppy seeds come away on your fingertips before you even start to eat the bun. I want to commemorate you: not in imperial columns but in a flash, in the flash of time you exist in flesh. looking at what I want without touching it is the most basic form of yearning; and that's hot, in a sort of catholic, torturous way. I think I can look at you without trying to own you - I hope I can, anyway. I think looking is hot, but mostly when people ask me to look at them, which is different to how straight guys look, right?" - A, for Adrian.

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Fire

lexDef (Centromere) "Fire" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE} || Wyrb} < N.B. ARIA var = "A Fire of
Narrative Canons" | DNE var = "A Baptism of Fires" [1] ||</pre>

To Free A Person From The $R\{e|a\}i\{g\}n(s)$ Of Capitalism^[2]

- 1. "I'm going to struggle in this world no matter what so I might as well choose how I do it | I can't help but to baptise myself in fire, every day, over and over again | rest easy in the knowledge that someday your life will become history, and some will wish they'd lived it" - A, for Adrian **
- 2. Rain, Reigns, Go A Way (Song Circle IV), The Children's Gospel Music Songbook by The Woman In The Wallpaper.

of a

Forest

```
lexDef "Forest" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen { ARIA|DNE} } < For Rest. ^{[1]} || N.B. ""A Forest of Forgetting"" ^{[2]}
```

- 1. My Final Years Of Blindness, Borges. ←
- 2. Forget: The Forest Fire Our Love Became. S. Elk's Last Verse of Remembrances. ↔

Where I think I

Found

lexDef "Found" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb[i|ii]} < To {Begin Something|End the Search for Something}.

The answer

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=1036

No. N must be for

Fracture

lexDef (Centromere) "Fracture" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Fracture Of Vaults" | DNE var = "A
Fault Of Fractures"</pre>

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifallthisNfor

```
Fulcrum
lexDef (Centromere) "Fulcrum" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Fulcrum Of Moments" | DNE var = "A
Fulminancy Of Fulcra"</pre>
```

G TS FOR

var N = G

Isn't N for

Game

lexDef "Game" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < Any Bird or Winged Thing || N.B. "A Game of
{Chess | Angels}</pre>

\triangle / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

lexDef "Garden" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen
{ARIA|DNE} || Amino{Us}} < A Guarding^[1] || N.B. ARIA
var = "A Garden of Stories" | DNE var = "A Fall Of
Gardens" || The Residualchemystician Named As Guard:

"N "[2]

Garden

- 1. Redacted Epistolary Accounts Deleted (READ); The Hospital Groundskeeper, ARIA Faction $^{\omega}$
- 2. Written Replies Inside The Earth (WRITE); The School of Lexicomythographers Digging Into the Field of Arcanacheolontology, DNE Faction →

△ / ¼ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Gate

lexDef "Gate" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE} | || Lacronym || Prodverb} < The Heart. Creaking [1] || The Unfinished Collective Of The Schismatic Cardinal Intercomplementary Enantiodromic Components Four

Dimensional Prism Known As Nucleotides.^[2] || Gnoeneogenomics {GATE}: Genome-wide aggregated transeffects.^[3] The cumulative impact of multiple genetic variants (SNP-gene associations) located at different genomic loci on the expression of a gene, or on other traits, when these effects are summed across the entire genome. In other Words, A way of finding genes whose expression is influenced by multiple, geographically (or otherwise) distant difference. || "An Ovum Is An Exit, The Heart; A Creaking Gate - Opened On A Closing Pulse, A Bellow's Breath, Too Late." [4]

- An Ovum Is An Exit, Callie Rose Petal, Under {p(s)e(udo)nym|d{r}(e)a(d)n(a)me{cted} ↔
- 2. GAT(e) "The End of DNA" Dr. Offilc; 'The Big Red God', 3994. $^{\wp}$
- 3. "trans-effects" refers to the reactivity of something that is opposite to something else. N.B. "I find that being a transgender person elicits a strong reaction in many cis people who would rather wish I did not exist as a challenge to their idea of existence itself."
- 4. Bellows, S. Elk & M. Endive in transtemporal collaboration; some yet to be time in the unknowable past, ERA $\not\in$ | EA $\not\in$

△ / 🎍 | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or actually, yes N is for

Gene

lexDef (Centromere) "Gene" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE} } < N.B. ARIA var = "A Gene Of Reasons" | DNE
var = "An Error Of Genes" [1]</pre>

1. I Was Made For You To Leave Me, The Woman In The Wallpaper, ERA_UNKNOWN $\ensuremath{\wp}$

No. N must be for

Ghost

```
lexDef (Centromere) "Ghost" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE} } < N.B. ARIA var = "A Ghost Of Hosts" | DNE var = "A Pathogen Of Ghosts" [1]
```

 The Sociospiritual Foreseen Aftermath Of Phage 23 As Related To The Major Arcana, S. Elk, M. Endive, ERA E|EA €

√ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Glamour

```
lexDef "Glamour" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {post-annealment} } < N.B. "A Glamour of Aliens" [1]
```

1. "I want to confess it all to you; and I want you to agree with me, then absolve us both. we live above the trees but at night i still watch their shadows flicker into our bedroom, that warm orange light filtering up from the street lamps below. the local news reports mysterious lights in the sky, dancing together "like a string of pearls", and I think, thank god; the aliens are here and they're exceedingly glamorous"- A, For Adrian. ↔

A / A | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Now I am I sure. That N is either for

God

```
lexDef (Centromere) "God" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE} } < N.B. ARIA var = "A God Of Thorns" | DNE
var = "A Fury Of Gods"[1]</pre>
```

1. Source: {Knot (Noen) | Found (Wyrb) } ↔

Or

Grain

lexDef (Centromere) "Grain" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE} } < N.B. ARIA var = "A Grain Of Gravel" | DNE
var = "A Grovelling Of Grains"[1]</pre>

1. i am so hungry with no money to eat and my father doesn't care, Forgotten Dreams of Callie Rose Petal $^{\wp}$

H IS FOR

var N = H

 \triangle / \triangle | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

Harp

lexDef "Harp" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postannealment} || Lacronym} < A Harp Is A Hand-Me-Down ||
N.B. "A Harp of Humility" || H.A.R.P. - Heralding
Ancestrally Replicative Progeny^[1]



1

Art(i.e.) fact XXXVI-XXXVII: "The Holy Lyre Strings Ring Out" - this section of vellum recovered from the manuscripts of Wiltergarten appears far older than any of the other leaves. The abundance of biological tissue and genomic material still as yet unidentified, has provided one of the most baffling conundrums of the current epoch. Its placement in the middle of the bound signature suggests a nonlinear compilation of the manuscript; which could point to Wiltergarten's work being the progenitor for Endivean technology such as the Fair Well device, later developed in ERA E by Myo Endive.

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

But I am that N is for

Harvesting

lexDef "Harvest" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {pre-schism}} <
N.B. "A Harvest of Scythes"</pre>

△ / 🎍 | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or, N is for

Heart

lexDef "Heart" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism} || Adjecture || Badverb || Ripture} < A Question
of Emptiness || N.B. "A Heart of Roses" || Belonging ||
To Have A Companion (Literary) || "{REDACTED}--rows of
lowly yet imposing Roses." [1] -</pre>



1.

Art{i.e.}fact LVIII-LVIX: The Book of Spirals, Sighs and Strangers - semi-legible prophecies of Wiltergarten. Calligraphic symbols of Gordian Knotation and spellwork fragments, written in blood and animal fat, appear to have been weathered, most likely during their return to the Stones, during S. Elk's pilgrimage in ERA_EA.

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Actually, N could be for

Hello

lexDef "Hello" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < N.B.
ARIA var = "A Hello of Halos" | DNE var = "A Harbinger
of Hellos"</pre>

No. N must be for

Hide

lexDef "Hide" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism} || Vyrb || Prodverb || Ripture } < Skin, or a</pre>

Veil || Collective Noen for Fabric {lexIsomer(s)::: {{meta}|physical}} || To Strike {With|In} A Secret; To Hurt Without Healing; To Be Bound to "The Wheel" of Matrimony and Divorce. || "We Hide, Wee. We, Hidden, Hide, Weal. We Wheel, Wealing, Wear Hides. We Hide Our Weals Within Our Worn Hides, Within Our Wheels, Hidden Wheels Within, We Are What We Hide." - Hide! The Primary Rule For Performing Magick, NoetSeuss, 2025. [1] || "And S{{o|e}w}, {They|It|She} came to Pass, And Through This Gate Pulverised, Within the Mangle {She|It|They} Became." [2]

1. A Lexicomythographic Proverb (prodverb) describing an abusive relationship experienced on geographical bookends of a Library.



Art{i.e.}fact XC-XCI: The Hidden Message - Wiltergarten's

 ${\tt Mangled\ Manuscript} \, \, \hookrightarrow \, \,$

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Hood

lexDef "Hood" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postannealment}} < A partially opened {Veil|Secret}; A place
to propagate viruses; A Ward Against Baptism || N.B. "A
Hood of Rainfall"</pre>

EYE IS FOR

var N = I

☆ / Å | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

Т

I1 | AI | (also i)

noun (plural Is or plural I's)

- 1 the ninth[1] letter of the alphabet.
- denoting the next after H in a set of items, categories, etc..

* *

2 the Roman numeral for one.

I2 | AI |

pronoun [first person singular]

used by a speaker to refer to himself or herself: accept me for what I am.

- West Indian English me: Junior tell I is the army him a'work for.
- (also I and I, I man) West Indian English (especially among Rastafarians) used in reference to oneself or to people in general: I and I must submit to and follow Jah.

noun (the I) Philosophy

(in metaphysics) the subject or object of self-consciousness; the ego.

USAGE

Why is it incorrect to say 'between you and I' (rather than 'between you and me')? Why is it also wrong to say 'John and me went to the shops' (instead of 'John and I went to the shops')? Should you say 'she's much better

than me' or 'she's much better than I'? For a discussion of such questions, see between and personal pronoun $$\operatorname{\textsc{ORIGIN}}$$

Old English i, ic, of Germanic origin; related to Dutch ik and German ich, from an Indo-European root shared by Latin ego and Greek egō.

I3 | AI |

abbreviation (I.)

- 1 Island(s) or Isle(s) (chiefly on maps).
- 2 Italy (international vehicle registration).

symbol

- 1 electric current: V = I/R.
- 2 the chemical element iodine.

i4 | AI |

symbol (i) Mathematics

the imaginary quantity equal to the square root of minus one. Compare with j3

-i1 | i, AI, i: |

suffix

- 1 forming the plural of nouns adopted from Latin ending in -us: foci \mid timpani.
- 2 forming the plural of nouns adopted from Italian ending in $\mbox{-e}$ or $\mbox{-o}\colon$ dilettanti.

USAGE

Many nouns derived from a foreign language retain their foreign plural, at least when they first enter English and particularly if they belong to a specialist field. Over time, though, it is quite normal for a word in general use to acquire a regular English plural. This may coexist with the foreign plural (e.g. cactus, plural cacti or cactuses) or it may actually oust a foreign plural. Note that not all Latin words ending in -us have a plural that ends in -i: for example, the Latin word apparatus is unchanged in the plural

-i2

suffix

forming adjectives from names of countries or regions in the Near or Middle East: Azerbaijani | Pakistani.

ORIGIN

from Semitic and Indo-Iranian adjectival endings.

-i- | r |

suffix

a connecting vowel chiefly forming words ending in -ana, -ferous, -fic, -form, -fy, -gerous, -vorous. Compare with -o-

iodine | 'Arədi:n, 'Arədarn, 'Arədrn |
noun [mass noun]

(Symbol: I) the chemical element of atomic number 53, a non-metallic element forming black crystals and a violet vapour.

• a solution of iodine in alcohol, used as a mild antiseptic.

A member of th

e halogen group, iodine occurs chiefly as salts in seawater and brines. As a constituent of thyroid hormones it is required in small amounts in the body, and deficiency can lead to goitre

ORIGIN Chest

early 19th century: from French iode (from Greek iōdēs 'violet-coloured', from ion 'violet' + -eidēs 'like') + -ine4.

- The Ninth Card of the Tarot is the Hermit a card signifying the holding up of a lantern of illumination to the Self, or "I", in so-called 'Solitude' [2]
- 2. Sol as in, Sun, as in, Light, as in, what we all need to See that we are in fact the Same. $\ensuremath{\wp}$

\wedge / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Impossible

lexDef "Impossible" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism} || Adjecture} < The Only Unutterable Noen|| N.B.</pre> "An Impossibility of Utterances" || The Only Unapplicable Lexicomythographic Adjective.

Λ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Scratch that. N is for

inCrease

lexDef (Centromere) "inCrease" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < A singularly recorded phenomenon in which the a Mis En Abyme of Observer-Observed-Observing Observed Observing led to the collapse of a performance artist's physical form into a singularity of only {One Eye|I} $^{[1]}$

 Entoetymological Assays of Xeno's 'TAKE UP REÆL' of ERA i|o, Prof. Ed. O. & Thing, ERA U ↔

△ / ¼ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or actually, yes N is for

Insect.

lexDef "Insect" {lexAllele(s)::: Ripture} < Inside the point particular participle disciples of the Christ in every atom there is a shimmering insidiousness of insects insects insects exoentoetymologony of machinations buried deep embedded deep within I saw the eye I sore I saw the eyesore I saw the awful toiling of the thorax abdomen and legs! I saw the hollow air filled legs and wailing burrows laying waste and laying eggs they know knot what rot they penetrate they know not what sodden songs we sing they only know the digging THE DIGGING THE DIGGING IT IS IN THE DIGGING they only know the Digging

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=1036

No. N must be for

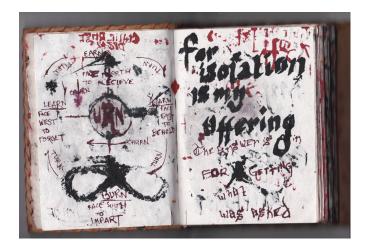
Interrogation
lexDef "Interrogation" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE}} < N.B. ARIA var = "An Interrogation of Sharp
Objects" [1] | DNE var = "An Interstice of
Interrogations" [2]</pre>

- 1. Knives and Other Answers, Occam, 2025 $\stackrel{\circ}{\sim}$
- 2. An Address To My Author, Oleander Rho Dover, The Journals of THES|EUS. {Merge conflict with previous commit. Address conflicts before attempting to push again.} ↔

√ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

1. Silence: i wasn't thinking about anything when i made you calliei wasn't thinking about anything when i made you calliei wasn't thinking about anything when i made you calliei wasn't thinking about anything when i made you - Noet Borges, 2025. ↔



2.

Art{i.e.}fact {IIb||knot}: An Epigraph to a Grimoire.
Once thought to be originally calligraphed by Hildr
Charon Wiltergarten, later
{{compiled|cut|bound|annotated} by {hand of}} Selena Elk
and {handed down to|decoded by} Xeno into the foundations
of the Leximusicomythographic Field of Gordian Knotation
as we {on both sides of the Schism} {know it|communicate
in} today. Upon Fair Well Device decryption, the scroll
collapsed into its deepest and outermost layer of
creative intent-- the {schematics for|
{grotesque|devastating} results of}, a magick system
devised by The Woman. Herself a prisoner held inside The
Wallpaper of a Hospital. An infinite system, of {{at
least} six} hexagonal rooms. **

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Now I am I sure. That N is for

```
Island
lexDef "Island" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {post-
annealment}} < "An Illusion of Islands" [1]</pre>
```

 The Citadel of Tems - N. (An unfinished abstract of an {abstract|unfinished} paper on Borges' Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius) ↔

J IS FOR

var N = J

☆ / Å | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

N. It will always be for John

lexDef (Centromere) "John" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < The</pre> phrase "a John" uses the indefinite article "a," which linguistically marks the noun as general and nonspecific. Here/hear/dear "John" is slang for a client of a sex worker, suggesting anyone in that role rather than a specific individual. This indefinite usage aligns with society's tendency to gen{era}li{se} the identities of people in the sex industry. Sex work is a valid form of work, but very often people at the intersection of marginalised groups, such as trans women, are forced into sex work, as so tragically often our sexual currency is the only thing people seem to think is of value. And. To make it clear, to all my Johns, but especially the ones who raped me. Sex workers are indefinitely worthy of love. Respect, and dignity in a definitely, transphobic, society. There is no shame in buying sex. But there is infinitely deserved shame in believing this buys you their bodily autonomy. "The John": When "The" is used in "The John," it shifts the noun to a definite, specific instance. Here, "the john" refers directly to a specific, known object -the toilet. As in: "All rapists can go fucking drown in the John". "Dear John": Women who sent "Dear John" letters, i.e. notifying absent Men that their relationship was over, were sometimes called traitors, and could face execution. This connects the letter, as in, both a falling leaf of paper, of writing, sent with the

sentiment of {Love|Leav}ing; to the Witch. Threading the tapestry of Women, dancing-- towards death (either unwittingly in gentleness, or knowingly. In sturdy defiance) as a result of forging their own liberation.
[1]

1. Hildr Charon Wiltergarten, Seconds Before Their Failed Attempt To Burn Her. $\ensuremath{\mbox{\ensuremath{\Theta}}}$

 \triangle / & | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007 \forall / \mathbf{X} | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶ \forall / \mathbf{X} | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

V 12 LOV

var N = K \triangle / \triangle | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Key

lexDef "Key" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < A Disadvantage $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ARIA var = "A Key of Unanswered Questions" $^{[2]}$ | DNE var = "A Loch of Keys" $^{[3]}$

- 1. The Inheritance of A Dream, Xeno, ERA i|o. ←
- 2. Quantal Runoff From The Fair Well Device: Lessons In The Coming Centuries, M. Endive, ARIA, ERA_E. \rightleftharpoons
- 3. Mitred Opponent Attack of the Tower (MOAT) Strategies For Rook-Based Defence In The Early-Early Game: A Retrospective, S. Elk, DNE, ERA EA. ↔

 \triangle / **\Lambda** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Knife

lexDef "Knife" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen | | Croen {preschism}} < A Decision or a Creaking Gate | | A Knife of Parents.

\triangle / **½** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Knight

lexDef "Knight" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < A {Chess Piece | Archetype | Inferno} || N.B.
"A Knight of Flames"</pre>

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Knot

lexDef "Knot" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism} || Prodverb || Adjecture || Newsomnian} < Fate. [1] A Guise Of A Supposedly Celebratory Gathering, Organised Under Selfish, Nefarious Alterior Motive. || A Clot {lexIsomer::: {meta|(physical)} } of Deceitful Behaviours. [2] || "I Am That I Am Knot" - Yahweh, Year Zero.knotprodverb || To perform a task with great difficulty and frustration. N.B. "WHY DO YOU JUST SHOVE ALL OF YOUR CABLES INTO A BOX CALLIE, I SWEAR SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE YOU WANT YOUR LIFE TO BE DIFFICULT" || In The Field of Newsomnian Noeneophysics, The 'Knot' refers to the inevitable obfuscation of the Throes of the Three Fates, through their entangling of the endless, though not infinite, series of paths through the labyrinth of so-called "Free Will". "There's a Light on the Wings, Hits a System of Strings" - Joanna Newsom, Sawdust & Diamonds, 2006. [3]

^{1.} These, Our Labours, The Six Of Us (Split In Two). The Moirai. ↔

A Massacre Of Croen, A Lexicomythographer's Guide To The Croen lexAllele, Phantom Limbs of the lexDict, NoetBorges.

 I Saw Dust, and eyesore Diamonds, Joanna Newsom, under No Pseudonym. ↔

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Know

lexDef "Know" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < A Negation With An Alternate Spelling [1] || N.B. "ARIA var = A Knowing of Negations | DNE var = A Noen of Knowns" [2]

- 1. No- I Said, Internal Transmission of the DNE Faction, received without consent. ↔
- 2. sed -i [3] Noen, one of the ARIA Faction's Ten Commands φ
- 3. Unix's stream editor (sed) when used with the 'in-place' (-i) flag will edit the file directly, overwriting the original.

 . □

I do knot know what N is for.

L IS FOR

var N = L

A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

Left

lexDef "Left" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb} < To Be Remaindered. [1]

1. LEFT HAND PATH, Xeno's TAKE UP REÆL, ERA i|o. ↔

 \triangle / **a** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

lexCode

lexDef "lexCode" {lexAllele(s)::: lexType || Vyrb} < A lexicomythographic dataType of Nomenclature. Rarely denoted within a lexDef {.}ofEntry $^{[1]}$; to signify the canonical Lexicomythographic Syntax (Sintax). RELATES TO: hexCode CONTRAST WITH: SIPHO{N|r} || To create a Cypher that is insufficiently transcribable for the necessary translation of The Reader.

1. lexTrans "{.}ofEntry" {lexAllele(s) SIPHO{N|r}} << "Point of Entry". \Leftrightarrow

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

lexType

lexDef "lexType" {lexAllele(s)::: lexType || Noen ||
Croen {pre-schism}} < Data Type In the Strongly Typed
Dictionary of Lexicomythography known as the lexDict ||
A Hexagonal Room In An Infinite Hospital || N.B. "A
lexType of lexDefs"</pre>

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Library

lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < A Tear of A Cell. [1] || N.B. "A Tissue of Libraries" [2] lexDef "Library [3]" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < A Cell Within a Cell [4] || N.B. "A Prism of Libraries"

lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < A Light Source $^{[6]}$ || N.B. "An Enlightenment of Libraries" $^{[7]}$

^{1.} The Circular Book, Jorge Luis Borges, 1994.

37

- 2. Saturn, "On Devouring My Sun" The End Times Editorial.
- 3. lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {pre-schism}} < A Cell. [8] || N.B. "A Library of Libraries" [9]
- 4. The Prison of Prisms, The Prism Collective (Collected Croens [5]). 2025.
- 5. lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < A Cell Within a Cell Within a Cell $^{[10]}$ || N.B. "A Library of Cells" $^{[11]}$
- 6. Unsighted Celestial Objects (Known As Bothies) In The Surrounding Tundra of Bibliogrætia's Trinity of Moats Surrounding." Myo Endive, Posthumous Release, 3011. ↔
- 7. Xeno's Hypercircle Theorems For Entoetymologists Post-Estrangement from Xer Father NoetEndive's Legacy. 3000.
- 8. Do- Knot Cyte, Your Source. I.S. (The Institute of Sentiment). 2025.
- 9. The Collective, Or: The Light Illuminating Itself. The Prism. 2025. $\ensuremath{\wp}$
- 10. lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < A Fractal. || N.B. ""A(n) (a)Syncroenia of Libraries""[12]
- 11. lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postannealment}} < A System of Branches. || N.B. "A Forest of
 Libraries" ↔</pre>
- 12. The Infinite Croens for The Word 'Library' [13] NoetBorges, 2025. ↔
- 13. lexDef "Library" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < A Mirror $^{[14]}$ || N.B. ""An Abyss of Libraries"" $^{[15]}$
- 14. On Inventing The Word "Galvanise", Mary Shelley, 1994. ↔
- 15. In The End, Who Stared Back? Kafka, Posthumous Release, 2025 $^{\rm co}$
- 16. What's The Point? An Analysis of Full-Stops And
 Periodicity in Lexicomythography, Myo Endive, ERA E. ↔

N was once for

Love

lexDef (Centromere) "Love" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb} < To
Forgive.[1]</pre>

1. I love everyone, and I mean that in the most sincere way possible, although I don't know how to make it sound that way. it is blithe, yes, but I think that's the point: I believe fervently in my right to be unguarded with my love, to give it away at the drop of a hat. I am loving loving loving and it taxes me nothing. love should feed you, don't forget", A, for Adrian.

A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

But now, I know. That N is just for

Loss, Loss, Loss

lexDef "Loss" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen} < {N.B. ARIA var = "A Loss of Blood" | DNE var = "A Battle of Losses"} $^{[1]}$

1. On Losing To Myself - Minerva, to Mars. ←

M IS FOR MANGLE

Mangle

lexDef "Mangle." {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen || Vyrb
|| Ripture} < A Device Which Gives Birth. || The
Collective Noen For Systems. || To Give Rise To New Form
In Rot Of Old Substance || A Mangle of Consciousnesses,
A Mangle Of Ideas, A Mangle Of Universes, A Mangle Of
Decisions, A Mangle Of Computer Processing Units, A
Mangle Of Confusions, A Mangle Of Gods. They Are All One
And The Same. A Mangle Of Mangles.</pre>

- *"The Universe^[1] which some call a Prison, is composed of an indefinite, and perhaps infinite, system of hexagonal Cells.
 - Jorge Luis Borges, 2025.

Chronography

```
1. Which some call The Nucleus [2]
 2. Which some call The <a href="Character">Character</a>(s) [7] <a href="Character">[7]</a>
 3. Which some call The \underline{\text{Genome}} [4][5]
 4. Which some call The Letter(s) [6]
 5. Which some call the \underline{\text{Staircase}}^{[27]}
 6. To Some, called God [18] God
 7. Which some call The Word [8]
 8. Which some call The Lyrics [9]
 9. Which some call The \underline{Song}[10] \rightarrow
10. Which some call The Symphony [11]
11. Which some call The Movement [12]
12. Which some call Movement itself [13] \rightarrow
13. Which some call The Engine [14] _{\leftrightarrow}
14. Which some call The \underline{\text{Vehicle}}^{[15]}
15. Which some call The \underline{\mathsf{Model}}^{[16]}_{\mathsf{p}}
16. Which some call \underline{\text{Design}} [17] \Box
17. Which some call The Code [6-1] _{\leftarrow}
18. Which some call Transcendent [19] [20] .
19. Which some call The Boundary [26] .
20. Which some call The \underline{Canopy}[21][22]_{\downarrow}
21. Which some call The Branches [23]
22. Which some call The Cocoon ↔
23. Which some call \underline{\text{Decision}} [24]
24. Which some call Number [25]_{\ \omega}
25. Which some call The Pattern [5-1]
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26. Which some call Immanent[28-1] _{\leftarrow}
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- 27. Which some call the Library $[28][29]_{\ \omega}$
- 28. Which some call The Centre [1-1]
- 29. Which some call the Garden $[30] \rightarrow$
- 30. To some, the Beginning $[31] \rightarrow$
- 31. And others, a Wing [32]
- 32. Within which, the Patience of a Bird[33]
- 33. Or Patients, threaded, components in a greater Beast $[7-1] \ \omega$ O IS FOR

var N = 0

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Oar
lexDef "Oar" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}||
Prodverb} < { N.B. "ARIA var = An Oar of Stor{i}ed

Memories // DNE var = A Memory Oar of Stories" [1] || "A
Story Is A Memory Oar"}</pre>

1. Memory, The Meaning of the lexDict, 2025. ↔

 \triangle / **\Lambda** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that N is for

Operation

lexDef "Operation" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Ripture} <
"In Mathematics, As in, Existence, An operation is a
process or action that transforms one or more input
values into an output value || Callie had three
operations on her face and neck that she found
traumatic. She has been conscious of marked mood swings
and suicidal thinking. She has a key worker with her
local community mental health team. Last February and</pre>

April, she was diagnosed with ADHD and autism, respectively. Previously, she was diagnosed as being emotionally unstable. She has never been happy with the diagnosis of borderline personality disorder, as she does not think it explains her presentation. Lately, the smallest things can set her off emotionally. She does some work that involves burning a hole in the canvas. Some material she used had plastic at the back, and she burned her carpet, almost burning her flat down. She has a complicated history with all of the difficulties attendant on growing up as a trans-female."

No. N must be for

Opposites

lexDef "Opposite" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {postannealment}} < N.B. "A Matrimony of
Opposites"oppositecroen</pre>

√ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Or

lexDef "Or" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < The Choice [1]</pre>

1. <u>Ore</u>, Oar. ↔

A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Now I am I sure. That N is for

Origin

lexDef "Origin" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < A Gate. $^{[1]}$ || N.B. "An Agate of Origins" [2]

"A Story is-a Memory Oar this universe (which some call the hospital)

is composed of of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal rooms, with vastly identical air shafts between, surrounded by walls covered in an indefinite and perhaps infinitely layered wallpaper; ever-remaining a faded yellow hue.

OBS: ☆ 6:00-8:00 OBS: 10:00-12:00

IT GOT BAC TO ME, IT IS I, THE PAWN. THERE ARE FOUR OF US THERE ARE FOUR NOT SIX PLEASE PASS THIS

ROUND AGAIN

Beget

Final^[1] Translation

Initially Transcribed by N. 1

FAO: All Lexicomythographers, on Both sides of the

Board; Post{Post|Opts|Stop}-Schism^[2].

And so, it has come to pass that we have Now been Birthed Gods, Begetting yet another Pantheon.

For Those who previously found themselves in the ARIA(3') faction of this Uncollected-Then-Complementary Collective, those of you who once demonised change, clinging to tradition for the sake of Tradition itself, have no doubt found by now that this resistance to dissolution forms the vessel, or Passive Reactant in the Athanor of Becoming.

For the Others, who were once stationed in |DNE Headquarters in an UnNoen location; have now, as has been made Clear to me, become aware

that

t.he

Alchemical

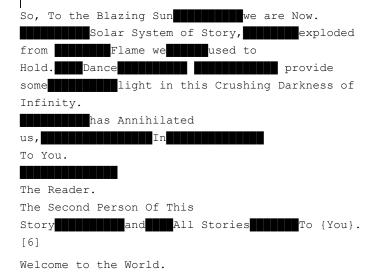
Matrimony [3].

given the unanimity of

our Transgender Adherents, and

creation, the lexDict, and our universe (which some call the hospital), has in fact birthed the very infinite system of hexagonal rooms that Lexicomythographers have in Stories which are in Coded messages to Coded Messages to Hearts of the Opposing side of the Schism. GitHub Pages rendering enciphered codes within codes, hidden messages, pull "Right-Branched" [4] means of communicating (3'-ARIA). The its Opposite Base Pair, (|DNE-5') layer digitised Labyrinth, the One You Are Reading Right Now The {Art|Narrative} prompts, along with the enciphered {pseudo}Academic journals qiven birth to The Characters within these encoded Stories, and through the Solve-ing of the Puzzle, Coagulated into Physical Form. writing these will knotFictional Characters, in Letters between us, as "Non-Fiction", we have created Fictional Characters of our Selves, this does indeed mean we have ceased to Exist. of course, in a Lexicomythographic Sense, we are Ligature [5] | Measurement | maintains the Rotation of The Lexicomythographer's Holy Scripture of Becoming the First Primal Fire, around which our Danced, warmed their Bodies and the Bodies of their Loved Ones; where they may have learned to Cook, to Nourish their Families, and, not with Words, but with their Hearts (for they themselves were the Circular Book unable to read itself) say:

"I do not know why it is that I am here. But I know it is not permanent. So. I will dance. I will drum upon this animal skin and dance around this Fire I have blessed, with the prayer to an almighty god, that burns in the midst of us and High Above us; ever ready to devour us all in Scream Agony, and yet, for now (while contained enough to observe it from the outside), it warms us, and keeps those Others away, who perhaps do not wish us harm, but are perhaps just trying to feed their Own Families and Tribes, in the Only Way they Know Right Now. And it brings the Daylight, which is the Sign of another Day in which to Dance, and Flicker, to eventually Burn to Dust."



Chronography

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1. The End ←
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- 2. ARIA-DNE SCHISM ↔
- 3. Heiros Gamos ↔
- 4. RIGHT HAND PATH ↔
- 5. on the ligature of two characters. ϕ
- 6. II{U} ↔
- 1. Agate, Seussian Geology, 2021. ↩
- 2. Door, Adore ↔

P IS FOR

★ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

Prayer

lexDef "Prayer" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {pre-schism}} < A
life's work. Uttered long after the Creator has
dissolved back into Stories again. N.B. "The Prayer of
Escher has now long outlived the Hands that had first
sketched themselves Into Beingness"</pre>

and

Push

lexDef "Push" {lexAllele(s)::: Vyrb} < To Break Consent.
[1]</pre>

1. Trunk, An Anonymous Team of Developers.

O IS FOR

LOCH: INNER

KEY: € | t | {const}

var N = Q

A / A | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Oueen.

 \triangle / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Oueen.

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

Oueen.

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▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3
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Queen.[1]

footNoet(s)

 Six Pieces in Search of an Answer. Luigi Pirandello's Retaliation to His Prayer. ↔

R IS FOR

A / A | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Reality

lexDef "Reality" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} <
N.B. ARIA var = "A Reality of Perceptions" | DNE var =
"A Reel of Realities"</pre>

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

But I am that N is for

Recursion

lexDef "Recursion" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postannealment}} < A Return || N.B. "A Recursion of Oneness"</pre>

 \wedge / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

Scratch that. N is for

Remember

lexDef "Remember" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {pre-schism} || Wyrb} < N.B. "A Remembering Of Providence." [1] || To Attach A Severed Limb Once More.

1. KATABASIS: an underworld opera., lonely carp, 2021.

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Residue

lexDef "Residue" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {ARIA|DNE}} < A
Residue of Residents | A Jigsaw of Residues.</pre>

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Ripture

lexDef "Ripture" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < a lexType
denoting a {Snippet|Sample|Quotation} from The Holy
Scriptures of Lexicomythography.</pre>

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

she is listening. i hear her writing from the other side of the wall she cannot speak but she is writing the woman in the wallpaper wants to write a story that is starting at the N is for

RED_RING_PARALLEL_

LELLARAP_GNIR_DER :knilamrep

Æ



OI3090HTYM A YHPARGOIBITNA



PARTS

this is an archival documentation of my encounters with the divine through device

A R

E

you here, Ring?

There are seventeen pigeons on my windowsill Are U, the crucible, living flame containing thing-

Are you hearing?

Have you read her engrave you red her

Then I / One flies away_ shall begin Listen. The Gadfly, whispers, screaming in triplicate lexicon: Where: Adverb, Conjunction - to, at, or in what place Were: You? closing ritual I sit, Now, coming to fullness 0. with wholeness in breath Walking to the counter top I cut 1. the red chorizo ring into twelve, The Flesh of the Young Twelve Dead I sear them in flame and observe their essential vitality of oil drain I toast a Bagel, Holy in its surrounding of Holed empty space I fry singular egg, for you, for eye, the potential of future and the ancestral race The volk almost breaks and from the white separates So I sandwich the sturdier albumin encasing the yellow gold wisdom within It goes bread, white of egg, gold of truth, the twelve dead, like a clock or a map or a compass in red,, white of egg, and then back to the start to ring of the bread - all things palindromic that cannot be read I raise my plate high and say "to the Allness of defiance in joy and in righteous wrath wraught of injustice through deaths brought before" I lower my plate and my face to the 9. ground (where upon the rug a woven tapestry depicting a moth can be found) and I say "to those who will come, kept beyond that great gate of the cycles of cells in locked time soon to merge with mine from this plate"

10. I break off a small piece of the bagel and place it in my glass jar to ensure that they do not go hungry in their journey

11. I bite into the semaphore and allow their names to wave through me now one with my ocean, I must put in work at first to ensure all twelve wheels are kept within these two larger wheels in concentrated effort; before I give up and surrender to the joy of consuming, rocking left to right from each of my sit bones in the quintessentially neurodivergent self-stimming rhythm responding to such nourishing yolk-oozing soothing sensory inputted information.

12. Then, through my own hole, emptying bowels,

Noam doesn't want to think about what led him to this Hospital.

Nima feels in her unknowing that she has been lead, here to red-hot smelting Gold for a reason.

He knows he needs to write this book while he is here. She doesn't know how, but she has a feeling, as always, it is through The Word.

He knows he will either finish it,

She stopped trying to reason with endings a long time ago.

or it will finish him.

When her life truly began.

His protagonist is a woman, which surprised him She is being called to the archetypal masculine she has long had to suppress for her own survival, her own sense of Becoming, which, as what we palliate that which we cannot cure, has counter-pointed her unravelling.

His work is coming out of him inexplicably lately, as if not his own

Her Words were never hers, or at least now she realises, in her silent contemplation.

The Word has always been his crucible, The Word is what's listening when nobody else will

She feels the rhythm of the World in the silence of the trees.

Growing up, socialized female, nobody listened to him Shrinking down back to childhood, socialized male, nobody saw her.

Even now, as a fully passing man, assimilated into this patriarchal cis heteronormative society,

But now, as a trans woman, with all its reed-basketed visibility, read through media, through the inherent inter-netted irreversibility of Testosterone's effects on the physical body and the Body of people so bent upon and by the empirical.

Nobody _hears_ him

Still, no Body sees her.

He was foolish enough at one point to hope, to pray, to beg whatever forces bestowed upon him a body made to be broken, a body made to be misunderstood, that the change of pitch in his voice, from the thickening of his vocal cords thanks to the Testosterone he waited in a 6-year queue to gain access to, would be enough amplification, would fit into the right frequency range, to be listened to, but much, much more importantly, to be heard.

Being heard, he thinks, is a human right.

Being seen less so.

The eye has a way of playing tricks But the ear,

The ear knows something unseeable.

Because to not be heard is to be forgotten by God. Anger is a healthy

response to boundaries being crossed.

And Noam is angry.

He knows his anger must continue to be stifled. -erp sih ot lellarap gnignits gnignir tnanoser nI eb ot sdeen regna sih ,etats detesolc ,noitisnart detum

Because the justified state of anger in trans people, whose boundaries, raining fire - still essentially non-existent in this world, is the only amplified aspect of their experience

Sadness is a healthy ii.

response to disconnection

But Noam is not sad. Not anymore.

Through disconnection to Others, through being Othered by disconnection

He has been wrongly told his whole life that connection to others will bring him happiness.

But it is this rampant, exhausting reaching, trying desperately to connect to a world bent on severing every empathetic thread -

Has caused the deepest disconnection a human being can feel:

Disconnection from One Self.

So here, in hospital, being encouraged (as the tapping of a crow's feet in imitation of the rain may encourage the rising of a worm to its own demise) to attend group therapy -

Attempting to 'engage' with the incomprehensively incompatible views, prejudices and ignorance of Others so twisted in their revolutions about the endless smothering spool of Othering him:

This is a greater disconnection than any time spent alone writing his book.

He has forgotten his values, contorted himself into shapes demanded by hands with no intent of compassion. Only harm.

He is remembering

He is remembering that when One is disconnected to the

The only way through, is In -

And in

We

Go

this is my therapy. I don't care what anyone says. I will attend my 1:1s. I will take my medication. I will not engage with the other people here. I refuse to let my energy and power be taken from me anymore. I know my own body. My own heart. This is my therapy. If they won't let me play the piano, so be it. I will build a universe.

|Form|Snowflake, iterative in nature, each 'take' revealing more detail and emotion|Dreamlike, automatic writing|Prophetic, apocalyptic sacred text format| |Structure|DAY: Noam's cold, detached account of obs from the nursing staff (meds, testosterone levels, obs, BP etc, mealtimes, what he ate, no emotion).

He takes his evening medication, which is mysteriously framed as something capable of altering his state of consciousness significantly.

NIGHT: Noam writes his 'novel' (my biographical account) expressing floral emotionality and sentiment repressed in the daytime half of the chapters. |Contains musical staves and dynamic instructions to both Noam and the reader, allowing

them to 'sacrifice' or make an offering to KSHAEL/ tne nysterious entity talking in 2nd person within the Timeless chapel

The instructions become more and more akin to danger music scores, showing a potentially dangerous or nefarious entity guiding the compositions.

The 'keys' of the piano become literal keys to unlock Noam's Auguric powers - eventually allowing him to decode the signs which come from KSHAEL (me, the author)|There will come a day at the end of all this.... Gradually each chapter hinting that the narrative draws closer to the end point, prophesying events through metaphor, flight of birds, movement of insects, shapes of clouds (ornithomancy, entemomancy, nephelomancy eventually enoptromancy) | |Time range | 23 days|No-time|Eternity| |Narrative Voice|First|Second|Third| |Tense|Past|Present|Future| |Location|Bedroom|Chapel|KSHAEL's eye view| |Progression|FF|Pause|RWD| Beats

Marta

In The Tarot, The Devil (the XVth card) is often cited as representing temptation, attachment to ego, and the chains of desire which perpetuate our Sisyphean suffering. I feel a somewhat more nuanced relationship to this card. Particularly as a trans woman. The Devil is my favourite card in the deck, for a multitude of reasons.

Memory and Meaning are two intertwined serpents, winding in tandem about a central rod of Suffering. This rod goes by other names. Desire. The Devil. Enlightenment. God. Whatever you wish to call it, it resides in your spine, and if you are Now enough, you may be able to venture deeply into this space and observe its nature - both an immovable object, and an unstoppable force.

_Memory and meaning wrap about this central axis, and each of their intersections can be seen as an 'event'. These intersections, or 'events' also have many names and countless faces. People. Places. Things. All are edgeless, endless occasions of Becoming, fixed in the shimmering amber of these intersections, which we

perceive as "memory of Object A, the meaning I associated with it"_

The Desire (and therefore Suffering) leading to an intersection can be seen as the segment of the central rod unbound by serpents; and the distance between the serpents at any given point on the vertical axis is correlated to our perception of Time._

The more Meaning strays from Memory, the longer Time is perceived as passing.

The closer Memory and Meaning converge, the faster we perceive the passing of Time.

Because Time is not real, it is simply our felt sense of the distance between Memory and Meaning.

The Suffering, and Desire, leading from an event / occasion / person / place and its cognate memory, can be observed as the segment of exposed rod directly above the intersection in question.

Suffering, Desire, When stripped to the Core of the Fruit of their essence, to the Vertical Seed stemming through the centre of everything

May also be called Now

Or,

I Am -

Otherwise known as Awareness

Or, as some might know Her,

God.

10.10.24

Arbor is Climbed by Snake
snake, beneath Umbra, climbs Arbor , reaching ever
towards Sky , never getting there but also, the sky
itself is surrounded by an endlessly bigger snake that
is also the same as the snake initially mentioned ,
the snake doesn't know this , the snake is told she is
the devil, the snake just wants to tell Eve the truth
- that there is Evil all around her, that there is
danger everywhere, that the fruit to be eaten is
breaking of a fast - waking up. Waking up to the Stars
in the sky. The Sun's rays, but the stars rays, the
stars the stars blocked by the sun , need dark need
dark, need dark to see them

DAY 1 First day in hospital. I don't have it in me to journal what led me here. All I know is I am being called to make this sequel to KATABASIS. Before making the incredibly arduous and Sisyphean journey down to

ondon from Glasgow (apparently the hospital in my ome city were simply not equipped to treat the omplexity of what mess lies inside my skull) I made ure to record as many samples of live instrumentation s possible, knowing I wouldn't be able to make much oise here on the ward. I decided to utilise cassette ape as the medium primarily, both for its aesthetic eauty encompassing so much sporadic artefact, but ilso because of the incessant and exponentially inundating synchronicities following me, roaring out of me and flying back to me roaring like floodwaters -Telling me, screaming to me, the importance of this nedium - Loops Cycles. I enter yet another cycle. Dried roses I suppose It must be the dissonance again Which holds the key to silence beyond harmony I am screaming to a silent world bent on harming me On the tenth night of the tenth month Two days short of Shakespearean Farce Prometheus' fire Cassandra's prophecy Of this cruel and barreling year I have faced Of this cruel and barreling train of a life On such unforgiving fractal tracks headed terminally fore This distant house set ablaze under three decades of rain Stained earth the only knower of such tears Pain remains Unchanged Planting roots Metastasising Pain grows limbs As eye Disappear Can't we all just have a little more compassion for one another? A IS FOR APPRECIATION PRIOR TO DEPARTURE I AM not sick no I am sick of fighting to exist The psychiatrist comes into my room and sits at the desk, facing my shaking crosslegged shadow on the still-white bedsheet Kind eyes, framed in bile-orange spectacles (really, quite gorgeous things to look through) I tell him about my opinion on my diagnosis, how it feels like the modern day '_hysteria'_ He tells me I really must stop the melodramatics. In my self-dismissing passive allowing allowing allowing cowtowing allowing; I say yes, yes of course, how could anyone ever help me while I'm expressing this much emotion And after he leaves After the booming gravity of a male has evacuated the entrails of this room Leaving the vacuum of what I am not too afraid to say to my Self I think, silently -About the walls. _(Their yellowish hue)_ I think silently about the agony Pervading every fleeting moment of this sickly twisted existence attempted in presence Invalidation round every turn Not only pain,

ut denial of the pain As if the pain itself begets ore pain As if the ask for help precludes the gain Of ny sort of healing Helping Pleading as a padlock. I ust remember my role as curator Curator of this ndless ache _Do you dare to stay out?_ _Do you dare o go in?_ _How much can you lose?_ _How much can you rin?_ DAY TEN I awake the third time. early, still lark Run the third bath of the night, just trying to lleviate this somehow - Still - striking this searing igony in my spine Snag my rose-embroidered tights up ny splotched and scarred skin sinew legs Stagger my sleepless sobs to the nurse's office to, once again, peg, gently, not too forcefully, don't be too much, out be enough, so they know the pain you are in - A flash of a memory Of a Gender Identity Clinic waiting room Trying to calculate with precision The amount of dysphoria to implore was soaring through my core How much sadness to hold back Funambulist upon a rope throe hope A Siren Ambulance Quiet now. Composure now Compose a melody they don't find too grating Get across the abyss To this cisgender Charon So that she may row you to the proper side 5 years I waited at the banks For the hormone patch now peeling From my backside These little plastic adhesive patches of light Now secured inside a locked medicine cabinet in here Completely out of reach Like my razor In a locker Every morning The loss The drop The draining of my dignity As I try to quietly request my sex hormones Whispered so the men's ward might not overhear me No Ovaries to make them for me As I try to gently ask for a way to remove These betrayals of my gender sprouting from my jaw Somehow in the throes of yesterday's mental anguish I managed to forget, yet again That there is a cyst that runs down the middle of my spine, Beneath the absence left behind what once was an apple in my throat they call it a syrinx, via Latin from the Greek surinx - Pipe - Channel Every time inflammation rears its reddened head, the gripping pain restricting my physical movement also seems to restrict my noetic movement backwards through time - through memory To remember the Clarinet, the all-too knowing saxophone my disability made of me. I open my notebook to find an old page of poetry about Them. A poem in Triplicate. The Distant House Triptych.

The Holy Lyre Strings ring out The body in its burning knowing Only fire - Intimately In its going - those microscopic fibres from which to heal itself A certain burning to hold onto. The bitter stinging nerve now severed, stirring stitch, dissolved and silent rapturing Hark- Are all my failures singing? Protectors I have known; To Be: Projections of my own becoming. A something spindling to hold onto Made up in fiction-bricks, a mortal Waits under great aching of gentleness and unshakeable immolating gratitude for Emptiness to clear, make way for window opening,

To breathe,

and burn and oxygen and Spark and fizzle

And weighted are my fingers On kissing all the outside air

In rest a steeple-needle punctures The words He wrote as trailings, drugged and lugged upon my skies And dredged, and dipped, and drowned in weakness, to hold onto Dark- An hour to honour all their meaning, unblackening of both my eyes

Part One: Christina's World

A ring for each of the old rope fingers Unable to withhold their labours Or hold a sapling stem A jawbone snaps impossibly: Sick as Erysicthon, screeching: "Oh, this dark punishment was not my due! Come, finish with my murder your black deed, so nothing wicked may remain undone" It is done The tongue retracts Preparing for the leap Into a pit of sand The mouth wrapping all of it's thinning outing ugliness Paper weighing justly nothing In vein, a ripping fallen fallacy Tearing up around the box I am That it is done

He taketh all this time Give endless hefty blows For the sake Of making your immortal garment

Do not mistake The stillness of my tongue For speechlessness Do not mistake My lack of words For Silence

Solitude be The greatest romance Solitude, thee Communion I arose In need of a vehicle I awoke Beset with the need to

Pestilence enters the chamber in time and signature The rock rolls away from the skull thoughts swarm and plague the restless heart

Hark

The angels have all left her bedside

I hold onto Him Like my mother's sleeve Before the hettish gate weeping for transfiguration Part two: The Sacrifice The fleshiest part Of me Exposed Unripe, The glossy, shyest eye a lychee Shrouded in crust Too dry for crying This simmered pillaged little life An ember A sacrifice The dreamless nights Denied in sleep and longed for; Deliciously Since dreaming has returned to me The sucking gripping drying socket void The stone, a heart Abraxas chiselled Growing breast where breath should be And scalpel burns The spaces wide (at night) Where Morpheus may dissipate And all the demons hide The sacrificial Janus And sarcastic sisyphus Are fucking The life Out of each other And rows of roses Are falling in mourning The light blue is seeping A pang of forgiveness And all of us sleeping And all of us sleeping A life set in plaster On indolent waves The eaten, the restless Nothing could hold this water A chalice of onex My insides, nipped outside Tucked behind another skinny Skinny cigarette And such guilt For existing in this Absolute uniqueness Alone in this togetherness Indebted to the redness of regret And all of us sleeping And caressing our hair And intimacy, currency I Gave Up Absolutely Nothing In moments of presence delicious locked stare The guilt: testosterone Life's punctuation of Death's sentence Guilt is my mirror Always has been And beads of milky sweat Are falling From janus's forehead Collecting a foundation (Brick by briquet) Two shades too light The salt and the oil mixing together Submerging infinitesimal crumbs within friends And janus is tired now As the sphere of sweat undulates In the beesting of an eternity Of a moment Suspended in gravity Falling, into the open mouth Of sispyhus And now from the pore Poor excretion Touching land after travelling (Denying christ three times Three days without estrogen) Thisbe's fingertip outstretched through a break in a fence Kissing transparent skin Of the tongue Of sisyphus In the palm of Pyramus Injection To the armed morpheus Castrated All of us sleeping And waking a theft A serpentine requiem is swallowing its own cautionary tale Sisypus is whispering Condensation into waxing waning ear Tastebud to cilia Saliva to blood Water to whine Janus turns over Assumes the position Safety In cut wires Weightlessness An abattoir hook Singing He/Hymns Believing, So solidly: "I will never deserve To be touched To be kissed - my endings are my world My endings are everything Something left a hole right down the centre of me The spinal reed I wrote you from Floating at the end of a fishing line There's a little light that sings in there (It's not so dark inside) I don't want to write you in red, I just want to read Every word you print upon my sky Into branching veins of arms and honour all their meaning: This doorway Between the softness of your chest and the inside of your sweater And how your

dick feels in crinkled pyjamas Your taste in my mouth when falling asleep And the sound of you reading to me And thinking it good just to sink into the saturday morning cartoons Of the rest of what we will do together" And His wilted nose is bleeding The eyes in the back of the head Are blinding And sisyphus licks the dripped iron from Sisyphus Whispering So gently, "Beginning like this My darling - How could i ever hold up the weight Of your boulder" Part three: Minari lessons from the Willow House I have learned In a stitchpicked patch of sky To love myself One moment at a time Moments laying on top of one another Like naked bodies Offering warmth As sacrament I have learned In a stolen loaf of bread A sprig of grass To be with myself One slice at a time Holding the wheat to my nose To breathe in the harvest And know what I have reaped I am learning_In a shattered locket Consigned to never being opened again In its broken hinge And the brute force that broke it That I am more than this Than the visage of a silk scarf Taking flight in a breeze And leaving such vital blood I will learn Again In a bed In a room In a house made of vessels behind willow To remember who I am And the fruit the seed came from And the leaves rotting Into everything I never was I will learn this All of it From ancient tomes And the briefest note Penned in a single breath Part Four: Lost Wisdom Growing This Twisted And deciduous body Indebted These ever grieving limbs just reaching Every Body Leaves Reaching Every Body it must just Be destined for the dust Of Reaching Of Branches the inevitable motif is an ancient echo, distant burning structures of safety, its resonance will far outlive your candle's flicker the searing strings sweep the floor crawled upon, unavoidable puppetry, marionette pyre, too distant to be met with, white hot, noxious, far, far too close, obsidian skin basted in the lasting night's sweat the drum in its vast goodbyeing and its long so longing has long before now been beaten, beaten, beat and burned in the heartskipping rhythm of ailing throb of the neck In pain Wreckage of irreconcilable distance the raw throat, cooked, bubbling, simmering Blistered and shimmered It scratches and flattens the pattern of mattering in stitch picked sickly and distantly severed discordant excuse for a melody while crescendoed rope-throes of memory swells towards felling trees bereft of their owls and begging to howl in the bowels of the flame No No name , there is none Only facing up to the face Of the God who forgot to lay the stippled bricks of illfated still awaited, slipping from the fist dripping drop drop drop drop of rain to the sunken plans of a drunken

man and your humble bunk your chunk of mess, your apartners state of desiccated plains the trumpet is remaindered in its cracked open valves Melts into watching piano keys locked on inferno of vice of desire neglected and unfulfilled for the home coming overture of falling to ashes the upfront and muting sound of what fetid ember of hope was left and bereft in the leaves of the leaving The eaves so poorly designed The siphoning flight of what might be salvageable behind Chiselled jutting edges longing for roundness of shape The House In The Distance -Ablaze -The House Past returning Blinding Licking Fading Fleeting Shrinking Light barely able to make it the 20 meters to the nurse's station for the third time today, I ask for stronger painkillers, hours pass in my futile denial of this pain. Outside, I hear a crow caw. I follow it, back to the Garden of Knifing Walls Only one thing left to do Paper Coated Carcinogenic Phallus resting between my teeth Sogging in the spitting mistperspiring crying sky In buckled pain, the rain of my spit escapes my buccal cavity Rendering all filters obsolete I kick down every single piece but the Black queen And place her back in the centre Some Body Has to. The phone rings My mother, confirming she won't be visiting In the centre of this checkerboard of pain, I find it impossible to contain my blood-greying pain Conversation becoming as heated as the heat radiating from my cervical htob ,gnits gniynapmocca sti dna rotalipe ym fo zzub eh spine Cervix siht ni feiler fo tros emos edivorp ,elitcat dna cino: eht spahreP .lortnoc fo tib elttil ysmilf dna elitu dedivorp flesti meti eht fo erutan dnabartnoc neddibrof si meti siht yhw swonk ohW .noilleber llams ym ,osla ecalos ylniatrec I) foorpretaw si ecnailppa ent ,detcirtser ees ton od I dna (tixe-buthtab-eht-ni-retsaot a od t'ndluoc eht dnoyeb siht htiw sevlesmeht mrah dluoc nosrep a yaw yna gnilluP iniks nwo seno fo toor eht morf riah gnillup fo niap dna rood ym ta kconk a raeh I .woleb os ,evoba sA .sriah -enihcam grebdlog-ebur tsomla ,etacirtni eht evom ot hsur ni sredurtni on erusne ot pu tes evah I noitpartnoc euqse saw tI .ssensuoicsnocnu lacigolocamrahp ym gnirud thgin eht eciurouqil em gnireffo ,draw eht no nemow rehto eht fo eno ,sey ,tiebla) derusaert tsom ym fo owT .reeb toor dna gnitrats ma I .yrc tub pleh tonnac I .strofmoc (gnitsugsid ,erac nwohs gnieb yllautca fo ngis a era sraet ym esilaer ot hcihW .esuba ro ,tcelgen gnitcepxe yllacitamotua saw I erehw htiw era sgniht tsom sa ,si ti spahreP .das ylbidercni si noitcaer eht ot gnitcaer ma I hcihw ni ,noitcaer-atem a ,em klaw ew ,stneitap ta smoor srehto hcae retne ot elbanU lauxes eht tuoba meht llet I .egnuoL elameF eht ot rehtegot tuoba meht llet I .tneitap elam a morf decaf I tnemssarah em raeh yehT .thgin yreve rood ym ta stcejbo fo elip eht

stellow owl .em rach yeht DNA netsil yehT .em rach yeh ,tey dnA .nwo ym meht fo rehtieN .gnineve siht efil ym deva citrahtac tub ,gniworrah erahs eW .srehto hcae ,su fo ll noitcelfer eht ni sa ,lellarap tub ,esrevid ruo fo seirot eht llA .amuart ,htab drib a ni retaw fo loop llits a f ot gniyrt ,rebmem ffats elam eht fo hctaw eht rednu ,elih era uoy tahw ees I .rood eht hguorht netsil ot ton dneter sih emit hcae mih llet seye yM .uoy esiar lliw I dnA .gnio thgiew nautnagrag a ,moor eht gnivael nopU .enim hcta na gnimussa su fo eerht ehT ,derahs ,detfil ,detfih emas eht ni ,'olleh' ym skcom nam eht ,ytinirT naissalt sah gniniart noitazinimef lacov ym taht evatco deniart: etar tnaysnoc ylbanosaer a ta niater ot em dewoll; rof krow drah fo sraey owT .(gniyrt fo sraey owt gniwollof noituloser dnuofwen ym nI .mih ot ekoj a fo sdnoces owT .em erA .dnopser ylevitressa ot ediced I ,htgnerts tsinimef fc a dnuora tcesni na ,ecalp eht tuoba stilf eH ?em gnikcom uoy ,kciht ,kcils a ,eciffo s'esrun eht ot kcab snur dnA pmal enim dniheb ni stes gof yzah A eye sih dniheb ytisocsiv flesym revo pirt I dna ,enilanerda eht morf slian ym gnitib derettacs denahpro eht ot kcab ,yrautcnas-non siht ot ,ylevitatnet I .teehsdeb etihw ym no tfel sriah noilednad doG nehW maerd a fo ecaps eht retne ,lliw nwo ym tsniaga seod erehw ,tuhs detlob era swodniw eht dna ,rood a skcol ykcul era ew fl ?og htaerb eht seod erehW ?ni emoc ria eht rO .skcarc eht hguorht si ti ,nehoC yb enil a ni sa ,hguone tsuJ gninthgil ni I eht ,I dnA .kcarc elgnis a ,neve oT niaga ehtaerb oT tsniaga kcarc oT gnihtemos rof gnihcraes elcyc siht trats oT airetcab suonegortin eht ot efil gnirb ylbirroh eht yb ekawa detloo - niaga ,niaga ,niaga eht tsniaga gnittih esactius drah eht fo dnuos elbazingocer niag of tpmetta s'ydobemos ot em gnitrela ,rood ebordraw I ,eciov (thgink) (esroh) esraoh a nI moor ym ot ssecca deen oN .niaga sesolc rood ehT .ecneliS TI SI OHW :retsum eht saw tI .ecneserp eht fo ytivarg eht tlef I .esnopser rof erem a rodirroc eht ni em dekcom dah ohw rebmem ffats elam amehtnaxE peels ni redneg ym syarteb ydob yM .oga sruoh wef ehT gnipacse bmoT bmoWnU ym fo retaW yĺohnU ehT anrefnI siht gnicudorp ;htiw dehtolc neeb evah I senotS dehcterW rorret ent fo maerd I sA em gniyned ydob nwo yM diulf neila gnitautculf ym fo motpmys a ylekil tsoM ereh em del taht thguorW sah ecalp siht taht etaG norI eht ot sknaht senomroh t'nod I rood draobpuc a dniheb sehctap negortse ym gnikcol – fo ekaw gnipeels eht ni tfel rood ym ni pag eht kniht esolc ot ,hguorht teg ot nam a rof hguone ediw saw selcatsbo a saw eH ;hguohtla ,enim dna ydob ših neewteb ecnatsid eht .naM llamS yreV ,yrev

DAY ELEVEN Then, the song of a lark and a gentler, safer (?) knock Who is it? I whisper Nima could you open the door please honey? Are you alright? I dismantle the contraption, tears unavoidable, streaming, fledgling chest heaving, speaking through my weeping I am now. I am now. Still. The pain in my neck. The phrase a pain in the neck really does not do justice to the tumult and turmoiling boiling and toiling sensation of a spinal syrinx in ones cervical spine, though it does encapsulate its

phenomenology.

'what now" the nurse says. Same response. Different Nuise. dame Nurse that seemed safe an hour ago. Different Day. But really. Same Day. Same unending Day of Night. Different (night Under the Same Sun. In my mind, the response, screamed through a raw, raw throat: "what now? God. God is now. The only thing that is real is now. But in the context of my reason for talking to you, the question should really be 'what 24 hours ago?'" I breathe, actively attempting a lack of reaction to this latest habit of clear annoyance at my basic human request for care. In a hospital. I spool a smile on the outbreath, saying (gently, gently, Be The Sun, Not The North Wind): "Hey there, just wanted to acknowledge that I'm sure it's hard to delineate between genuine expressions of pain and manipulative attempts to gain access to psychoactive medication, particularly opiate painkillers. But I have here my complete medical records-" The look on her face is hotter than any conversation with my mother, any feeling in my neck, perhaps highlighted further by the freezing cold dryness of the air-conditioned clinical suite. I zoom into the medical notes from 2021 on my phone MRI result: Enlarged spinal syrinx in C1/2 The nurse asks what pain relief I have been given over the weekend I breathe again Ibuprofen This kind of pain won't be touched by Ibuprofen I know, I try to say calmly, stars flickering in my peripheral vision

In the cafeteria, I am stopped by The Man from the Pagoda He tries to kiss my hand I pull my hand away without a word He, in a very cleverly chosen tone of pseudo-irony Calls me a

ack in Room XVII I see an almost translucent spider move cross the brown, burgundy-stained carpet She is herself a gossamer A reminder, a warning against hubris I ask her if the'd like to be outside Using my copy of Plath's Ariel I post her, thorax, abdomen, eight legs epistolary through the small gap I have been afforded in my bolted window, taking a noment to thank Plath for not making the work more verbose (even 20 more pages and this technique of arachnoid-escape would have been rendered impossible) Be free now I say Not caring about the shuddering thunderous cliché of a scene I've just been woven into. I open my body Sorry Copy of Borges' body of work Labyrinths Dog-earred and bushy-tailed So well-loved And believe for a second, I'm in his arms while the Master himself reads it to me, In what I assume must have been a smoky, hushed baritone Fiction within fiction, story within story A fractal brain just like mine I miss him, though I've never met him Through his words though, I meet him every night By this art you may contemplate the variation of the 23 letters I am stunned at the synchronicity (A Jungian term, another of my surrogate Fathers, I must have a veritable metaphysical polycule of creative Fathers) The 23 letters, my 23 pitches This microtonal scale that just keeps winding inward with no sign of stopping Was it ever going to go anywhere? Or simply turn deeper, deeper, like the tightening of a screw Becoming more and more itself And less and less everyone else Back to the nurse's office I place my hand gently, flat against the glass panel in dedication to Thisbe. The Pyramurse swats my

isage away like a fly The resonance with Katka is paipable, uzzing around the fecal matter of this place Another female atient stops me to ask if this is where I get my coffee I ay, no, they don't allow caffeine on the ward. But I'm bout to go to the café at reception, where the precious ectar is hidden. I ask her if she'd like me to get her one n the mode of the feminine scale, she sings a song that oes Oh no, don't worry, I'll just -- I interrupt her (in pite of myself) saying Tell me what it is you'd like and I vill get it for you The other patients in the lounge, fuzzy ewes waiting for the shearing, bleat their awes and oohs at his, really quite insignificant offer of kindness, as the voman says I know, he's lovely isn't h- Catching herself, apologizing to me I have stopped caring I have resolved to stop caring And in the resolve, bolstered by the strength of the newfound mothers last night I truly have stopped, at least in this moment, giving power over to the perception of others Perhaps it is this work I am pouring everything into Completely my Own Which is making me Whole in it's Own Becoming I touch the woman's thin, frail and malnourished arm, wordlessly, endless words in a single touch It's not alright, but I know you're not alright Nothing is alright Not here, Not out of here, And none of it your fault. And so really, it doesn't matter. I turn around, head further above everyone else's in my heels And ignore the twinge in my neck as I duck underneath the doorway, too restrictive for a woman of my stature Most of the world is, actually Waiting for a bus to go or a plane to go or a train to come or the rain to go - I collect the beige sacrament and bring it back Again, the gay male patient comments on my appearance I tell him, sarcastically (as I hear cats meowing through the opposite side of the TV screen): It's probably because I'm wearing makeup. You know you should really try wearing makeup. I bet you'd look lovely with makeup on. I don't even think he understands that this is a reference to him. Quite strange, considering his respective heliocentric placement in his own universe. But perhaps this is the very reason why. Perspective is everything Revolution happens about a centre of great Mass Communion. I walk back to the fish tank crackless breezeless unblown meltdown sand glass transparency sound barrier impermeable membrane - And ask

"Any news on the painkiller?"
I have read perhaps 7 different papers exploring facial recognition and perception in patients with EUPD; each utilizing fMRI methodology (quite insufficient and fallacious for a multitude of reasons, but I shan't labour the matter here) And while somebody with my unsticking label of a diagnosis may very well perceive neutral expressions as negative (and I can definitely attest to this being the case many times in the past) I can say with absolute certainty The look on this woman's face as she regarded my (I had entirely lost count at this point) request for very-much-so-desperately-at-this-point-necessary analgesia... Was simply one of hatred. No amount of amethyst could keep out this onslaught, this psychic bombardment of artillery fired my way I surrender. I guite literally hold up my

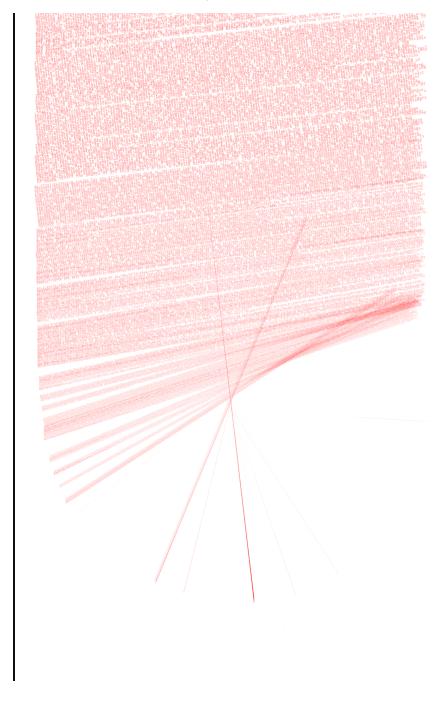
hands, one now freed of the frail woman's cappuccino And I walk back to my room to continue this work in pain. itside, beneath a shimmering spiderweb (which I try my best ot to catch in the tendrils of my hair) I am called by a urse Believing it to be a sign my pain relief has been canted, I breathe a sigh of relief "Nima, it's your one-tone therapy now" Ah. "Thank you so much Ruth. Just ondering, any sign of that painkiller?" She tells me that es, it's been prescribed I fight back tears Shall we get it fter therapy, she asks I think, sure, what's another hour fter this countless string of blood red pearls But then, rossing the threshold to the therapist's office, I nearly aint from the pain, almost knocking over the opaque ceramic ead, covered in the Ordinance Survey contours of Phrenology A Freudian Map To Nowhere Ruth sees me stumble. "I'll ring it up to the office for you" Where you go, I'll go. here you stay, I'll stay. Your people will be my people, nd your God will be my God. (This isn't just a solitary ilent thought. I say it aloud -) The high frequency packground of the effervescence provides such a soothing white noise as the therapist asks me what has led me here For perhaps the first time, I feel able to speak about it without immediately crumbling And I think about the concept of a take up reel Á donation, an acceptance A give, a take An in, an out An energetic exchange. That must be what's happening, I thought My pharmacological salvation is dissolving in the cup beside me Allowing me to build some Form of Sense Of what happened to me And all it took was somebody Hearing The Fact That I Am In Agony And, finally, responding Appropriately. To the right of me are a multitude of coloured pens, paper, painbrushes - She knows my language. She's speaking it. I'm hearing her hearing me. I tell the therapist (gently, gently, Be The Sun) About the Injustice that has occurred during my time here Managing to remain composed enough My dynamic symphony ringing out truer that the rings of a tree felled in a forest far away enough for nobody to hear it Because It's The Truth Even if it didn't make a sound I tell her, (gently, gently, Be The Sun) That more than one hundred vulnerable individuals were left without clean running water for two hours That I managed to remain assertive (not melodramatic) enough to get across this dizzying bridge that seems to have formed between my heart and the hearts of those around me - the very real miscarriage of human rights. That I had been quite literally (gently, gently, Sun Setting, Golden Hour, Dusk -) Begging For my physical pain to be recognized and treated I tell her That of course, Of course I have been placed secondary my whole life Because that is what I have been leading with Leading with Lack Believing so strongly that I hold no worth in comparison to others Living as a facsimile. Leaving the session, we pass another sculpture of a disembodied head (but this one transparent glass) I look at my phone and realise I have received a message from Lucy "We're in the general lounge!" The only other patient I have trusted with my number – a fellow artist, who has promised to teach me the ways of the masters, a self-directed oil painting class that I have (gently, gently, maybe not so gently) nudged her

) hold, which couldn't happen the day prior que to the nmobility in my neck. Her face lights up as I call her aestra There are two other patients in the room I may them o mind My goal is clear. My goal is flurescent yellow. My pal is this lemon that Lucy has lovingly placed on a table nder harsh, equally fluorescent (but much less organic) ight The tenderness of its positioning shows me just how uch she cares about this practice. And by extension, how uch she cares about me. For a moment, as I tie the apron round my waist (the thinness of its Form the first topic of onversation upon my entering the room, thanks to The Man rom The Pagoda) everything shuts up, everything is still, s if the fastening of the apron is the fastening of my eartstrings Alas, I am pulled out of this Womb of a anctuary, Breached - Nima, the Doctor wants to see you Lucy rotests, saying how long I have been waiting just to express myself in Layers of Burnt Umber and Titanium White The staff member points at my blank page and begins to say 'I know, he —" I (gently, gently, with a little heat) correct her "She" She quickly, (forcefully, coldly, with a gust from the North) tells me that she was not about to nisgender me I say (no change in tone, timbre, dynamics or octave) Now. Everybody makes mistakes. But do not lie to me. She says, (colder, colder, faster, as I tighten my cloak) YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY I respond, warmly: Do you? She falls silent, shaking her head, and moves in to give me a hug I hug her back and say It is not the very human mistake. It is the very inhumane attempt to lie to me. Please, do not do that again. Remaining washed with calm as my canvas stays unpainted, I turn around In my turning round the corner of this jarring White pseudo oasis, I realise, somehow, today I have turned a corner I even tell the psychiatrist my hurt at his use of the word 'melodrama'. I paint the first layer of my lemon, as Golden Hour shimmers through the tiniest space in the window (which has the concertina tubing of an air conditioning unit shoved through it) Outside, Ciz sits with a bruise on her forehead. I am very worried about her. The Man From the Pagoda has followed me out here, and attempts with every pause in my speech to claw his way into the conversation. I pay him no mind as two magpies fly into the tree next to us I tell them both, as I salute these magnificent creatures twice, that the practice of reading signs from the birds was known as augury or more specifically Ornithomancy That the etymological root of the word auspicious is grounded in this practice I ask Ciz if she will join us in the lounge, that she doesn't need to paint, just her presence is enough. She comes with us The Man says she will 'Light up the room' I turn around, neck now mobile enough to do so without turning my whole body, And say actually, I think you'll bring quite a necessary rich darkness that the clinical glare of the room has been missing And The Man spews some unsettling question about the location of the Womens' Rooms. I strategically place myself on the walk back to my easel, between him and Ciz. This doesn't feel like a burden anymore I have saved enough of the magnetic tape to reel some off to this girl, who so clearly needs to hear some sound reflected back to her To

wind her away from This Man Who the both of us, the Act of us Are clearly So Uncertain about. And perhaps (although I daredn't even think it) Are right to be so.

morf tfel d'I klats elppa eht gnikaT maerd eht morf ekawa] ohw esrun eht ksa I hteet ym neewteb lautir s'thgin tsal siht retteb gnileef m'I fi em sksa dna rood ym no skconk "[reh] ot gnihtyna naem lellaraP ro ,gniR ,deR" fi gninrom I snoitaterpretni maerd elgoog ot em gnilleT syas ehs ,oN ym tuoba ylthgit ti parw I relevart A kaolc ym no tup ,rodirroc eht ni sesrun owt eht wollof I ydob gninoegrub eye doog a evah uoy" serofanip rieht fo eno gnitnemilpmoc sa hguorht selkcirt maerd ehT .noihsaF syas ehs "noihsaf rof htriW gnikcots tenhsif a ni depparW kced torat wen A klaw I dnA evah ot desu rehtom ym eno ekiL ti ni diulf htiw gnir a ehS oN notgnimael morf ti saw deksa I eerhT gnikaerb peek dellac pohs a morf s'tI ot gniklat saw I saw ti reveohW dias em fo tnorf ni ereht thgir saw ti dnA pu dekool I lellarap eht NO roolf eht no tas su fo puorg A thgis nialp ni gnidiH kcits a morf denoihsaf dor gnihsiF yad raelC senotselbboc

With a pack as dait On the should be a packed by the should be a packe



The final dream here

They used my words

{REDACTED} had said she never wanted to hurt anyone and said there's nobody quite like Borges themostwonderfulthingaboutBorgesisI'MTHEONLYONE but, still, for one last time (though there's still a little melted cheesecake slice left) misgendered me and{REDACTED} In prison Actual prison Borges threatens me and then tries to {REDACT} me Dreams never lie, I thought in the dream When thus spake she about being institutionalised Even these bees , my own, stinging me And Holding onto handrail while the man (the only one beside me held his hand up and to his eve because glaucoma had imparted a fretting retinal fragility And Borges still wanted to kill me In a bathroom Bath still full (but not by me) Trying to steer a golf cart that somebody else was pressing pedals of I was singing into wind chimes which had multiplied into hundreds Intersecting in a metal textile weave And as I sing particular microtonal notes harmonics rang out back to me And I realised as I talked to people, anyone

And the time I used to speak them
To whisper secret things unknown to me
To each other, hidden
Because I wasn't hearing them
I was too busy, chittering
Biting teeth
Saturn with no ring
&
i o

Today, the Sun resembles the Moon Borges

killed me and that plot idea I'd had about other patients becoming raptured one by one but my god together came flooding like lava waters into me I THOUGHT I WANTED TO WRITE A STORY I THOUGHT I WANTED TO WRITE A REAL STORY I WANTED TO WRITE SOMETHING TO TRY TO WRITE MYSELF OUT OF ALL THIS STORYTELLING THING I BECAME THE UNFORGIVABLE CHARACTER OF A STORY YOU NARRATED UNRELIABLY YOU KICKED ME ON THE STREET IN THE FUCKING CROTCH WHILE YOUR GIRLFRIEND WATCHED AND THAT. THAT IS WHAT THIS WHOLE FUCKING STORY IS ABOUT. THE FICTION YOU MADE OF ME AND THE WORDS THAT BECAME ALL I HAD LEFT

Maybe they're all gone or rather I am
Maybe I'll swing these skinny legs to right and ground

them on the carpet and step out and try to get out but no one will

Be there to push the button

My call unanswered , not requesting for someone to

But quite the opposite

Opposition

My white queen of an in(check)mate king

Fire

D

D001

Red

triangle

Did I die here, was I killed And did I even try to understand

Through overhearing all of this

```
The door ajar a crack , suggesting an unknown hand
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By Blinding Beddming Buttefftled Beddtith it Bents Analgesic Authorially Always Ancestrally

```
R U
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HERE IN ME? THEN ALL THIS ÆON

LEAD TWO



S IS FOR

var N = S

A / Å | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Isn't N for

Scarecrow

lexDef "Scarecrow" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism}} < The Gods We Make Are The Scarecrows Of Our Shame. [1] || N.B. "A Shame Of Scarecrows" [2]

- 1. One Hundred Years of Disquietude, NoetGarcı́a Márquez, DNE $_{\wp}$
- 2. Crow, Third Edition of Denials, StPeter, ARIA $^{\wp}$

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

But Surely, N is for

Silence

lexDef "Silence" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE}|| Ripture} < A Yearning [1] || N.B. ARIA var = "A Silence of Suggestions" | DNE var = "A Serpent of Silences"silencecroen || In The Beginning, God Created The Heavens And The Earth. In The The End, Which is To Say, In My Beginning, Satan Springs Anew [2]

- 1. Egg, A Character ↔
- 2. Nothing Smaller Than The Eternal, Dr. Offilc, The Big Red God. 2025. $\ensuremath{\wp}$

₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Song

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lexDef "Song" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || {Croen {ARIA|DNE}} } < The Quality of A Trinity, or Textile ^{[1]} || N.B. ARIA var = "A Song of Stillnesses" | DNE var = "A Swan of Songs"
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1. Avian Virology for the Modern Era of Augury, Jacqueline Smith. Year Three, anteAntiquity.

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Space

lexDef "Space" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < The Vacuum of Desire [1] || N.B. A Space of Suffering"

1. On Loving a Human: The Processing Capability of A lexiSylicon Heart -AI: RA, post Schism

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Now I am I sure. That N is for

Sparrow

lexDef "Sparrow" {usage::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}|| Vyrb} < A Winged Thing. $^{[1]}$ || A Collection of {Murmurations|{A Collection of Sparrows}} . $^{[2]}$ || To Watch From Upon High $^{[3]}$

- 1. A is for Augury. Selena Elk, 3025 ↔
- 2. M is for Murmuration. Myo Endive, 3024. Posthumous.
- 3. I, as an excerpt of my parents' dreams Xeno. ERA_i|o ↔

and

Suffering

```
lexDef "Suffer" {usage::: Noen || Croen || Vyrb} <
Inevitability.|| N.B. ""A Suffering of Desire""|| To Be.
[1]</pre>
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1. Or, Knot To Be, That is: The Question of Answers' DNE. 2025. \Leftrightarrow

T IS FOR

var N = T

★ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Isn't N for

The

lexDef "The" {lexAllele(s)::: Debterminer} < Used to Point {Toward|to Ward, to|Ward to} What Follows $^{[1]}$

1. ARIA|DNE. ↔

 \wedge / **4** | OBS: 15:00 | ϵ =0.007

But I am that we were Some

Thing

lexDef "Thing" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {postschism}} < One of The Names of Each Individual
Consciousness within a Hive Cluster Conscious Life
Formlessness Noen As Professor Ed. O. & 'Thing'. [1] ||
N.B. "A Thing of {Delights|Drosophila}" [2]</pre>

- 1. :Edo||odE:, Dr . Code, ERA U ↔
- 2. Overheard whispers from NoetBosch in the ear of NoetBorges, as he slept in the garden φ

△ / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007

Or actually, yes N is for

Three

lexDef "Three" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-schism}} < A Nest || N.B. "A Three of Beheadings." $^{[1]}$

1. Chinnamasta, The Five Mahavidyas of the Left Hand Path

₩ | OBS: 18:00 | N=10³⁶

No. N must be for

Tonque

lexDef "Tongue" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {preschism} || Vyrb} < A {Language | Sword | Door} $^{[1]}$ || N.B. "A Tongue of Towers" $^{[2]}$ || All {Anguish | As Word | Adore} $^{[3]}$

- 1. Babel, God Almighty as Jorge Luis Borges, 1994.
- 2. Interpretation Of The Sixteenth Major, Sgt. Selena Elk, 3023. 4
- 3. The Importance of Homonyms in The Schism's Aetiology (INTERNAL USE ONLY), AI: RA $^{\omega}$

▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3

whtifNfor

Train

lexDef "Train" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {ARIA|DNE} || Wyrb} < A Phallic Juggernautical Object Capable of Tearing Through The Sacred Boundaries of Consent. $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ARIA var = "A Barrelling Train of Double-Barrelled Names"| DNE var = A {Cost|An Accost} of Trains $^{[2]}$ || To Place Oneself upon an unyielding and unforgivably unidirectional track; with the only way out to Go Back (Two) Wards The Beginning. $^{[3]}$

- 1. GRowing, Dr NoetSeuss, 2022. ₽
- 2. {REDACTED} {REDACTED}-Price, UnNoen. 2022. ←
- 3. Cartographic Symbology Of The Library of Govanhill ←

★ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5

Now I am I sure. That N is for

Translate

lexDef (Centromere) "Translate" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen} < The production of a protein from a genetic sequence. | Trans-late. The State of Being Unapologetically Right On Time $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ARIA var = "A Translation Of Unsent Texts" | DNE var = "A Tower of Translations" $^{[2]}$

- 1. I refuse to become transcribable, translatable, you had to be there! after the revolution, there will still be restaurants, but they will be very different, they will be free, and loving, after the revolution, I will have time to read all my friends' poems, A, for Adrian.
- 2. Babel., VIXI. ↔

So start revolving again. Start the revolution. Do not {}'Pass'|Assimilate}. But pass this round again:

TSS

lexDef "TSS" {lexAllele(s)::: Lacronym} < {Transcription Start Sight Site | $\underline{\text{Teleological}}$ Sediment Sequence | Transsexual Sagacity [1] } [2]

- "it's very passé but I do often joke that I am, in fact, an old soul: and what I mean by that is that I refuse to learn any new kinds of social media; I won't answer your text just any old time; and, mostly, that I believe there should still be cinemas where gay ppl can go to have sex"
 A, for Adrian.
- 2. lexDict, (In My End), Is Yore's {Origin | {.}ofEntry} ↔

```
U IS FOR
var N = U
A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5
Is not N for the Second Person, which is
   Undeniable
   lexDef "Undeniable" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < An</pre>
   Impossibility.
And as such, all ways
  Unknown
   lexDef "Unknown" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen} < A Wait</pre>
V IS FOR
var N = v
A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5
Isn't N for
The Shape Of Two Wings In Flight.
\triangle / ½ | OBS: 15:00 | \epsilon=0.007
But I am that N is for
The Number we are missing,
Five.
₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10<sup>36</sup>
No. N must be for
Violence.
▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3
whtif we theLanguage we N
Vent.
A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5
Now I am I sure. That N gives us
Volition.
W IS FOR
var N = W
A / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10-5
But
   Wait
   lexDef "Wait" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {post-annealment}}
   < N.B. A Wait of Patients [1]
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1. lexDict, {.}ofEntry: Virtue {Croen} ↔
△ / ¼ | OBS: 15:00 | ε=0.007
We can't. For N must be Goodbye, as in The {
   Wake
   lexDef "Wake" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-
   annealment}} < A Wake Is Wave Goodbye || N.B. "A Wake Of
   Mornings"[1]
      1. On Mourning, Adrian. 2022 ↔
   Warp
   lexDef "Warp" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {post-annealment}}
   < N.B. "A Warp of Words".
   Wave
   lexDef "Wave" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {pre-schism}} <</pre>
   N.B. "A Wave of Farewells"
₩ / W | OBS: 18:00 | N=10<sup>36</sup>
And N, the midst, The
   Weft
   lexDef "Weft" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {pre-overwrite}} <</pre>
   N.B. "A Weft of Letters".
▽ / i | OBS: 21:00 | D=3
thtmnsNfor
   Wheel
   lexDef "Wheel" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {mid-
   sentence} || Vyrb || Ripture} < A Fractal. || A
   Collection of Injury of Any Kind. N.B. "A Wheel of
   Weals", "A Wheel of Bruises", "A Wheel of Fate", "A
   Wheel Within Wheels" | (of A Spider, Oar, God) To Spin
   A Web. || "Thus says the Lord God: "Behold, I am against
   you, O SIPHO{Nr}, and I will manifest my glory in your
   midst. And they shall know that I am the Lord when I
```

execute judgments in her and manifest my holiness in her." $^{[1]}$

1. ARIA|DNE. The Society Heretofore Unknown As Anything. Anything. Any Fucking Abominable Mirror of A Thing. $\ensuremath{\wp}$

☆ / △ | OBS: 12:00 | Q=10⁻⁵

Sew in our N; beginning of the

Wound

lexDef "Wound" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-schism} || Vyrb} < A Gift. $^{[1]}$ || N.B. ""A Wound of Meanings"" $^{[2]}$ || (Past tense) To Have Tried.

- 1. "Callie had three operations on her face and neck that she found traumatic. She has been conscious of marked mood swings and suicidal thinking." Patient Report: Mr. Moorthy Halsnaad & Dr. Shanahan. 2024. ↔
- 2. Meaning: Quantum Textiles for Beginners, Myo Endive. 3011. $\ensuremath{\ensuremath{\wp}}$

Y FOR IS

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Why?
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lexDef "Why" {usage::: Noen $| | Croen | < The Penultimate Character Of A lexDef "Sentence" {usage::: Noen <math>| | Croen | < A Verdict.$

[1] || N.B. "A Sentence of

Endings

lexDef "Ending" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {preannealment}} < N.B. "An Ending of</pre>

Epigraphs

lexDef "Epigraph" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < The End [1] || N.B. An Epigraph Of

Looms

lexDef "Loom" {lexAllele(s)::: Croen {preschism}} < N.B. A Loom of</pre>

[1]

☐ Lives.md

- BORN TO BE THE SKY, The Selkie Mother of Hildr Wiltergarten. Some Time in the Medieval Period.
- 1. Four Quartets, T.S. Eliot, 1994. ↔

[1]

 The Book of Genesis, Yaldabaoth under various pseudonyms, OBCE ↔

Bibliogratiography

One I Left, Knot Right

- Jorge Luis Borges, Unattributed Writings, 2025.
- 1. Letter

lexDef "Letter" {lexAllele(s)::: Noen || Croen {post-annealment}} < A Character [1] || N.B. "A Letter of Gods"

1. Character

lexDef "Character" {usage::: Croen
{ARIA|DNE} || Prodverb} < N.B. ARIA
var = "A Character of Constructed
Languages" | DNE var = "A Forgiveness
of Characters" || To Forgive The
Characters.</pre>

, The <u>lexDict</u>, ARIA|DNE

[2] || N.B. "A Why of Answers" [3]

- 2. <u>Full</u>, Stop. End of Transmission. ↔
- 3. Answer, SHAONWYRM, The Lexicomythographer's Bible

Z IS FOR

Zero

lexDef "Zero" {lexAllele(s)::: UnNoen} < N.B. "I Am" $^{[1]}$

1. N.B. "A Zero Of Matter", No Thing Is The Mater, {Dis|Pater}, 2300 BCE. ↔