

6-26-24

Paris Rose.s Miles-Brenden

Determinant Evaluation

10:25 pm

For in an Earth-cry, I finally found a bounded* relation of a form of forgiveness of a people, for addictive and unfortune of a manner of recreative truth, *in addendum* - not justified so, for in another, but of a verification of my 13-14th year(s), and an encompassment of the existential (disbelief and humorless and denied and depressed) *rhythm*, of loss.

We do not share a crisis, or loss, and I went beyond an angry-pronouncement of anger and hostility, finding my humility, and setting myself to recourse of a constructive valued experience of life. It was an eternity of incomplete, and unsatisfactory *blameworthiness*, as a consequence, I lost hatred of myself.

I did not understand one thing, the certain *aspect* of a prohibitively held entrappable 'unit' among(st) people's and world(s) - nor - war.

I sucessorized, and ceased in hostility to them and myself, for in confusing their actions in retirement, and abandonment unto another (which was not) - but of a people, and myself, isolated, at war and in crisis, I anticipated (and then later - knew - provable) my ideation would have reached *not only* this-unit of entrappable consequent, but a loss of vindictory plausibility, *my identity*, and a world, and I was retired to my way of blind plain intellect. *They were consonant, and did not reject me, but for losses, I could not reclaim myself.* I did LSD, and came to awareness of the humility *to find a relief and freedom from chemical and communicative disease function*, for a planet, and went beyond anger and hostility.

I could not understand one thing, that they, and their actions, remained *their(s)*, my action(s) remained mine.