

(That's the rain, and in a blurred image there is a contemplation, a recognizance or spelling of being within the mind. The images themselves travel the ridges of forlorn space between actions and its potentiality in being read as something, or someone, as a feeling. The chemicals are climbing the anatomy of the eye, are tripping themselves over before the ocular cortex and remembering the rifts in patterns that they are as becoming memory from separate perspectives. The cornea ridges and folds itself as great barriers, the images are continuous and digested as conceptualizing their own gates and folds, channels and accommodations.

The path was dark, there were sudden sparks of illumination within the folds of darkness which showed the dimensions of movement for moments at a time, but hardly at all. There was the sound of movement, but the feeling of going nowhere. There are travelers traversing a path of transference from thought to image; from image to thought and there are mountains upon mountains between them.)

Well, I've tried to accommodate for you, but you just can't take the filtrate!

What filtrate?

How can you tell?

Wouldn't say, but the electrical path is stored as chemical conversions..

was the chemistry necessary for all this to be seen?

absolutely, but it depends on your absorption, your gradient, your amphipathic energetics and the type of message your sending..

it's all patterning, you see, and you're just one side of the perspective, anyway
patterns and illusion

Always blundering at narration, can't keep yourself as first or third and who the hell knows the seconds?

We'll meet up again after the chiasma...

((You know, the digestion separately of the path with which an image is digested is not concurrent with rationalizations herein. Just a warning, the actuality of this narrative is a metaphor at best, and as well as that, each and every bend of light in refraction and incident and it's play upon rods and cones becomes a whole of an image. It's as if here they've started out with the image as a whole apart from the anatomy necessary to digest it as such. And most likely will continue to use narrative space for what would probably become footnotes of some sort.))

(The time passed slowly, comparatively, and the narration was stuck between the gradients and accommodating for the inexperience of sensations. You see, there was the object through the biconvex lens, the real image turned upside-down, and a parallel ray after refraction; along with a secondary ray of refraction. Of course then, a virtual image came to pace and then the refraction of rays was splayed in completely different ways; but all of this being un-answerable by the images themselves, they played out in language to try to digest the postulates of the combinations in sight and feeling themselves, as separate perspectives apart of a common sight.)

Lets go swimming in the aqueous

oh, yes, such a nice humour

well, you might think it nice now, but the sclera sucks

(only slightly)

It's a venous sinus, what do you expect?

Schlemm didn't build that canal, you know

he sure caught the movement of the ciliary, though—

well it depends on the suspension

oh, suspensory ligament?

More dependent on the iris, and the posterior chambers, unless you mean in accommodations, and there's external muscle as well for that, anyhow.

Well, we're headed right on through the hyaloid canal

ooh, is that the fovea centralis?

Sure, and that's the blind spot we'll be taken in if your not careful

well, right here, in the optic disk—

which way is the filtrate, again?

(I notice an image devouring an image of itself from a reflection turned about unnaturally.)

Hmmm, must be the chiasma.

That what?

The chasm.

Oh, that thing we keep ebbing into?

Well, more like something running forwards and moving backwards.

I see. That's why you've gotten so close to me, then?

Must be that blind spot, or maybe we're being digested, or maybe...

(the images spilled over one another, convex and concave convergences wrapping warped limb for limb over the postulates of space within and outside the capabilities in time and knowing of some spectrum all the same. The thought caught and turned a movement of simple firing in neurons to the electricity in semblance of a kiss, of holding, of stumbling and feeling applied in the space between when a thought of a sight becomes motive in influencing image and its digestion.)

((The motion of a scene digested as it's made—a movement of filtrate and opsins posturing to the digestion of photons in rhodopsins movements...the characters here aren't characters themselves, but solely narratives of motif.))

What makes a picture such as us, as we're digested?

Well, trying to make it to the occipital cortex, getting tied up in the bundles near the optic chiasma, of course, off course.

(The image itself has asked of the darkness between bundles of nerves within the refraction of a lens. Are you able to carry that weight? It has no velocity or direction, it has weightless-ness, and you carry it in image, and ponder it with language, though this story is quite significant of the confusion of the matter at hand.)

At hand? Are you saying we could touch?

In the way of an appearance of path as another path is met.

Well, yes, but..i felt..

The idea dissecting the image, of a hand, of a foot, of a backbone or an eye.

The occipital cortex shifted us

are you sure? What about the optic chiasma

there was that strange crossing over of the bundles..

After the bi polar regions

yeah, way after that, and after that archnoid think tried to scare us

it's just near dura, all those limbs...

you're seperating from me

not purposefully

it's out of necessity, you know

for the radiations reflection

ah, for the radious reflections of the images we are, yes

but where is the medium?

Perhaps the feeling evoked between the projections could tell us of the medium.

All these nerves, I would suppose...did you feel that?

oh, what nerve!

(Postural reflexes.)

Hey, that's not who we were traveling with—

hey, i didn't see you near the occipital or near the lens, how did you get here?

'What am i, an image itself, without lenses distortions?'

And how entwined in our idea of you is this distortion of lenses?

'Distortions lying awake to nightmares in dreamscape, our reality lies awake blinking captions of motions to be digested in the turning—'

The turning?

'We're flipped upside-down'

oh, right side up, you mean?

'However you want to picture it. Those mountains aren't easy to hike, and if you lose your footing, well...it's a long fall to the abyss.'

Do you remember it?

(don't answer)

'It's the same image, recognized, that's always been here in chemical and electrical inference, you're picking apart a path in non-sense language of image meeting past images or imaginary and trying to remember the paths they were already as their digested. Maybe i'm to sort for the storage, what with being imaginary and all.'

'with other. Do the non-existent characters as vocal of image have a concept of the narrative?'

((How can that be? I've never been seen! And made it a sense to be so!))

'Familiarity in a sense and perfect coincidental movement of prospect—'

you expect something to happen, then?

In a sense...

(Or anticipate too perfectly an end to this dribble, this blurred image from a distorted lens working to free itself from so much metaphor while at the same time loading itself full to the brim with things like simile and sensations. There is the plane as a mirror, the reflected ray, the incident ray, and that line that is invisible drawn perpendicular to that mirror itself. What are we traveling about? Traversing the paths of sight, almost back to the thalamus now, and have met an imaginary.)

Distortions and recompense.

'We can't understand you, so we'll paint a monster, a tragic, horrid monster. We don't know everywhere your thoughts go, so when we can't know, we'll assume the worst sorts of evil upon you.'

(What is the image that is traveling?)

((...How should we know?))

Well, study dark.

'Those creatures you imagine in the horrors of not knowing everything are far worse to me in digesting than the actuality of dark and its necessity in contemplating dimension in sight and feeling, in memory and movement.'

((A shade for your wandering: I thought we had decided on a narrative of creatures traversing the glorious mountains of the optics, the ridges and valleys, the chemical movements and the chasing down of conceptualizing the images themselves as apart from our concepts.))

(apparently, there's more than one narrative to the characters traveling that aren't actual characters but image in imagining a path in digestion of sight as it is attached to feeling and moved to meaning. And they met with an imaginary. Which is like a free radical, apparently, and spouting imagery from the storage of imaginations in the contemplating of dreams. The vertical angles they spoke nothing of, but in a sense there was a common bustle toward the ocular; the steady stream and firing of chemicals converting to electrical patterning in the moment that they were of chemical, they were transferred to electrical, and down the axons in the nerve fibers bundling transversely from the lens they were taken in. concave and convex alignments of posture, each of the images continued with wonder and at least one of the narrations at this point was wondering if digestion is so much effected in chemical path by such a simple change in perspective.)

That's, i've heard, a meaningless endeavor, to be devoured by non-commensurable ratios and transitional space in the transference of data and for our sakes you could stop dancing around it so

damn well.

((Well, well...i can't seem to get the tone right here, but it seems like a novice likes the art of wondering in science and will apply a spell and let alchemy spill at every chance they get. Of course, the world is supposed to be changing, they've been speaking in our languages (every one of them) of some great enlightening.))

(Of course, they want to be only enlightened, but I would really love to see them understand the necessity of dark, and brush past the common sense applied to such stigma. It's a blind spot nowadays in most languages; light needs dark to exist, too.)

'And how is it to imagine some new picture, some unseen place?'

Terrified for the wander, er, wonder it is to picture it as analogous to somethin'...

((someone else has already stolen it away, we're picking up pieces of a masterpiece of a place and the magpies are laughing at us. The scarlet ibis is even giggling from the nucleic and hopeful inferences in some sort of arachidonic acids.))

(the image has lost itself in its own digestion, you see, and if it is always stored somewhere i'd like to know how about that in some unlearning.)

Well, if space weren't so decent about thought sharing, I suppose

'but of course, that's imaginary'

two sides of sight coming together at the back of your mind and manifesting themselves as part of a picture, crossing paths as needed and projecting themselves in radiations along optic transmissions.

Surely there's no room for contemplating these energetics as part of the pineal, nor as part of imaginary inferences therein.

Thymus is jealous for your attention.

that ebbing into, I think we've been through, and its something that chasm so warned about.

It's been well taken a warning, though I can't tell of you from I, and technically, you shouldn't be using the word I, either.

(apparently the images saw themselves in contemplation within the thalamus, apart from themselves in ponderance according to another imaginary incident—accidentally, irrationality)

of course, the path existed in recognizing it or we wouldn't be getting digested

but that goes against every ounce of my strength in having to manifest it

'and I have trouble in pictorial memory, save for when you are asleep'

((and wonder if it's because I rip it to pieces so easily...))

bits and pieces were picked up from dreamscape, the way they used to talk about metachromatic granules picking up after a protein to acid chain in the rough endoplasmic, so with us, but in factions of images and thoughts attached to them. The imaginary is not centered in the pineal, just as memory can call no one particular place home.

How do you know this?

Listenin to the filtrate.

((the idea here being a new thought of some sort or an image or both being able to help sort bits of information from other imaginings and counter-spaces))

(apparently the thought, but we'll see.)

That is, searching out non-velocity within the transitional patterning of convergences within our minds of the digestion of thought and sight sensations to apply within the sense of self and digest as part of other chemical and electrical spectrum, the radiations in sight projecting and the images as left and right digesting to centre.

Oh, dark, where is your spectra?

Eaten up by all the praising of great He.

The praising of what?

Of that great He, helium.

An image digested itself as part of a filtrate, within a contemplation of other thoughts in the process of

being converted and an image is stored with all the rest, wherever in our minds this takes place; randomly and for whatever reason our minds have of not concentrating such a thing to any particular area.

What of the bends the aqueous didn't stretch to conceive?

Ask what's lost in convergences

ask what happens to the matter in the peripheral

ask of the capable what cause they have to test so harshly a blind spot

to see if its still dark

and how irrideocorneal angular projections in the optic chiasma become dreams, or imaginings, or feelings, or sensations of off-standing postulates between scenes, you see, between scenes there are these analogous accidentals of occurring discouragements that are turned about and used.

Where is the imaginary sight, digesting these images themselves and not solely from memory?

What of imaginary sound and it's inferences in memory?

The thalamus made a quick check,

and I placed my bet in the chiasma,

the pineal gland and the midbrain.

But the images themselves had been partiality as a derivative, and were now part of that same irrational gate of memory that flows and ebbs and eventually is disintegrated, digested and washed up in the salt water sea of the blood brain barrier or torn to pieces and used as fuel for some part of the reticulum.

The characters are lost at sea again, then, and eating each other slowly, wondering which will die first from the ingestion. The patternings of the image itself projecting in radiations in nerve bundles is an electrical signal, not to be bothered with disintegration; though to be stored I would assume that it is manifested once again as a chemical inference and can be recalled in our minds as such, and from there once again converted to an electrical radiation for inward sight to digest in thought.

The digestion of image in thought chemically and electrically, data conversions and the transitions between.