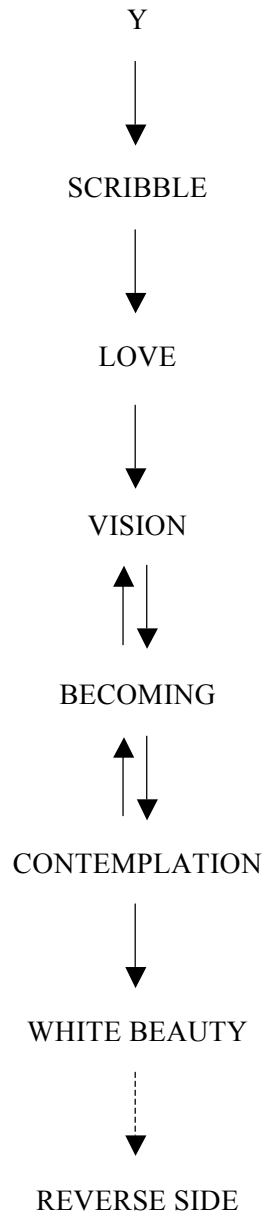


STRUCTURE OF THE MEANING OF ACTION IN THOUGHT



Y

Y, is before me.

Y, is the previous conscious identity.

Y, is a specificity.

It is something suspended that becomes on the surface.

Y, is the link for scope.

It is the link that lends meaning to the entire form.

Y, is the hook that unites expanses.

The clasp that holds the ends of language together.

When two expanses are united...

They do so through Y.

When two expanses develop into one...

They do so based on the nature of Y.

Y, can be the seam of life in matter.

And the beginning of Becoming.

Y, can be the reflection of our existence.

And make that existence real.

Beyond this is Only Y.

A constant without meaning.

This side of Y is the Solitude of Y.

A point that illuminates us as a component of identity.

## SCRIBBLE

Perhaps we bear too heavy a load.  
The load of transforming everything while moving forward.

Perhaps if the load were borne by the gaze of Contemplation...  
Perhaps that gaze could concur in the movement of events.

Scribble is an oblique gaze.  
Camouflaged in the space of Presence.  
Light that illuminates the creative nature of its being.

The Scribble connects to the present and advances before our gaze.  
The Scribble is present in its Becoming.  
The Scribble is you from afar.

Scribble is continuity.  
The capacity not to solidify.  
To handle a flow of information without adhering to matter.

Scribble is at once structure of everything and soul of one alone.  
It is the Horizon shared.  
Understood.

Scribble is the profile of the Horizon's action in its environment.  
Scribble brings us closer to the plane upon which we are modeling.

In the Scribble we cease to exist in order to see.  
In the Scribble we are the Abyss.

## LOVE

Love is discourse.

A constant flow of information.  
A trajectory always present. A round trip.

Love is the discourse of the event.

It is the structure that defines the reason behind the physical state of matter.  
It is a suspension from which to draw its vital signs.

Love is the practical side of Reality.

The rocky depository of existence.  
The word captivated by the Whole.

Love is the key to the physical world.

It is the luminous space that allows contemplation.  
It is the Presence that keeps the bubbling of the present alive.

Love is what causes a Horizon to expand and close in on itself.

## VISION

The Human.  
Compendium of a space.  
The continuous perception of the present.

Vision.  
Conscious Reality. The superimposition of spaces.  
In tune with matter. The fragmented vision of specific spaces.

In the encounter between the type of relation that the Human has with the Abyss and his/her identification with the environment, a bubbling is produced (the action).

The present (happiness) can be found in the instability of the bubbling. Concatenation of spatial fragments that are becoming in continuous time (Becoming).

Thus, hesitantly yet communicatively, Presence approaches the fragility of existence (Absence) by creating a Zero Time (Vision).

Zero Time. The point as of which the manner that the present has of operating in the Abyss is revealed.

As of that Zero Time, Presence engages with the Abyss as a component and driving agent of the spaces governing it. Presence thus becomes part of the transforming matter of the Abyss.

Zero Time is the awareness of the fragility of an entire ecosystem based on the existence of Presence in Becoming.

Vision is the reflection of action in Becoming.

## BECOMING

Becoming is an extension of the present.  
Continuous happiness.

Becoming is the confluence of two aspects.  
Absolute fragility and necessary action.

Becoming.

It confirms the fact that we are different.  
That the radius of action has changed.

It structures a new voice.

It amasses the effects of the transition.  
The concentric and eccentric movements.

Becoming is the bony structure of Reality.  
It is the elastic space in which to think oneself.

## CONTEMPLATION

Light is not Vision.  
It is Contemplation.

It is the Arc.

The action of seeing.  
Not the reflection of the action.

Contemplation is the Solitude of an act.  
The interior and exterior mass.  
Concave and convex.

The Arc is the shell that mutates.  
The form that transforms the mass.

A mass that circulates through the concave form.  
That contracts and expands to compensate for the act.  
The origin and end of movement.

Contemplation is the medium of an oscillating movement.  
A rhythm that keeps the gaze tense upon the changing substance.

A rhythm that becomes form in the Arc.  
And an Arc that becomes incarnate in the Human.  
Relations that immerse the act in thought.

Contemplation is the act of recreating the image of a thought as many times as necessary to strengthen the link between the spaces of the Abyss and Nothing.

Contemplation is our consciousness contemplated.

## WHITE BEAUTY

Beauty.

Is there anything more to say?  
Can anything more possibly be said?

Under our gaze. The Void.  
Upon the white surface. Nothing.

Is there anything else that can be said that wasn't said through gesture?

White.

Gesture give us form.  
Form compartmentalizes Reality.

Gesture reveals its inclination.  
The inclination demarcates the nature of Presence.

Is it the imprint immersed in the white or is it the white emerging from us?



## REVERSE SIDE

Reverse Side displays a variation of Reality.

The trajectory of a particular Vision.

A reading of Nothing.