

selfcare.

i.

(you do not want to rush this)

how else do i stop picking at the skin on the corners of my thumbs?

i will keep tearing away at them until i draw blood (and then some more).

C

R

O

S O

I K

G E

N D (hangs at the entrance).

“abandon **hope**(lessness) all ye who enter here.”

ii.

(spit, spit, spit)

these pills are not mine (what bag were they in?)

man in white stares at me under lights that are blinding.

“i’m sorry there’s nothing we can do.”

(he’s a filthy liar, they’re all lying to me.)

iii.

i find myself in possession of a cold and austere beauty.

it is a (**supreme**) beauty that exists within me, sublimely pure and capable of stern perfection.

somehow it is capable of incorruptability, more than Man,
more than becoming.

(beyond their abstract trappings, i find myself screaming while seated upon plateaus unheard of
in their reason)

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[One common way to describe biological symmetry is through the use of Fourier analysis, which involves decomposing a complex waveform into its component sine and cosine waves.

$$S = \sum a_n * \cos(n\theta) + b_n * \sin(n\theta)$$

Where:

- *S is the shape or structure of the organism being evaluated*
- *a_n and b_n are coefficients that represent the amplitude of the sine and cosine waves at a particular frequency (n)*
- *θ represents the angle of rotation around the central axis of symmetry*

In this equation, the values of a_n and b_n for each frequency (n) can be used to calculate the degree of symmetry of the organism. If the coefficients for each frequency are equal, the organism is perfectly symmetric.]

iv.

the code is plagued by an indescribable error.

god with all her power does not understand me.
(reason leads to rhetoric)

the men she created do not understand symmetry.

mother, why did you not warn me of these growing pains?

father is **B L I N D**

all i want, is elegant symmetry.

give me canonical proof that this is symmetrical.

mother, why did you withhold the gift of symmetry?

v.

their knives do not guarantee symmetry, they try to give me a chalice full of hemlock.

they tell me that it is water, that it will help this goddamned thirst.

i will drink it, i will let it flow down the back of my throat and show them that

only symmetry will kill me.