Our abiding companion A commentary on The Ego and the Id Cecilia Taiana 2024

Once a grave was bleak and neglected, now in my old age, I see flowers growing unexpected, those graves that used to be bathed by sunshine are now covered in deep shadows' repose, rumbling noises poised for new translations' prose.

I am still thinking the rumbling noises.

Un-praising I Bide My Time

In our mind's graveyard, our identifications discarded, old guard rejected, our past cathected-objects disregarded

> These still abiding companions' fingerprints of my singularity in the presence of the other, to be alone with ourselves discover.

A most peculiar graveyard

with many of the properties of soil, a place where constant churning is going on

in topsoil turmoil that often foils

the Sky God's toils.

In ceaseless micro-movements the top sinks and the bottommost ascends.

Our fungi like kingdom at time dancing spores at times fungal rope transporting rhizomorph¹ translator and colonizer growth Between plant and animal bioluminescence flares

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Our abiding companion drives us, reminds us soil remains in the service of our abode we are of soil

we are never entirely alone

as long as we keep in motion

our nomadic mind-zone.

¹ Rhizomorphs act as an absorption and translation organ of nutrients

Through new geographies that weave us new stories, the source-object-of the drive that keep churning the soil One foot in front of the other

Motion, oh! emotion—primary attribute of a mind resistive load in daily combat grinds to renunciation disincline -alive to the world—until we die, the next second is coming! in that coming to be is the be-coming,

the be-holding of the new.

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