

The Beautiful Layer

Keats said it well, about negative capability, but still grounded himself in the human context, belying his own incapacity. Early days or whatever, still is we'll only know when we're dead. His positivism didn't carry him far enough beyond. Beyond to an objectively aesthetic reasoning behind all of his dwelling. The theoretical but not that you can't say that we can't bring in theory nuhuh. It's just the Beautiful Layer and my naming it that defies it, though I've gone pretty simple with it, as you have to do, even still, words from my mouth conquering some vaporous notion I happened upon that others have as well its form can only be truth simpliciter to itself prior to language and denotation it's merely there in a vaporous yes but also perhaps stratified haecceity. Vaporous like a wisp defying our sensation or stratified like some deep layer of sediment unborable by human technology, rendered existent by merely itself and its neighbours in stratification, the only immediate experience of it being tactile to itself and its enclosure, otherwise extant only faithfully for our not being that much closer down to downwards to the core of our gravity. And we do experience it it is the maiden knowledge but the chamber we walk through we walk through upon our feet alone, plodding words here and there as we can reach them or as we see fit dependent on our wealth. No thought paid to whether you are a guest or a prisoner, since there is no thought paid to the nature of the equality of this chamber. The nature of the light that passes through it into our experience. How it seems so vitally true and yet no-one seems to agree upon their contextualisation within/upon maybe [I guess we can't agree] the beautiful layer. What one finds beautiful another finds hateful and the irony lies in the notion that the beauty is in the disagreement, the aporia of the world, the way all things exist and have a glimmering

crystallisation of noumena, revealed to each individual only as a speck of light, tasteful or distasteful, but extant as a ball of light spraying rays in heaps of directions, from its flat sides arranged mathematically, perhaps arranged dependent upon how they're experienced by we humans but also perhaps not, dependent upon the "type" of thing each thing is—human created or otherwise? perhaps not spherical, but distinctly shapeful only in as much as the noumena exists upon itself. But this is no way to put it for Keats woulda hated this no doubt. But is there any way? Even if I had the ability to write a short narrative, a fictional experience that in its phenomenality tore apart the phenomenal to represent this beautiful layer, the noumena of the universe, would that be appropriate?, it would be a portal yes, but then the noumenal, this layer this mode of viewing, this experientiality that the liminal is closer to than tribalism, it would become trite and linguistic and still would be only mine appearance of the way things are, and therein lies the difficulty, so nah I can't write a story about someone longing into a reflection of themselves in a lapping body of water thinking on an ex or upon the future for it would fall short of its paradigm nor could I write one about a crowd all voicing and the plethora of their voices forming a white noise of communication that tends closer to the truth of some matter closer than any one's voice ever could, even for its inutility, for this would be to drape some malleable fabric, malleable only in as much as my vocabulary and pathetic distrust of grammar allows, upon the topology of existence and reality, and saying look there it is, visible only by the shape of this fabric, with its gullies and valleys and bends and folds that speak of nothing underneath but only of the lacking of the fabric. Is it not better to not throw fabric at all and let the invisible shape of the shape of things speak for itself in silence for people to intuit by themselves through the experiences that life welcomes them with, the disagreements that they have with others and the way they can derive pleasure from abject things like pain and sorrow. And look, I'm confused, but I'd rather be confused than sure of myself because yea haha I have negative capability befitting of the type people these days should have—I feel lost and I know I'm lost and yet I feel advanced because I also feel that everyone is lost in a presentiment of self-trust that no-one should have and it is only founded on the self-trust of past peoples, all founded on an illusion. Nietzsche's genealogy is grossly overlooked for the basest truth I know is that good is only good juxtaposed to what is felt to be bad but bad is good to others. The

master slave dichotomy is rampant still but not acknowledged and it is experience that is slave to society, society that has given us so much, but very little that we actually *like*, very little that actually affects our thought about experience, and experience as slave means we should soon know its uprising, hopefully?, its return to being what is good, and then the tides of reality will neap and spring again and again and society will be struggling to represent its good truth and will flourish again, so goes the world, so the beautiful layer pulls us hither and thither, the moon to our tide, clinging its straight but infinitely possible fingers of interpretation over our minds and grasping them perfidious riding us the opposite ways to what we like because being ridden instills in us the slavish and we want what we're not driven to and the double helix sine wave shape of our unfulfillment is the shape of our humanity there is no happiness to abound and to hope exclusively for it is naive and of too much faith and we should relish the nature of our slopping around in dirt half the time for it gives the times tasteful to us the capacity to be regarded as 'good' which they can only be if equally weighted with the bad in some true distribution of event and opinion, which ride the blind scales tantamount for when all is places on the ground away from some