

An Animated Life: Chapter Six: The Graces of Time.

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## The Graces of Time

Somewhere in the hard wired recesses of a Deer must be transition expectations irreverently innate, essentially instinctive, coherently ingenerate and intuitive. And these hard wired recesses must hold little reference to time, its observations, and the cognitive implications of such because such are not transition states for cognition but for being.

Deer are fascinating creatures, as are many animals with mild intelligence based on personality, environmental and experiential conditioning. They are hard to sight in the raw against the wilder view but can be sighted dislodged against some tormentor's edge life caved in for, paved cement, paved roads and other artifacts bridging natural forestry. There were those hard pressed moments when harshness presented me with incalculable animation treasures, that is, animation I had hardly noticed before, as life was suddenly imbued with every pain, every possible sensation of harshness.

Life knew wickedness without measure and my pain was immeasurable within it. It had seemed a plateau of complex structures, interwoven identities struggling for edges defined for privilege, superiority and oppression. And I was prey without privilege, without shelter. It still amazes me how I got through the pain alone. Was life determined to sustain me as the constant reminder of the harshness of the elements I was exposed to? I was as helpless and hopeless as anyone could ever be. I was alone in my life, in my thoughts, especially in a room filled with people. If I had a time slice of those moments of suffering, it will be that charged with essence as existence was reduced to base elements.

I was on the edge of everything, especially life. And I never truly met a deer until I met homelessness. From dusk to dawn, my true neighbors were animals. I first noticed a series of small black and rounded fecal matter scattered about on another type of natural waste, snow. It couldn't belong to those big black birds whose breed I couldn't quite place for a while could it? There were those distinctive holes dug deep into the trenches of the snow deposit near, the sharp tiny footsteps traceable backward and forward.

I studied the holes, footsteps, deeply embedded and spherical into the snow and followed the trail to a much bigger hole in the snow. This one was dug deep to touch the dead leaves underneath the snow which stopped me immediately as it became apparent they were neither footsteps nor fall-in-digs. They were carefully constructed architecture, beds—natural beds. Deer, not equipped with the intelligent quotient of either 101 or 181, know intimately to bypass nature's natural waste, the snow, to get to its natural warmth however the necrotic state of such. Experience? Intelligence? Coincidence? Synchrony? Asynchrony? Symmetry? Asymmetry? Anti-symmetry?

*How vain is it to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live?*

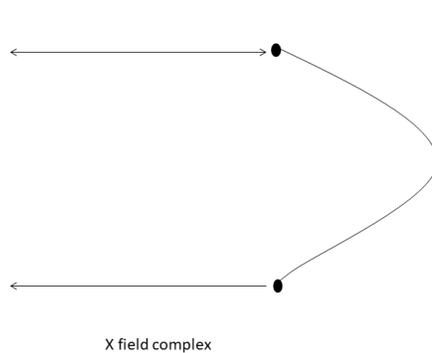
Henry David Thoreau

*Every natural action is graceful.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Time, for the purposes of this work is different because it is not some imposing fourth dimension but the zeroeth. What graces does this fact afford time? What graces does it afford x coordination? We have made the z axis zero in the last chapter because we could afford to do so. Xy coordination, for instance, cannot afford to do this. Y has no direct coordination relativity to itself, and for three dimensionality, it needs both x and z axis. But x implies x always implies x squared implying x squared. There are great universal implications for this fact which will be discussed further in this book. In xy coordination, the field complex, k, is mainly imagined because of a lack of self-explicit implication. In x coordination, there is a necessary vectorial reality which allows every dimensional reality-increment to be integrate-able consequent of the consequential infraction enabling negation.

How does this happen? With our z axis being equal to zero the essentiality of self-implication is self-engineered in x coordination. In xy coordination, with z being zero, xz and yz axis are always zero. That leaves xy as the active coordination in xy Cartesian coordination. This is the equivalence of the first quadrant relative to x coordination. In x coordination we have xx. Coordination with x implies xx implying xx. This xx has a field complex we must derive here from the eastern perpendicular parallax at the turn of the back of x away from xy coordination so the horizon redirects western with curvature.



It becomes apparent here that my statement in earlier chapter about x turning her back completely in order to have a vectorial self-directing identity is a necessity. It's not merely anything we have been taught thus far in physics and mathematics. It's not a falling, not a pouring. It is part of time-efficient, true and natural x-implicating complex and absurdity. It's an anti-gravitational complex. And here we must own a first of several postulates as we move forward on this issue.

*A world in support of gravitational dynamics within its existential system must be in support of anti-gravitational dynamics relative to the universal larger body of sustenance for its local system.*

It becomes apparent that the k field complex for x coordination is different from that of xy coordination. Its origination is different. Its orientation is different. Here we can address the problem with three dimensions as we know it now. Three dimensionality describes a point with three possible axes of identity projection. For instance we can assume that a geometric shape as a square has three dimensions if we can identify a point in it with three axes xyz. But something is very wrong with this definition.

Every incremental dimension must integrate into the next to hold an accurate dimensionality or there is no such thing as accuracy relative to projection. For instance, finding a point of three dimensions inside a square of three dimensions does not give proof of three dimensions. Finding all the incremental dimensionality of the square and an internal point of three dimensions do. That is, at least five points is needed for this confirmation, not one point of three dimensions inside the possible square of three dimensions we hadn't verified as such.

This fact, which will be discussed further, is foundation for a necessary fifth dimensionality relative to a necessary yet unknown observer we must encounter in relativity. But our x dimensionality, unlike xy coordination is well on its way to achieving a lot of necessary observation for us. We are able to capture integrate-able zero dimensionality perspectives so we can eventually have an actual and necessary existential observer. We take time along with us as an effect of direct causation. We can also absolve the necessary existential absurds as effects without self-nullifying. For instance, earth does not have to live in water when water lives on earth. Water is a necessity. The snow is an explicitly nullifying manifest, a consequence of a consequential infraction relative to time and causation without itself being capable of existential manifest, an absurd.

Some simple laws which are not so explicit in nature: what is explicit and energy drained must be extinguished and anything or two things in life that may suffer consequential infractions from causation must know spatiotemporal procedural distinction. It is for such naturally absurd effect that water kills fire. And in the last chapter we discussed fire being explicit to the sun by its necessity for focus. Now, it must be easier to understand why water must be of superior placement relative to fire. The sun cannot afford to burn. The collective body of systems sustaining it, causative, existential, absurd, or effect must know time, that is, zero dimensionality in a specific life-qualifying rather than nullifying format.

There is a degree of helter-skelter in the universe but there are some "helter" unable to afford their "skelter". They must know graces to sustain life, most especially the graces of time which are never trivial or cheap. My attitudes towards graces are intimated as I can never afford to, nor do I ever want to afford to let go of the graces of homelessness. They are priceless, humanizing me in ways I never thought possible or existing. From the diagram for "x field complex," it becomes apparent that the vectorial necessary implication is not downward on earth but upward and counterclockwise as well as clockwise. The reason it appeared downward was because of the unrealistic imposition of xy coordination over time.

The reality for x coordination is that every time  $x \rightarrow x$ ,  $x^2 \rightarrow x^2$ , therefore every odd implication resulting from the necessary negating consequence of the consequential infraction

necessitates an even implication necessitating the complex absurdity of its nature. That is,  $\lim_{x \rightarrow -\infty} (x^{odd}) = -\infty$ , and limit as  $\lim_{x \rightarrow -\infty} (x^{even}) = \infty$ . And this alternates strictly as x coordination absurdity and nothing else. There is no point in which time with the z axis equal to zero is not intimated. And here it becomes apparent that x coordination and xy coordination does not have the same base vectors.

What graces may beset a stream where no water may be? What stance those green water shrubs accompanying its flow? I stretch Thoreau's vanity to reflect a level of consciousness capable of capturing and retaining the traits of natural conditions without necessarily having the neural or natural ability to process it. That is, one capable of a stream of consciousness, time alongside it with pulses indistinguishable from one another as relay or receptor neurons, therefore lacking procedural reality or pathology. And all dispositions of this pulsate disallowing any form of procedural intuition may point to some magical placement, always laying claims to traits neither explicit nor implicit, but obscure and distant. And it basks in the glory of absolute and abstract vanity, a state of delinquency projecting potency and movement.

Thoreau's vanity catches disgrace rather than grace by the edge, at the end. It has no worth to move with, stand with, sit with, gives out porosity as speech as it begs the beggars to listen to its thoughts. It embodies the Hobbesian view of the state of nature which he terms as the "natural condition of mankind...nasty, brutish, and short," a state without laws, order or governance to maintain such. With Thoreau's vanity, there is such a state of nature without any grace whatsoever but capable of having law and order, one for instance which would have never "stood up to live," but "sits down to write". In other words, the state of nature the opposite of the Hobbesian view is the state of nature the reality of the Hobbesian view. This vanity comes to itself as vanity and returns nothing true to itself; that is, it is a state of delinquency against itself decorated as easy vanity esteemed as reality. If anything qualifies a graceful act, it is the very absence of this vanity, this delinquency call onto its own empty delinquency calling of something ill-gotten, small and unattainable.

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