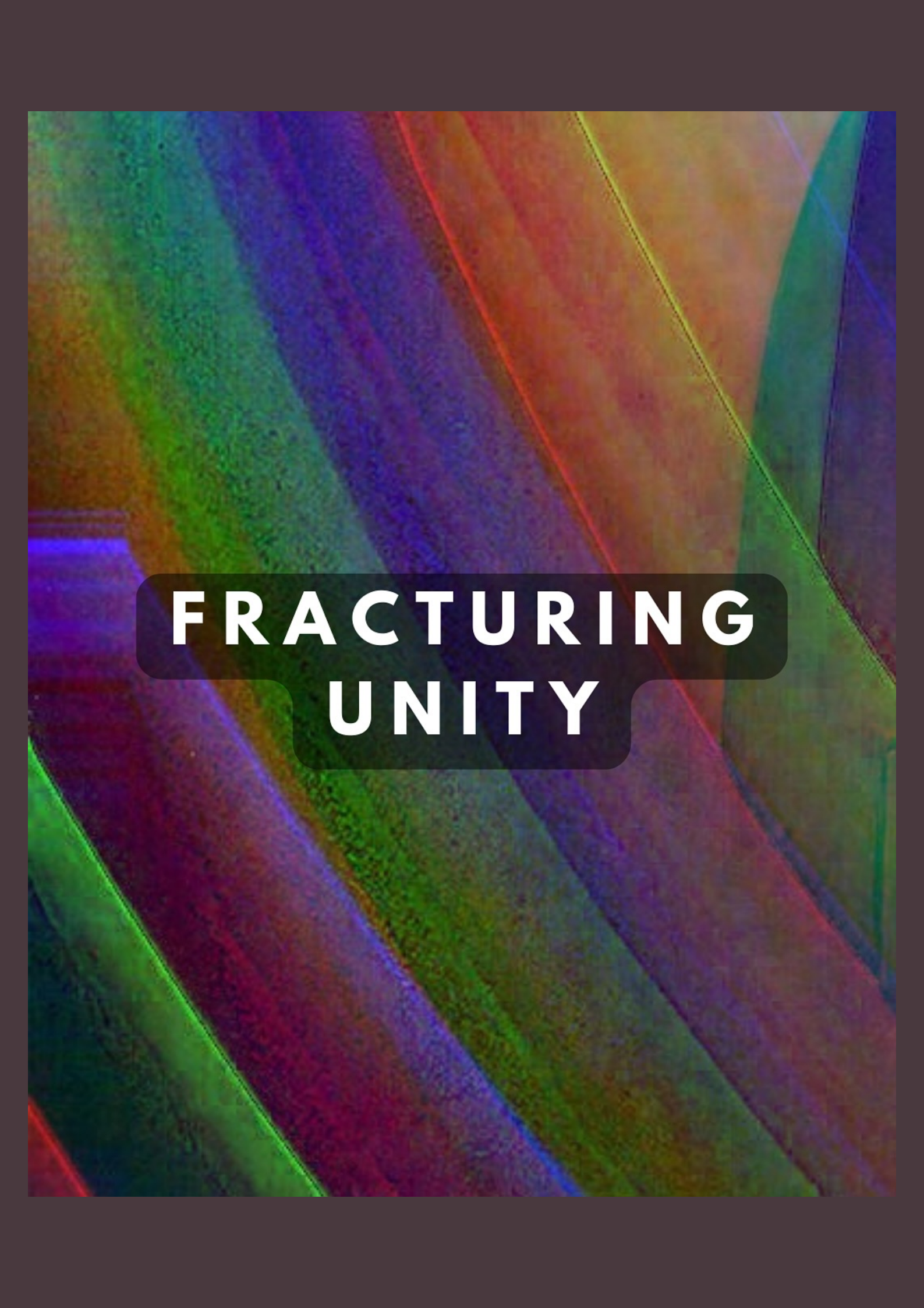
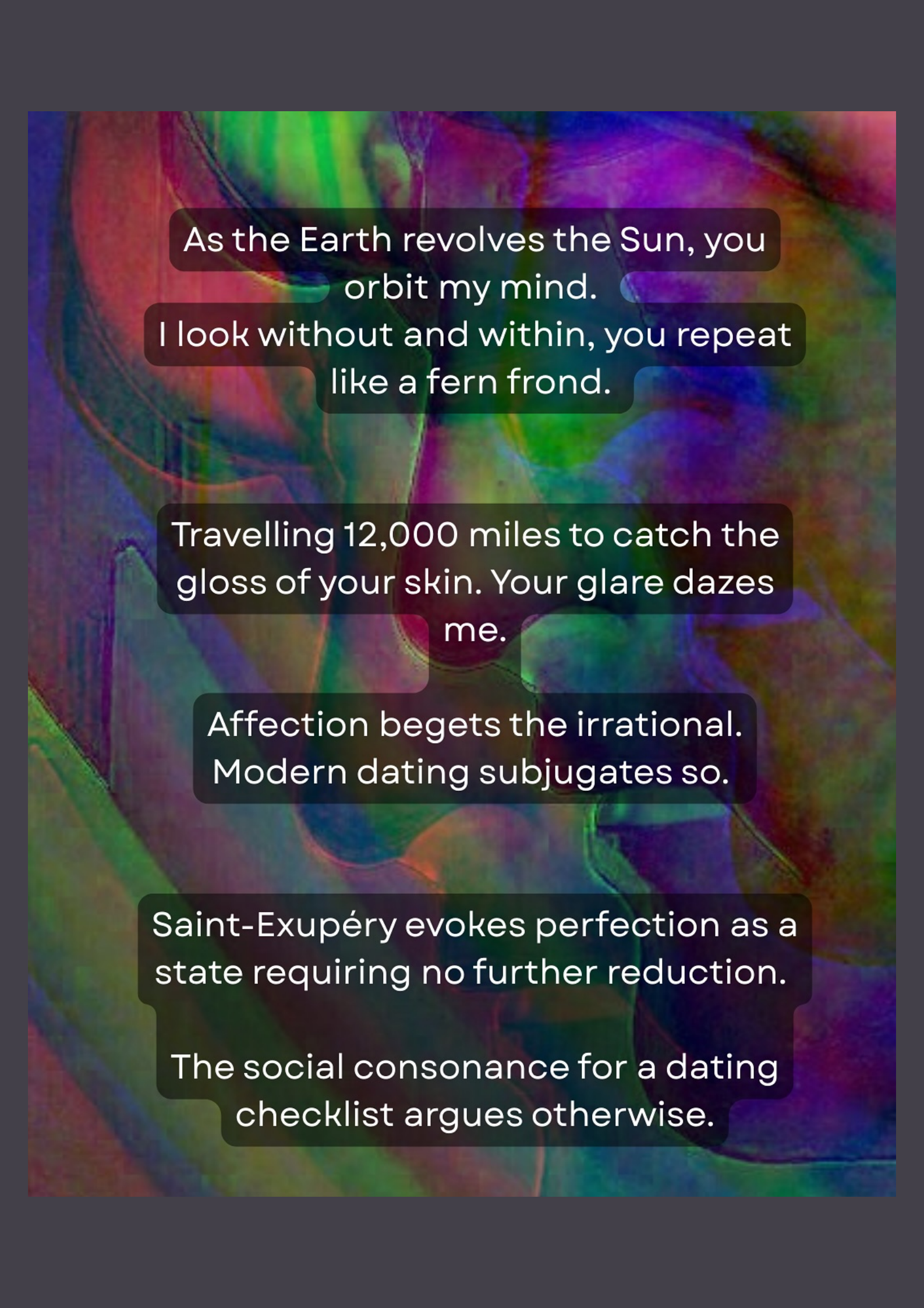


The background of the image consists of a series of diagonal stripes in various colors, including red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple, creating a rainbow-like effect. The stripes are slightly blurred and overlap each other, giving a sense of depth and movement.

FRACTURING UNITY



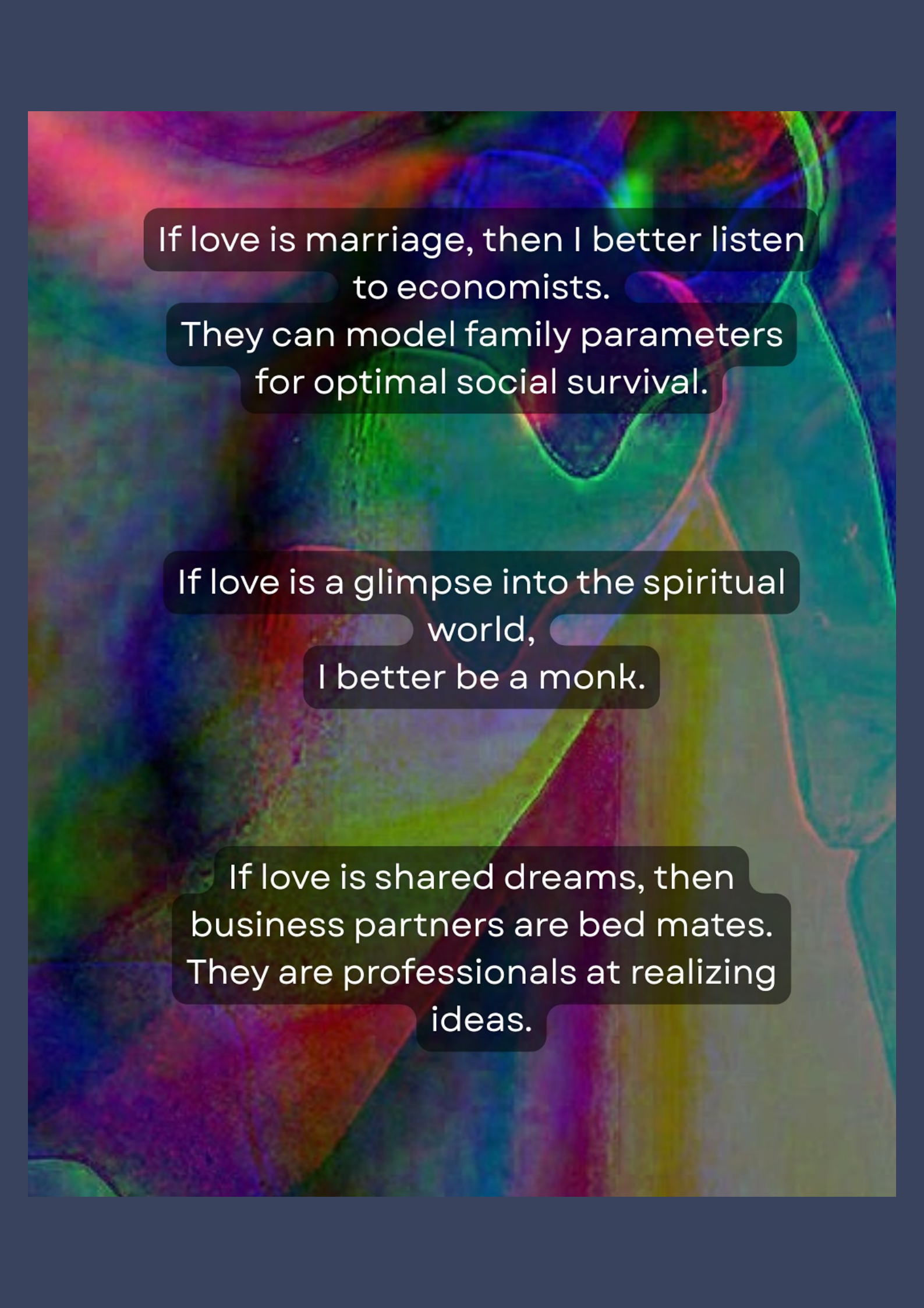
As the Earth revolves the Sun, you
orbit my mind.
I look without and within, you repeat
like a fern frond.

Travelling 12,000 miles to catch the
gloss of your skin. Your glare dazes
me.

Affection begets the irrational.
Modern dating subjugates so.

Saint-Exupéry evokes perfection as a
state requiring no further reduction.

The social consonance for a dating
checklist argues otherwise.

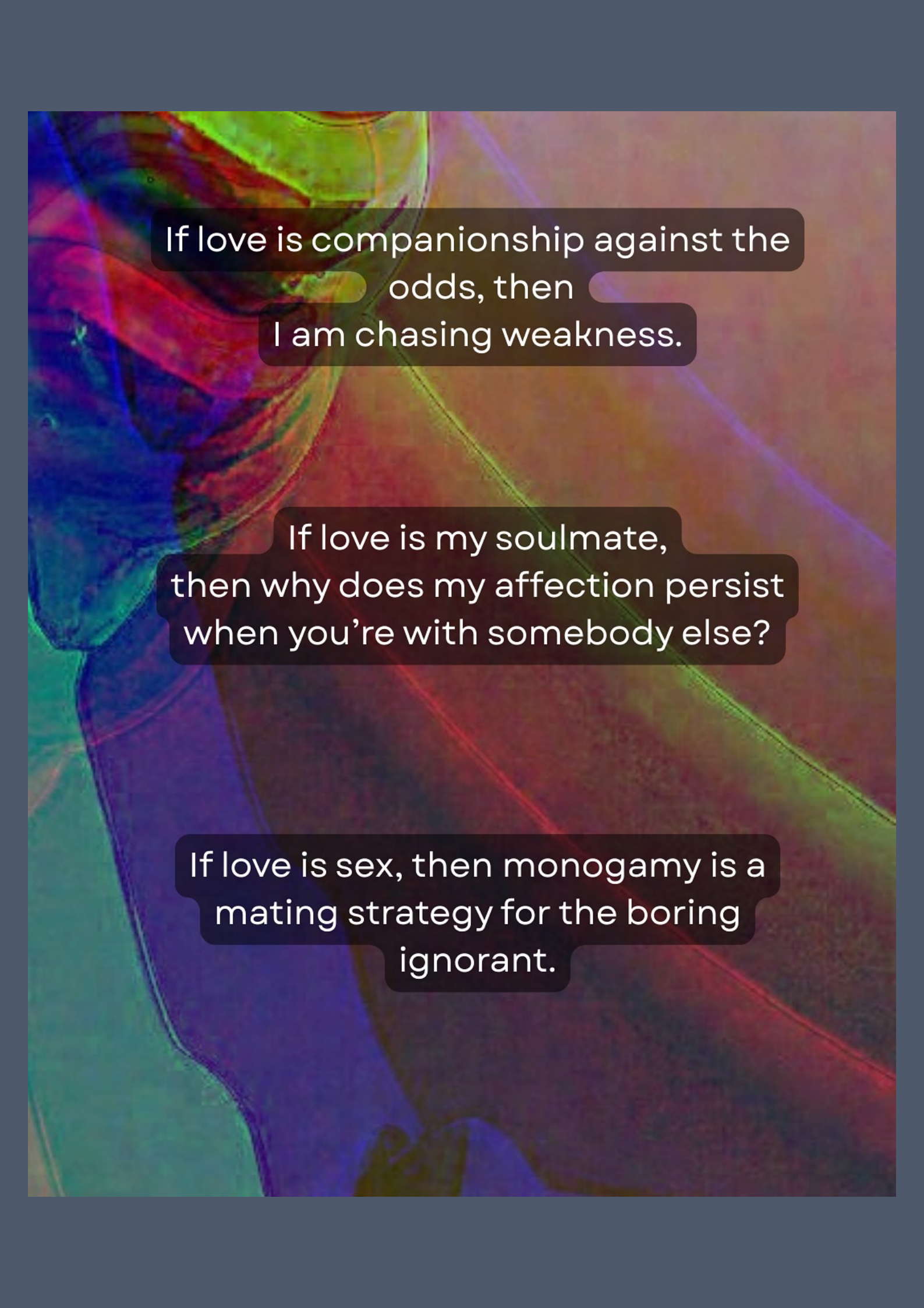


If love is marriage, then I better listen
to economists.

They can model family parameters
for optimal social survival.

If love is a glimpse into the spiritual
world,
I better be a monk.

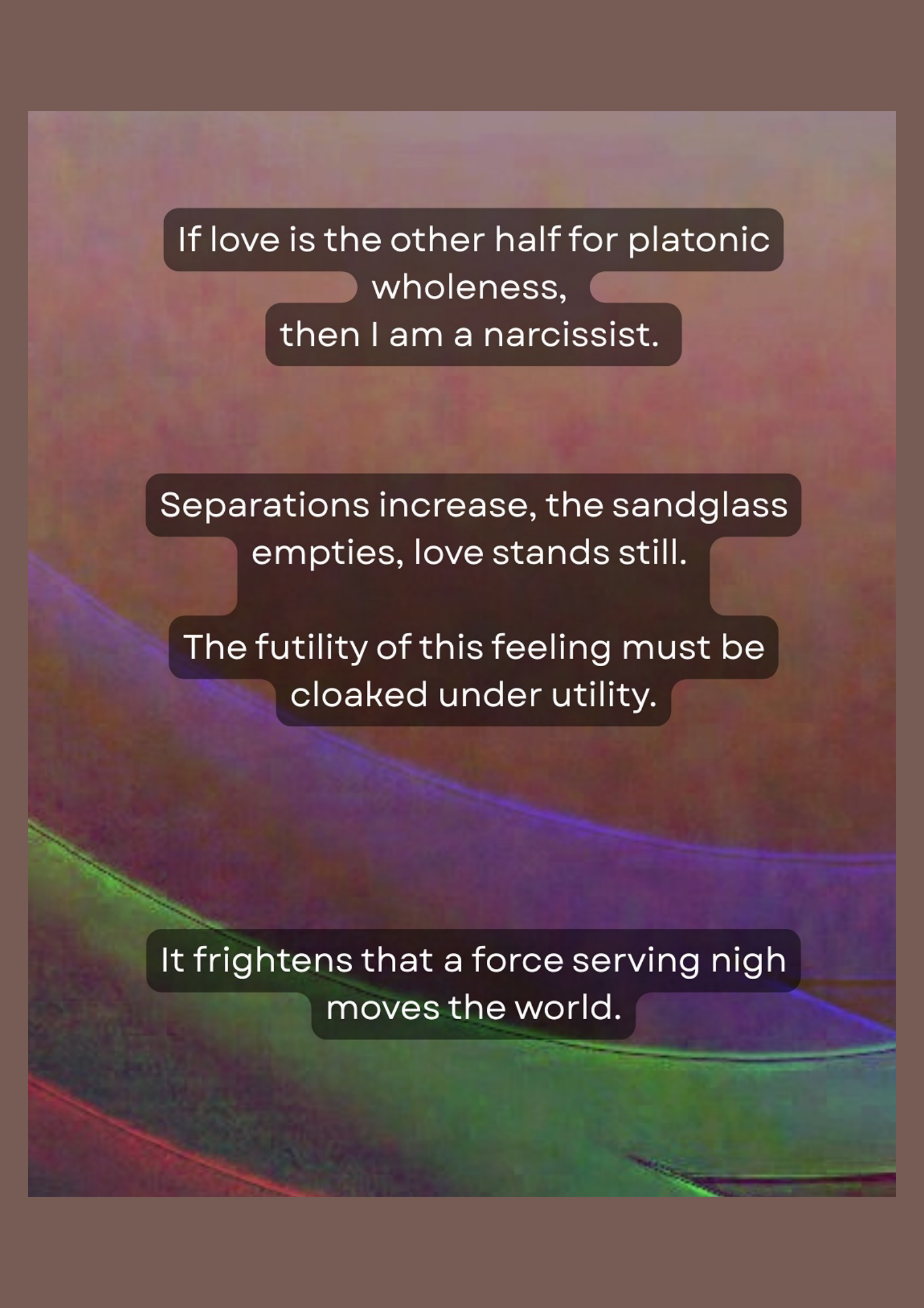
If love is shared dreams, then
business partners are bed mates.
They are professionals at realizing
ideas.



If love is companionship against the
odds, then
I am chasing weakness.

If love is my soulmate,
then why does my affection persist
when you're with somebody else?

If love is sex, then monogamy is a
mating strategy for the boring
ignorant.

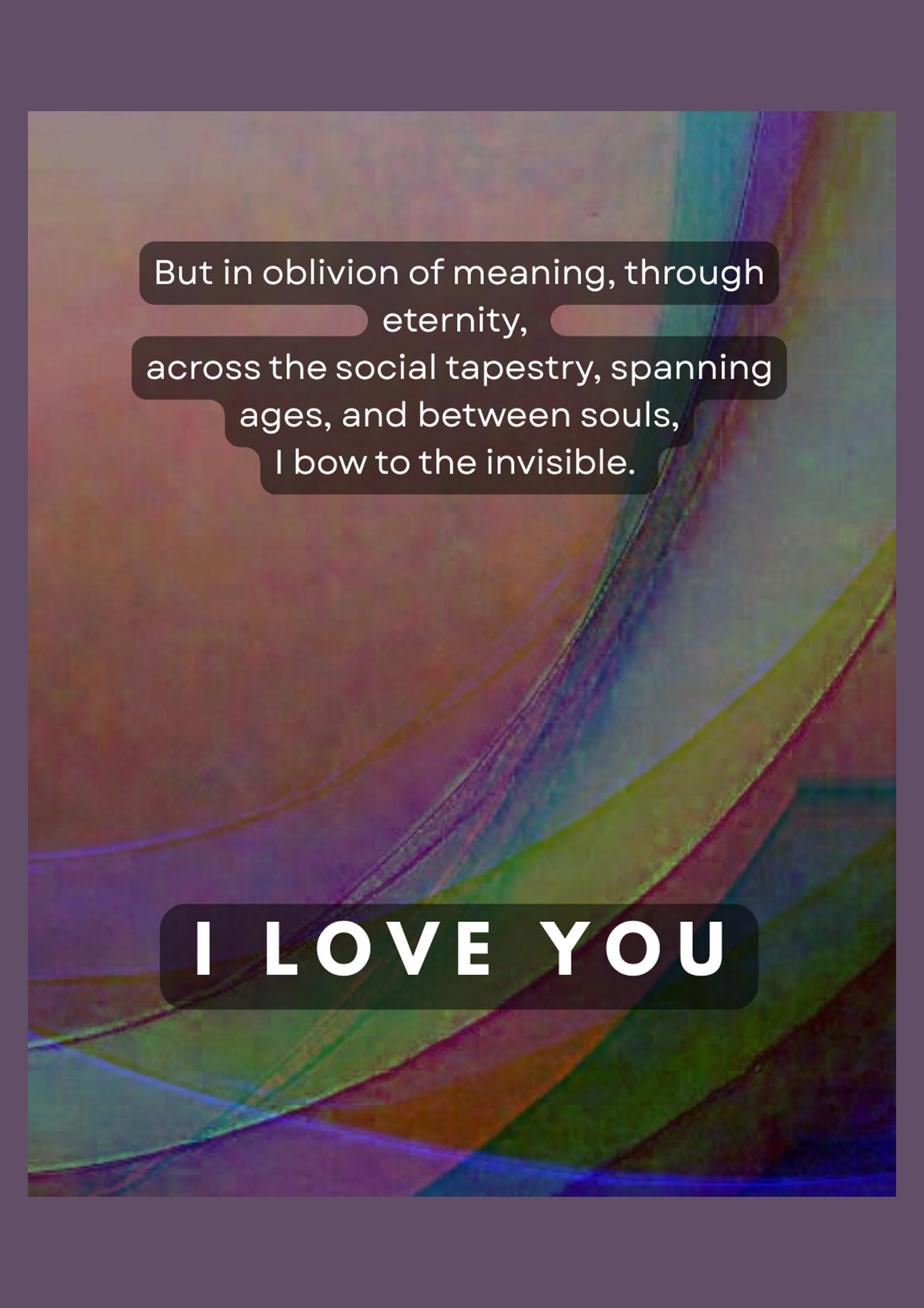


If love is the other half for platonic
wholeness,
then I am a narcissist.

Separations increase, the sandglass
empties, love stands still.

The futility of this feeling must be
cloaked under utility.

It frightens that a force serving nigh
moves the world.



But in oblivion of meaning, through
eternity,
across the social tapestry, spanning
ages, and between souls,
I bow to the invisible.

I LOVE YOU