

Drowning Id

29/07/2020

I drown my subconscious self, independently of its woes and pleas to let it answer to itself; Still it breaths under the magma of despair inflicted upon myself, and the fumes coming from its burning carcass intoxicate my mind:

The abandon of the only-good actions, the times that pass that should be under discipline and the shine of a hopeful future. Now dealing with mourning of a page turned and refuge in old comfort that should have slowly killed itself instead, to be replaced.

But as the Id takes its agonizing breaths under the vision of memories past and future, my Ego understands my desires and wishes to be. And only it let the other with a fragment of existence for itself.

The Superego took on the role of all, and left itself to grow, basking in my experiences and thoughts. Even as we know its failings, and as I know the logical conclusion to all of this:

A lie to be told and to tell to avoid understanding my own truth to the fullest extent.

Comprehension of Ruin under the presence of Asbeel and its teachings can take you far, but only on a sandy path, humming with storms on the horizon, accompanied by a deluge of what could be void lakes on the far sides of dripping cliffs of obsidian.

But, as I know, beyond all of what the world has to offer, what it hides is its own understanding of itself. It lives towards it as Time would not let it go otherwise; as it must go unhinged forward. Does Nature desires to let it so, or does she refuse truth?

It will always be more comfortable to take Nature as pursuit, that we could be her heralds towards her fight against eventuality.

But are the maws of despair that I knew so well, still hanging around my neck, ready to snap to see if my framework is made out of otherworldly metals?

As life is an act of balance for everything, should these ideas and ideals be balanced as well?

Or is there a right answer, to go all in, to take strides on your own path, rather than jump around the same ones without committing fully?

Divinity is found in the conclusion to following our Superego, with the death of the Id and a content Ego.

But truth, what is beyond this, what is beyond goodness of soul and being, these teachings that I scrapped at, from the Angel of Ruin:

Is this the key to answering many a question one might have of its own life, and that of the universe and perhaps even beyond?

Of these worldly temptations and desires that plague the conscious being to feed a grasping hand below it: Perhaps they need to be, sometimes, answered to, as to keep a foot in this order of two worlds: the natural and the concrete ground we made as humans. If only the Superego were to rule itself, divinity would only be sought after with a different aim: Attain purity of being, at whatever cost of the self. But even purity has to be balanced, to avoid no longer being human.

And so, by this logic, as the divine removes itself from both worlds, and tries to see beyond, as he now could do, the conclusion would be this of Ruin as well.

Its understanding would either shatter or confirm this idea of purity, and the pure divine individual, righteous as he might be in its entirety, would only be able to create inexistence where concepts are forgotten, and even forgetting forgot to live still.

As the opposite, the Id would understand Ruin by creating a form of it, but instead of having the foresight to see everywhere beyond the horizon, only it would be self-centred on its own self-destruction under illusions of worlds shattered for the sake of none.

I believe that I understand the role of the Ego now. The relation between Id and Superego must be cultivated to form an oak, unbending and still growing, flowering.

The ego itself is checked by both, and its removal signifies crushing the link to the worlds we live in. But even then, if the Id or the Superego are not strong enough, especially the latter, I think I can understand why the Ego can take such space to say nothing.

However, after saying all of this, still I am drawn to this philosophy of Ruin, of knowledge left for the dead to gather, of what the Grigori understood and to finally find Asbeel.

Perhaps this ideal of nothingness beyond a pale veil of titanium and emeralds is Time itself. Or maybe it is even beyond it; but I doubt it as of today.