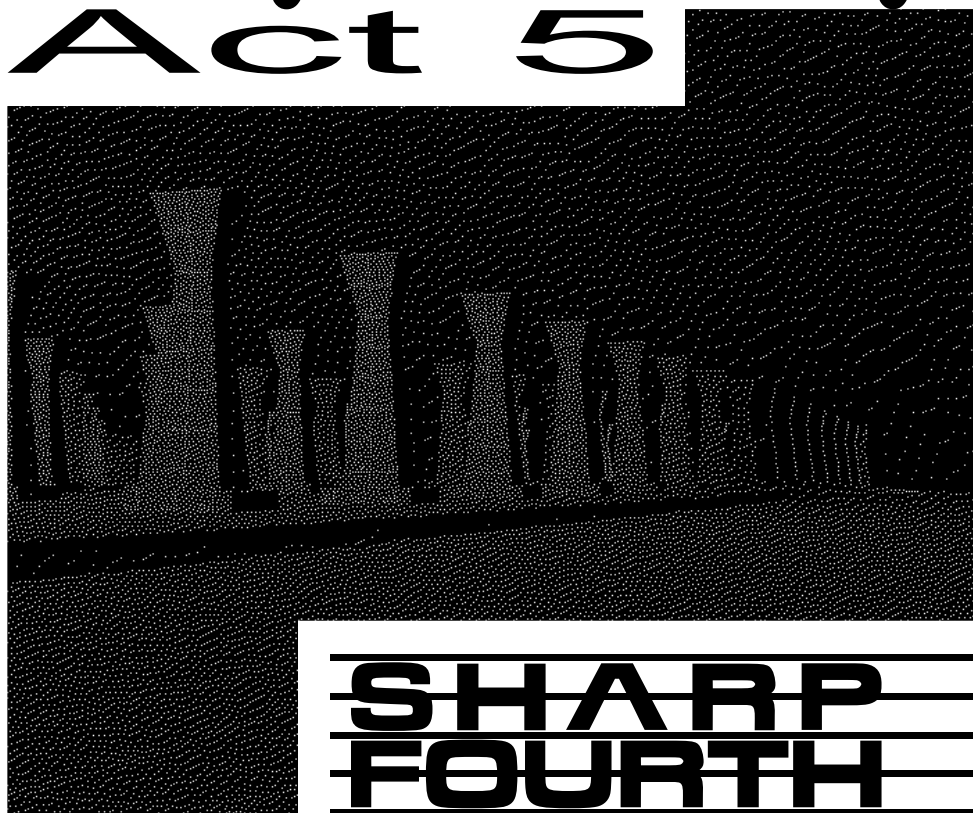



# BOUNDARY CONDITIONS

Transcension of the self  
following the death of magic

Act 5



**SHARP**  
**FOURTH**



stood waiting, under skies bright  
through the dead grey facades  
the dismal reality of a suburban hell  
forms an unfitting frame

the breeze blows, gust after gust  
a standalone tree sways;  
beauty, green and vibrant  
unaware of its captors

my attempts to rationalise it  
categorise it, as I had been taught  
fall short and insufficient  
there must be something more

# An Investigation Into the Material Properties of Lunar Stone



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Dr. [REDACTED]

## Abstract

On the 14th of April [REDACTED], the on-board Thorne-Newbridge energy field detector in a Surface Research Group monitoring station located within the [REDACTED] National Park recorded an *Anomalous Energy Event* (AEE). This event was flagged by our researchers due to the recordings similarity to a previous experiment conducted on the [REDACTED] Lunar Mission, during which another Thorne-Newbridge energy field detector on the landing pod recorded the background TN field of the Lunar surface. April 14th's event also drew the attention of local authorities as it coincided with the disappearance of Brigid an Saol.

This paper will explore the relations between Lunar material, AEEs and the disappearance of personnel through a thorough investigation into the material properties of a sample of Lunar stone gathered during the [REDACTED] Lunar Mission.

## Methodology

In a cold hallway, wait until your arms lose strength and your legs give out. Blood pumping at dizzying speeds and a mind on fire. Become engulfed in the tunnel that presents itself to you; its walls like an angry crowd pulling and scratching at your limbs. Any longer and you would be ripped to shreds. Like an awful honey, the remnants of a hive that met a hornet, your humours course with such force as to break their vessels. Under the cold lights, see the insides of your eyes; its slender veins sprawling and spiralling like a tree in winter.

Step off this horse now and let my bones become twisted and petrified; my blood viscous and unmoving I'm set in place like stone.

in my naïvety I dedicated myself  
to the wrong cause; wrapped up in the method  
I neglected my own principals  
I neglected my own health

*a healthy dose of scepticism  
is enough to poison a whale*

to lose inertia and crash  
a flaming wreck  
a spectacle for onlookers  
foetal shaped mess  
weakened muscles convincing themselves  
to run a marathon in place

self deluded  
I convinced myself my work means something

*anois, gan féin  
tá brón orm*

*To my sweetheart. I  
am sorry for not  
being around this  
morning but I needed  
to catch the sunrise  
over the hilltops to  
get myself in the  
right headspace for  
writing.*

*I forgot to ask you  
to pick up some new  
handsoap while you  
were out last. I  
need to stop getting  
so caught up in my  
writing for both our  
sakes! Stay safe and  
I will have dinner  
ready for when you  
are back.*

*Imogen*

why did you pick that all these choices  
you should have done something else  
yo yo yo yo yo fucking mess  
fucking molehill  
whats wrong with you  
werf fucked up now  
stop tripping over yourself  
my legs want work  
get over yourself  
I'll be okay  
dont need  
your input  
haha  
haha  
haha

in a clean room::a sterilised place of worship  
neutral [in the eyes of the arrogant]  
a weapon [in the hands of the damned]  
a tool [by all means]

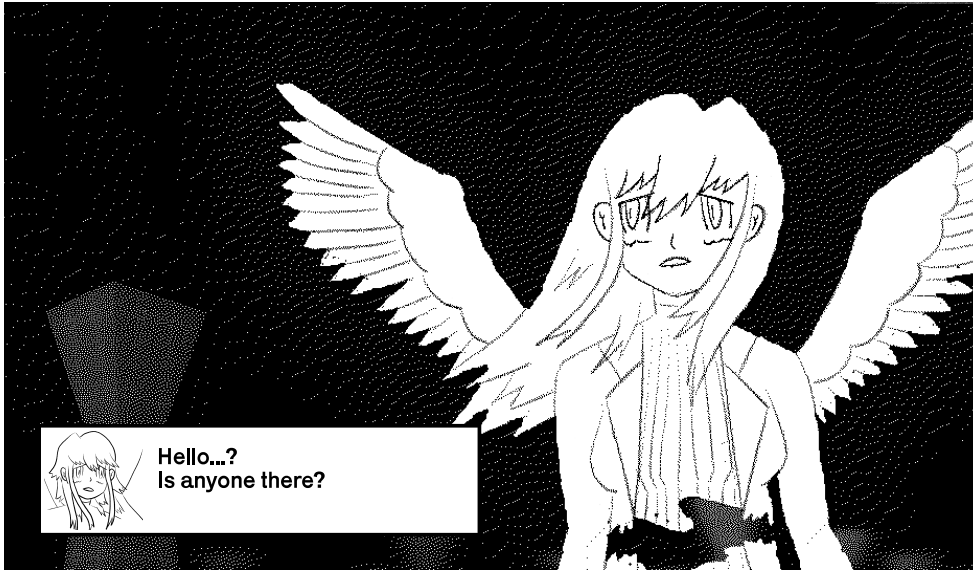
ensnared and entangled  
in its neighbours; corridors of our own devising  
occupy the same space as passage&&portal  
transient space we can/cannot process

the white walls and cold floors, washed in a  
wretched aura >> aims to go beyond  
to transcend by quarter 4; go inbetween for  
profit and strategy; corrupt this space before  
our competitors  
*in our hands a weapon*

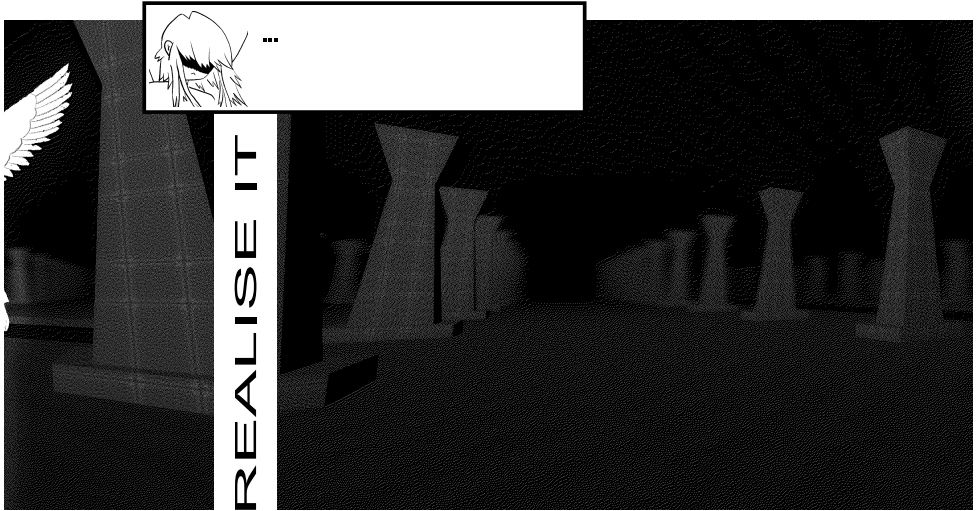
for once, clarity  
i learn(my purpose), my work(gains meaning)  
an gealach, tá brón orm  
ach críochnoidh mé é seo anois.

her beauty ensnared;  
in wires and probes << I sever. a sabotage  
untamed energy, a fierce aura like lightning  
bright, full and shining -> strikes me  
I relinquish my place in the rubble,

I misalign,  
I occupy a superposition  
I cross the event horizon  
M E T A M O R P H O S I S  
B E G I N S  
with one final dust filled breath, I form a new  
self. |




Hello...?  
Is anyone there?



...

REALISE IT





eolaíocht agus asarlaíocht  
chailtéar na teorainneacha  
cosíul le gaineamh  
athríonn mo choirp  
ag tuaslaig

rugadh mé i spás nua  
le tuismitheor gan aghaidh  
chailim mo chlodach  
tógaim foirm nua

## **I SPREAD MY WINGS**

the stars are beautiful tonight  
I've never seen them so bright, full and shining

I crossed the threshold  
and the grass is greener

*Dia duit, mo ghrá*