thoodleoo

19h ago

i think the main difference between a sacrifice and a funeral in homeric epic is whether or not you eat the end result



wongbal Follow Jun 4, 2021

only on tumblr to people ask questions like "would it be ethical to fuck my primate ancestor from 400,000 years ago?"



ieatworm

The answer is no, mainly because you're almost defiantly related



wongbal Follow

Jun 4, 2021

the unexpected answer we all ignored: it's not bestiality, but it is incest

These things are a BIG RED SIGN pointing OUT OF SPECIESISM (Consent a bit further in the same direction)



Can we just at least agree that, in this day and age, fucking most of them would be necrophilia?

anyway, my point is that a seraph would appear in their true form in front of me and say "hey bitch, stop freaking out"

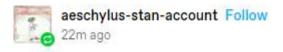


Listen, maybe I can't change the world, but I can pass eggs over the fence to my neighbor to save them a few dollars. I can cross the street and fix another neighbor's cabinets. I can send my kid to the house next door with a can of tomato sauce they need and they'll come back with a box of cocoa powder they weren't going to use. We can leave our old furniture at the curb and one of us will drive by and pick it up to fix and sell or keep. I'll plant a garden since I have the space and time and I'll share what I can and I'll get calls from someone else asking if I can use a crate of oranges.

I may not be able to change the world but I can do something



i really love that we don't actually know what happened at the Mysteries of Eleusis, it means that, despite the desire to record and catalogue, no one ever broke their word to Demeter & to their fellow citizens.



I guess you could say the truth of what happened is...eleusive

"Screw wisdom"

-- *Liber Razielis*, Book of Mysteries https://rejectedscriptures.weebly.com/uploads/4/0/9/5/4095914/book_of_raziel_complete.pdf



went through getting 4 teeth removed and 2 years of braces just to not wear my retainer and have my teeth misalign 4 4 4

Dragon: Humans don't hoard things? Human: Sometimes, I guess. Do you have a big pile of gold somewhere? Dragon: Absolutely not! Those gold hoarding dragons really give us a bad name!

Human: So what do you hoard?

Dragon: ...books...

Human: But you're a fire dragon. Dragon: I know! I find these poor abandoned books, but I can't even read them because I just know I'll tear it or

The human runs off and grabs an armful of books, before coming back to sit by the dragon

Human: "Chapter One - Peter Breaks

Through..."

burn it

They lay there and read until the sunlight fades. Gerald can't keep a smile off his face







over-tired,







academicssay

4h ago

where were you when you realized you do not feel guilty about not writing but instead feel guilty about not feeling guilty about not writing



natalieironside Follow

1d ago

Salt preserves food because it smells like the ocean and mold doesn't know how to swim and gets scared



headspace-hotel Follow

Apr 21

1 Tip

so mad that our takeaway from the mask thing hasn't been "wait, so we could have been getting like 80% fewer colds and viruses this entire time?"



headspace-hotel Follow

Apr 21

We really just accepted that "yeah, every several months we just feel like shit and do nothing but lay in bed for a week while so much snot pours out of our face holes that we have to keep 27 wads of tissue within arm's reach" even though the solution was not only simple and easy but also offered infinite possibilities for fashionable accessorizing. I hate it here



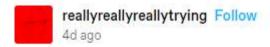
headspace-hotel Follow

Apr 2

i'm never going to stop wearing a mask in the winter time because 1) colds and flu, obviously 2) my lips don't get chapped and bleed in the winter anymore. This is revolutionary. 3) it's actually just common sense to wear a badass goth wolf skull mask in your day to day life??

now I can wear whatever clothes I want and people will still know I'm cool and goth

the Japanese already did, and we used to laugh at them



first of all your premise is incorrect, my shawl does NOT have "too many silver bells" on it, so therefore the bells can not "jingle too much", thank you next.

If you took all your DNA, straightened it out, and put it end-to-end, it would stretch to Jupiter and back 10x over.

You are neither small nor insignificant. You're just very well folded

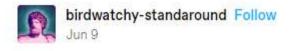


somehow made it all the way to grad school without realizing that ius means both law and. Soup, why is plautus the only one to flagrantly abuse this, if i wrote in a language where law and soup were the same word i'd make puns at an insufferable rate, no speech act would be safe

ius/jus = juice e infatti

Academia.edu

The name "S. Gasparini" is mentioned in a Glutamate paper -



baby i've got hapaxes you can't even begin to legomenon



when you are full of love it confuses people who are full of shit



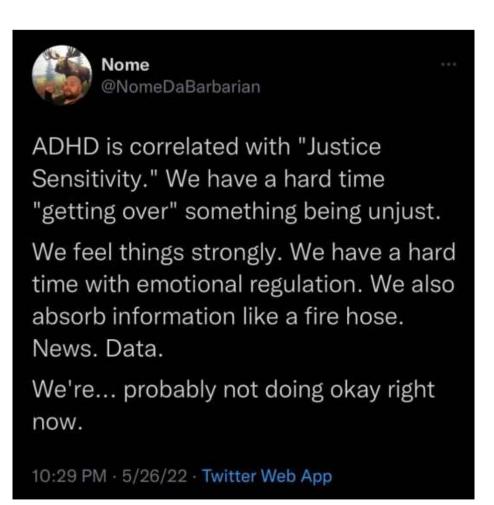




academicssay

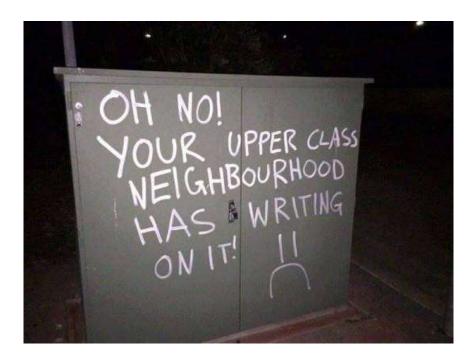
3h ago

what if procrastinating on writing is instead procrastinating on having to convince yourself it was worth writing even if no one reads it once it is published



Wait is that why ever since I was a kid I cannot stand, CANNOT STAND someone "getting away" without being corrected on something they got wrong? Especially if it's negative? I always thought that was universal. Regular people aren't haunted the rest of their lives by even the tiniest unresolved misunderstandings?

#ADHD #is like #assigned paladin at birth





I LOVE COMPLEX DATED ADVERBS. Wherein, Heretofore, Thereon. Hereunto, Whereof, Hitherward, Hereinafter, How can you look at these words and not lose your mind. They're insane, I think I'm in love.



The author's biography doesn't always tell you anything terribly significant about a literary work, but when I think about the fact that Sir Thomas Malory, the compiler of the most well known English-language literary interpretation of the Arthurian myth cycle, was a double-dealing knight who fought on both sides of the War of the Roses, was repeatedly charged with horse thievery, escaped from prison or skipped bail at least five times, and evidently made himself so obnoxious to those in power that he was specifically excluded by name from a general pardon of prisoners on two separate occasions – an accomplishment in which he is, to the best of my knowledge, unequalled – well, that tends to suggest a certain interpretive lens, is what I mean to say.



And a softness came from the starlight and filled me to the bone.

W.B Yeats

"The roots of all living things are tied together. Deep in the ground of being, they tangle and embrace. If we look deeply, we find that we do not have a separate self-identity, a self that does not include sun and wind, earth and water, creatures and plants, and one another."

- Joan Halifax

Clooney there at the table casually chatting and I'm like "holy s**t, George clooney!"

And he was like "holy s**t, that's me!"







"In another universe I am happy. In this one, I shut my eyes against the oncoming day and feel my happiness peeled from me. My eyes cover over with a film. I start to think a single thought, but before I can finish, it catches flame like silvergrass on the gray hillside. Underneath the flame, hundreds of millipedes curl and desiccate. They turn fetal. They boil away."

— Niina Pollari, from "Ursa Minor," Path of Totality



A great Rabbi was once asked, "Why did God create atheists?"

The Rabbi said, "Atheists are the most important example for all who believe in God. When an atheist is moral, and good, and kind, and compassionate, it's not because he believes God commanded him to be so, nor because he fears any kind of punishment for being bad. An atheist performs acts of righteousness because he knows it is right to do. And where is God in this? If He is in the atheist's heart, or guiding him, it doesn't matter. The atheist helps regardless. He helps because he believes there is nobody else, no power that can or will act without his own deeds.

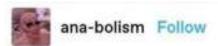
So when someone is in need, in our times of crisis, you shouldn't say, 'I'll pray for you, ' or, 'May God help you.' Rather, in this moment, you should be as an atheist. Believe there is no God who can help, and say, 'I will help you.' In this way the atheist is closest to God, and so must we be as well."



there is no minimum amount of suffering before you are allowed to want to alleviate it



Off topic but a reminder.



Being autistic and meeting someone with ADHD is like. Oh, You're like me but fast

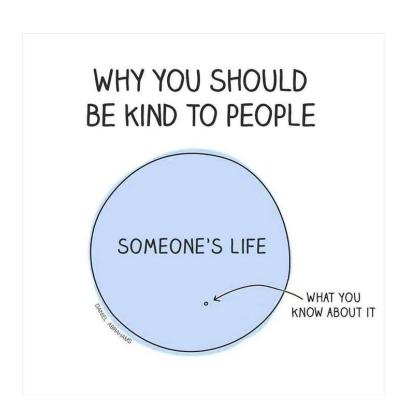


you either die a theseus or live long enough to see yourself become the minotaur



My emotions are valid*

*valid does not mean healthy, or good, or to be privileged above common sense and kindness





The ghost came and stood over his head and spoke a word to him:

"It's me, Achilleus, I'm the ghost of Patroklos, speaking to you inside your dream.

Listen to me, Achilleus, leave the mutilated body of Hektor, we don't need him.

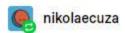
Come with me, we'll mix our ashes in a golden two-handled urn

And have gay times in the afterlife, doo-doo-doo yeah,

You need me, Achilleus, your warrior code is an illusion-"

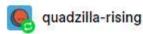
I'm going to classicist hell but it's okay





I was always taught by my mother, That the first thought that goes through your mind is what you have been conditioned to think.

What you think next defines who you are.



READ THIS THEN READ IT AGAIN



what does pdf even stand for? piero della francesca?



knits the red string of fate into a cosy blanket



Babe you're not an "empath" you have ptsd from an unstable household and are sensitive to emotional change as a defense mechanism

11:51 · 1/14/21 · Twitter for iPhone



To lie here, just to lie here
Listening to the wind
Tell tales from the other side
Caressed by the grass
And loved by the sunlight
In a dying sky

Anonymous asked:

Thoughts?

thetomska answered:

No thanks, I'm trying to cut back

"BE DISAGREEABLE" IS MOTTO OF SUFFRAGETTE

Only Make Enough Fuss and Mere Men Will Give Womankind the Ballot as Easiest Way to Restore Peace and Quiet.

persian-papii-deactivated201905

 when you're not fed love from a spoon, you learn to lick it off a knife

#damn #poetry #love #trauma

сновия You're mad—godstruck godswept godnonsensical

Aeschylus (trans. Anne Carson), from An Oresteia; "Agamemnon"

Fate licked her teeth. / I woke among the keening wolves.

Ovid, Centres of Cataclysm: Celebrating Fifty Years of Modern Poetry in Translation; from 'Tristia', in a version by Paul Batchelor



... FANTASY FILMS WHERE PARENTS APOLOGISE.

Baby puffins are called PUFFLINGS

Which is about as adorable as it gets.

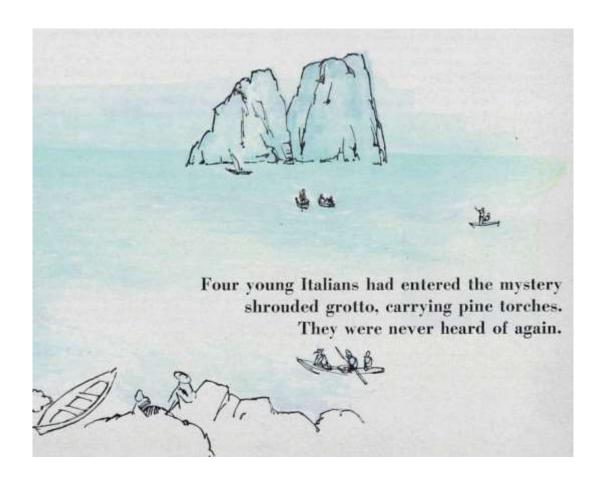


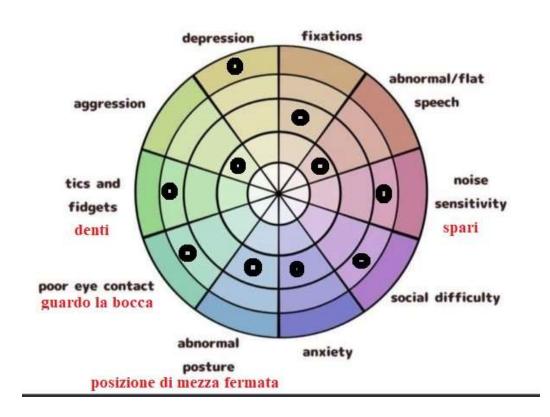
seriously though imagine being born for pastoral poetry but then the narrative says "hm. actually youre an epic hero now" and plucks you out of mount ida by the scruff of your neck like a kitten and hurls you headfirst into a war



at least when enkidu got brought into civilization he got fucked for two weeks straight by shamhat







...it seems I am rather autistic after all (24/40)



academicssay

17h ago

what if paywalls are to protect the public from academic jargon



Let go of that mistake you made years ago. It doesn't make you a bad person. You have changed, you have grown. Don't let your anxiety lead you to thinking you deserve all this regret, this self-hatred, this guilt. Forgive yourself. That will be one of the hardest but most fulfilling things you will ever do.

"Bury your heart in some deep green hollow Or hide it up in a kind old tree; Better still, give it the swallow When she goes over the sea."

Charlotte Mew, from Saturday Market

broad daylight in horror is seeing the yawning abyss and knowing there's nothing to wake up to.



they call me cultured



on account of all the bacteria

#i am the deded

Oldsters rave about the "good old days," but we wonder. Almost all pictures we've seen in old family albums were of persons who looked as if they were sitting on the ragged edge of a nervous breakdown.

"Memory is punishment."

Why on earth should we open those old wounds? we ask, as if we do not scratch them open ourselves all the time.

Mother, i have pasts inside me i did not bury properly.

Frank Bidart, from Half-light: Collected Poems; "End of a Friendship" // Marya Hornbacher, Waiting // Ijeoma Umebinyuo, Questions for Ada

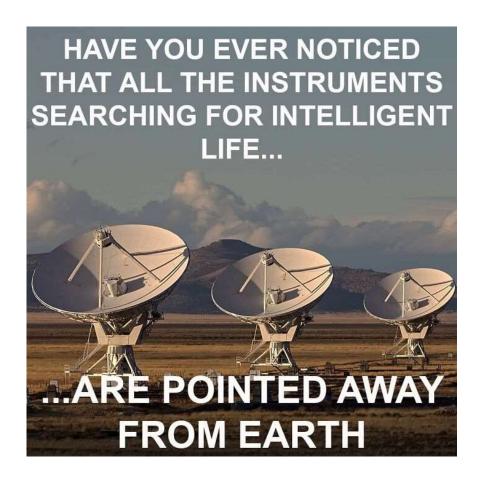
The center of every poem is this: I have loved you. I have had to deal with that.

Salma Deera, Letters from Medea



Fun fact: italian bats don't sing "country roads", they in fact yell "MARCOOO!" to which their prey responds with "POLOOOO!"

A shark could swim faster than me, but I could probably run faster than a shark. So in a triathlon, it would all come down to who is the better cyclist.



Review your experience on Earth



會會會合合 It was okay

Reviewed in the United States

Verified Human

The tacos were good. Some of the people were pretty chill. Beautiful sunsets. But there was also a lot of friction. And injustice. And heartbreak. The whole place was woefully mismanaged.

But we found our ways to have fun and make it interesting. We even healed a little along the way.

Probably won't come back.



Loving the amount of people responding to this with "god is dead but St. Anthony helps me find my keys"



"you support gay rights so you must be gay"

i support animal rights do i look like a fucking alpaca to you



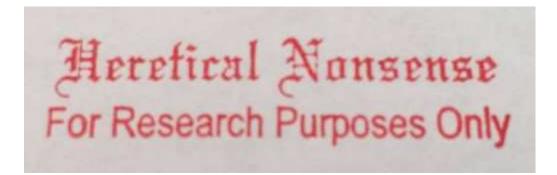
turns out i am gay



holy shit how'd this alpaca learn how to type



Diversity win! The alpaca is gay!



nucleosynthetic-deactivated2021

out of the frying pan, into a soft paper towel on a plate to dry and cool.



A latke wrote this.



academicssay

22h ago

we're all just works in progress hoping for acceptance with minor revisions

thoodleoo

5h ago

i think the funny thing about aeneas is that while iliad!aineias and aeneid!aeneas are technically the same person, i think that aineias could handle being in the aeneid (though not in the way vergil intended) but aeneas could NOT deal with being in the iliad

#aineias: homeric hero. built to fight. all the gods love him #may still go a bit sicko mode when pallas dies but hey thats what hes made for

#aeneas: bucolic shepherd tossed headfirst into epic. wl ... See all



the hottest thing a hero can do is be completely doomed from the start & know it & keep going <3

Bisexuals fall in love with a person, not a gender

A bisexual's survey response in *Closer to Home: Bisexuality and Feminism*, Weise, 1992

I believe her



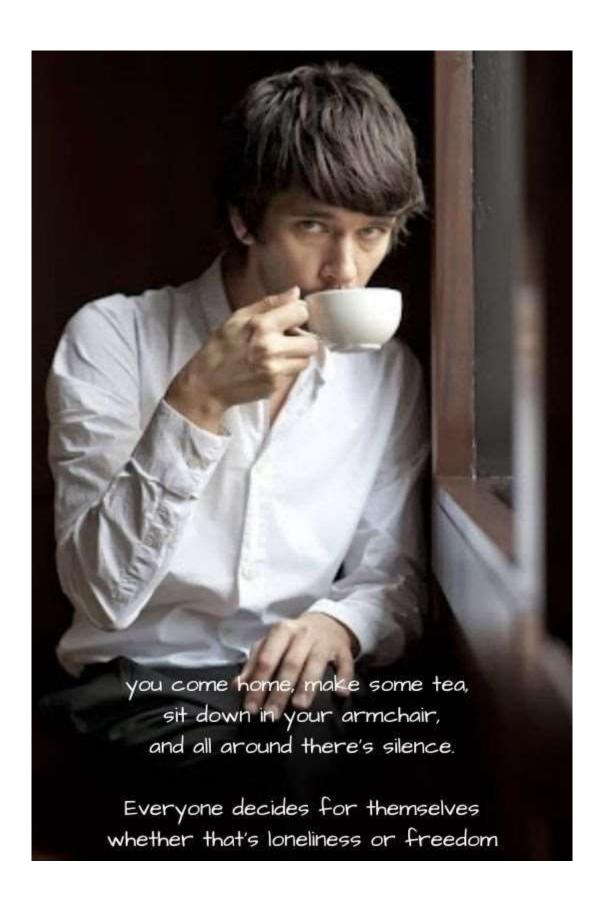
109 Year Old Woman says Secret to Long Life is Avoiding Other People

Next time a stranger talks to you when you're alone just look at them shocked and whisper " You can see me"



Them: What's your favorite place to go?







one of the most important things, perhaps the *most* important thing I have learned in my life is that nice people can fuck each other up in monstrous ways, people can be bone deep kind and loving and self reflective and still lash out under pressure, people can be earnestly neighbourly and charitable and hospitable and generous and still find themselves in situations where they become selfish, people can be well meaning and easygoing and gregarious and hold deep seated opinions that turn them into vicious little bullies under the right conditions, nobody is just one thing, and nobody stays one way, every person is a kaleidoscope and they will surprise you, you will surprise yourself, it's not a warning and it's not a judgement and it's not an excuse, and it's certainly not a reason to stop trying or to stop trusting, it is just a fact.



people need to stop using amharic as the "curse runes" or whatever shit. it's a real language with 22 million native speakers. if you want a language imbued with evil power and malicious intent italian is right there



acbrainrot 5d

il sardo funziona anche meglio, napoletano se vuoi essere di classe







wholeheartedsuggestions Follow Jan 25

there will never be anything that compares to finding new pieces of yourself you didn't even know you would discover. I think that's a big part of life i've overlooked. not only will I grow up more and more but I will also meet more of myself. that's terrifying but exciting and something to look forward to. maybe at 25 i'll realize I love a certain food or at 30 i'll want to learn to play piano or at 50 i'll take an interest in scuba diving. I don't know yet all of who I am but I really want to know more.





last year in a library in Alaska I read a folk tale in a random book on a random shelf & have been thinking about it since & today i wrote the librarian w/ no book title or author & in 2 hrs i had a scan of the story & cover in my inbox - librarians should be running everything.

"Because they lack self-reflection, emotionally immature people don't consider their role in a problem. They don't assess their behavior or question their motives. If they caused a problem, they dismiss it by saying they didn't intend to hurt you. After all, you can't blame them for something they didn't mean to do, right? In this way, their egocentric focus remains on their intention, not the impact on you."

Lindsay C. Gibson, Adult Children of Emotionally Immature
 Parents

兔兒神 @chenchenwrites

know that the best i can hope for is to write a poem that a tree would enjoy

You have to parent the kid you have, not the one you want.

Your kid isn't giving you a hard time. THEY are having a hard time.

That they are individuals and deserve respect. Also, you have to earn their respect. It shouldn't be freely given just because you gave birth to them or provide them with basic necessities like housing, clothing, or food.

That you aren't raising kids. They are already are kids. You are raising adults, hopefully competent adults. Competent adults who know how to be an adult.

the best thing to do is to prepare the child for the path and not the path for the child.

Your purpose is not to pass down your own rules about life





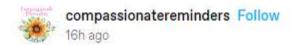
thoodleoo

19m ago

third consulship. [15] This year the sea appeared to be on fire; at Sinuessa a cow brought forth a colt; the statues in the temple of Juno Sospita at Lanuvium sweat

absolutely obsessed with these omens i found in livy like. if i were just some guy in ancient rome and i saw the sea on fire and a cow giving birth to a horse i too would be like ok yeah we're fucked

PUNK IS WHATEVER MAKES YOU HAPPY THAT IRRITATES PEOPLE WHO ARE USED TO HAVING TOTAL CONTROL.



Today my boyfriend interrupted one of my guilt spirals with the words: "When you're taking on the full responsibility for other people's actions you're not doing them a favor - you're actually just refusing to acknowledge them as autonomous beings who can make their own decisions which is unfair to them."

pleasechokemedaddy2

I thoroughly believe men should be loved the way women are expected to be loved. Shampoo his hair for him in the shower and rinse it out for him. Pull him to your chest and play with his hair when he's feeling sad or sleepy. Take him out to dinner and pay for his meal. Bring him little surprise gifts. Kiss his forehead and temple when you see him. Let him be the little spoon and hold onto him like he's everything to you. Be obsessed with him, treat him with all the love you expect to be treated with.

"child abuse language is domestic abuse language is cop language is dad language is I'm warning you language is don't make me tell you again is punishment language is the prison guard's language and we learn it early is the torturer's language don't say I didn't warn you is the seed of fascism already here"

- - Daniel Sarah Karasik, ""tough but fair"," Plenitude



i think everything should come in more fun colors & patterns. like everything. houses. cars. appliances. when ur getting a fridge they should give u the option then & there to have a wizard airbrushed onto it. business attire should have dinosaurs on it. why arent there more pink cars

normalise fun

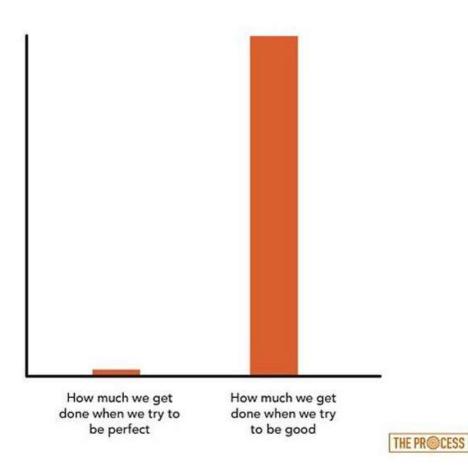


love to start sentences with "it", or "it is", or even "it is a", three words in and still zero information conveyed



It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single sentence in possession of a dummy subject must be in want of a subordinate clause.

PERFECTION



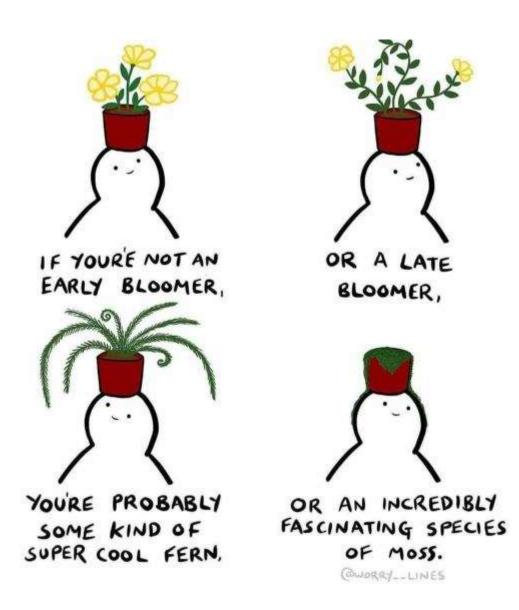
sickened-things

you know i don't think we often talk about how difficult it actually is to suddenly realize that a belief you thought was good and moral and correct was actually really fucking toxic. how you have to look at something and go 'oh shit, oh i fucked up. oh this is going to take probably years at minimum to deprogram from my brain because of all the little ways this shit pervaded the rest of my beliefs'

so. to all the people picking up all the pieces of a recently shattered world-view and trying to figure out what is safe to keep and what has to be thrown away and started over to all the people having to relearn how to even listen to other people to all the people putting in the work to do better while struggling with the guilt that comes from finding out you were the asshole

i'm proud of y'all.

it's hard to admit being wrong and even harder to change in the aftermath. just keep doing the best you can and just know that the effort is appreciated. everyone can change. everyone can do better. keep fighting.





...ma la relata di notifica...?

A student once asked Bruce Lee "You teach me fighting, but you talk about peace. How do you reconcile the two?" Bruce Lee replied: "It's better to be a warrior in a garden than to be a gardener in a war".



In China, reincarnation is illegal. You must obtain permission from the government.



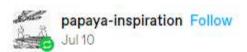
cracks open a piece of amber and the bugs inside crawl out and walk away completely normal



#this is what it's like to read ancient poetry

My writing: hard-boiled. My life: scrambled soft.

- Heaven Is Not Verbose: A Notebook by Vera Pavlova (tr. Steven Seymour)



My great uncle, who loved cooking and engineering and traveling and far too many other things, always used to say:

"Among the cooks, I am the best engineer, and among the engineers I am the best cook."

I love that. It's one of the things I try to live by.

This, by the Spanish cartoonist José María Nieto, is wonderful:

"I don't see any reason to be optimistic. What do you think the new year will bring us?"

"I believe it will bring flowers."

"Really? Why?"

"Because I am planting flowers."



If haunting is anything, perhaps that's what it is; time in the wrong place.

Jeanette Winterson, from 'As Strong As Death' published in 'Eight Ghosts: The English Heritage Book of New Ghost Stories'

non-physical compliments can sound like

- i love your presence
- · i love listening to you
- · you're so genuine
- i love how you take responsibility
- you're so non-judgmental
- you make me feel seen and understood
- i admire how deeply you feel
 i love your tenderness
- i love your humour
- your energy fills a room
- your personality is beautiful
- i love to hang out with you
- you have taught me so much about
- · you give great hugs

- you are a true friend
- i love how you see the best in others
- i have so much fun with you
- · your passion for _ is contagious
- i love the way you treat others
- i smile when i think of you
- thanks for being so trustworthy
- our conversations inspire me
- i love how dependable you are
- i love you exactly how you are your vulnerability is empowering
 - i feel safe around you
 - you're great at communicating
 - · i admire how you stand up for your cause
 - thanks for being a great listener

@mymentalhealthspace



Honestly if you want justification for why it's important that English/Language Arts teachers make you break down exactly why a given sentence made you feel a given way, the fact that it's now a point of basic political literacy to be able to tell when a headline is trying to make you angry, and at whom, and about what, is a pretty strong case in point.



agatized dinosaur bone - Australia



One day even our bones will be pretty



The world is changed. I feel it in the water. I feel it in the earth. I smell it in the air. Much that once was is lost; for none now live who remember it.



sitting with god by a creek does anyone want to come sit on the log next to us there's room. bring a jacket it's chilly





see god is very small today, so there's room even though the log is not very big

"DO NOT TOUCH" must be one of the most terrifying things to read in braille.

Coughing has finally overtaken speaking Arabic as the most taboo thing to do in an airport.

I tried this and look what happenddddddddddddddddd

I named my eraser Confidence because it gets smaller after every mistake I make.



The adjective for metal is metallic, but not so for iron, which is ironic

"Twenty years ago we had Johnny Cash, Bob Hope and Steve Jobs. Now we have no Cash, no Hope and no Jobs. Please don't let Kevin Bacon die." - Bill Murray

"'What's a couple?' I asked my mum. She said, 'Two or three'. Which probably explains why her marriage collapsed." – Josie Long

"Doing nothing is very hard to do... you never know when you're finished." — Leslie Nielsen

"Inside every cynical person, there is a disappointed idealist." -- George Carlin

"Humor is just another defense against the universe." — Mel Brooks

"The guy who invented the first wheel was an idiot. The guy who invented the other three, he was a genius." – Sid Caesar



The irony of the numbing and avoidance symptoms of trauma is that they're not about NOT caring—they're about having cared so much, for so long, that our nervous system couldn't sustain it.

It's how you get enormously passionate people who now essentially feel dead inside.

10:00 PM · 7/24/22 · Twitter Web App

uncle-beanbag

I love it when a deer shows up in a sunny meadow and people comment "old god"

In reality he's horny, lost as fuck and can't see shit.



Yes, like an old god



my three beautiful daughters igneous sedimentary and metamorphic



Persephone adaptation this, Persephone adaptation that

I'm gonna write a version of the Hymn to Demeter where Demeter has a gun

Nell'antica Roma non c'erano le e-mail. C'erano le e-pistulae.





life is so funny at 12 i thought i was evil & unlovable & now at 21 i can recognize when my blood sugar is low



headspace-hotel

I am learning to imagine the future:

My sycamore tree began life in the gravel at the edge of a parking lot. If trees can feel pain, that is a painful, unlucky death. I carefully dug it up and put it in a pot I made out of a disposable cup.

Hello small one. This world may be cruel, but I will not be.

I decided to take care of it, not expecting it to survive, and when my sycamore tree unfurled one tiny leaf and then another, it chiseled a tiny foothold in my terrified brain, the kind of brain that doesn't remember a world before the atomic bomb and before 9/11.

I googled the lifespans of trees. My neurons had to stretch and expand to accommodate what I learned: My sycamore tree may live five hundred years. It's hard to think something so big. In twenty years, my baby sycamore tree will be three stories tall, and the home of many creatures. In five years, my sycamore tree will be taller than I am. In one year, it will be summer.

There's this concept called sense of foreshortened future where people who have lived through trauma can't conceptualize a future for themselves because deep down they don't expect to survive, When I look forward, all I see is fire and death, melting ice and burning sky. We were raised Evangelical. All we see is Judgment Day, except there is no heaven.

But now there is a tiny gap in the wall, a crack in the door of my cell

and on the other side, I see a tree

There is, in the future, a great old sycamore tree, full of clean winds and the stir of a thousand wings. A hundred years from now. Fifty years from now. There will be forests in that world. There will be a world.

It takes courage, but we have to imagine it.

Most tree species can live in excess of three or four hundred years. I think I'm learning something. I think there are ancient voices saying hello small one, touch the dirt and the leaves, for now you are part of something that cannot die

in 2030 I will be thirty years old and the world will not have ended and there will still be hummingbirds, and we will have photos of the stars more beautiful than we can now imagine. I planted an Eastern Redcedar; they may live nine hundred years. There will be nine hundred years. The people in that time will remember us. Maybe we will meet the aliens (hi aliens!). I will blow out the candles on many birthday cakes in a world where there are wolves in dark forests far from home. I am learning to imagine the future. I learned recently that elk were reintroduced to the Appalachian Mountains after over a hundred years of extirpation, and that they are expanding their range.

That tiny crack I can see through now opens a tiny bit more: Maybe elk will pass through my hometown, maybe there will be a forest where the pasture is on the high hill that I can see from my home

say it, say it; ten years, thirty years, a hundred years from now I am learning to imagine the future. There is a crack in the wall of this prison, of this machine, of this darkness, and through it, I see a tree.



sweatermuppet Follow 2d ago

wishing that life were "what it used to be" nullifies your ability to craft right now into something worth being nostalgic over one day



sweatermuppet Follow 2d ago

allow yourself time to mourn but do not let despair make you negligent



social media has really warped our perception of creativity and hobbies. Stop doing things to post them. Just write. Just journal. Just sketch. Just read. Just annotate. Just sing. Just crochet. Just do the thing you're going to do with the assumption no one will ever see or know you did it. Stop performing. Just enjoy it.





And living indoors. That's good too.





Achilles wouldn't have died if he was wearing OSHA approved work boots.



Don't let workplace safety be YOUR Achilles heel.



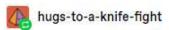
I was trying to explain to my grandma what being bisexual meant and saying that I looked at ladies butts and she was all "You're not GAY everyone checks out ladies rear ends" and my sister was like "I have never wanted to look at a ladies butt" Later my grandma called me and was like "I THINK I MIGHT BE A LITTLE GAY"

If I can put each thing into its place, there will be a place for the boat to land where the clock doesn't tick, where the body is unlocked from pain, where the wood thrush sings again after the rain.

Minnie Bruce Pratt, from "Getting Through the Night", magnified



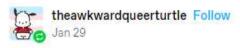
there's got to be at least one trans woman named eve out there whose deadname is adam, and she's the funniest person to ever grace this earth with her presence.



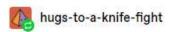
I feel so appreciated:3



WE FOUND HER!!!!!!!!!!

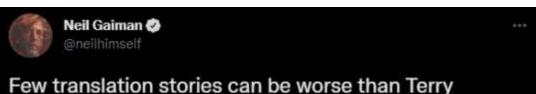


GOD SAID ADAM AND EVE SO SHE WAS BOTH



I said this same thing! Except I'm also bi so I add to it a little 😇

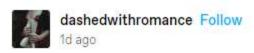




Few translation stories can be worse than Terry
Pratchett discovering soup commercials written *into
the text of his novels* by his German publisher.

BEYOND ALL THAT, REMEMBER: YOU WILL NEED MORE THAN LITTLE TREATS IN ORDER TO SURVIVE. BUT YOU DO NEED THE TREATS





i love it when you read multiple works from a writer and you start being able to pick out the things that stick with them. like the themes they keep thinking about, that can't be satisfied with just one poem or novel or story, or the motifs they like to reuse and recycle throughout their works like an extradiagetic thread, it's like drawing a map through a writer's collection of all the things that keep them up at night



Honestly, spend your twenties building as many hard skills as you can. Take a cooking class, learn to sew, learn to code, learn to resurrect the dead, learn to garden. Learn to fix a bike. etc. You'll gracefully and confidently navigate adulthood when armed with many skills:)

11:16 AM · Dec 11, 2018 · Twitter Lite



wellthatswhatithought Follow

Kind of bean that only shows up once in the bible, call that a hapax legumenon



thoodleoo

1d ago

1 Tip

i've recently taken an interest in the greek magical papyri and i have to say, one of my favorite spells is definitely the one to summon a crocodile to carry you across the nile river

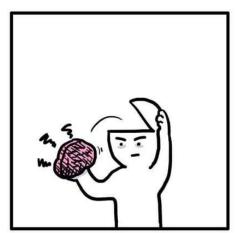


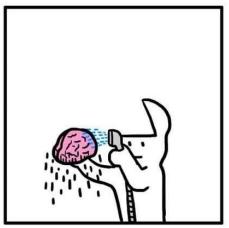
thoodleoo

If you want to cross [the Nile] on a crocodile: Sit down and say, "Hear me, you who live your life in the water. I am one who is at leisure in heaven and goes about in water and in fire and in air / and earth. Return the favor done you on the day when I created you and you made your request to me. You will take me [to] the other side, for I am so-and-so." Say the Name.

hey you fucking stupid lizard, time to pony up your favor









seebangnow



aaliyahbreaux

Jan 17, 2019

I wonder how many gay people are actually transgender & dont know it because people thing being transgender is transitioning when it's literally just not being cis.

like I had a friend tell me last night "all my life I wanted to be a girl. even to this day, like if someone told me I could transition & look like you or *insert another trans woman idk* I would do it in a heartbeat" and when I was like omg ur transgender he was surprised? like he was like wait just wanting to be a girl makes me transgender even if I dont do anything about it? and like its harder to pinpoint non binary people but if u have a desire be a different gender ur transgender. transitioning is a choice but being transgender is not.

jasminethegothbunny

"One of the symptoms of being a girl is wanting to be a girl." Don't remember where I heard that but the quote is my life.

cowboyslovingboys

This is one of the posts I can explicitly pinpoint as helping me realize that I might not be cis. The biggest symptom of being trans is wanting to not be your gender. It can also be dysphoria, it can also be euphoria, it can also be presentation, but wanting to be something else is all you really need.

aceofsquiddles

#wait so ur telling me#'i dont want to have a gender'#can mean#'i dont have a gender'??'

I would also like to know... for reasons

accept-nothing

Jul 20, 2019

Confirmed. How to know you're agender: You don't want to be anything else. You look at the options for gender and gender presentation and decide to go back to bed

aceofsquiddles

Bold of you to assume I got out of bed Nah but seriously thanks for the insight

avon-vila

Jul 21, 2019

So, if I look at gender and say "this is some bullshit and I want no part of it", I guess that makes me agender?

mother-entropy

if that's how you wanna identify, yeah.

feeling anything mentioned in this post doesn't mean you have to identify as trans, but feeling anything in this post is literally all that's necessary to identify as trans if you want to.

fuck gatekeepers forever.

furryanarchistsnufkin



hasenfu

Aug 18, 2019

i mean this is literally what jvn said

deathcomes4u

Aug 19, 2019

This is one of those things where you can go 25+ years of your life not realising that actually no not everyone secretly wishes they were some mashup of male and female and that you are, in fact, genderfluid as fuck.

kyraneko

Aug 19, 2019

You can want to be the other gender.

You can want to be another gender.

You can want to divorce all connection to the gender you were born into.

You can want to keep it as an origin point that shapes your journey.

You can want to be more than one gender at once.

You can want to be more than one gender, at different times.

You can want to be no gender.

You can want to be sort of in between genders.

You can want to be both genders.

You can want to be rid of gendered body parts you already have.

You can want to keep gendered body parts while also being another gender.

You can want to be rid of them but not want the side effects of excising them.

You can feel dysphoria at being shaped like/viewed as/treated like a gender you don't want.

You can feel euphoria at being shaped like/viewed as/treated like a gender you do want.

You can change your mind or adjust your goals or refine your wishes.

You can be stationary and fixed in your identity.

You can be fluid and changing.

You can be extremely gendered in your presentation.

You can be not very gendered in your presentation.

You can be androgynous.

You can be a little of both.

You can be a lot of both.

If gender is a line you can cross, as the words trans (across/on the other side of) and cis (here/on the same side of) indicate, you can cross it in any way you like, including dancing on top of it.

Be happy.

Be you.

silks-stuff

Jul 13, 2020

Bless tumble for posts like this, because even though I'm older than a lot of people here this stuff still applies, in a way moreso because it's stuff that I never had the opportunity to process in my actual childhood.

So I'm processing it now. And this shit really helps, so thanks.

this post is literally for me



Can't stop thinking about this category 5 old Jewish man moment my dad had when we called and I greeted him with "shalom!:)" and he said "What do you mean shalom? There's no peace in this world!"



May Girls Say'Damn?' Sure Thing





vampires have been drinking human blood for centuries they don't give a fuck about guys on eight different antidepressants, they were sucking on asbestos factory workers



The absolutely hilarity of imagining some older vampires hectoring younger ones. "Back in my day, I had to drink blood with radium in it and I liked it! We glowed in the damn dark for weeks!"

well, just remember what my mother used to say— "never make an enemy by accident."



When people make disparaging comments, just say thank you.

"You've gain weight" "Thank you" "..."

Then they have to either settle with being misunderstood or double down and explicitly explain that they were intentionally being unkind.

I work at a church and religious people use coded language to say crummy things in camouflaged/passive aggressive ways. Today someone told me, "that was an...interesting sermon..."

"Thank you," <smile>

Then I got to watch them squirm as they tried to decide how to respond.

TI;dnr: when people are passive aggressive, just say thank you.

#City person writing a creepy forest: They heard A Sound #Rural person writing a creepy forest: They heard no sound



Upon being handed his death warrant, the Marquis de Favras quipped, "I see that you have made three spelling mistakes."

"We're surrounded. That simplifies the problem."
-- Chesty Puller





The best revenge is none. Heal, move on, and don't become like those who hurt you.

xenosagaepisodeone

the elephant in the room when it comes to the "we must protect our children" objections by conservative politicians is that they are not referring to living, breathing children, but a platonic concept of "a child" that children are coerced into emulating through abuse kneaded by both the state and their parents. The lack of rights children possess is to render them unable to object to what adults claim to do for their own good, which oftentimes are merely just means to maintain them as property than help them as people. The idea that teaching 6th graders very basic, very clinical sex ed is child abuse stems from the fear that their parents lose some control over their child's autonomy by having the child know things (which, statically, also makes them more likely to tell someone when they are being abused by an adult. Interesting) that the parent has not sanctioned as a part of their person. Conservatives accuse everyone else of child abuse not because they care that a child is being hurt, but because hurting children is only their god given right.



i was reading about the myth of prometheus today when the phrase "new liver, same eagles" popped into my mind, so i'm keeping that in mind for the next time someone asks me how it's going



WHY POETRY CAN BE HARD FOR MOST PEOPLE

Because speaking to the dead is not something you want to do

from why poetry can be hard for most people by dorothea lasky, published in rome

When my daughter was a toddler she called tears "PANIC WATER". I mean u ain't wrong sis

My coworkers granddaughter called seagulls "beach chickens"

Like the little kid that called the dragonfly a "baby helicopter"

My daughter called a graveyard a "people garden" she was only 2

My daughter would call Churches "Jesus Stores"

my daughter called gray. light black

my daughter called a vending machine a "food ATM" once because she couldn't think of what it was really called.

My daughter didn't know the word for thirsty so she said she was "water hungry"

Wait until they call a rhinoceros a battle unicorn.



My daughter called a parasailer a human kite.

They have an amazing way of looking at the world. My granddaughter calls funerals heaven parties

My daughter calls the grocery store, the food maze

My nephew called an octopus a Snake Turtle and I haven't gotten over it in 10 years.

My cousin didn't know how to tell me she had a dream so she said "the story behind my eyes when I'm asleep"

My son called an exclamation mark a loud period when he was in kindergarten

My son said the Navy was made up of "water soldiers". And my mind was blown

leaves - tree feathers

My son calls clouds sky ghosts

My granddaughter called condensation water dust

My son calls the trampoline a jumpoline.

my nephew says its ashy outside when it's a foggy day

My youngest calls tomorrow "tonextday"

My son calls blueberries, bubble plums.

iedonis 14.8k points 1 day ago

There's two types of parent: The "I'm in deep s**t, I hope my parents don't find out!" and the "I'm in deep s**t, better call them!". This parent clearly chose which one they wanted to be

What's the difference between COVID-19 and Romeo & Juliet? One's a Coronavirus and the other is a Verona crisis.

19h ago

my dean of students just sent me an email signed "yours in marcus aurelius" and i am now going to refuse to accept any correspondence that isnt signed off in a similar way

Intercourse with the moon is entirely auspicious for ship-masters, pilots, merchants, astronomers, people fond of travelling, and vagabonds. But for other men, it signifies dropsy. For it is a good sign for travellers because of the motion and for astronomers, since no valid theory of celestial observation can be formulated without it. But it is unlucky for sufferers from dropsy because it is moist. 100

-- Artemidoro di Daldi

CMM: Well, the Gothic can be conducive to suppressed voices emerging, like in a haunted house. At its core, the Gothic drama is fundamentally about voiceless things—the dead, the past, the marginalized—gaining voices that cannot be ignored.

-- Carmen Maria Machado

--Perchè un artificiere non lavora MAI quando ha il raffreddore?
-- Per non rischiare un ECCI'dio
-- Luis 2022

Parent: you know you'll have to listen me for the rest of your life Child: no, I have to listen to you for the rest of YOUR life In a busy store, kid maybe 4 years old getting ignored.

"Dad. Dad. Daddy. Daddy. DADDY. DADDY. DADA! DADDY! DADDY! DADD!"

DAD!"

5 seconds later a great shout comes out this kid. "STEEEEEEVE!"

That got dad's attention, he jumped 3 inches.

"MOM IF YOU'RE HERE, WHO'S RUNNING HELL?"

I am every age

I have ever been.

All time ever does

is pass and all I ever do is remember.

Sue Zhao



God forgot to give sins to the angels and thumbs to the goats, so that angels have more thumbs than they can handle, and goats have more sins. To this day goats and angels both adore and resent humankind for having BOTH thumbs AND a capacity to sin, in balanced and wieldy amounts. That's a fact about the creation of the universe



laughlikesomethingbroken

.....i can't tell if this is shitposting or talmudic midrash



Surprise it's both







To anybody reading this who doesn't feel good enough, let me remind you of something.

You never agreed to be good enough. You never asked to be born.

Nowhere did you say "I will do this to the best of my ability".

They'll get what they get, and that's their lot. Fuck them.

22:09 · 01 Aug 22 · TweetDeck

Friend: "I've always wondered how goats grow into deer in the wild but stay goats at the farm."

Me: "Ayo what the f**k?"

Friend: "I know, crazy, right? With ponies at least you can see them grow into horses but the goats??"

In my college there was a boy who asked what planet all these illegal aliens were from.

Only in silence the word,
only in dark the light,
only in dying life:
bright the hawk's flight
on the empty sky.

- The Creation of £a

For a dinner date, I eat light all day to save room, then I go all in: I choose this meal and this order, and I choose you, the person across from me, to share it with. There's a beautiful intimacy in a meal like that. It's about exploration and taste. And kissing after dinner. And maybe there's a little wine and curry on your breath... and that's nice.

-- Anthony Bourdain

sketiana:

no one tells you this when youre a kid but balconies are a liminal space more than any ai generated fakeplace with twilight movie filter and yellow tiles in it lol. youre somewhere between the ground and the firmament youre inside your house but outside of it you hear whats going on both in your house and the street you walked through a window and you didnt fall. europe did two things right and balconies came a close third



A picture from Algeria

"Dear brother, if you don't have money don't be shy; don't leave your family without food, please take what you need for your children from the offered greens since My provision and your Provision is from Allah"





concept: woman makes deal with demon to have it's child in exchange for eternal life or some shit

woman then makes deal with witch and offers her first born for like, riches or something

woman dumps demon baby on witch, absconds with her winnings and leaves witch and demon fighting for custody

half demon baby grows up learning magic and visiting hell on weekends and every second christmas







I had a thought, but unfortunately I had a second thought. They ricocheted off each other and I can't find either anymore

Image description: a tweet by Ursula Wolfe-Roccq which reads "It can be overwhelming to witness/experience/take in all the injustices of the moment; the good news is that *they're all connected.* So if your little corner of work involves pulling at one of the threads, you're helping to unravel the whole damn cloth." End ID.

The water in your body is just visiting. It was a thunderstorm a week ago. It will be the ocean soon enough. Most of your cells come and go like morning dew. We are more weather pattern than stone monument. Sunlight on mist. Summer lightning. Your choices outweigh your substance.

(Poem from my first poetry collection: Field Guide to the Haunted Forest by Jarod K Anderson)

toxic parenting:

Insisting you know your kids' mind better than they themselves do. Proclaiming what they experience, feel, think, and intend. Being dismissive or condescending when they try to speak for themselves.

Seeing your child as identical to you or an extension of you ("twinning"), and going around bragging about this.

Not acknowledging or neglecting their emotions.

Blaming their children for what are natural reactions to the parent's behaviour. (A similar dynamic "When he looks in the mirror and sees his dirty face, he tries to wash the mirror.")





There's lots of good and folksy responses to "how are you doing" that don't involve either lying or undermining the ritualized purpose of the greeting exchange, too. My great grandmother Ethel for example was a big fan of "well, I'm a-doin"

thoodleoo

11m ago

(baby hermes voice) stop stealing apollo's cattle? ummm well im literally neurodivergent and a minor so

#infant hermes crawling out of his crib to commit crimes is truly one of my favorite myths

. . .

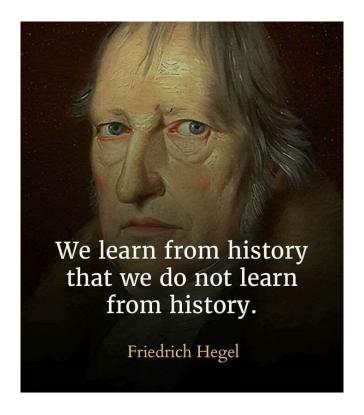
#tagamemnon #greek mythology

#queueusque tandem abutere catilina patientia nostra

Tradition

(n.) Peer pressure from dead people.

unknown





hedgehog-moss

2h ag

I was looking for something in my email inbox, going back a few pages, and I came across an email a friend sent me in May asking if she could come visit me this summer and I was seized with blind panic, !!!!! oh my god I procrastinated on this email and never ended up replying to her and now the summer is almost over and it's much too late to plan anything and she didn't dare to reach out again and probably never will now I've lost this friend forever and then I fearfully clicked on the email and realised I had actually replied to her. In a timely manner. And she actually did come to visit last month and I had no trouble remembering everything we did during her visit. I love starting my morning with a spike of worry so intense it's like my brain gives itself a stress-lobotomy, erasing entire series of events. A reverse near-death experience where instead of seeing your past life flash before your eyes, you remember not a single potentiallyreassuring past decision but you see your tragic future flash before your eyes, ruined by this one mistake you made

#has any modern invention tormented the human spirit more than emails

...i'm not alone



I'm an atheist conceptual shamanist. There's no god, but if I concentrate I can talk to the idea of math.

"EVERY year, the bright Scandinavian summer nights fade away without anyone's noticing. One evening in August you have an errand outdoors, and all of a sudden it's pitch-black. A great warm, dark silence surrounds the house. It is still summer, but the summer is no longer alive. It has come to a standstill; nothing withers, and fall is not ready to begin. There are no stars yet, just darkness. The can of kerosene is brought up from the cellar and left in the hall, and the flashlight is hung up on its peg beside the door."

 Tove Jansson, The Summer Book, tr. by Thomas Teal (Sort Of Books, 2003)





My 3-year-old calls my gray hairs "wizard hair."

I'm not getting older.

Just more powerful.



[holding myself firmly by the neck like a yowling squirming kitten]
This Minor Setback Is Not The End Of The World

Your body is an ancestor. Your body is an altar to your ancestors. Every one of your cells holds an ancient and anarchic love story. Around 2.7 billion years ago free-living prokaryotes melted into one another to form the mitochondria and organelles of the cells that build our bodies today. All you need to do to honor your ancestors is to roll up like a pill bug, into the innate shape of safety: the fetal position. The curl of your body, then, is an altar not just to the womb that grew you, but to the retroviruses that, 200 million years ago taught mammals how to develop the protein syncytin that creates the synctrophoblast layer of the placenta. Breathe in, slowly, knowing that your breath loops you into the biome of your ecosystem. Every seven to ten years your cells will have turned over, rearticulated by your inhales and exhales, your appetites and proclivity for certain flavors. If you live in a valley, chances are the ancient glacial moraine, the fossils crushed underfoot, the spores from grandmotherly honey fungi, have all entered into and rebuilt the very molecular make up of your bones, your lungs, and even your eyes. Even your lungfuls of exhaust churn you into an ancestor altar for Mesozoic ferns pressurized into the fossil fuels. You are threaded through with fossils. Your microbiome is an ode to bacterial legacies you would not be able to trace with birth certificates and blood lineages. You are the ongoing-ness of the dead. The alembic where they are given breath again. Every decision, every idea, every poem you breathe and live is a resurrection of elements that date back to the birth of this universe itself.

Today I realize that due to the miracle of metabolic recycling, it is even possible that my body, somehow, holds the cells of my great-great grandmother. Or your great-great grandmother. Or that I am built from carbon that once intimately orchestrated the flight of a hummingbird or a pterodactyl. Your body is an ecosystem of ancestors. An outcome born not of a single human thread, but a web of relations that ripples outwards into the intimate ocean of deep time.

Your Body is an Ancestor, SOPHIE STRAND

"As you read a book word by word and page by page, you participate in its creation, just as a cellist playing a Bach suite participates, note by note, in the creation, the coming-to-be, the existence, of the music. And, as you read and re-read, the book of course participates in the creation of you, your thoughts and feelings, the size and temper of your soul."

Ursula K. Le Guin

Sarkis emerged from the scullery, looking soggy. "I have defeated the dishes." "Were there any survivors?"

"The only casualty was some kind of monstrous serving plate with pears on it."

"Oh, that," said Halla with relief. "Dare I hope it's broken past any possible mending?"

Sarkis considered this for a moment, then went back into the scullery. Sounds of breaking crockery drifted through the open door.

"Yes," he said, returning.

Everyone leave me alone THIS is romance

<u>xenosaurus</u>

I turn 30 next month so here's what I learned in my 20s:

—don't work for startups, they're always one 'innovative idea' away adding 'sell your kidneys on the black market' to your job description.

—keeping a collection of basic OTC medicine on you will save your life one day. I recommend Advil, Imodium, and TUMS.

—those little single-use glasses cleaning wipes are 1000% worth the money

—overly self-depreciating jokes just make people uncomfortable, wean yourself off of them

-you can buy dehydrated mini marshmallows in bulk online and they're a godsend for hot cocoa

—people don't care if you have fidget toys on your desk they just want to play with them

—try to go to bed BEFORE the existential ennui kicks in

thelittleblackfox

Also drink water and eat a plant

liz-squids

This is all GREAT. I turned 40 last week, so permit me to add what I learned in my 30s:

- keep on not working for startups
- sometimes there comes a point where the thing (fandom, hobby, friendship, romantic relationship) you loved no longer brings
 you joy. And that's okay. Try to mourn the loss, take joy in the memories, and don't burn any bridges in case ten years go by
 and you find yourself back in that fandom/hobby/relationship again
- it turns out that (ugh) moderate regular exercise is (spit) good for you. The sooner you make it part of your life, the easier it'll
- related: if you throw yourself into a new exercise regime too hard and too fast, without stopping to rest or consider whether a
 particular move is good for you ... well, shoulder injuries are painful and consults with orthopedic surgeons are expensive
 - knees are bastards too
 - don't even get me started on ankles
 - there may come a time when your digestive system is too fragile for ibuprofin. I'm sorry

- one day you're gonna wake up and realise you no longer give any fucks about some things that used to bother you
 - on the other hand, you might be alarmed to realise what you still give a fuck about
 - never get down on the floor without an exit strategy for getting back up

covington-shenanigans

I turn 50 this year. what I have learned in my 40s:

- "loving yourself" is less of a feeling and more of an action. you can start doing it any time and it will make your life better and better as you go on
 - this will happen incrementally be patient
 - along those lines, if you haven't started making an active effort to quit shit-talking yourself, suck it up and do it
 - no, shut up. do it. "but it's haaaaard!" don't care. do it.
 - whether you like it or not, you are mortal and you need to go to the doctor for an annual checkup
 - stretch regularly your future self will thank you
 - at some point you will encounter people much younger than you arguing passionately and incorrectly about history you personally remember and experienced
 - this will be infuriating and annoying
 - otoh, most other things just... will not matter to you as much
 - at some point you will shift from wanting to go out to being like "eh" and deciding to stay in. this is okay.
 - you will have absolutely no idea what The Youth are talking about and you will not care
 - but if you keep your mind open to new ideas you'll never be irrelevant
 - your company still doesn't love you don't give them more than they pay you for
- get a fucking hobby, especially a hobby that involves physically creating/handling something and/or moving your body in physical space, it will do you more good than you can imagine

twistedchickness

Things I am learning in my 60s:

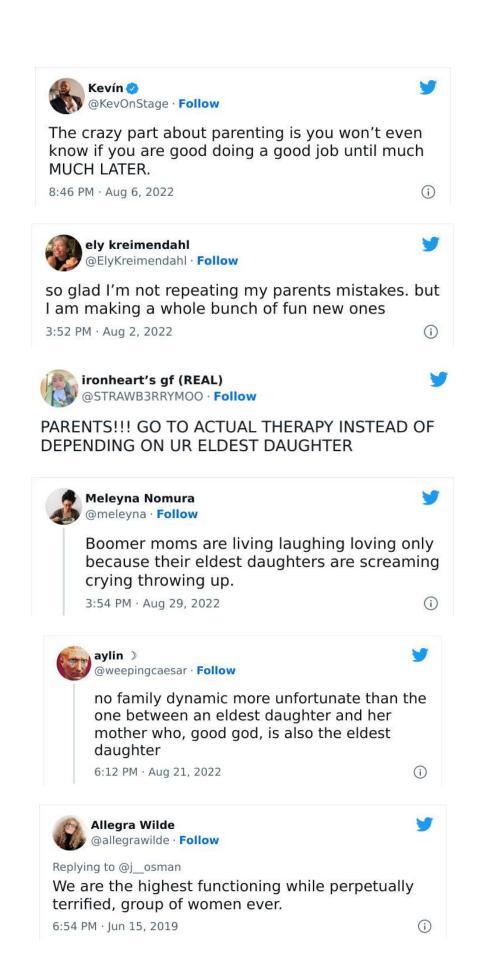
- A lot of things are going to drive you nuts. Figure out which ones to try to fix, and which to ignore. And which to laugh about.
- People who weren't there most often will not understand the important things. It is hard to explain to them how what happened then changed much that came later -- they have only seen what was later. Do what you can, but don't wear yourself out. Some will listen; that's the best you can do.
- Eat what works for you, take care of your health as well as you can, and get help for what doesn't work. Don't be the wrong kind of stoic. Enduring pain does not buy you heaven.
- Keep in touch with the people you care about, and add to that list when you find a few more. Let go of the ones who don't care about you. When people show you who they are, believe them.
- The past is everything before this second. The bad things that happened there, are there. They aren't here. Let them stay there. Let the dead bury their dead. (Also, going over and over past failures/bad relationships/bad jobs/bad whatever just engrains it deeper into your brain. You really don't need that. Let it go.)
 - Try something you haven't done in a while. You won't be perfect, but you might enjoy it. If so, do it again.
 - Love this impossible beautiful green and brown and blue planet; planets like this are so very rare and this one's ours to cherish. Find something beautiful to enjoy, somewhere, in every day.
 - You're not done vet. If you haven't done what you want to do, give it another try.
 - Be yourself -- you are unique in the universe.

Augustus' favourite phrase was 'quicker than boiled asparagus'



③ Tip

Shirt that says "you are not immune to propaganda" + baseball bat labelled "propaganda"



Prayer of the Woods, by Alberto da Veiga Simões

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin. I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: Harm me not.

I carry the sun in a golden cup. The moon in a silver bag.

W. B. Yeats (via pagewoman)



all geometry is sacred grow up



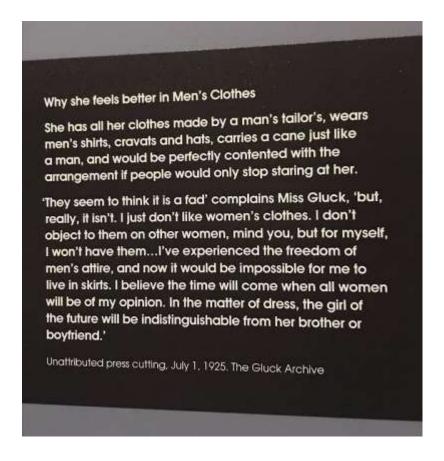
I'm a hard pillow hard mattress man. I need reliability. I don't want something to change into a completely different shape when I touch it, that's lying and I don't like liars.



The way somebody comes back, but only in a dream.



Letting go of someone is quite hard when they keep showing up in your dreams.



bob-belcher

Aug 23, 2015

does anyone else get really anxious when the cashier hands you change and you're hurriedly putting it away in your wallet so that the next customer in line can proceed or is that just me

hotline-jacket

And you can just feel *the look* the cashier is giving you while doing this

notcuddles

Sep 28, 2015

Good news: when the cashier SEEMS to be staring at you, it's because there's no where else for them to look without glancing away from their line and looking like they're ignoring other customers. If they make eye contact with another customer, that person will take it as a sign that it's their turn, so the cashier is trapped and unable to glance in either direction. They don't actually care that you're there.

Source: I am a cashier and this happens all the time.

scifinut

Sep 30, 2015

Bless you for spelling this out. It eases my anxiety quite a bit to hear it from an actual person.



hey uhhh but fr the concept of fallen angels existing but risen demons being an impossibility is kind of a great summary of sin in christianity

no, no, come back here and tell me how stupid it is to talk about how the power dynamics inherent to christianity are built upon the rhetoric that failure is unavoidable and there is never enough you can do to make up for it



If you want to cheer someone up, don't tell them to "smile" or "cheer up." Instead, tell them that you are glad to see them, that their presence makes you smile. Better yet, ask them about their day, listen, and allow them their feelings. That actually does make people feel better.



Research has shown that pleasure affects nutrient absorption. In a 1970s study of Swedish and Thai women, it was found that when the Thai women were eating their own (preferred) cuisine, they absorbed about 50% more iron from the meal than they did from eating the unfamiliar Swedish food. And the same was true in the reverse for the Swedish women. When both groups were split internally and one group given a paste made from the exact same meal and the other was given the meal itself, those eating the paste absorbed 70% less iron than those eating the food in its normal state.

<u>Pleasure affects our metabolic pathways; it's a facet of the complex gut-brain connection.</u> If you're eating foods you don't like because you think it's healthy, it's not actually doing your body much good (it's also unsustainable, we're pleasure-seeking creatures). Eat food you enjoy, it's a win-win.



hellenhighwater

Feb 16, 2019

I see a lot of people who tell young people—especially young people who are heading into college—that they should "do what they love." And they're right. You should do what you love.

But there's a world of difference between doing what you love for you, and doing what you love for a paycheck.

I went to undergrad for graphic design and 3-D design—art and more art, I usually say—and I loved it. You know what I didn't love? Trying to collect my fees from clients. Trying to meet unrealistic, over-simplified or over-specific briefs from people who didn't know what they were talking about. Coming home, having worked creatively all day, with no creative juice left for the things I wanted to do.

You know what I would tell you instead? Do something that you can be interested in, with people you like. You don't have to love it. Loving your work can be a lot, and it often means you have to live in your job 24/7. Some people can do that. Not everyone can, or should. But if you can find work that's interesting enough that it doesn't feel tedious, and people you can enjoy spending your 9-5 with, and you can make money, that's great! It means you can do the things you love for you.

I'm in law school now. It's interesting work, and difficult, and I like doing it. I like how complicated it gets, and I like the stories it tells. But I don't come home and read law journals for fun. I come home, and I sculpt, and I draw, and I paint, and I read. I do these things for me.

And I love it. Feb 4, 2022

This is still circulating and it's been a few years, so let me update. I'm officially a lawyer now, and still not a single regret about this choice. Settling into a stable job is such a gift and a privilege in ways I didn't expect. I'm not going to repeat the advice given above, but I want to make it clear that having passed through my student years and into my career proper, I stand by this in every respect.

I chose to take a job that was not the most high-paying option available to me, because it wouldn't require me to bill my time, I would have a better work-life balance, I found the work more engaging, and I really loved the office. It has paid off so much.

I get to walk to work, and most days I leave my laptop behind when I walk home at five. I have a little house with a little garden and a bunch of seedlings sprouting too early for spring. I have two stupid cats and two stupider doves and they make me happy. I put a little money into food and shelter for the neighborhood strays and name all my visiting opossums Harold. My art gets done when I feel inspiration striking, sometimes in the middle of the night, and I let my hobby fund itself without the pressure of deadlines. There is so much joy in making only what I want to. My sleep schedule has stabilized. For the first time in my life, I know the shape my days will take weeks and months away, because my routine is consistent, and I never knew what a peace that was. My job is predictable but never boring, interesting but not consuming, and it's just a job.

There are people who will tell you–people who have told me–that turning my back on an artistic career or a career you have "potential" in is selling out, or settling.

Let me tell you, friends, I have never felt so settled.





Also, when you're buying/renting a house I feel it is simply not enough to know that the room 'gets lots of natural light' (though this is important). I need to know where The Shafts of Sunlight™ will be.

I need that prized sunny corner which will solve all my problems if I sit in it for a while. A patch of morning sunlight which would probably become infested with cats, if I had any. Somewhere you KNOW that you can leave a damp cloth to dry or place an ailing plant. Somewhere that I can actually see dust floating but for once it doesn't bother me because it's perfectly natural. A large sunny room is all very well and good, but the individual shafts of sunlight are like visible evidence that the house itself is engaged in restful repose, and this is something that estate agents simply cannot put a price on.





theprofessional-amateur Follow

Sep 1

I was in a class in undergrad, fellow classmate walks in 20, maybe 30 minutes after class started and slightly out of breath. Professor gives a vague look of curiosity and the kid says "my bad. They set up a bouncy castle outside." The Professor perks up "there's a bouncy castle?! Class dismissed!" and straight up ran out of the room. It was a 10am class.

Teacher walks in. She's in a matching pajama outfit. Pajama pants, button down pajama shirt, slip on shoes that could pass as slippers if the bottoms didn't have rubber soles, a sweater style cardigan. Her hair is tucked under a hat, and she's carrying what looks like a half gallon thermos. On her arm is a massive tote that looks like it could fit a sleeping bag.

Takes one look at us, sighs, looks ready to take a nap.

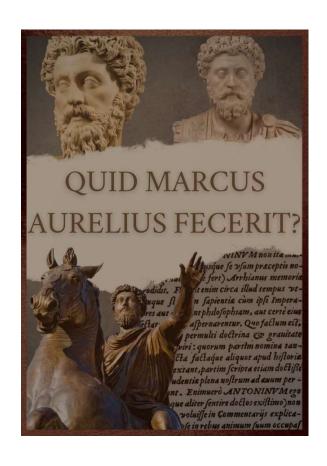
"It's too fucking early for any of you to be looking this fucking eager to learn. Extra credit will go to anyone who comes in looking comfortable."

She then pulls a pillow out of her tote, and naps for the rest of class. Our assignment while she dozed was to write why tf we thought dressing so nicely was necessary for learning.



your himbo boyfriend @swol... · 18h ··· Replying to @cakesandcourage

i'm gonna retire to a life of leisure as a subsistence farmer, a career that the entirety of the population of subsistence famers throughout history have been trying to escape





I think the thing people forget is that the Classics™ weren't always classics. There was once a kid who picked up a copy of The Catcher In The Rye and told all their friends about this great new book. There was once a group of teens who went to see Shakespeare's newest comedy and talked about it all the way home. There was once a young Greek child who sat out on the grass every day to listen to the story of The Odyssey because he had to know what happened to his favorite characters. There was once a man who devoured Dracula in a few days because he was so engrossed in this new work of horror.



I love the idea of dead gods. Not in the sense of "hey i killed something supernaturally strong" but in the sense of "i killed it and it's still a god." It is still worshipped, prayers are still answered, miracles are performed in its name, even as it lies pierced by a thousand swords and burning with chemical fire, even as it drifts through vacuum, decapitated and bleeding molten rock, in cosmic spite of being shot through each eye and hurled into a plasma reactor, it still radiates the power of the divine in a way that primitive death cannot smother, the nature of godchild is not so simple as to be tied to the mortality, or immortality, of any living being.



In science that's called a whalefall:)



dead gods on the bottom of the mariana trench

I do not want to be warm I want to be cold and then made warm by a blanket why is this difficult to understand

thoodleoo

1d ago

no more citing sources using MLA or chicago style or any of those modern citation styles. from now on i will only be using the alexandrian footnote and citing my sources by saying "it is said..." and then claiming whatever the hell i want



Love the weird oneiric quality of these pictures... These llama children are coming up to you in a dream to tell you the secret of life but you can't understand what they say



i love when random tumblr users find my blog and go through it liking and reblogging everything in a frenzy, it feels like i've been cultivating a nice backyard with a lovely birdbath and feeder and i've glanced out the window to see a bird going absolutely wild with it



I was talking to a kid in my daughter's class today, and she said that she thought it would be fun to write a story about the Titanic, but with supernatural creatures.

So I said, "Yeah, that would great! What would the creatures do? Would they save the Titanic from sinking?"

And she gave me the most *disgusted* look. I have never seen a 9 year old face look so appalled.

"No," she said, speaking very clearly so as to never be so grossly misunderstood again, "they're going to eat the passengers."

God I hope she lets me read it.



nothing can possibly prepare you for the moment you show up to give a man his apple juice and he says "Do you think bugs come from the same god as us? They're older than our god. They have their own."

I hate that me wanting kids of my own caused those kids to hurt in a way I couldn't protect them from.



hedgehog-moss

32m ago

I love this weather we've been having lately where it's autumn in the morning and summer in the afternoon. The trees are still very green and yet last night smelled like November. It was 2°C and if the atmosphere had been more humid it would have smelled like snow. I went for a walk and since you pay more attention to sound at night, I realised that the wind in the woods sounds very different, more peaceful and ocean-like, when the leaves rustling are green and soft than in autumn when they are dry and about to fall. Autumn wind always sounds a bit tormented. I like how liminal days between seasons make you notice little things about both seasons, by contrast—it felt strange to smell that sharp wintery smell in the air and to see my breath in thick white clouds, while the wind in the trees still made a soft and green summer sound.

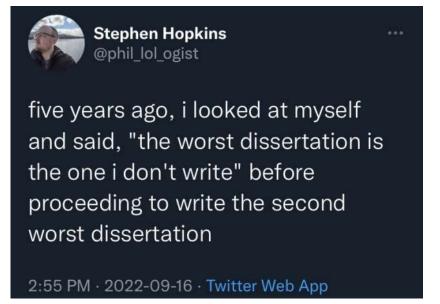
137 notes











The true and serious beauty of trees, how it seemed insane that they should offer this to us, how unworthy we were, bewildered, how soon we were nearly weeping at their trunks as they tossed down petal after petal, and we tried to remember how it felt to receive and notice the receiving, pink, pink, pink, pink, pink.

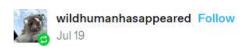
Ada Limón, from "Hooky", The Hurting Kind

Liked

when I'm being bitchy you can always leave the room, but I'm stuck with that bitch.



my client just said "there's bigger fish to fight" which is objectively a much better idiom

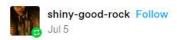


Ahab

AUTUMN (this is an essay on Autumn) is the mystic season. Spring is lyric, summer sensual, and winter is plain cold logic, an etching. Of all the seasons, autumn has the most cryptic personality. Its outlines and motives are not too clear. It is a beginning (school, music season) and it is a dwindling. In it are graceful intimations of senility, a breath of death.

Autumn (as you look back) is the time you fell in love again, sometimes with the same girl, sometimes with a new one. Most times, she never knew. Looking farther back, autumn is the smell of chalk and its squeak on the blackboard, the leaves you took to school for nature study. Arithmetic, physics, French. Eating chocolate caramels at 8:30 a.m. on the way to school.

THE TITANIC WAS BUILT BY EXPERTS THE ARK WAS BUILT BY AMATEURS.



these are the guiding principles of 2022

- · assume no one is OK
- · use that as fuel for kindness and bridge-building, not pettiness
- if you can't be kind, be quiet



IF YOU CAN'T BE KIND, BE QUIET



"if you can't be kind, at least be vague."



"A bottle of water can be .50 cents in the supermarket, \$2.00 at the gym, \$3.00 at the movies, and \$6.00 on a plane. The only thing that changed its value was the place. The next time you feel your worth is nothing, maybe you're in the wrong place."

If I'm having a bad day it can always get worse

I loved this place.

Then came the Greeks.

Came Athena.

Came the Trojan Horse — you know all that.

It was so much killing.

Even the wind was stained with blood for years.

And when it was done they scooped out the city

Like a handful of honey and left,

Those Greek boys.

Euripides, Le Troiane, traduzione di Anne Carson

[ID: image of hebrew text detailing the bracha (jewish blessing) for seeing exceptionally strange-looking people or animals:

בָּרוּףְ אַתָּה יהַוָּה, אֱלֹהִינוּ מֶּלֶךְ הָעוֹלֶם מְשׁנֶּה הַבְּרוּוֹת Baruch ata Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha-olam, m'shaneh ha-briyot. Blessed are You, HaShem* our G-d, Sovereign of the Universe, who makes creatures different.]



ancient-rome-au Follow

looked up my symptoms on webmd and it turns out i have an ancient ancestral curse that has been passed down my bloodline for generations



So yeah I had exciting plans for this place (I even did a presentation at my region's Chamber of Commerce back in 2018, and had their support) but they got completely derailed by Current Events for the past three years, it's a bit discouraging. But we've all been having a hard time since 2020 haven't we, and I'm really lucky that I get to live here at all (and that I got to spend the lockdowns in a rural place.) I'm also glad I got my animals in my first year here; at least I have company as I wait to see how things will unfold! Plus taking care of animals makes it hard to look at the past year and feel like you've accomplished nothing, because they would disagree.



nice things will happen but first you have to lose all hope and die 45 times

« Dear Mr. -

It comes down to the meaning of 'needless.' Often a word can be removed without destroying the structure of a sentence, but that does not necessarily mean that the word is needless or that the sentence has gained by its removal.

If you were to put a narrow construction on the word 'needless,' you would have to remove tens of thousands of words from Shakespeare, who seldom said anything in six words that could be said in twenty. Writing is not an exercise in excision, it's a journey into sound. How about [Macbeth's] 'tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow'? One tomorrow would suffice, but it's the other two that have made the thing immortal.

Thank you, thank you, thank you for your letter.

Yrs,

E. B. White. »

- From The Letters of E.B. White, ed. Dorothy Guth



[sumerianly] its cause youre always on that damn clay tablet



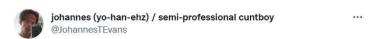
Pros and Cons of making things

Pro: Thing

Con: Make



you summed up the struggle of all creators ever so nicely



it's literally completely okay to have sex because your partner wants it or enjoys it but you're not into it, like

you don't have to ever have sex if you don't want to, but you also aren't obligated to enjoy or be into sex at all times

Hot tip: Any cipher can be a secure cipher if your enemies cannot read

thoodleoo 21h ago

i put my symptoms into webmd and it turns out i'm haunted by the furies

Jesus at the Gay Bar

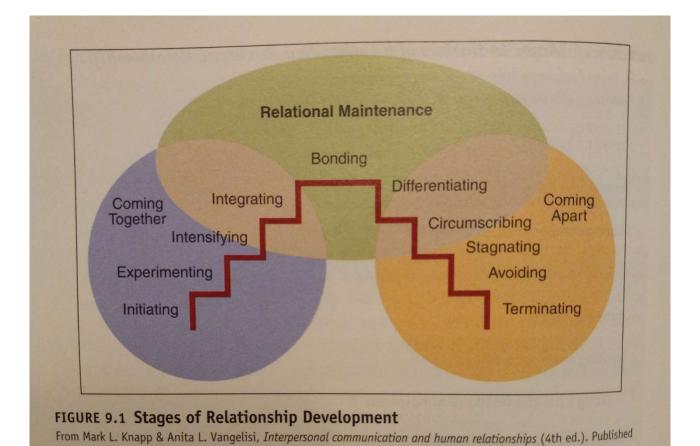
He's here in the midst of it – right at the centre of the dance floor, robes hitched up to His knees to make it easy to spin.

At some point in the evening a boy will touch the hem of His robe and beg to be healed, beg to be anything other than this;

and He will reach His arms out, sweat-damp, and weary from dance. He'll cup this boy's face in His hand and say,

my beautiful child there is nothing in this heart of yours that ever needs to be healed.

DIMINITED SO MANY PEOPLE THAT CORESTS GREW BACK AND CO2 LEVEL PLUMMETED



by Allyn & Bacon, Boston, MA. Copyright © 2000 by Pearson Education. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Anonymous asked:

When I was younger I used to climb this tree in my front yard and hang out in it all the time. I especially liked reading books in the branches. Well I got really into fantasy novels and first found out about tree nymphs and started worrying there was a tree nymph in my tree because if I was climbing Inside of a tree nymphs branches that'd like so intimate I definitely imagined it has a very handsome aloof boy nymph. I have vague memories of telling the tree I hope it didn't mind me climbing in it and that *I* loved it so I hoped it loved me. So I had a crush on a tree for a little bit before moving on to vampire romance novels.

He knows people don't always like to hear it, but it's healthier to start thinking of your relationship as an ecosystem where any disruption hurts you just as much or worse than it affects your partner. "Stop thinking like two individuals, and start thinking ecologically," he said. "Your relationship is your biosphere. You're not above it. You're in it. You breathe it."

Once you realize that it's in your selfinterest to help your partner feel better, it's easier to de-escalate conflict. Save the constructive conversation for later, when you're both open to listening, instead of in the middle of a fight. "This is not the time to say, 'Well, let me tell you about all my issues with you!' Everybody gets that wrong," Real said. "Put objective reality aside. Enter into your partner's subjective experience with compassion and curiosity. Say, 'I'm sorry you feel that. Is there anything I could say or do that would help you feel better?' "

Real said it can be a tough pill to swallow, especially when you think your partner is in the wrong. But helping your partner get to an emotionally better place is the best way to protect the ecosystem.







Inventing a new lifestyle philosophy called "The Nine Delights" where each day you try to experience at least three of the nine delights

THE NINE DELIGHTS

Walking Around
Fellowship
Deliciousness
Transcendence
Goofing
Amelioration
Coitus
Enthrallment
** WILDCARD **



- -- Why are you still single?
- -- Because having another adult who has any say in the course of my adult life is obnoxious.

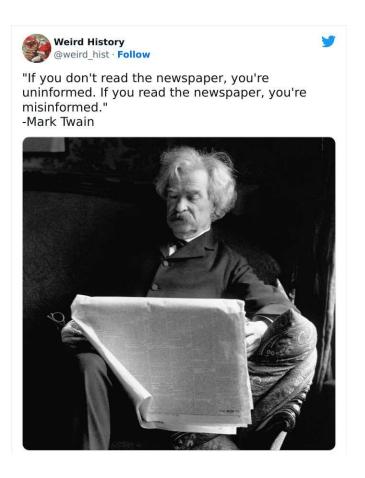




My dad was dealing with some mixed feelings so I told him "In therapy when something is too complicated to do a simple 'pro and contra list' we sometimes do an excercise where you imagine all these mixed feelings around a table in some kind of conference, letting each tell their bit and you leading the debate."

and my dad didn't really respond and just stared ahead so I kept preparing lunch. Until a few minutes later when he suddenly piped up: "I am having a *bad time* at the conference"

I'm staying home today I have mood poisoning



why is it good not to have children?



It makes the downfall of civilization easier to watch.



Morally sound. Look at this planet – it's bad form to invite someone to a party that's not only already over, but left the house on fire to boot.



my pronouns are

hic/haec/hoc/huius/huius/huic/huic/huic/hunc/hanc/hoc/hoc/hoc/hoc btw

communalbong

Jul 5

I've said it before but I will say it again: living as a trans man was an irreplaceable part of my feminist awakening. I came out as trans when I was 13, about 8 months before I started high school.

In my very white, Christian town, nearly every little girl looks forward to wearing makeup. Girls would start wearing foundation and full faces of makeup in 8th grade. Girls started shaving their whole bodies Years before that (I started shaving when I was 10). In my very posh, middle class district, fast fashion and frilly dresses are The way to bond with girls your age. Go to the mall and shop. Help each other look cute.

I was not a particularly enlightened 13 year old. I was not so fed up with sexism that I saw through all the marketing schemes and propaganda telling women that the best way to use our time is to work on cultivating our appearance. I was falling for this socialization hook, line, and sinker.

And I hated it so much, but I couldn't figure out why. I saw boys my age skipping the long hours of clothes shopping and makeup application. I wanted to skip it too. And when I came out as trans, I DID skip it. I never learned how to apply foundation or eyeshadow, and I shaved for the very last time when I was 13. I didn't wear a dress even a single time throughout high school.

Today, I do not feel the need to look beautiful for strangers. I do not feel like my bare face is ugly, or like it is unprofessional. I have never felt the urge to put on eyeliner for a special occasion. I have never felt the urge to shave my legs for a date. I have never felt ugly for meeting up with people in sweatpants and a t shirt. There is not a voice in my head reminding me that I need to be pretty. I Know people would treat me better if I was feminine all the time, but I am not scared that people will think less of me for being myself. I Know people accept and love me when I am not dolled

I would not have this peace of mind with my body, or my appearance, if I had not spent so much time living as a trans man. If I hadn't fought so hard to be free from femininity on the grounds that I was secretly a man, then I would never have felt this comfortable rejecting femininity while Knowing that I am a woman.

I've seen feminists struggle with this. I've seen smart women, women I love, struggle with this. We know femininity is a cage, we know it wastes our time and our money, but we are terrified to leave it. But I got to leave it. I couldn't be more grateful for the time I identified as a trans man because of this.

the most beautiful thing i've ever seen in my life was just a wet street. no one was on it. no one was near it. just a flat, staid wasteland, wet with rain. and then the sun came out, and for ten seconds, the world was made of light. the sun refracted on every angle, at every moment, and for a quarter mile, everything was shimmering. the road, the trees, the grass, the sidewalk, all glowed like the sky, they all glowed like heaven. and for ten seconds, that's where i was.



you know how kids tend to subconsciously adopt the mannerisms of their parents? i wonder how far back that stretches.

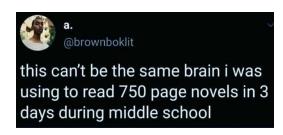
do i laugh like my great grandfather, because that's the way my grandma laughed, and my mom copied her?

does the way my dad make comedic sounds when he's driving actually originate with a distant uncle two hundred year ago, who made funny noises in the horse-drawn cart because it made his niece laugh?

i wonder which of my little mannerisms came from ancestors long passed, and i wonder which of mine will echo in family descendants long after i'm gone.







When you say "sorry, I'm crazy" and he says "that's ok" instead of "no, you're not"

"I have been Foolish and Deluded," said he, "and I am a Bear of No Brain at All."

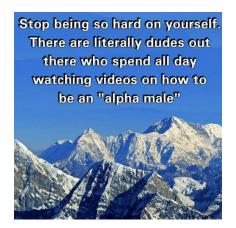
"Cotton is a porous material that causes **fiction** when you rub against it." (magari!)

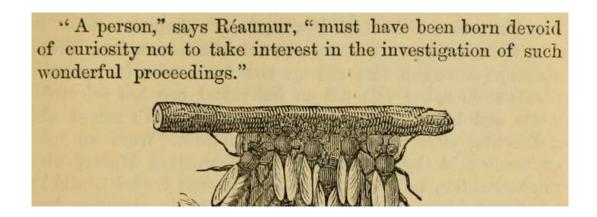


aging isn't even one percent as scary as whatever is going on with the people who try not to



Inadvertently just signed off a work email 'Should you have any questions please don't. Hesitate to ask. 'I'm sticking with it.





Maxframes' postulate:



To watch a horror movie is to know that something bad is going to happen. To have a body is really the same thing.



My parents seem genuinely shocked at my class policies. Yes, your 5th grader may redo any test or quiz. No, I don't care how many times they choose to retake it. Yes, they can turn in that assignment late. I'm a whole adult that requires grace & mercy. I can extend that to kids.



Apocalypse prevented indefinitely bc Fenrir will not swallow the sun unless it's wrapped in bologna or perhaps covered in peanut butter



#he keeps licking the treat wrapping off and spitting the sun out on the floor





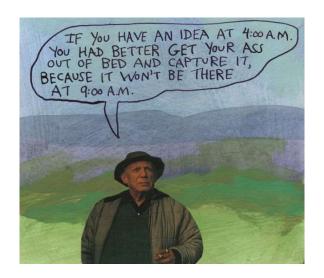
funniest part of the homeric hymn to hermes is when hermes not only lies to apollo about stealing his cattle on the basis that he is an infant, but he also tries to gaslight apollo by claiming that he doesn't even know what a cow is



and vow that [275] neither am I guilty myself, neither have I seen any other who stole your cows —whatever cows may be; for I know them only by hearsay."

(hermes voice) obviously i didnt steal your cows. whatever the fuck those are anyway

I am genuinely nowhere as smart as I thought I was.



#my grandma used to tell us that we should toss our milk teeth on the roof while saying a prayer #and then we would get money after we slept #it was a prayer to saint christopher or saint antony if I'm not wrong #and there was also a prayer to a saint to help us find lost stuff. and we had to jump three times for it to work

espite my strenuous, not to say unparalleled, efforts to remain ill-informed, it has come to my attention that there has been, of late, some talk of war.



i love that post thats like "never trust how you feel about your life after 9pm" that shit changed my life. every time i feel bad i look at the clock and i'm like Aha It's 10:26 PM You Cannot Fucking Fool Me



Death Sentence.

I thought that the executioner actually spoke a sentence into your ear that killed you if you heard it. I figured that's why he wore a hood, so that no one could read his lips.

I thought "Amen" was said at the end of a prayer to mirror what God would say when he looked down, "Aaah! Men".

Not only as a child, but wellllllllllll into adulthood – only to be corrected by my wife and forever mocked since – I swear to god I thought it was "endsmeat" as in a really cheap meat dish.

we were so poor we couldn't make endsmeat

I used to think that news reporting of a "body" or "bodies" being found or recovered excluded "head". I was horrified that all of these corpses had been beheaded and the heads were still missing.

I thought mental as in "You're mental." meant sane so when a kid in third grade said that to me I looked him dead in the eyes and said "Yeah, I am." I only realized much later that it probably made me look even more unhinged.



"I was watching fireworks with my son sitting next to me. He calmly said, 'The sound is slower than the lights.'"

YEAH

"What did it feel like on your last day of being a child?"

"My 6 year old daughter asks, 'If we stop thinking about someone, do they stop existing?"

"What is the name of the space between the bits that stick out on a comb?"

"My little 5 year old brother asked me, 'If the sun is on fire, why is there no smoke?"





this might be a hot take but i actually don't think humans were meant to know what is going on in everyone's lives all over the world every second of the day and constantly be available for conversations or collaborations or call-ins for work and texts and phone calls and social media posts without end. I think we were supposed to just help the people around us and spend time with our family and friends and eat yummy bread and berries and relax

"I learned not to trust people; I learned not to believe what they say but to watch what they do. I learned to suspect that everyone is capable of living a lie. I came to believe that other people - even when you think you know them well - are ultimately unknowable."

Lynn Barber

If you can't blind them with brilliance, baffle them with nonsense.



this whole obfuscation of language is really frustrating. like how are we supposed to address very real problems if we can't even name them

Stop keeping new clothes and shoes for special occasions. Wear them whenever you can. Nowadays, being alive is a special occasion.

If you hear weird noises in the night, simply make weirder noises to assert dominance.

If no one comes from the future to stop you from doing it, then how bad of a decision can it really be?

You don't need a parachute to go skydiving. You only need a parachute to go skydiving twice.

Never go to a doctor whose office plants have died.

The early bird may catch the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

In 1909, the biologist Jakob von Uexküll noted that every animal exists in its own unique perceptual world — a smorgasbord of sights, smells, sounds and textures that it can sense but that other species might not. These stimuli defined what von Uexküll called the Umwelt — an animal's bespoke sliver of reality. A tick's Umwelt is limited to the touch of hair, the odor that emanates from skin and the heat of warm blood. A human's Umwelt is far wider but doesn't include the electric fields that sharks and platypuses are privy to, the infrared radiation that rattlesnakes and vampire bats track or the ultraviolet light that most sighted animals can see.

The Umwelt concept is one of the most profound and beautiful in biology. It tells us that the all-encompassing nature of our subjective experience is an illusion, and that we sense just a small fraction of what there is to sense. It hints at flickers of the magnificent in the mundane, and the extraordinary in the ordinary. And it is almost antidramatic: It reveals that frogs, snakes, ticks and other animals can be doing extraordinary things even when they seem to be doing nothing at all.

~ Ed Yong, NY Times Opinion, 6-21-22

The English speaking scientific world is "discovering" a bit at a time the stuff Konrad Lorenz wrote about since the '50s.



I keep waiting for someone to ask me whether I was born in barn so that I can reply, without skipping a beat, "In a manger, actually."



03/28/17(Tue)13:33:16 No.52416332

>ancient evil awakens >morals and ethics have changed so much in the last 10,000 years that the ancient evil is considered pretty moderate by todays standards.

>>52424597 #



I will topple your empires and your kings. I will drain the wealth from your coffers, and elevate your serfs and servants until they stand on the same ground as the mightiest of emperors. Women shall freely speak their minds, unbound by the fetters you have set, and the lines between man and woman shall be hopelessly blurred and shattered into a thousand facets. Your children shall fall into one another regardless of sex or class or wealth and none shall raise a hand or a word against them. The age of crowns and boundaries and divine right shall end, and it shall fall to each human to choose their - wait - why - why are you cheering

92k notes





i am not my mother and i am not my father but a third worse thing



Thematically speaking, the most important thing Terry Pratchett taught me was the concept of *militant decency*. The idea that you can look at the world and its flaws and its injustices and its cruelties and get deeply, intensely *angry*, and that you can turn that into energy for doing the right thing and making the world a better place. He taught me that the anger itself is not the part I should be fighting. Nobody in my life ever said that before.

Lying Odysseus replied, "I will tell you the truth completely. I



bogjinn 13m ago

i started talking to my triggered big feelings self like they're a terrified horse and immerse myself by flaring my nostrils (sometimes subtly snorting) at the same time as like patting myself and going "whoaaa easy". which is super effective esp bc i have trouble w inner child work and also bc it is kind of funny.



bogjinn 11m ago

"Yep. Yes, I see that big scary monster, thank you for alerting me to it. Okay we're going to walk around in a circle and investigate the monster -- oh! See! It's a plastic bag! It was really scary at first huh! But now that we looked at it and sniffed it, good job! It is definitely not going to eat us. We do not need to squeal and trample it to make sure it does not eat us either. Have a carrot."

wuh2k asked:

All our queen bumblebees are going to sleep for the Winter right now.

Heartbreaking to see the others get weaker and weaker. I like to move them into some grass or bushes if I see them run out of steam on a concrete footpath so they've a nicer place to pass.

But...her royal majesty will dig herself out come Spring, and the circle continues.



That's nice of you! I'd definitely rather buzz my last buzz on some grass instead of concrete if I were a bee. They fulfilled their purpose so I think they lived their best bee lives and can die happily:)

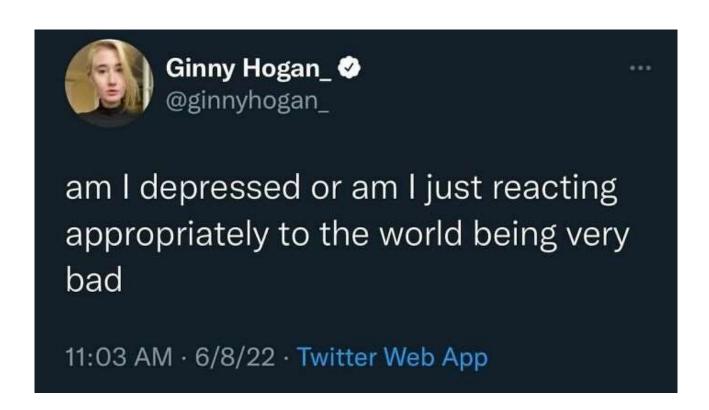
roachpatrol:

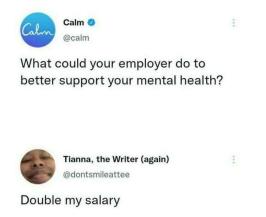
one of the most insidious things about depression is it doesn't 'feel' like depression. even when you have it, you know you have it, you've been diagnosed—you still find yourself thinking, no, nope, this isn't it, can't be. it's like the mental illness equivalent of that knight in monty python that keeps going 'it's a flesh wound! i'm fine, really! this is just a scratch, i'll be up in a moment!' even after all his limbs have been hacked off and he's lying there helpless.

one of the most common narratives around it is that no one realizes they have depression until they start checking off what they consider to be normal aspects of their lives—and *personal character* flaws—against the checklist for depression symptoms. really key symptoms include:

- 1. lack of motivation
- 2. constant tiredness, even exhaustion
- 3. finding no pleasure or satisfaction in activities they used to like, or that they know should feel good
 - 4. not seeing the point of doing anything
- 5. increased and even unmanageable anxiety and fearfulness any one of these symptoms drains away your ability to do work, cope with setbacks, overcome difficulties, or stop procrastinating. multiple symptoms create a pretty perfect storm of intertia and anxious self-loathing. you stop doing anything because it's hard to get going, unpleasant while you're at it, and afterwards there's no reward. why bother, right? and when you're always tired you get conservative of what little energy you can manage, and when you only feel emotions on the 'empty to miserable' spectrum you get really aversive to making mistakes. the whole mess very

quickly and very insidiously loads every single thing in your life with toxic emotional baggage.











do you ever leave a social situation and you're just like mmm that was not my best work



believe in myself?? the same person who got me into this mess?





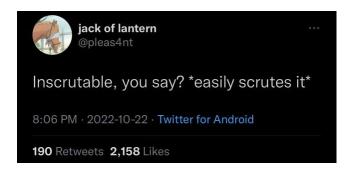


If smoking's so bad why does it cure salmon?



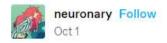
hey guys does anyone know what the fulk

I swear I'm not insane, but I was walking home from high school 9 years ago and I saw something that I absolutely can't understand that freaked me out badly. I was coming to a crosswalk and across the 2 lane street I saw a distinctive looking girl maybe a little older than me wearing a white dress, and she had a cocker spaniel puppy on a leash that was just sitting on the sidewalk. I looked away while I was watching for traffic and crossed over to her side, and when I looked up I kind of jumped because the girl in the white dress was now maybe in her late 60s and her dog was a very old, graying cocker spaniel.



halloween costume ideas from the iliad!

- hector's dust-covered corpse being dragged around the walls of troy (can bring a friend to be achilles)
- the river scamander bloated with the corpses of soldiers killed by achilles
- 3. couples costume! achilles mourning over patroclus's body
- 4. achilles' horse as it prophesies his own death to him (may be too scary??)
- 5. a trojan warrior killed by achilles
- 6. a trojan warrior killed by odysseus
- 7. a trojan warrior killed by agamemnon
- 8. a trojan warrior killed by diomedes
- 9. a trojan warrior killed by patroclus
- 10. a trojan warrior killed by ajax
- 11. a trojan warrior killed by menelaus
- 12. that one dude odysseus stabbed in the dick



if i sell nudes to pay for top surgery can i call them limited edition

I will cut adrift—I will sit on pavements and drink coffee—I will dream: I will take my mind out of its iron cage and let it swim—this fine October.

Virginia Woolf, Diary



hedgehog-moss

When I'm an old lady I'll still be informing young people that Halloween never existed in this country until the 90s /early 00s when people who sell us stuff realised they could use it to sell us more stuff, and Halloween-themed stuff suddenly appeared in shopping centres without warning and was relentlessly marketed to children, and adults saw right through it and disliked it ("what's this American sh*t, why are there pumpkins and witches in shop windows this never used to be a thing") until they got used to it and young generations grew up thinking Halloween had always been a thing here even though kids born just a decade earlier had to be taught about it by the TV or school. Also it trampled over our pre-existing Fun Cultural Event When Kids Get Dressed-Up which had never needed to be marketed so aggressively and therefore became less relevant

I don't mind at all if you love Halloween but it's so weird to see my younger cousins convinced that it was always a thing in France when I remember being taught at school what trick or treating was, like "let's learn about cultural traditions that are exotic and fun and different from ours!!" and I'm not old. Millennials literally saw Halloween get astroturfed into our culture with no explanation when shopping centres just went "from now on this is something we've always done" and we had no choice but to be like well OK I guess 🙉



The hanged man fell into darkness, and along the way he met himself.

It turns out he wasn't very nice.

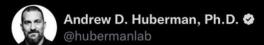


i hope death is like being carried to your bedroom when you were a child & fell asleep on the couch during a family party. i hope you can hear the laughter from the next room

9:51 PM - Jan 29, 2021 - Twitter Web App

"Where no one intrudes, many can live in harmony."

-Chief Dan George



Addiction is a progressive narrowing of the things that bring you pleasure. Happiness is a progressive expansion of the things that bring you pleasure. The former emerges passively. The latter takes work.



You are always using words



well they're just sitting there

Body: so tired

Anxiety: we have so much to do

Depression: let's just sleep forever

Insomnia: lol, good luck

Pain: *kicks in the door* SUP GUYS!



my depression literally doesn't think it's good enough to be real depression i got depressed depression



cipheramnesia Follow Mar 19, 2021



if you or someone you know has experienced the ordeal of humanity you are entitled to financial compensation



purplequeerasaurolophus Follow Mar 19, 2021

universal basic income

Don't be part of the problem.... Be the whole problem.



« Je me suis appuyée à la beauté du monde Et j'ai tenu l'odeur des saisons dans mes mains. »



-- hedgehogmoss on tumblr



Wild that folks keep saying beekeepers abuse bees as if bees are not both venomous flying animals and fully unionized



Hubris to think you COULD abuse bees







-- Pascal Campion

Occam's razor: Simpler explanations are more likely to be correct; avoid unnecessary or improbable assumptions.

Hanlon's razor: Never attribute to malice that which can be adequately explained by stupidity.

Hitchens's razor: What can be asserted without evidence can be dismissed without evidence.

Hume's guillotine: What ought to be cannot be deduced from what is.
"If the cause, assigned for any effect, be not sufficient to produce it,
we must either reject that cause, or add to it such qualities as will
give it a just proportion to the effect."

Alder's razor (also known as Newton's Flaming Laser Sword): If something cannot be settled by experiment or observation, then it is not worthy of debate.

Sagan standard: Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence.

Popper's falsifiability principle: For a theory to be considered scientific, it must be falsifiable.

Grice's razor: As a principle of parsimony, conversational implications are to be preferred over semantic context for linguistic explanations.

+ la Redazza di Wittgenstein + lo Sciacquone di Lorenz



Feudal monarchy is so hilarious because it's just like: "What if we based our entire sociopolitical structure on fucked-up family dynamics?"

I say the song went this way: O prolong Now the sorrow if that is all there is to prolong.

 (\ldots)

The world is very dusty, uncle. Let us work.

One day the sickness shall pass from the earth for good.

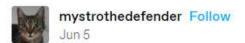
The orchard will bloom; someone will play the guitar.

Our work will be seen as strong and clean and good.

And all that we suffered through having existed

Shall be forgotten as though it had never existed.

-- Donald Justice



Tip

I love that queer can mean 'I don't know what I am'. I love that queer can mean 'it's none of your business what I am'. And i love that queer can mean 'I know exactly what I am, but it's a long list that I don't feel like reciting every time'.

Nothing about us, without us



The modern condition is mostly trying to do things on your own that people have historically achieved with a large support network and wondering why you're tired all the time.



they need to invent retractable boobs for nonbinary people (me)



BET.

but also, what if they clicked like a pen, that would be awesome



everyone else deactivate your blogs this is the only person who understands my vision

CHORUS: Tragedy is clean, it is restful, it is flawless...
In a tragedy, nothing is in doubt and everyone's destiny is known.
That makes for tranquillity. [...] Tragedy is restful;
and the reason is that hope, that foul, deceitful thing, has no part in it.
There isn't any hope. You're trapped.
The whole sky has fallen upon you, and all you can do is shout.

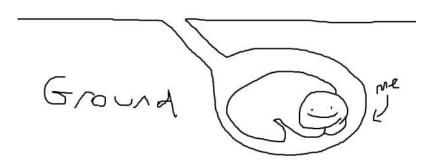
Jean Anouilh, Antigone



why do we even need twitter anymore if marcus aurelius has been making the only tweets that matter since AD 161

saying you have to be civil and kind to children is not saying you need to like them or take responsibility for them, it means you have to show them the same fucking courtesy you would show your peers.

safe from predators





the most disorienting thing thats ever happened to me was when a linguistics major stopped in the middle of our conversation, looked me in the eye, and said, "you have a very interesting vernacular. were you on tumblr in 2014?" and i had to just stand there and process that one for a good ten seconds

- If the sight of the Jack Rabbits standing and studying you was frightening enough to make you yearn for the safety of the yellowed streetlights
- what must it be like from thier end?
- what terrifying creature
- deliberately ties itself
- to something so horrible
- As a Dog?

Whirling Rainbow Prophecy by the Navajo people:

"There will come a day when people of all races, colors, and creeds will put aside their differences. They will come together in love, joining hands in unification, to heal the Earth and all Her children. They will move over the Earth like a great Whirling Rainbow, bringing peace, understanding and healing everywhere they go. Many creatures thought to be extinct or mythical will resurface at this time; the great trees that perished will return almost overnight. All living things will flourish, drawing sustenance from the breast of our Mother, the Earth.

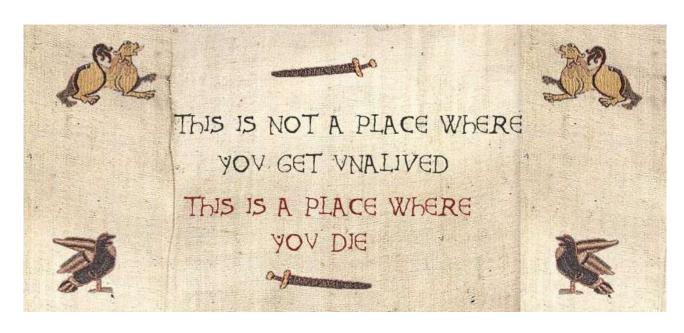
The great spiritual teachers who walked the Earth and taught the basics of the truths of the Whirling Rainbow Prophecy will return and walk amongst us once more, sharing their power and understanding with all. We will learn how to see and hear in a sacred manner. Men and women will be equals in the way Creator intended them to be; all children will be safe anywhere they want to go. Elders will be respected and valued for their contributions to life. Their wisdom will be sought out. The whole Human race will be called The People and there will be no more war, sickness or hunger forever."





if we combine our powers we can be even more useless than we are individually



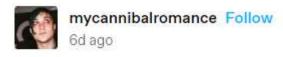


November—with uncanny witchery in its changed trees. With murky red sunsets flaming in smoky crimson behind the westering hills. With dear days when the austere woods were beautiful and gracious in a dignified serenity of folded hands and closed eyes—days full of a fine, pale sunshine that sifted through the late, leafless gold of the juniper-trees and glimmered among the grey beeches, lighting up evergreen banks of moss and washing the colonnades of the pines. Days with a high-sprung sky of flawless turquoise. Days when an exquisite melancholy seemed to hang over the landscape and dream about the lake. But days, too, of the wild blackness of great autumn storms, followed by dank, wet, streaming nights when there was witch-laughter in the pines and fitful moans among the mainland trees.

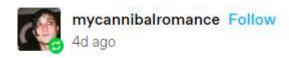
From The Blue Castle by Lucy Maud Montgomery (1926).



well maybe the power of love would fix things did you guys think of that? if not we could try biting



i was not built for college but unfortunately i was also not built for anything else



i was especially not built to be employed





I bet if a mushroom could lap water out of your hand with a tongue that a gently drinking mushroom tongue on your hand would be the softest and gentlest thing.

Metsänpeitto (lit. *forest's cover*) is a place or a phenomenon found in Finnish folklore. It is used to describe people or domestic animals who went missing in nature for unexplained reasons.

People "covered by forest" were described as not being able to recognize the terrain around them, even if they were on familiar grounds. In other cases they might have walked endlessly through unfamiliar terrain, or were rendered completely paralyzed, unable to move or speak. Unnatural silence devoid of the sounds of nature was also common.^[1]

People or animals under the influence of the phenomenon were described as becoming either completely invisible to other people, or looking like part of the nature around them, like a rock. In one story a man had been looking for a missing cow for days. When he finally gave up and returned to his work, the first tree stump he struck with his axe transformed back into his cow.

The cause behind metsänpeitto was usually credited to maahinens, who were small humanoid creatures living underground (usually translated as "gnomes"). Some people managed to free themselves from metsänpeitto by their own means, for example by turning their jacket inside out, by switching their shoes to the wrong feet, or by watching world upside down through their own legs. This was because of the idea that everything was topsy-turvy in the lands of the maahinens. Some were released seemingly without reason, others only after being sought after by a shaman. Some were never seen again.

One could save cattle from Metsänpeitto with a spell originating in the town of Kuhmo, asking the forest to let them return.



Autonomic nervous system dysfunction is such a bitch. I literally felt by system tank a minute ago and now my blood pressure is spiking to compensate. So not only do I feel weak and shaky from hypotension, but now I have a hypertension headache.

Bodies were a mistake.



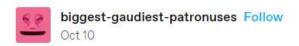




There's an old French song my grandpa liked to sing that goes like "I found the girl I love in a flowery grove—" and when I was little I always heard 'potage' (soup) instead of 'bocage' (grove) because I didn't know the word bocage. So I thought it was "I found the girl I love in a flower soup" and I was like that makes sense! because I was six. One day we had to draw a picture to illustrate a poem at school and I drew a person surrounded by flowers and my teacher went "Oh, a lovely wildflower meadow!" and I said "No it's soup." She said "I'm sorry?" and picked up my drawing of like a princess sitting in a field of daisies. I said "It's a bowl of soup." I bet that's just what being a primary school teacher is like, day in, day out







vampires who complain constantly about having had to live through centuries without modern conveniences. "don't get me wrong the modern world is a tirefire but you can listen to music anywhere, anytime! and you get to CHOOSE the song. and books are fucking CHEAP, do you know what books I could afford in the 13th fucking century? if you guessed the bible you're fucking wrong i couldn't even afford a fucking bible, had to depend of fucking CHURCH SERMONS and that was back when shit was in fucking LATIN, i love modern library systems so damn much"



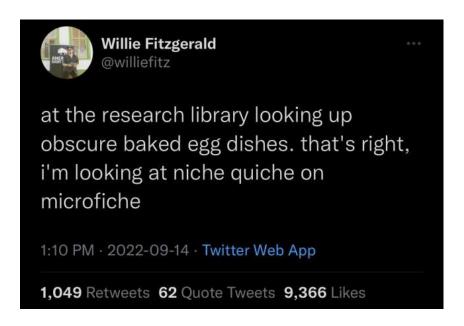
I honestly feel like birders are soo underutilized in murder mysteries and crime dramas. They are Everywhere. They are always Looking. They are in the woods. They are in the parks. They are on the land and on the sea. They are peering into the garbage dump with a pair of binoculars. They are trespassing on private property. They are in the woods listening for owls. They are the eternal witness.



murder mystery in which a birdwatcher was on the scene and can tell the detective exactly what they saw. (it was birds.)

yes, they'd be happy to let you make a copy of their sd card. they're sorry the photos are so out of focus and small. (it's a huge HD shot of a man striking the victim in the forehead with a pickaxe. the murderer's face is clearly visible.)

yes, see that little brown blur in the top righthand corner? that's all they got. they've been trying to find and photograph that bird for TEN YEARS and just as they were taking the shot there was this sudden high-pitched noise and it flew away!



Men stop being able to be genuinely happy at like 15. Earlier if you a big brother.

Women too, darling.



mmeviardot asked:



hi i'm going crazy and i have to share sorry aaaa so i'm doing research on greek classical music of the 19th/20th century and i found an oratorio by greek composer dimitrios levidis from the 1940s based on the iliad, and it looks like there's a whole section where zeus and the narrator are arguing over the orchestra and i just. getting light headed at the idea of homer as a character fighting against the gods and fate and the story itself to. try to save someone. anyone. im wheezing

oh okay! cool! cool. walking straight into the ocean about this. anyone wanna join me

#we shall be a song for men to come. whether they want to hear it or not

I, a faithful son of the black earth, shall return to the black earth. as if my life had not been,

-- Czeslav Milosz

The fact that you are high functioning doesn't mean that your illness is easier for you to deal with, it means it's easier for others to deal with.



There is something so beautiful about reaching out to the monstrous with intent to touch it gently. To risk the sharp teeth and the lethal claws, to defy fear and revulsion, and choose to be delicate with something that can be, and often is, incredibly brutal.

when life gives you demons, make demonade

When you ask me how I'm doing and I say "I'm functioning" this is what I mean





Me, an intellectual, judging people for making the same mistake I recently learned to stop making

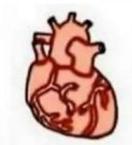




- Don't be negative, go out and enjoy life
- Me:



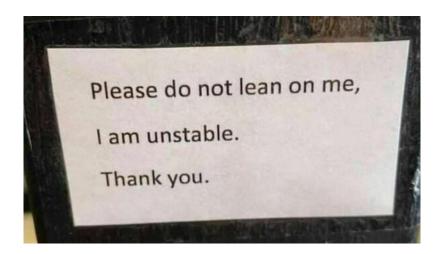
When you've mastered the 'it is what it is' attitude













feeling a little feral over the fact that catullus is (probably) referencing the beginning of the odyssey in catullus 101 when he says he's traveled "through many peoples and across many seas", and how in the context of the odyssey odysseus is making this journey to get home from the war in troy (and the destruction he helped cause), whereas catullus is heading *towards* troy ("the joint tomb of europe and asia") to see his dead brother, and how they're almost like these two ships passing in the poetic ocean, one struggling away from death and one struggling towards it



my mom didn't believe in lying to children so when I first asked about santa claus as a small child she was like "oh santa claus is another name for a man named saint nicholas who lived a long time ago. he was a very kind and generous man and he loved giving people presents and he would do things like put presents in people's stockings when they were hung up to dry by the fire, so they would find them and be surprised. so now when we give presents at christmas it's fun to pretend saint nicholas or 'santa claus' brings them. and we hang up stockings by the fire and when we get up in the morning there are presents in them, just like if saint nicholas was still alive to bring them!"

so that thanksgiving one of my uncles said jovially "so mac, are you being good for santa claus?" and little (not quite three year old) mac looked up and raised an eyebrow and said witheringly "he's dead."



When your friends are hungry, you cannot serve them from an empty breadbasket, no matter how good your intentions. When they're thirsty, you cannot serve them from an empty pitcher, no matter the effort you put in.

We have to stock ourselves with good things before we are able to give them away, and if we are too exhausted to make bread, we must rest before we can make it to serve our friends. If we are too hungry to serve, we must eat some bread ourselves first.

It's a metaphor for emotional exhaustion. When we wear ourselves down it makes it difficult or impossible to help the people around us, and all the effort and good intentions in the world can't make up for the fact that our vessels are empty. It's hard to not want to serve when our friends are in trouble, but trying to serve from an empty vessel often leaves both of you floundering.

On the contrary, when we care for ourselves and are kind to our body and mind, we are full vessels, and serving the people around us becomes easier. That's why it's important to take time for ourselves once in a while, to refill ourselves with good things.

Frankenstein's monster became Santa Claus?

You know how Frankenstein and his monster end up at the North Pole? A speaker at an academic conference (Mark-Anthony Lewis of Irregardless Magazine) mentioned his headcanon that the monster goes on to a productive career as Santa Claus and I have thought about this every day since then.



i love you zeugma i love you tmesis i love you chiasmus i love you synchysis i love you litotes i love you metonymy i love you tricolon crescens i love you polysyndeton i love you anaphora



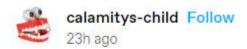
They've been rebuilding the Tower of Babel, but this time they have a team of linguists on site. Every time God smites the builders and invents a dozen new languages, the linguists have a dozen decently sized translations in about a month and work can start up again.

The linguists have been really into it. They say the new phonemes are fascinating. As for God, I assume that at this point he's just curious to see how far this goes.

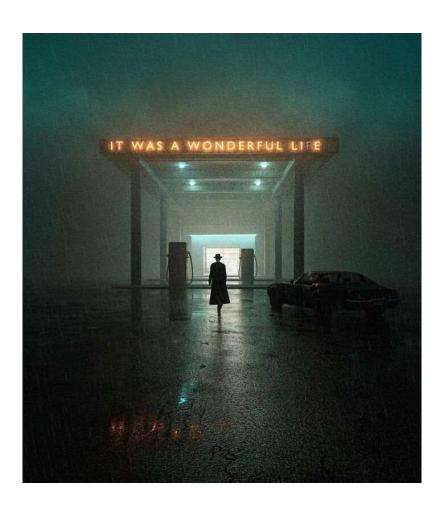


The best New Year's resolution I ever made was to start devouring all my nicest things, and save no small pleasure for an unspecified future. Now I burn the good candles, wear the expensive perfume at home, scribble imperfectly in pretty notebooks. You can't pin joy like a moth.

6:10 PM · 12/31/21 · Twitter for Android



Being choked by your doppelganger call that the unheimlich maneuver









They have no plans at doing it better either and people are paying them to do it. Please believe in your own excellence as much as they believe in their mediocrity.

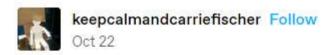
6:03 AM · 11 Nov 20 · Twitter Web App

...come ho imparato a fare a Venezia... e infatti:



as a lawyer who's been practicing for six years now I can say with certainty that this 100% applies to lawyers





Pregnancy runs in my family. Over half of my ancestors had it at some point.



The other big one is death. That runs in the family too. An overwhelming majority of my ancestors experienced death at some point in their lives.



lemonsharks

Oct 12, 2020

My ancestors, watching me dump an entire stick of cinnamon, two cloves, an allspice berry, and a generous grating of nutmeg into my tea, sweetened with white sugar and loaded with cream, while I sit in my clean warm house surrounded by books, 25+ outfits for different occasions, and 6 pairs of shoes, in a building heated so well I have the windows open in mid-autumn:

Our daughter prospers. We are proud of her. She has never labored in a field but knows riches we could not have imagined.

sighinastorm

Nov 28, 2020

I like this so much better than the idea that our ancestors would be embarrassed or ashamed of us for being "soft" or some crap like that.

fantasyboudicca

My ancestors, watching me stuff my face with fried chicken while studying: She eats like an imperial concubine and can afford to study like am imperial scholar. WE MADE IT

idhren

Feb 18, 2021

She eats like an imperial concubine and can afford to study like am imperial scholar

villainous-queer

My ancestors watching me use my stand mixer while living in a small apartment and attending university: Thou hast kneadeth bread in FOUR hail marys??? FOUR??? And thou ist poor as a churchmouse, yet liveth in a fine cottage with four pounds butter and fresh berries in thy larder!! And two featherbeds! And thou attendeth the King's college, as a

lord!!

lagt-duck

Oct 1, 2021

My ancestors being like:

Look at this fine young lady! She can paint she can sew and embrody, she sings and read And without a wealthy father to pay for that, plus she is florid in the body! She doesn't know hunger!

We did it!

ruffboijuliaburnsides

Oct 13, 2021

Me: /wearily studying/

My Ancestors: TRULY SH— what? They? A little unorthodox, but reasonable I suppose. TRULY THEY PROSPER, FOR THEY LIVE IN A DWELLING WITH MANY ROOMS AND ONLY THEIR SPOUSE TO SHARE IT WITH! THEY HAVE DOGS WHO DO NOT PERFORM A FUNCTION! THEY HAVE MANY BOOKS AND DO NOT HAVE TO SPIN THEIR OWN YARN! THEY BATHE AT A WHIM WITH GENTLE SOAP FREE OF LYE! OUR DESCENDANT BRINGS HONOR AND PRIDE TO OUR

LINEAGE!
Me: /yawns and sips my coffee/

My Ancestors: /cheer wildly/

shadow-daughter

Oct 14, 2021

Me: *hunched over at my desk nursing a headache.*

My Ancestors: "Truly, we prosper; see here, our infirm descendant need not even work on her poor days, but has the luxury to rest as she sees need! A doctor attends to her illnesses; her clothes are warm and free of pests; she cares for exotic and dangerous animals within her own home! We have found the height of luxury!"

amuse of fyre

Nov 13, 2021

Me: *treats myself to a pineapple and a bunch of bananas*

My Georgian ancestors: ZOOTH SHE HAS BOUGHT A PINEAPPLE! NOT MERELY BORROWED ONE! TRULY SHE HAS ACHIEVED FAR MORE THAN WE COULD KNOW!

captainlordauditor

Oct 24

me: [puts on warm socks and a blanket, is now warm regardless of the weather outside]

My impoverished Russian Jewish ancestors:

(dance wildly)

existentialterror

Nov 4

Me: [learns to knit from youtube videos]

My ancestors: Our descendant, the heir to all our hopes and fears for a far-off future... She can buy fine clothes woven and knit by automatons, with but a fraction of a day's earnings... and she does... she has so much free time to do as she pleases... and she uses some of that time to do what we did.

One woman from rural Poland, who died from smallpox in 1717 CE, a grandmother at 35: I knit roses and peonies into my and my children's gloves... it wasn't much extra work to dye the red, once I had already cleaned the wool and spun the yarn, and to knit in the designs... and I wasn't a gifted knitter but I was a good knitter, and I thought, well, it might not make a difference to how warm the glove is, but it made the children happy and it made me happy. I liked to make things beautiful when I could.

Another woman, a peasant from what's now France, who died from getting kicked by a mammoth in 8995 BCE: [Patting her on the back] I made my family's clothes too. Every day my sister and I wove and wove and tended our children. We went out of our way to make the cloth lovely. Not a trace of it remains anywhere on earth now... But it mattered to us. And she might not know our names, or know it was us, but evidently, it matters to her too. She has so much beauty available to her, in every direction, and she wants to make it where we once made it.

[everyone sobbing and high-fiving each other.]

A man from Britain, 1104 CE, sitting at the trans-temporal telescope, reporting on my doings: She's stopped knitting and now she's playing minecraft.

The other ancestors: Ah, yes, the dream of building. We know this one well. What vision doth she design now? Telescope man: Looks like... Some kind of floating temple?

Everyone: [Goes completely apeshit]

lasrina

17h ago

Me: *literally just sitting here petting my dog* My ancestors from 25,000 years ago: puppy

facts-i-just-made-up

1d ago

Anonymous asked:

why am i here

Because there was closed.

like "R.I.P." many ancient Romans had "NFFNSNC", non fui, fui, non sum, non curo, inscribed on their graves meaning "I was not; I was; I am not; I do not care". A epicurist philosophy.

Non ero; poi sono stato; adesso non sono più, e non me ne frega niente



between odysseus carving his marital bed from a tree trunk and penelope weaving and un-weaving a funeral shroud to stave off her suitors, i think what homer is telling us is that the foundation of a good relationship is arts and crafts

Nobody's Thinking About You

Long ago, when I was in my insecure twenties, I met a clever, independent, creative, and powerful woman in her mid-seventies, who offered me a superb piece of life wisdom.

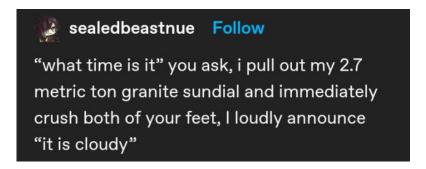
She said: "We all spend our twenties and thirties trying so hard to be perfect, because we're so worried about what people will think of us. Then we get into our forties and fifties, and we finally start to be free, because we decide that we don't give a damn what anyone thinks of us. But you won't be completely free until you reach your sixties and seventies, when you finally realize this liberating truth—nobody was ever thinking about you, anyhow."

They aren't. They weren't. They never were.





Another super important one: Take the time to tell yourself, when something you did or bought or decided works out "That was a good decision and I'm glad I made it! Go me!"





Imagine how much historical knowledge wasn't written down because our ancestors thought: "What idiot isn't going to know this?" ...my point exactly.



The sky isn't more beautiful if you have perfect skin. Music doesn't sound more interesting if you have a six-pack. Dogs aren't better company if you're famous. Pizza tastes good regardless of your status. The best of life exists beyond everything we are meant to feel bad about lacking.

yall ever just take a cold shower in the dark on all fours and groan pleasurably pretending you're a wet rhino on the african savannah during the first rain in years



maybe i can gaslight myself into being okay



wait this is just cognitive behavioral therapy

#SNORT #Mental health #Cbt #Gaslighting

Isaac Asimov in 1980:

"There is a cult of ignorance in the United States, and there always has been. The strain of anti-intellectualism has been a constant thread winding its way through our political and cultural life, nurtured by the false notion that democracy means that "my ignorance is just as good as your knowledge."

...questo spiega molte cose!



Confidence isn't thinking you are better than everyone else, it's realizing that you have no reason to compare yourself to anyone else.



People in therapy are often in therapy to deal with the people in their lives who won't go to therapy...



It's not about managing your emotions. It's about managing your reaction to your emotions.



The regret you feel from not taking action tends to last longer than the regret you feel from taking action and failing.



Being alone for a while is dangerous. It's addicting. Once you see how peaceful it is, you don't want to deal with people anymore.

- Tom Hardy





actually the abyss hates being stared at, if she's staring back at you it's because you're making her *uncomfortable* and you need to STOP

Anonymous asked:

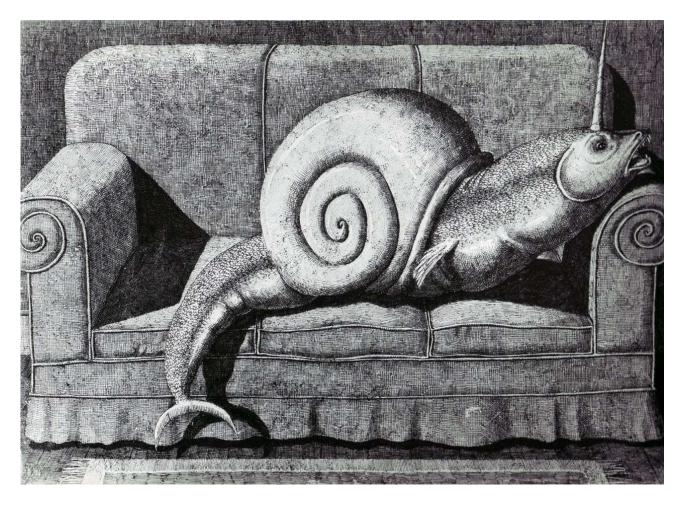


Why are SKELETONS so AWESOME and COOL?

Because we all have one we will hopefully never see.

tiltedneedle asked:

the bos post struck me. gonna do my best to condense a loooong story because i think you'll enjoy it. in latin class in high school, we all played a year-long, educational, d&d-esque roleplaying game (created by my magister) called romanopolum, we had gentes, my gens was the honorable and noble sextia, and we had a strong alliance with gens octavia (commonly refferred to as the jocktavians because most of them were on sports teams), we had initiated some new latin 1 kids into our big family, and a group of them decided to fraction off into the sextio-octavians (not to be confused with the other splinter-gens, the octavio-sextians), the sextio-octavians were art kids through and through, and as their full family name was a bit of a mouthful, they shortened it to "sexi-oxes" or sexy oxes. naturally, their next step was to create a deity (note: this was not a required element of romanopolum. they did this on their own.) of, what else, a sexy ox. his name was eroticus bos, he was 7 ft tall, bright blue, and wore a golden loincloth, as the founding father of the sextians, whose household god was a buff gladiator in fishnets doing the tits and ass pose (named "tittus"), i was very proud, my magister is an incredible teacher and we are still friends to this day:)



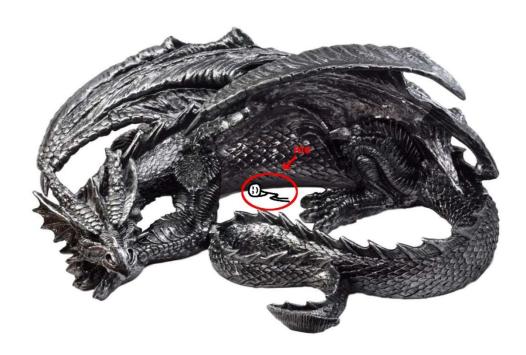
chissà di cosa si faceva Domenico Gnoli nel 1967

"[... M]any of us have never had a good role model on how to have civil and productive disagreements. I took a great class that helped me a lot when it comes to having difficult conversations. 1. focus on the behavior, not the person, not their motives. 2. don't assume you know why somebody is doing something. (I.e they are coming in late because they are lazy). Because then you get stuck in a moral judgment scenario, not a problem solving scenario. Ask questions and remain curious before you decide you "know" something. 3. You don't have to get to mutual agreement that behavior X is a problem/wrong/shouldn't happen, etc. Then you are stuck in the problem. What you have to get to is an agreement about a mutual solution. 4. It is possible to have a solution to a problem without either party having to admit they are wrong. They just have to agree that they will do X instead of Y. 5. It is even possible to resolve an issue and still think the other person was being ridiculous/overreacting, whatever. As long as you have a solution that both parties agree to, you can feel however you want to about it, as long as you honor the agreement. 6. And remember that somewhere there is somebody who is having a problem with you. Yes, you. How do you want them to approach you about it? Try that."

— don't send anonymous notes at work — Ask a Manager



Thinking about when I worked at a shitty restaurant + one night it was just me + 3 other women on closing shift, so some guy came in the back and waved a knife around, presumably for money but I'm not actually certain, bc he was met with the bartender holding a much bigger knife, a tiny teenager wielding a cast iron pan, an elderly woman holding up a crockpot of clearly boiling water, and me, turning on the meat slicer with eye contact for maximum effect. He left, but the moral of the story is not girl power or whatever, it's just. Why the fuck would you threaten a room full of underpaid and sleep-deprived blue-collar workers surrounded by lethal weapons.





⑤ Tip

"if mushrooms are the superior lifeform that really calls the shots on this earth, why haven't they destroyed us yet?" listen to yourself. have we as humans gotten rid of every mountain on the planet just because we are smarter than big rocks? no!! because they don't pose a threat to us. sure some people die rock climbing or skiing and that's tragic but mountains aren't dangerous to us as a global society. do you see where I am going with this. it's your misplaced hubris that makes you think that humankind is worth destroying to a mushroom. we are a part of the mundane landscape on the surface. we pose no threat to the mycelian era. humble yourself



if you learn to love bugs with all your heart the world will feel half as hostile and a thousand times as big



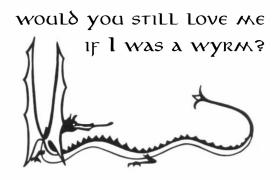
the best thing about the moon and the sky and the stars is that while you can't ever take a picture of them that does them justice.....you don't need to. they're gonna be there tomorrow

A dream with teeth. You're too good for perfection.
-- the Cryptonaturalist

How terrifying, how excruciatingly painful to acknowledge this. That I am a jigsaw puzzle of everyone I have briefly known and loved. I carry them on with me even if I don't know it. How beautiful.

-- jesterevermore









I recently read an article about a therapy group for depressed people who had all attempted suicide at some point. The breakthrough question for them was, "If your goal was to be just as miserable as possible, what would you do?" Most of them listed things like not getting enough sleep, or isolating themselves from everyone... the list goes on, but the point is, they listed things they already do. But now they saw those "coping mechanisms" for what they really were: things that were actively making their condition worse.

My answer: I would carefully read newspaper and watch the news on tv (which I do *not*, thank you very much)



If someone doesn't appreciate something you do for them, it probably means that it isn't that important to them. Rather than letting it get to you, just add it to the list of things you don't need to do anymore.

Sophoklean tragedy has a quality of tidiness that can be terrifying. He tucks in every stray thread. Or rather he makes it seem that each of these threads was always already woven into the same net. Why did anyone think they could escape?

Anne Carson, from the translator's note to Antigone



...meno male che mia sorella ha il senso dello humour



what if instead of seeing our emotions as "good" or "bad," we simply saw them as indicators of whether our needs are being met on not @



when a mutuals struggling but you know you can't say anything to help so you just like their post and hope they know they're not alone











May you feel warmth and joy even though in these times it doesn't make sense.

Remember, you don't have to make sense.

-- geopsych

I think poetry is a way of carrying grief, but it's also a way of putting it somewhere so I don't always have to heave it onto my back or in my body. The more I put grief in a poem, the more I am able to move freely through the world because I have named it, spoken it, and thrown it out into the sky. Everyone has grief that they carry and sometimes we have anxiety and depression about anticipatory grief. The thing that I've found that helps is knowing we are all in this, someone has gone or is going through the same thing. Poetry helps us with that too. Writing. Reading. As James Baldwin said, "You think your pain and heartbreak are unprecedented in the history of the world, and then you read."

-- Ada Limon

They used to pour millet on graves or poppy seeds

To feed the dead who would come disguised as birds.

- Czeslaw Milosz

Ninety percent of most magic consists of knowing one extra fact.

-Terry Pratchett



happy normal fuckin day to everyone who doesn't celebrate christmas or rly any holidays today n tomorrow. hope you have an average day. hope its chill like any other



These 6 days between Christmas and New Year's is the only time of year you should strive to do absolutely fucking nothing. Make zero progress. Take all the time off. Go on vacation from your vacation. Be the least impressive version of yourself. Transform into a couch.

12/27/18, 11:05 AM

I hope that in the future they invent a small golden light that follows you everywhere and when something is about to end, it shines brightly so you know it's about to end.

And if you're never going to see someone again, it'll shine brightly and both of you can be polite and say, "It was nice to have you in my life while I did, good luck with everything that happens after now."

And maybe if you're never going to eat at the same restaurant again, it'll shine and you can order everything off the menu you've never tried. Maybe, if someone's about to buy your car, the light will shine and you can take it for one last spin. Maybe, if you're with a group of friends who'll never be together again, all your lights will shine at the same time and you'll know, and then you can hold each other and whisper, "This was so good. Oh my God, this was so good."





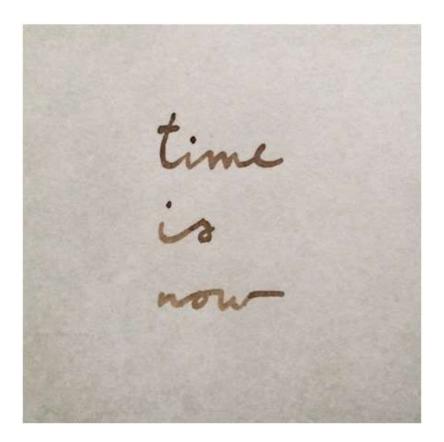
Please stop attacking the past versions of you. They were doing their best at the time and they got you here. It's amazing how much progress you've made and how much you've grown but please don't think your past self lacked worth in any way.



Please stop attacking the past versions of you. We don't know how you managed to violate the Intergalactic Time Travel Convention but you're going to cause a paradox eventually and we'll have to reset the time stream to the last safe state and it'll cost a ton and be a whole thing



The two sides of tumblr



like two beautiful twin sisters brushing each other's long hair at the lake by moonlight one last time before they both walk into the forest and kill themselves







This, by the Spanish cartoonist José María Nieto, is wonderful:

"I don't see any reason to be optimistic. What do you think the new year will bring us?"

"I believe it will bring flowers."

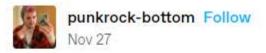
"Really? Why?"

"Because I am planting flowers."





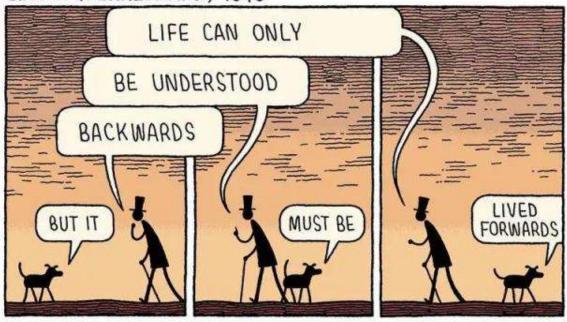
tbh the spirit ain't even that willing



③ Tip

Need people to understand that if I'm online all day and do not respond to messages it's because I need a day to not be a person and instead be one of those undiscovered species of slugs and that has lived in a cave for 1000 years and never seen sunlight and survives by eating moss

SØREN KIERKEGAARD, 1843



-- Ma perchè il nonno dà di matto?

-- E' così da quando ha letto Kierkegaard



"I hope you live without the need to dominate, and without the need to be dominated. I hope you are never victims, but I hope you have no power over other people. And when you fail, and are defeated, and in pain, and in the dark, then I hope you will remember that darkness is your country, where you live, where no wars are fought and no wars are won, but where the future is. Our roots are in the dark; the earth is our country. Why did we look up for blessing — instead of around, and down? What hope we have lies there. Not in the sky full of orbiting spy-eyes and weaponry, but in the earth we have looked down upon. Not from above, but from below. Not in the light that blinds, but in the dark that nourishes, where human beings grow human souls."

Ursula K. Le Guin, "A Left-Handed Commencement Address" (Mills College, 1983)



this whole week is a liminal space



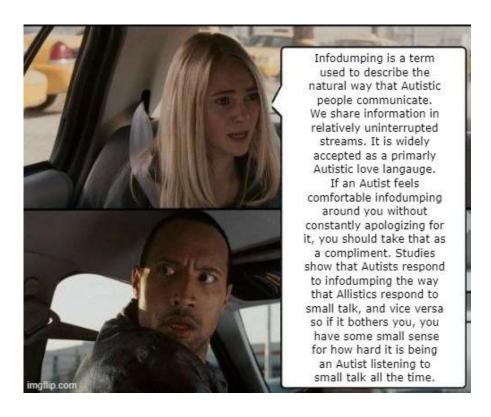
I love it when Icelandic sagas attribute every microscopic inconvenience that befalls a hero on his journeys to "witchcraft". It makes me picture a really bored witch just micromanaging the hell out of this one particular guy's daily travails.



My favorite bit of Icelandic saga is when one dude's house is invaded by not one, but two bands of zombies (because he pissed off a witch, obviously), which did such terrible zombie things as taking the best spots by the fire and throwing clods of dirt at each other.

The homeowner, being a fine upstanding Icelandic farmer/warrior type, did what you'd expect a Viking warrior to do when faced with invading zombies.

He sued them. In court. With lawyers. As one does.





gets on one of those giant lily pads and just serenely floats into the horizon never to be seen again



Listen, we may all be unique but a lot of our brainworms went to the same college.



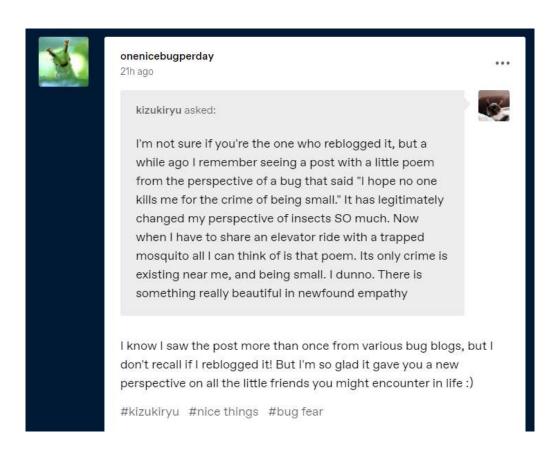


the two genders are iliad and odyssey, thats the quintessential gender binary

Me at home where I can be ugly in peace



would like to propose that instead of translating hamartia as a "tragic flaw" we start translating it as "fucking around and finding out"





Did You Know: The Nords of Lower Yorgrim celebrate New Life with the <u>Snow Bear Plunge</u>, stripping off their clothes and jumping into frozen water? After the plunge, participants warm themselves up at a bonfire, and enjoy a drink together. This allows them to show they are not afraid of the cold, as well as give them a chance to compare tattoos.