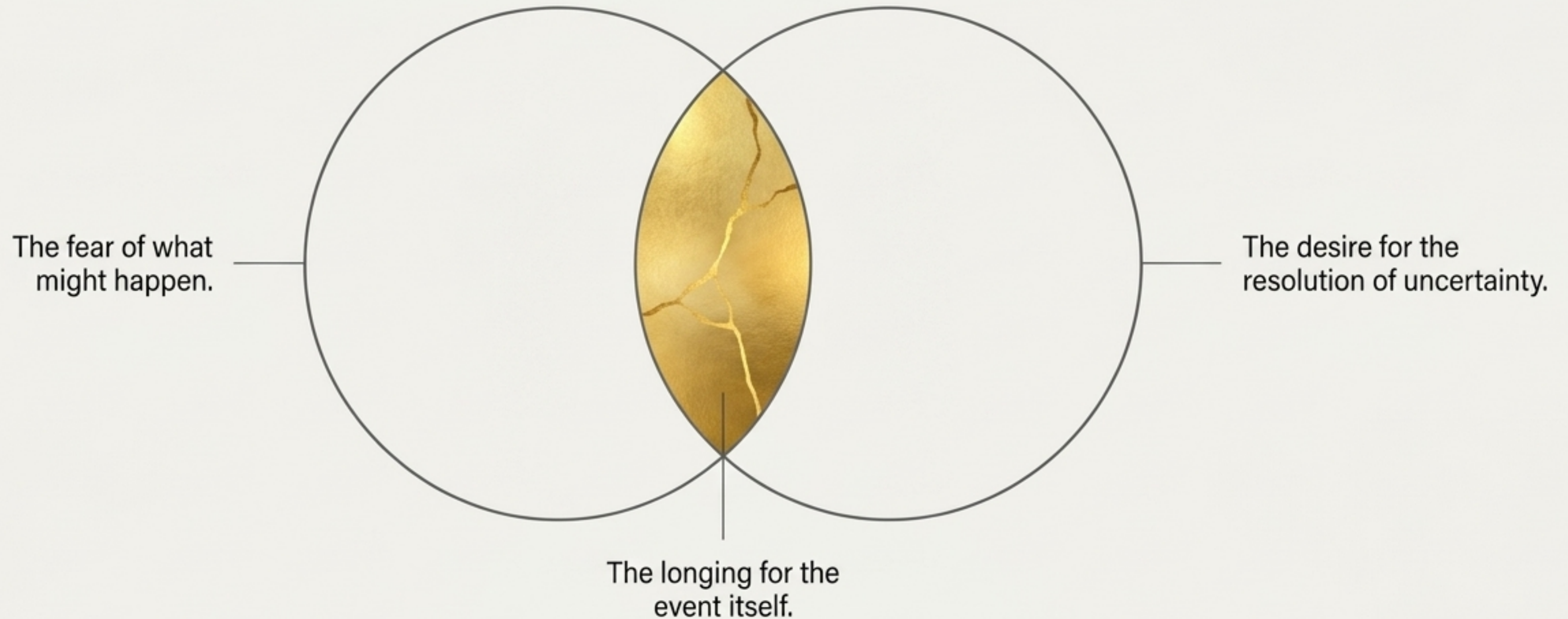


Anxiety as the Longing for the Event

A philosophical exploration of the space between possibility and reality.

When what is coming has no name.



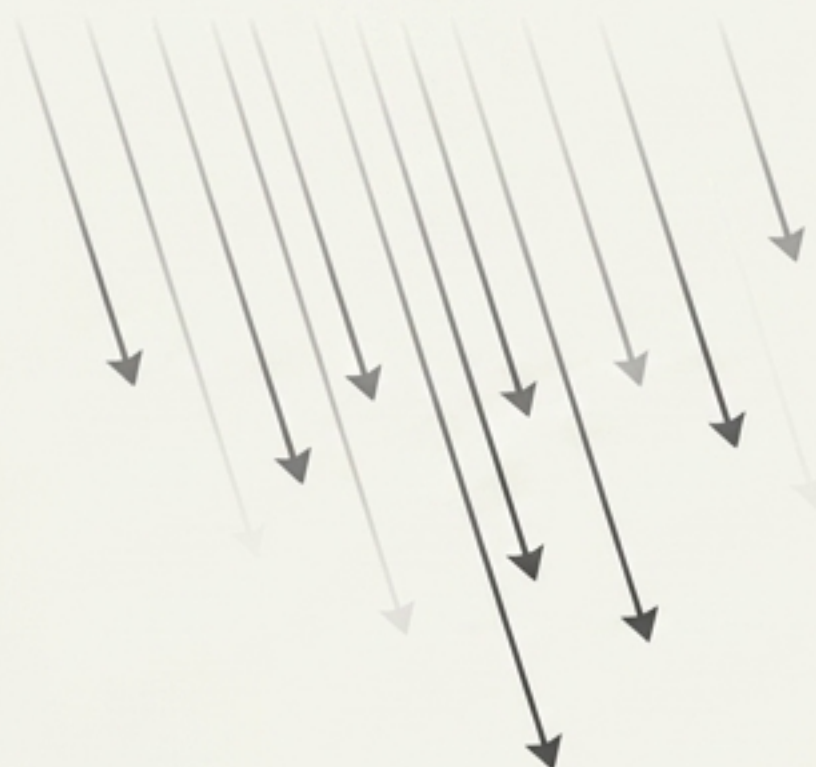
Anxiety is not merely a counter-movement to life. It emerges in the gap where possibility pushes to become reality. As long as nothing happens, everything remains possible—and unbearably open.

Before a word is found, the ground stirs.



What can no longer be held back.
Truth. Realization.
The long-perceived reality
pushing to the surface.

Where the rising and the falling brush against each other, anxiety wakes.



The loss of familiar certainties.
Images grow thin, words fall short.
The ground fades away.

The space where nothing happens.

The Ordered Day



Life continues. Hands do their usual work, mouths speak their usual words.



Time Without a Clock

The inner self waits. A hundred possible futures are drafted, tested, and feared. In the endless drafting of "maybe," the only real hour that carries us is lost.

The Wild and the power of holding back.

The Containment:
Anxiety braces against the event. It seeks footing, builds walls what is known, and tries to hold onto a time that has already passed.



The Wild:
The longer the hand holds it, the more primal its power becomes. The unbridled truth wants out of this suspension.

The Paradox of the Price

What we fear it will cost

- The loss of attachments, images, and promises.
- The consequence of the unvarnished truth.
- The end of protection from the fallout.

What we are already paying

- The cost of avoidance: constant loss of energy and sleepless nights.
- The total loss of inner peace and presence.
- A life spent in a permanent 'No' to our own perception.

With every passing day, the bill grows. The space between us and what we fear becomes so narrow that life barely fits in between.

The outermost edge of exhaustion.

“Eventually, the suspension weighs heavier than the feared event itself.”

The wild beats tiredly against its boundary. What tempts us is not the end of life, but the end of having to endure. The existential longing to no longer have to hold anything together, explain anything, or carry anything.

The Synthesis of Transformation



Then something breaks. Quietly.

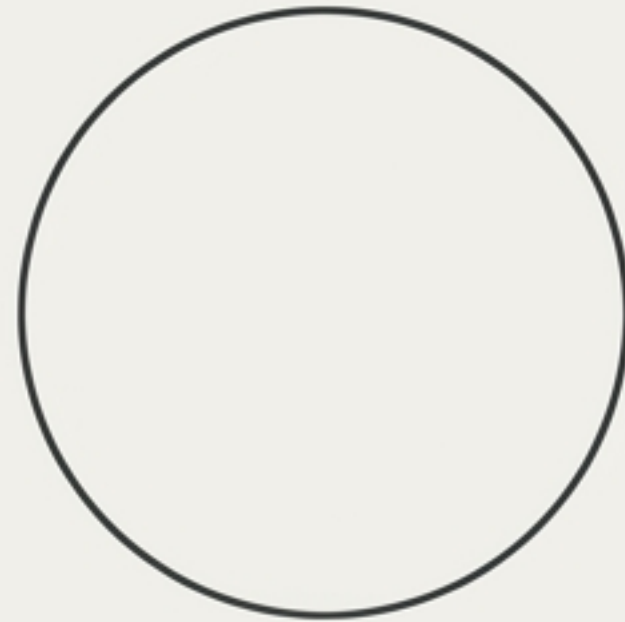
The hand opens, and what it held so tightly simply falls through it.



This is no narrative of salvation. No victory. It is simply the end of the exertion. The feared event suddenly stands in the room—carrying infinitely less weight than its millennial expectation.

Truth and Transparency

Truth stands there without decoration. It needs no witnesses, no justification, and does not ask about the price.



Naked and without promises, it is merely the end of what had to remain hidden. The visible is visible. What has happened, has happened. Nothing needs to be protected from its own occurrence anymore.

The Dissolution of Opposites



The ascending rises, until no
'above' calls for it anymore.

The Wild falls silent.

The descending sinks, until no
'below' receives it anymore.



What wants to go, goes. What must die, dies.

No new land.
No answer.
Only the event.

NOTHING remains behind.