

M. Kaat Toy

## Neuro-Ophthalmology Consultation

How to integrate the old perception, which is nonsense staring at harder no longer helps, with what I know now: The double “I” vacillating visions of myself? Have you ever been in a situation where it’s a struggle to present a human being? I think I can get it down to a person who appears to be. Since I’ve been here so long, I’ve put away the pretext of me and done metacognition research to create someone anticipating anyone might be interested, meticulously recalibrating my focus with increasing circumspection of every aspect of myself available to inspect. I think this sort of extrapolation goes on all the time, but I’m probably a bad example because I’m not ready to corroborate what I am saying. No one knows how to get to the unconscious and transfer it into action: It’s always getting very far away and small or very large and up close.

## Notes Toward a Remake of A Priori Knowledge

Can you hear me just this way through the ignorance, anxiety, and relentlessness of the lamenting minds trying to eliminate the cognitive dissonance driving the world's discord by collecting the fragmented poorly connected experiences of the mundane muddle into standard semiotic modules such as a web page, PowerPoint, or training video--rubrics for dismantling and categorizing life--yielding death by torpor? Since perception is just a vehicle that goes where we steer it, anything that can be defined or described is a puddle of stagnation. To promote introspection of dissembling texts that mock all definable customs for anticipating regular structures and understanding ruptures, for those of us who have earned the right to the agony of ambivalence the answers are always changing.

## A Brief Notation on Breaks

We should just pay for the breaks since they are what everyone is waiting for--less for long breaks like an hour and a half for lunch, more for short breaks because they are worth more because they are shorter: Glorious acts like gathering a fist full of wildflowers or buttoning an overcoat become symbolic or ceremonial. Breaks remind us to exploit the non-break time--such as following and photographing a person who has stolen our identity or trying to impress the teacher with chic amounts of salaciousness--even though all of our time--even the time we pay for or are being paid for--is free, and we schedule things to fan the grand into grandiose inflection points--anything more interesting than watching the rise of the temperature.

## Must Love Hate

Displaced person in a forced marriage with personal misery and self-importance as preemptive behaviors seeks wildly arousing interactive fulfillment with a significant other to supply meaning to our supposed experiences through ruthless recitation of our personal imperfections, reinforcing our self-pity with our self-indulgence by staging public anxiety attacks until these theatrics break some resources loose for us to absorb . . . or we die, whichever comes first--the dodge which gives the whole religion punch. If you are already committed to this perspective then, of course, you are a person of appeal. No losers please.

## Monetary Sentences

Repeatedly mismanaging the nuances of commiseration that come so easily to other people, yielding failed derivatives from incentivized questions and sequential invitations, I find myself in an extraordinary rendition arrangement day trading in human capital at an alarming gala orchestrated by the Queen of Commodities, a blind investment in deferred substantiation and unfounded mandates based on increasing demands made of us dotted and crossed with double-entry checks and balances under her arbitration. Even after incorporating into the finest culpability analyst I can be, I never know what I don't know in time to formulate a getaway route, so I seize this social insecurity arrangement fluctuating between lifetime indemnity payouts and total market recall: A dividend of impermanence is guaranteed. A born shapeshifter at greeting and bartering, I draw investors into the back room of my eyes where they find the exact opposite of the adjusted numbers they loved. Reciprocity is such a pain.