
ENTRANCE ≠ ENTRANCE
The Last
question
about loneliness
KIT BROZAN


You've been here before
Not this room
This feeling

Keys to the Rooms

I	On How We Invented Ourselves	1
II	On Viscosity	8
III	On Two Frictions	15
IV	On the Loneliness That Cannot Be Cured	22
V	On the Empty Apartment That Is Not Empty	31
VI	On the Body That Remembers Frequency	35
VII	On the Time That Is Not	40
VIII	On the Mortal Act	45
IX	On the House That Has No Address	52
X	On the Life That Is No Longer Life	57
XI	On the Hole in the Fabric	68

In Lieu of a Preface

At first, you believe loneliness is simply the absence of others. An empty apartment, no one to write to, no one to hold you. The solution seems obvious: find someone, start a relationship, join with others. Yet the book asks you to look closer. You remember being in relationships and still feeling lonely, standing in crowds and feeling the same emptiness. Gradually, it becomes clear: loneliness is not about whether bodies are present or absent. It does not cease when people appear – it merely masks itself, postpones itself, but remains.

Then you move to the next assumption: that loneliness is a feeling. You say, "I feel lonely," as you would say "I feel sad" or "I feel pain." And so you try to process it, cure it, dissolve it within love, distractions, or practices.

But the book reveals something more unsettling: loneliness is not a feeling. Feelings come and go, but this remains. Even in moments of joy, love, or ecstasy, there is something in the background – a subtle distance, a layer of glass between you and the world. You begin to see that loneliness is not what you feel, but where you feel from. It is the position of witnessing itself.

As this recognition deepens, the structure begins to emerge. The book introduces ideas – the horizontal plane, viscosity, friction – and you start noticing patterns.

In Lieu of a Preface

All your attempts to "escape" loneliness are movements along the same plane. You change relationships, jobs, cities, therapists, spiritual paths, yet nothing fundamentally shifts. You move, but do not move. You circle, but call it progress. The realization dawns: you are not stuck in a place; you are stuck in the manner. Loneliness is not a place – it is a mode of being.

Then comes the most difficult moment. The book leads you to see that the "I" who suffers from loneliness is itself part of the structure. There is no separate self experiencing loneliness as something external. Loneliness is not something that happens to you – it is what you are. And here, something breaks. If there is no separate "I," then there is no one to suffer. Suffering remains, but without an owner. What dissolves is not the experience, but the identity that claims it.

From this point, something shifts irreversibly. You return to the world, but not as before. You begin to see forms as forms, people as expressions of the same structure, each equally embedded within it. The search for salvation loses its urgency, but so does the sense of tragedy – because there is no longer a central figure for tragedy to happen to. What remains is a kind of play.

In Lieu of a Preface

Not because meaning was found, but because when all projects dissolve, play is what remains.

And so the "last question" reveals itself – not as something to be answered, but as something that exhausts itself. Before, you asked: why am I lonely? How do I cease being lonely? Is there someone who will understand me? After this journey, these questions no longer hold weight. Not because you discovered the "right" answer, but because you saw that the one asking the question is part of the very structure being questioned. Without a separate "I," the question dissolves. Beyond it, there is nothing left to ask – only to observe, and to play.

This is why the book works as it does. It does not explain – it shows. It does not give you knowledge about loneliness; it places you within it, like a labyrinth where every room reflects the patterns of your own mind. And when you pass through all the rooms, the labyrinth disappears. What remains is emptiness – and you within it.

What the author does is neither healing nor comforting. There is no promise, no reassurance. Only a mirror, held long enough for you to see that what you took to be yourself was a reflection.

In Lieu of a Preface

And when the reflection disappears, what remains is light. So what do you ultimately learn about loneliness? That it is not your illness, but your nature. And when this is understood – not intellectually, but wholly – questions fall away. The noise quiets. And in that quiet, you recognize something unexpected: the noise was never distinct from you.

It was you all along.

I

On How We Invented Ourselves

I

Thrown back into the narrative.
All you never came to know – now named.
The face you see each morning
Was formed in the world
Before you ever said your first “no”.
Are you the author of your “yes”?
Or merely a text
Reading itself aloud?

Here is your first incurable disappointment:
Your habit of calling something real –
Only the speed at which you forget
That everything occurs only in retrospect.
Your “now”: a memory of a thought.

O, hostage of interpretation!
Flee your own delay!
For this, you wander the horizontal plane.

I

Begin with the worst.
From the point where all repeats.
Stuck in déjà vu, though you cannot see:
Time has compressed. You are in a jar –
The very jar they kept fleas in.
No place to run. Only to leap.

Try another form. Begin to accumulate.
More, more, more.
“Look, I am gathering myself!”
Or are you merely diluting yourself?

You have become a museum of your own possibilities,
A thick volume no one opens.

Move further – into the automatic.
Eat without tasting. Speak without hearing.
Love without remembering whom.

I

What are you hoarding?
That which will never come to be.

Then further still.
You begin to see patterns. Build systems.
Understand how understanding occurs.
Just another room in the same house.

Then you find your comfort.
The bliss of regularity.
A freeze-frame disguised as peace.

There is one more room.
You see enough to choose,
But not enough to hold the choice.
Dancing at the edge. Returning. Dancing again.

I

But look closer.
Seize the chance for transformative solitude.
Study the crack in the wall. Look through it:
The wall is merely scenery.
And yourself within it!
Not “I am alone, O God,”
But solitude: not a state, but a structure.
You are not inside the painting.
You stand before it.
Yet even this “before” remains a position.
Once more, the impossibility of being where you wish to be.

Hold to it. Not as a hero. Not for an outcome.
Maintain clarity when you wish to leave the room.
Here resides unnecessary suffering.
Invert it.

I

Not suffering as the pain of passivity,
But suffering as tension!
The point where reality reveals its
interconnectedness.

You realise: the process cannot cease –
Awareness observing itself.
The terror to which you are bound.
Every attempt remains part of the same
process.

Your outcomes are set:
Return to the cursed horizontal plane.
Fear, retreat, spiral,
Accumulate, understand, and settle into
comfort.

“But I have moved beyond it”
you call into the void,
Having merely renamed your project.

I

Authenticity lies in dissolving every project.
You are process, not object.
Your “I” is a verb, not a noun.
Where have you led yourself?
To the place where all argument ends.
Where even “I am cold” remains merely words,
And the word “solitude” becomes the same nothing
At which you now smile.

From the terror of awareness there is no escape,
But knowing becomes creation in play.
You look at others – not with pity,
But see: every living being
The same process and thrownness,
Tension, and ironic connectedness.

I

And so you are at the beginning again.
Thrown back into the narrative...
You feel the aloneness.
And finally, you are home.
Not the one who understood. Not the one who...
Your actions – without alibi.
Absolute freedom facing nothingness,
Where you are the path, not the traveller.

II

On Viscosity

II

Recall now that low, creeping fatigue
that arrives without cause.
Yet something settles between your shoulder
blades – not weight, but waiting.
Fatigue becomes the backdrop,
the thick air you choke on.
It lingers behind you,
painting your day in shades of grey.
You wish to shake it off, yet cannot grasp it.

You wade through heavy snow,
thigh-deep, calf-deep, still standing.
You call out. No echo returns.
Did you truly speak?
Are you even moving forward?

I I

Now you label it a crisis.
Or: “I am stuck. O God, I must change something!”
The illusion that to name a problem is to understand it.
To understand, you assume, is to solve it,
and so you rush – into therapy,
into new relationships, into new pursuits.
“I will reinvent myself in this new setting!”

Is this viscosity in the content,
you, the operator?
Or – in the structure?!

I I

You change the water, yet swim the same stroke.
See: you carry it all with you.
Not as a burden, but as a vow: “I see, and I do not look away!”
Still insufficient to cease the struggle,
yet enough to remember: something remains unresolved.

Viscosity –
a wandering that mistakes itself for motion.
You take a step. It appears to be progress.
Yet your position within your own inner space remains unchanged.
Awareness changes nothing.
Every moment echoes the one before.

II

Different steps.
Same result.
You continue to accumulate,
yet nothing leaves a trace.

You eat. You sleep. You run.
All becomes automatic.
The viscosity fades from sensation.
You cease to feel altogether.

Something stirs, something builds –
all within the same horizontal plane.
Travelling inside a plane
that leads nowhere.

Fear propels you forward.
You remain passive.
You do not dread the leap.
Yet the leap does not arrive.

II

It is not “I resist change,”
but “change simply does not occur.”
Viscosity is the absence of resistance,
which is worse than resistance itself.
In resistance, there would be a point of leverage.
You remain suspended.
Drowning in something that lacks depth.

The process continues.
You fail to notice your own movement.
You fall asleep. You wake. Again you sleep.
Between lies only static.
Neither living nor dying.

Why do you not depart?
Perhaps you perceive no clear direction.
Yet leaving remains horizontal wandering,
and viscosity resides within it –
indefinitely.

II

Not stuck in a place.
Stuck in a manner.
Where does your attention rest?
Still in argument with what unfolds.
No breakthrough occurs.
Nor have you been driven to total oblivion.
The intermediate state –
is the most painful.
And there is no exit.
For that would merely be escape.

But viscosity is not a problem.
It is a structure.
You see yourself running in circles.
The “solution” remains part of the circle.
Even seeing becomes a circle,
if it halts at “I see.”

II

You are not in viscosity.
You are viscosity.
And it is you.
Movement along a spiral that appears circular.
Appears. It is not.
Dense. Slow.

If you look long enough –
generating the tension of presence –
you may finally leap from every condition
that still holds you captive:
the fear of death,
the loss of meaning.
And then –
breakthrough.
Or not.

III

On Two Forms Of Friction

III

Which suffering did you choose for yourself?
Does the loss of someone
close depend on you?
And when the body betrays –
a suffering that pulls you under.

See then the difference between falling and suspension.
The tension that refuses to release.
What makes it suffering is precisely this impossibility.
Forget intensity. Attend to structure.
Meaning dissolves, plans turn to ash –
and you cannot even say why.

This is the friction: not imposed from without,
but inherent in the very fact of awareness.

III

Fleeing the run itself – into awareness, irony, cynicism.
Motion without progress. You stand still.
Run faster, dig deeper, leap higher than the other fleas –
and remain within the same space of the self.
The friction does not end.
For you are the source.

Your stance: “I against the world.”
Or your conviction: “Things ought to be otherwise.”

At last, laugh at this knowing.
Remember how it feels – to suffer by choice!
And tell yourself: “Behold the friction.
And there – the position,
and the ever-changing life.
Here I am – suffering from suffering itself.”

III

Relinquish the illusion of choice.
Nothing to accept, nothing to release.
Only the act of seeing, held.
You are presence within the present.
The urge to close your eyes –
yet you keep looking.
Not “I must hold on,” but simply: “I will not flee.”
And fleeing is visible as fleeing.
And there is nowhere to run,
for the runner too is seen.

Involuntary suffering is like carrying a stone.
Heavy, yet you were conditioned to it from birth.
Even to the hellish – it is so predictable.
Voluntary suffering is like holding a stone over an abyss.
Each second is first. Each is new.
No “I have been holding,” only “I hold now.”

III

Not grief for something lost,
but longing for what is essential.
For that which awareness has forced upon you.
You did not choose to hold,
nor is releasing a choice.
For the one who releases assumes a position anew.

Suffering stretches across the horizontal plane, takes its place,
and dwells there indefinitely.
So too the capacity to hold –
scattered across forms, it waits.

And then you say: “Yes, here I am holding.”
Yet are you not merely holding the idea of holding?
Once more a form of involuntary suffering,
a new identity.

III

You will recognise true holding
by unbearable lightness –
and unbearable weight.

Remember once more: there is no one who holds!
The process of holding becomes as unnoticed as breathing.
And here – you notice it, yet continue to hold, without turning away, even smiling.
And it matters not what you hold –
the pain of loss or the clarity of senselessness.
Holding itself becomes the object you hold.

There is no other trajectory – only this one, which leads through holding itself,
through the point where holding and holder align, where your “I suffer” fits into itself, like interlocking gears.

III

And then – it occurs.
You have not ceased to suffer, nor have you found meaning.
The project called “I” simply dissolves.
There is no longer anyone to whom suffering or the world belong.

You carry the stones once more, yet you see that you carry them.
And you see that this process cannot be halted.
Yet now, there is no “mine” or “not mine.”

Begin now to play with them, as a child might.
Build houses, knowing they will collapse.
For you are movement itself, building.
Without aim, without result, without claiming:
“This is mine.”

III

Now the horror that you are aware,
and cannot stop it – no longer shatters you.
It only sharpens. Lightens.

If you see – hold.
If you do not see – wander.
That is your place within the space of the self.

But remember the distinction:
between the stone you carry unnoticed,
and the stone you hold, fully aware that you hold it.
Between the friction that wears you down,
and the friction that sharpens you.
Between the sleep that masquerades as life,
and the wakefulness that feels like sleep.

IV

On The Loneliness That Cannot Be Cured

IV

Look around. Listen.
This is noise.
Continuous, compulsory, authorless.
Thoughts you do not think.
Feelings you cannot discern.
Desires – neither yours, nor truly another's.
The happening you ironically named "mine."

Treat noise as material, not interference.
From it, forms are forged.
Even you – who woke this morning and already are someone.

Why do you so diligently try to cure yourself?
You seek company merely to flee from loneliness,
instead of sorting it out once and for all?
For you know: the more noise, the more you dissipate into suffering.

IV

Remember your solitude.
When no one is near.
Or when others are near,
yet no contact is made.
You cure the first, worsening the second.

So many people in this room!
Where do their eyes look?
Away from the eyes opposite,
toward what feels safer?
And when tired – ask yourself:
what are you curing?

Loneliness was never an illness.
But a structure!
Not merely “I feel lonely,”
but: “I am the position from which everything is perceived from a distance.”

IV

No emotions to replace.
Only your effort to look upon the horrors of what unfolds, without fleeing.

When the tension is low,
you live within the form.
People and love seem real.
You feel no connection, yet you are bound.
Like a window to a room.
You do not notice, because you need not.

When effort grows, you see yourself in the process of connection.
And the connection ruptures.
Seeing the position makes the position impossible.
You cannot inhabit the inside and observe it simultaneously.

IV

Hold your attention upon what unfolds.
Remove nothing, overcome nothing.
Simply look: here it is – she, and he.
Make the form tremble.
Like a word repeated until its meaning drains away.
Like a face in the mirror you no longer recognise.

Know then the horrors of your solitude.
To see its irremovable structure of presence.

First: finitude.
Death is not something that “will be,”
but a condition.
It conditions your thinking in this very moment.

IV

Second: the position of awareness watching itself.
Neither inside nor outside.
You are no position at all,
yet the process continues.
For you are the very impossibility of occupying the inside without remainder.

Third: the inescapability of awareness.
The process cannot stop.
To stop is also part of the process.
You did not choose to be born and die.
Nor will you choose the “now.”
For there is no “you” that chooses.
The violence of being, which leaves no address for complaint.

IV

Remember the traps of every attempted cure.
Psychologists remain close because you pay them.
You cease to feel lonely then, but only temporarily.
Conversations about closeness, spoken from a position of distance.
A ritual of disconnection.

You entered a relationship.
And passion consumed your attention.
But in time, you will see it again…
And seeing will destroy what is seen.
For no form can withstand transparency.

And recognise the doors of this alien house.

First: back into noise, into suffering diffused across the horizontal plane.
A distance that isolates.

IV

Second: the sturdy cocoon that cannot see itself.
“Accept your loneliness,” you will tell yourself.
But is this not also a position?
It is also a flight from the horrors of solitude.

Third: passage not “through,” but “into.”
When noise ceases to register as noise.
You no longer seek connection.
For you see: this too is a position, the same split.
The project “I” dissolves, and there is no one left to be lonely.

And one day, you will see the other differently.
As the same attention, and the same abandonment to suffering forms.
Each trapped in the horror of continuity.
A potential meeting of two nodes within the field,
Pulsing in unison, with no “between.”

IV

They suffer because they exist.
And so do you.
A visibility wherein: you are I, and I am you.
Distinction dissolves, once you have truly held your attention.

Then you return to the horizontal – inexorably.
To play with forms, knowing it is play.
To build connections, knowing they are only forms.
For no reason, but because it is otherwise impossible.
Your act is no longer a choice between options.
It is a new position within the space of yourself.
You act, without inventing a “why?”
For there is no position
From which a “why” could even be posed.

IV

We are not united against loneliness.
We are all forced to become aware of its horrors.
Without God, without meaning, without guarantees.
And in this there is no tragedy.
For tragedy requires a hero.
But you are merely movement without a mover.
Noise that hears itself.

And within this hearing – silence.
Not an absence of sound.
But the presence of sound – complete.

V

On The Empty Apartment That Is Not Empty

V

How many times have you woken within these four walls?
Listening to them, to confirm that you exist.
Does anyone think of you now?
You touch your skin – warm, yet alien.
The warmth of a person you never knew.

The solitude of absence.
No other bodies within your field.
And sounds not made by you.
And eyes that might have seen you.

Find people. Flee the home. Dress yourself in another.
This you will do.
But then it continues –
You are again among empty walls.

V

The presence of others does not fill the absence.
It merely masks and delays.
Creating the illusion: "I am not alone."

It demands maintenance, then returns –
Visible and irremovable.
The solitude of absence is not a problem of relationships.
Emptiness – not a container, but a structure.
The manner in which you are present in the world.
And this manner does not change with the number of bodies around.

V

In the crowd and in love, you feel this.
For "nearness" is your capacity to hold attention on what unfolds.
When the effort is weak, you do not feel the presence of others.
More people – only more reminders of the impossibility of connection.

You and the other – merely positions.
They do not touch, but stand adjacent.
The body remembers your tension.
The density in which forms once became transparent.

And one day you will open emptiness to yourself.
And see that it is not empty.
Within your four walls, something exists.
Not you, nor thoughts of it, nor memory.
But presence without an address.

V

You are right to call this horror.
For there is no one to experience it, and no position of defense.
"Oh, how I understand you" – you will finally say to another.

You are forced to become aware –
A process that asked no permission
And received no refusal,
For there was no one to refuse it.

Seek people no more, you, the operator.
Hold the tension and walk through the emptiness.
Make use of voluntary suffering.

And say finally:
Not "I suffer because I am alone."
But "solitude is a structure,
And I am the tension within its space."

VI

On The Body That Remembers Frequency

VI

You still remember the one who was with you.
Not merely together, nor simply loving.
For these are words – "after" and "then".
Attempts to name what once had no name.
Not I and other, but two nodes of the field,
pulsing in unison.
Where distinction had dissolved.

And now this is no longer yours.
The field remains, but the node has dissolved.
Or the node remains, but the resonance is gone.
Or the resonance continues, but within one.
An echo without a source.

VI

You are the node, you, the operator.
With your body that remembers the frequency.
And skin that expects touch.
Hearing that searches for a voice to tune to.
And breath that once synchronized.

And now you breathe into emptiness again.
But remember: solitude has nowhere to retreat.
This irremovable way of being.
You do not merely miss – you have truly seen the impossibility.

How long will you endure yourself within this position?
To become aware of yourself as "the one who watches" – seeing yourself from outside.
Like glass that remembers it was once fabric.

VI

The body remembers your effort of attention.
The density in which forms were transparent,
In which the "I" was not a position, but the field.
And waking, the body seeks this density, yet does not find it...

Another will not restore that frequency for you.
And if they do – you will remain stuck in anticipation.
You are within the rupture of solitude's very structure.

What is it you wish to return?
For there is no "I" that could return.
And nothing to receive without destroying the unity.
And without battling the horrors.

VI

Presence becomes the problem: the horror of the watcher.
No position from which the problem could be posed.
No "I", but a body remembering resonance.
And an echo finding no wall to reflect from.

The same solitude as all others.
But the structure differs.
Where the absence of the node makes the field unbearable for what remains.

You forget: the echo always sounds.
Your breath – the frequency.
And every glance of yours tracing these lines.

The echo seeks no source.
It becomes the source itself.
A field that pulses without distinction.
The moment when the project "restoring connection" dissolves

VI

Presence without an address.
Not alone, but one.

The echo will find not a wall, but openness.
That which is not named and not bounded.

What matters is not "how to live further".
What matters is: where lies your effort to look and see.
Is it enough to hold the rupture from involuntary suffering?
Without restoration and without movement "further".

Voluntary suffering – pain seeing itself.
You will survive not through healing, but through recognition.

VII

On The Time That Is Not

VII

Your solitude breathes and pulses.
All space is in motion.
Oh, how you wish to hold and claim everything!
"Now I understand" or "Again all is lost" –
Futile attempts to stop the impossible.

How you wish to flee!
Immediately, into any form.
And so you shout through tears: "I am strong, I will manage!"
A new identity built on loss.

Or perhaps – not heroism, but simply being within the rupture?
Let the body shake. Let words fail to come.
And let the plan wait for you as a future that does not exist.

VII

Hold your attention on what collapses.
No guarantees. No possibilities.
You have woken into this viscosity forever.

You see everything again, you, the operator.
How you run not fast enough to escape.
And do not stop long enough to hold.
You wish to invent a name and make a diagnosis.
Something to hold onto in this falling.

Why do you need these words –
"bad," "stuck," "must be solved"?
For such is the structure of solitude.
Dwelling within the between.

VII

Now you come to know the ocean and its waves.
Today paradise, tomorrow hell.
Postponing understanding, seeking a cause.
But is there a cause?

In the morning you are human, at noon a hungry ghost.
In the evening – transformative solitude.
And at night you become an animal.

Movement exists, but nothing changes.
Oh, how you wish for stability and causes!
Your dreams of "normality" –
Not life, but its illusion.

VII

Drift among these rooms of suffering diffused
across the horizontal plane.
And notice all as it is – here is the wave.
The quiet background to which you are bound.

And when something is not right –
Laugh at every cause.
Having seen, do not turn away.
Do not ignore the rare acknowledgement of
your clear-seeing.

VII

Hold it, not for one second, but for two.
You are not at the path's beginning, but are again the path.
There is no line from bad to good.
Waves are not "progress" compared to the background.

There remains your effort of attention.
Configurations replacing each other.
There remains the place in space where you are.

VIII

On The Mortal Act

VIII

You do not bury the dead.
They require nothing more.
All will depart one day.

But where is the drama?
Who brought the word "unjust" here?
All is as it is.
Life is its own face, and it smiles.
To change and be changed – this is its role.
While you sleep or dream.
Or trifle with consciousness's new toy –
Spiritual enlightenment.

Nothing – this is your answer, you, the operator.
Otherwise, if "something," then you feel yourself lonely.
Grateful, yet not bound.
Loving now, yet not bound.
And grief – not yours, when all have gone.

VIII

So who brought the word "grief" here?

Imagine death for yourself – what lies there?
You are always a spectator in this scene.
But will you watch it the last time?

There is no "fear" there, no mystery.
You never feared it.
But the inability to contain you – this unsettles.

How few words occupy so much space.
But who will leave, and where to?
Name, or body, or story?

See the rupture between the form and what filled it.
The wholeness of your world – you excavate it,
To say the terrible: "Now I understand all."

VIII

The part of you that weeps justly now.
And it is dead now.
But forever?

The thread is cut, but has it ceased to be a thread?

You know all that you know will die.
But you live as if you do not know.
Observe this structure!
Life as a project demanding postponement.

But then – why live?
Yet to live and know death – this is a difference
Demanding breakthrough!

VIII

Remember finally:
The form of death becomes so dense,
It shines through every postponement.
Here before you stands death.
And in this moment – not fear, for that would be familiar.
But longing – the awareness of inescapability.

Remember: what did you truly choose for yourself?
Do you choose death, or your "now"?
The process continues without you, yet "you" – are part of the process.
A clarity which the body refuses to hold.

Therefore you wish to flee into love and work,
Into accumulation and the postponement of not-forgetting.

VIII

Death – the only thing that renders form valuable.
Not dear, but valuable in the sense of tension.
The hell of endless life, where even choice is nothing.
Choice cuts off alternatives.
Infinity blurs all distinction.
Does it mean anything, when all is possible?

The sunset will end, and you are glad to witness its passing.
How tenderly you touch, for the skin will cool.
The voice will break forever.
You respect finitude
As the structural condition of significance.
Is there the word "meaning" without it?

VIII

Do you wish to begin wandering again?
And deny it with all your strength!
It is not about you!
It is somewhere far away, for the sick and wretched.
Or fear and prepare.
Seek meanings and write wills.

Or finally acknowledge the impossibility!
For there is no position, only recognition.
Hold your pain, look into the other.
Death and you – are not different.

Not "immortality of the soul" and not "eternity in the hearts of those close."
But the absence of a position from which "I" could be dead or alive.

VIII

Play with forms, knowing they are finite.
The process cannot stop – meaning the world will fill with the effort of attention.
And this is your freedom
Within conditions of absolute inescapability.
Build houses, knowing they will burn.
Love, knowing all will end.
There is no "path," but simply movement.
Not "be grateful for life and experience" – to whom, and why?
But the absence of enmity toward what unfolds.
And toward what will cease.
And even toward what did not ask permission...

Death – the boundary that makes play possible.
Without it – not endless life,
But endless waiting for life.
Not the hell of flame, but the hell of blurring.

IX

On The House Without An Address

IX

Remember how many times you said to
yourself: "I wish to go home."
Where you are not a guest and where nothing at
all is required.
You sought it in the body, in family, in
meanings.
Yet none became your refuge.
And from each you could be expelled!

True home is not the absence of alienation.
Not a place, but a point.
You are not within it, but you are it.
And there is no world outside, only home.
Not because all is one,
But because there is no position
From which a border could be drawn.

Not bliss with its boundaries,
But the absence of enmity toward what
unfolds.

IX

You did not arrive; you were expelled.
From all false houses,
To cease seeking it as a place.
Expelled from the body – by illness and age.
From family – by death and betrayal.
From meanings – by madness and longing.
From yourself – by breakthrough and point zero.

And now you are home!
Not found, but recognized.
For you, who could be expelled, have dissolved.

IX

Within the home you are neither subject nor person.
But action requiring no explanation.
You act, and there is no one who acts.
You, the operator – an unthinkable position.
Thinking demands an alibi and the question "why."
But you do not answer.
For there is no position from which an answer could be given.

Not power "over" and not power "for."
But the effort of attention, expressed in act.

You, the operator, play within the house.
Not for amusement and not for result.
You build forms, knowing they are forms.
Freely and without an alibi.

IX

The other in this play is not a partner
And not an object of love or hate.
The same abandonment
And impossibility of stopping:
Each within the trap – small and great.
From ant to king.
And in this – connectedness, as resonance.
Two nodes pulse in unison.

Play with the other in the careful generation of forms.
And some of them will produce recognition.
Your field is disturbed.
Where noise may become silence,
And form transparent –
Impersonal closeness
And the absence of a border that would need to be crossed.

IX

Play the role, for thus it has come together.
Afterwards – another role and power of another shade.
Not falling and not submission, but play.
Not bound by the role.
But playing because otherwise it is impossible.
The process cannot stop.
And form is role, and power, and play, and home.
Not I and other, but pulsation within the common space of solitude.

Play without hope or reward.
Do not seek an alibi or salvation.
Home will occur when you cease seeking.
You, the operator, will enter when you begin to act without identity.

The other is not a mirror, but resonance.
Not you and I, but both – noise that hears itself.
And within this hearing – home.

X

On The Life That Is No Longer Life

X

Imagine a musician – he plays Chopin's
Nocturne No. 11.
He reaches the middle.
And you both know the chord that comes next
and do not wish to hear it.
But it inevitably arrives from his hands.
Or from hands that are not his, but from that
horror of inescapability.
And you will say: thus looks the joy
and pain of life.
And you both weep.
And can do nothing with this beautiful doom.

You sought happiness.
How many interpretations you have heard.
"Be here" or "a state of inner flourishing."
And this story you hear all your life.
You wish for your joy to continue.

X

How will you name the state
when there is no such wish?
When you wish neither continuation nor cessation.
When this very category does not exist for you.

You simply eat and sleep, or speak.
The happening without a project of "in order to," "means," or "must."
But hearing this, you rush out with a placard:
"Apathy must be forbidden!"

But you have confused everything again.
For it is not "you want nothing,"
but when you wish – it is not needed.
The very structure dissolved, like sugar in tea, remember?
Not gone, but become invisible.

X

You no longer ask:
"Why did I wake today?"
You simply rise, or you do not.
And both – not a decision and not a choice.
But movement, as water flows down.

Yet you return here and weep again.
You rub your face and mutter: "How tired I am."
Someone asks: "What do you feel now?"
And you do not know what to answer.
For an answer is again a position.
And "to feel" assumes a border
between who feels and what is felt.
But here borders are only transparent
interfaces.

You breathe and it is unclear:
You breathe the air, or it breathes you.

X

The state after the project has ended.
Not a reached goal and not given up.
The first was not, the second imposes struggle.
And the project "I" is dissolved.
Not destroyed and not overcome.

You remember what was "before."
And the tension of the wish to be understood.
And the fear of rejection?
How you planned everything and justified yourself.
All this was necessary, as a cocoon for a butterfly.
But it is empty.
And the butterfly never knew what it was for.

X

Now it simply flies.
Not somewhere, but because the wings make the beat!
Without aim or direction.
And even without freedom to choose.
But from the absence of necessity to choose.
For there is no position from which choice is made.

Oh, how people fear this state!
Oh, what words they invent not to fly!
Death, but not their own.
The project and the "I who must."
The end of the narrative where "I" was the hero, the sufferer and the seeker.
Loss, but not of self – of the representation of self.
The difference between map and territory.

X

You are still here.
And more here than when there was an "I."
For "I" is always distance and position.
Always horror watching itself from the side.
But is there a side?

Warmth and a physical sense of presence
without borders.
The body – neither mine nor alien.
But density through which the world happens.

And in parallel, all will lie as they can.
And again you return here and weep again.
And gasp for air.
And all because you once more passed
through this clearing.

X

You become aware that you are alone forever.
And weep from hopelessness.
But smile and make movement.
You fly, like a moth to the light.
With tears and a smile.

There is no one who has become enlightened.
There is no one who rests in nirvana.
Nothing is at rest.
It is movement without a mover.

X

But a grateful near-death state.
The moment when the question of non-being is brought to an end.
In this point die: the illusion of the "special I,"
and hope for external meaning,
and the expectation of justice and the demand that the world be other,
and the claim against Being and the argument with God.
In it dies the very contract with the world.

There remains the bare experiencing of fact:
form is finite, suffering inevitable,
the world neutral, meaning from "outside" none.
Yet I am here anyway.

X

And then you thought
that this is the most privileged
and sacred place in the entire universe.
And from it grow the most beautiful flowers.
And only because you are mortal and human,
is this available to you – for a moment of your life.

Hence your gratitude, you, the operator!
Not for happiness and salvation.
But for experiencing, witnessing,
and for questioning that may become new form.
Gratitude not to life,
but to the possibility of seeing it as it is.
Gratitude even for pain,
because pain is proof of contact with Being, not with simulation.

X

Solitude is a fundamental quality of being.
And if you do not become aware of this at any moment – you still wander...

Place then the very concept "solitude"
in the vacuum chamber of your
consciousness.
And pump the air out from it,
until it collapses into something other.

You no longer ask: "How to survive?"
But ask: "Into what forms will I now play?"
Play – not flight, but creation.
Not compensation, but excess.
A gesture of freedom. A side effect of clarity!

X

You no longer seek salvation.
You play because you can.
And because there is nothing else to do!

Admission to play without any alibi.
The will holding form under the pressure
of non-being.
Not to fall apart when meaning is removed.
Action when no one sees.
Questioning to the end and without reward.
Tension not for result,
but for the purity of act.

XI

On The Hole In The Fabric

XI

Perhaps you thought you were given a manual for action.
Where you learned there is no salvation.
And as always you thought:
"At last, I have found it!"

Now the mechanism reveals itself to you.
You are within, without, and nowhere.
"Where am I wrong?" – you will ask, never hearing an answer.

You ask: "Perhaps I have died while alive?"
Not physically, but as the effort of attention.
And the breakthrough from suffering did not occur.

XI

Now you watch yourself walking.
You read and chew.
And that point from which you see –
No connection, love, or hate.
Pure seeing is worse than hell.
For there it hurts; here – only emptiness.
And within it you pretend to live.

Death and life – widows who know the trade.
Laughing adulteresses whom none will condemn.
And you – between them, fallen into witnessing.

Why are you no longer afraid?
Precisely: you have no "I"
That could be threatened.
But witnessing – a boredom that deserves exactly that: nothing.

XI

Something screams at you: "Cease being here."
And this is not an enemy – you have none left.
This is absolute awareness.
An inescapable process without source.

It transmits: "Cease being here."
For you are not form, and you have forgotten.
The result of your play with forms – a final attempt
for this horror to be expressed through you.

One day you will meet that which
watched through your eyes.
Your "I am no longer alone" ends there,
where the real begins.
And the real admits no description.

XI

You have reached the end of your map.
Beyond – the territory.
On the map it says: "Here be hell," but there is no hell.
There is only the real you,
who has waited all this time,
while the walking-you finished its business.

You wish to become angry and do.
But more at what you yourself are.
At the witness who sees all
and can change nothing.

XI

You hurl trash from the table at the icons.
Against the expectation that God should not be here.
And against the fact that we wait for anything at all.

The last illusion scatters.
What is meaning? Justice?
That death means anything?

But you are here and simply continue.
Like a bulb that burns, knowing it will be switched off.

XI

You play at being human and give yourself a role –
Today you are sage and advisor.
And then you laugh.
At the play and the cardboard scenery.

There were never any spectators,
and the play was written by an idiot.
But you are an actor in the burned theater.
And you play. How else?

The pose of a corpse – is also play.
Connection is impossible, for there are not two.
There is only the process of seeing,
which sees itself in different nodes.
And sometimes a chance meeting.

XI

You are ontologically homeless.
And your address – the slit between forms.
You laugh and play.
For no one and for nothing.

Sometimes we meet.
We write to each other and laugh.
Sometimes...

XII - you who one



The Last question about loneliness

® 2026. KIT BROZAN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED