“Interstice of Truths”

Beautiful and nasty, right and wrong do not exist.

Without order and constructs, freedom would be unbearable.

Everything is a search for meaning.

Beauty is of the essence.

Beauty is a survival instinct.

Beauty is a source of energy.

Beauty is when head and heart speak the same language.

Beauty is a place of respite, where existence makes sense.

Beauty is a brief respite in the knowledge of the rightness of Being.

One variation of beauty is prettification – the eternal cycle of construction and destruction.

The ambivalent, the half-formed, the ruptured, the inconcrete, the tonal nuances and, finally, the useless are the key points and signpost.

This created space is a bubble formed by a non-purposive, interstitial truth.