



0. THE FOOL



I. THE MAGICIAN



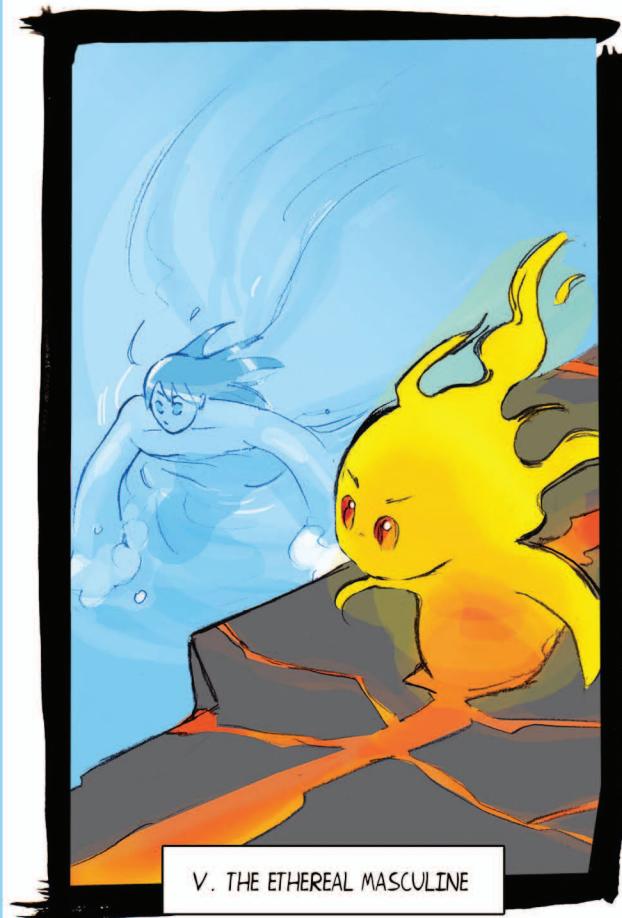
II. THE ETHEREAL FEMININE



III. THE TANGIBLE FEMININE



IV. THE TANGIBLE MASCULINE



V. THE ETHEREAL MASCULINE



VI. THE LOVERS



VII. THE CHARIOT



VIII. STRENGTH



IX. THE HERMIT



X. WHEEL OF FORTUNE



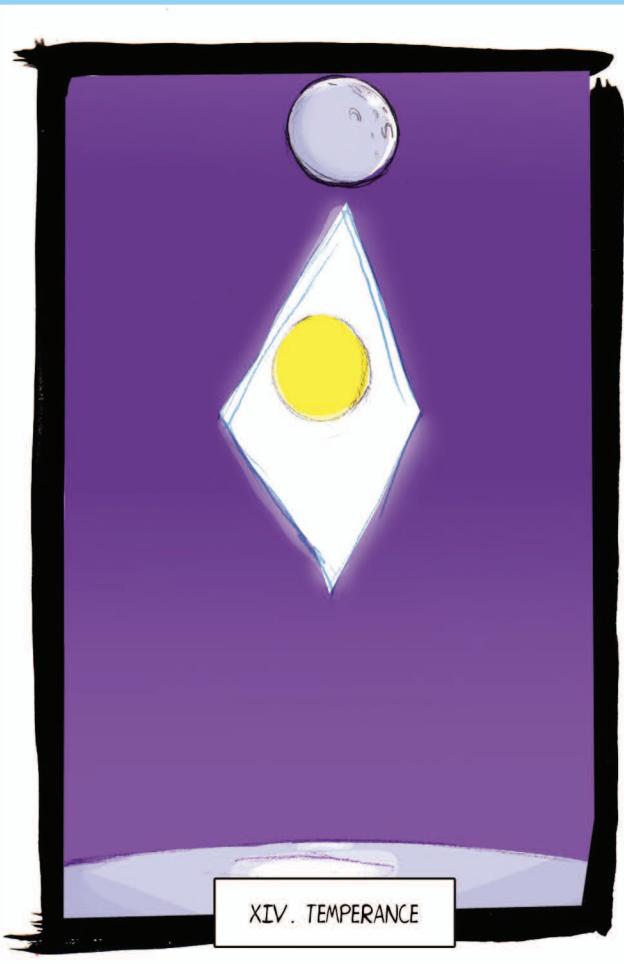
XI. JUSTICE



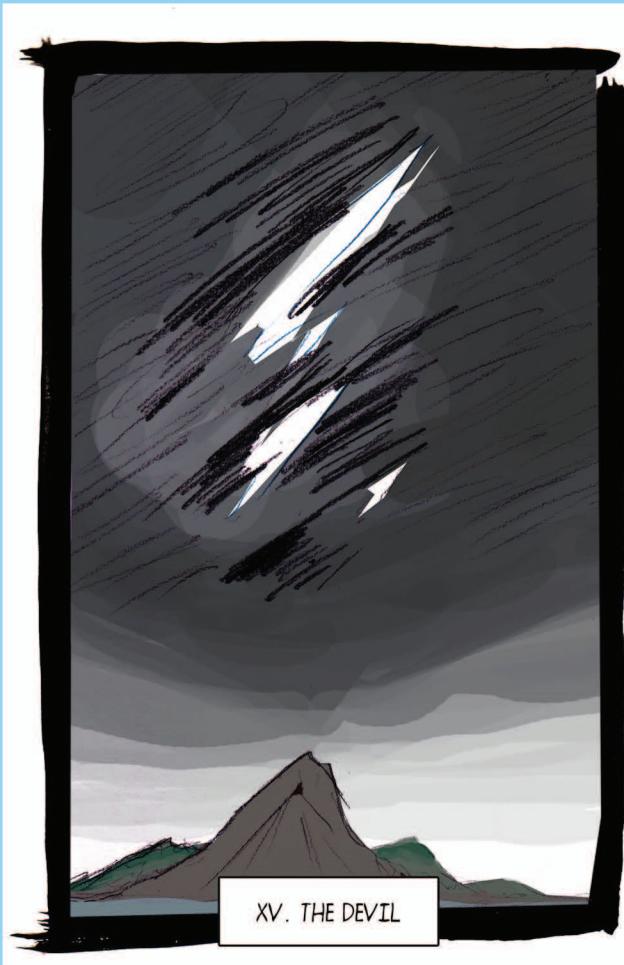
XII. THE HANGED MAN



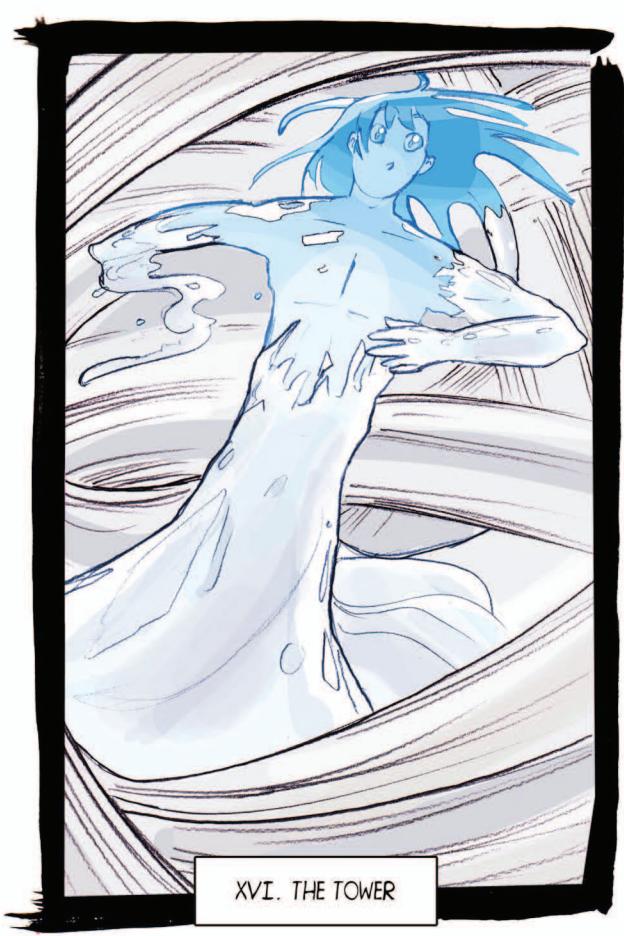
XIII. DEATH



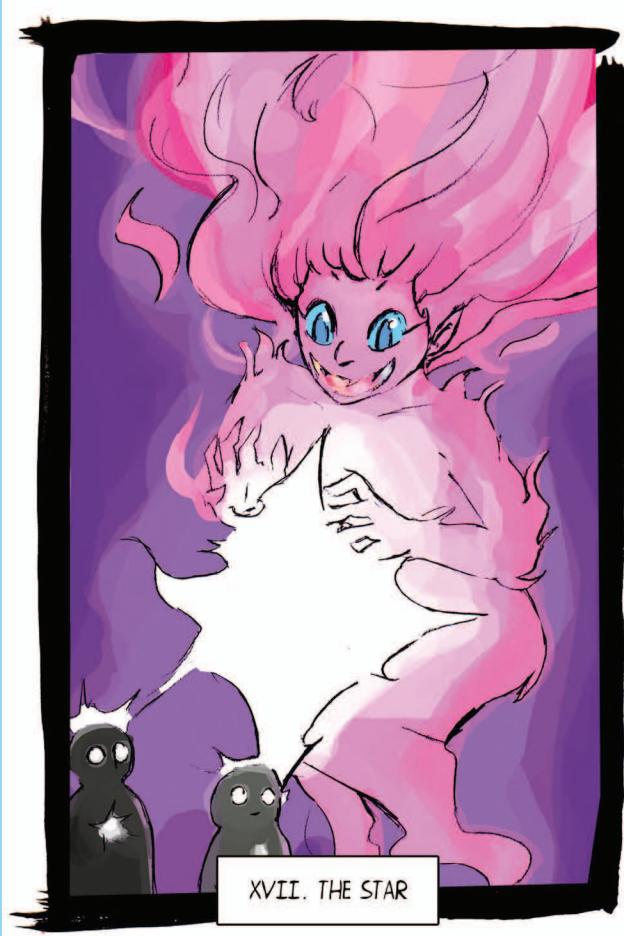
XIV. TEMPERANCE



XV. THE DEVIL



XVI. THE TOWER



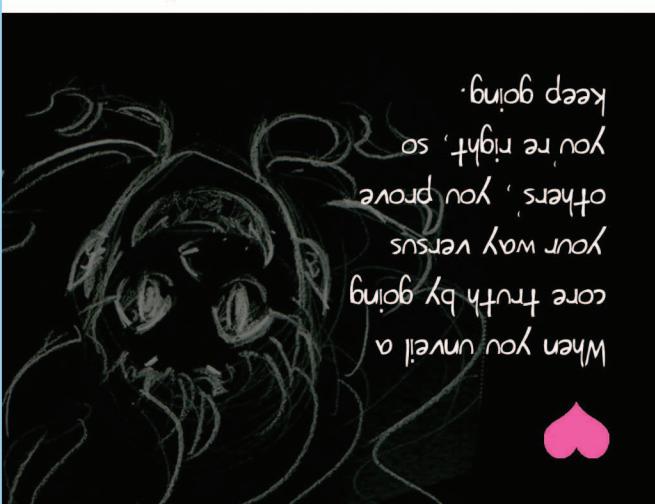
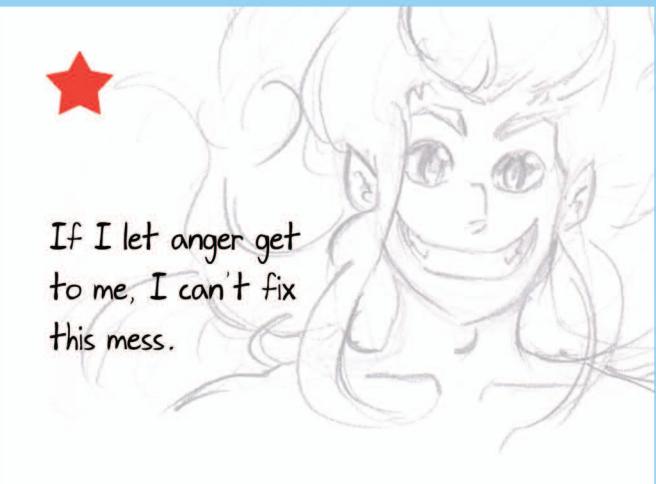
XVII. THE STAR



XVIII. THE MOON



XIX. THE SUN





Take your *star's* time. Lesser demands can fit in smaller time-blocks than you think.



Every step I make towards elevating my *star's* truth builds muscle in me to own its worth.



If it *feels* right within, you've got time for it, no matter how illogical it might seem.



Every step I make towards elevating my *star's* truth breaks further down the lies told against it.



When I know *links* are showing me an oar, I can make peace with them not showing me a speedboat.



I realize my power by expressing myself in whatever spaces I have, where I KNOW depravity surrounds me. (As I keep hope in what will break the chain.)



When *links* show me I know what others don't know and won't hear, it's an oar for me to keep rowing with my things, if not a speedboat for them.



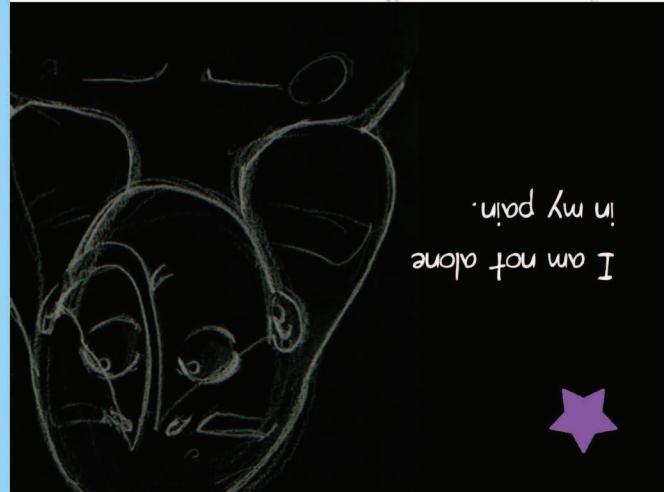
Although others' obsessions can get in the way, my power IS by virtue that I'm choosing to link at all. (As I see that's what can break the chain.)



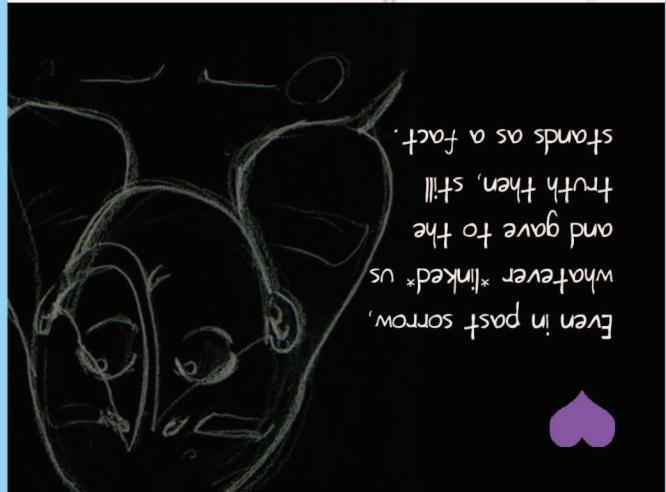
I am not alone.



When we're all *linked*,
we can still give
towards the truth,
even in sorrow.



I am not alone
in my pain.



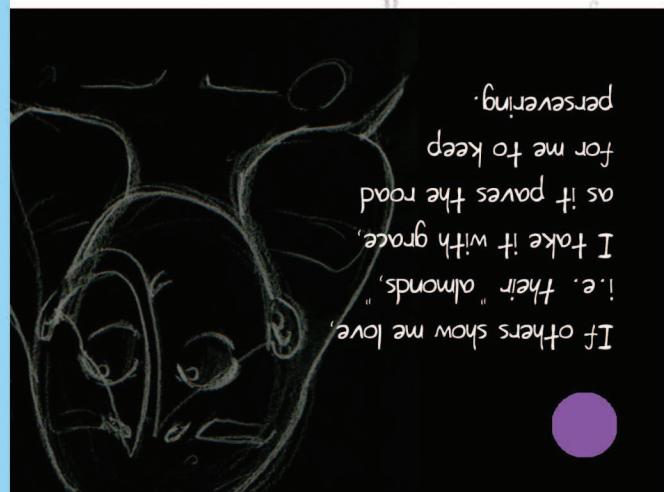
stands as a fact.
truth then, still
and gave to the
whatever *linked* us
Even in past sorrow,



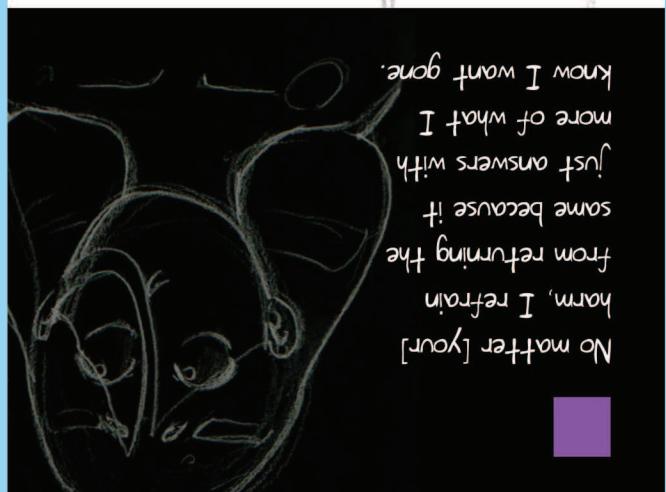
I give ~~a damn~~ "an almond" to others,
and that's its own
progressive grace.
Then, I keep trekking
with what I know will
really fill the pot in time.



No matter the pain
and how much I hate
it, I hold on, because
I remember I love
[you].



If others show me love,
i.e. their "almonds",
I take it with grace,
as if paves the road
for me to keep
persevering.



know I won't gone.
more of what I
just answers with
some because it
from returning the
harm, I refrain
No matter [your]

Because of the *links* between us, I understand that even my smallest choices to give, despite the pain, make a difference.



I'm here to give. It's my choice, in pain and suffering.



Because of the *links*, I understand that when I left them, I have their place. time is an ally.

Between us, I understand that when I left them, I have their place. time is an ally.

Because of the *links*, I understand that when I left them, I have their place. time is an ally.

Because of the *links*, I understand that when I left them, I have their place. time is an ally.

I am strong.



I am strong enough to help everyone when I know others can't help me.

I am strong enough to help everyone when I know others can't help me.

I am strong enough to help everyone when I know others can't help me.

I am strong enough to help everyone when I know others can't help me.

Sometimes responding to the reality of how off things are means responsibly checking out, until you can get back in for others.

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When others are irrational, the same rules of interaction don't apply. Responsibly masking (and/or putting up boundaries) can keep you intact without losing them.

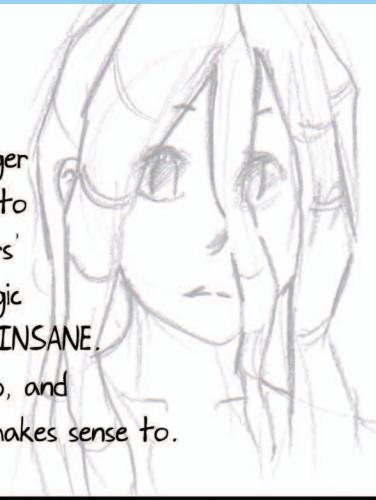
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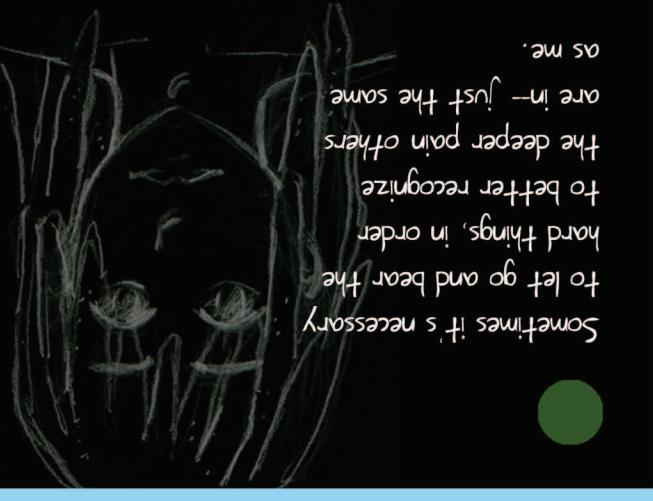
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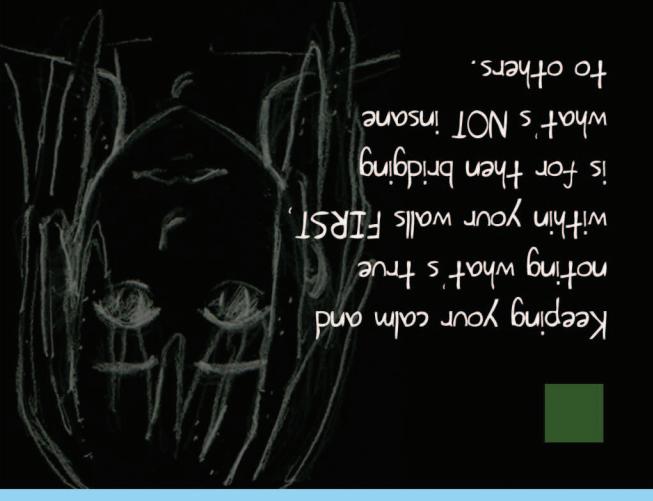
Sometimes it's okay
to say what I see is
hard, and how I feel
about it. Used
responsibly, it can give
me the compassion I need first, in
order to unlock ways to better it next.



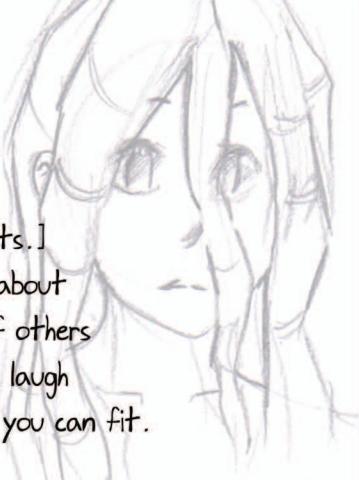
No amount of anger
kept in check has to
BLOCK when others'
responses [to tragic
death] have been INSANE.
Keep your walls up, and
remember why it makes sense to.



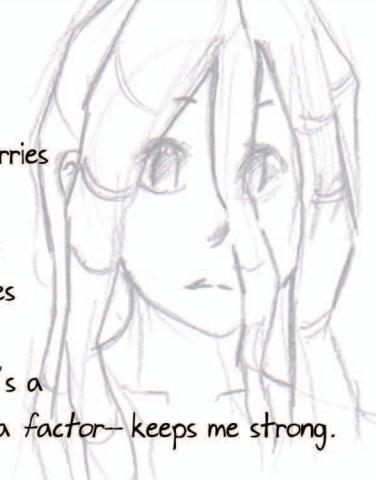
Sometimes it's necessary
to let go and bear the
hard things, in order
to better recognize
the deeper pain others
are in—just the same
as me.



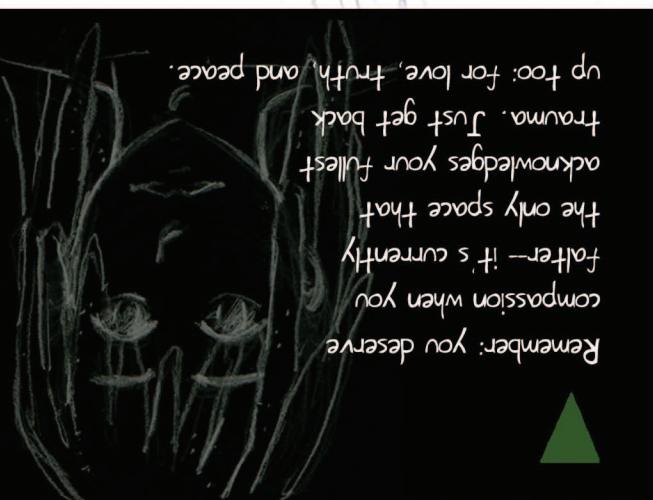
Keeling your calm and
noting what's true
within you walls FIRST,
is for then bridging
what's NOT insane
to others.



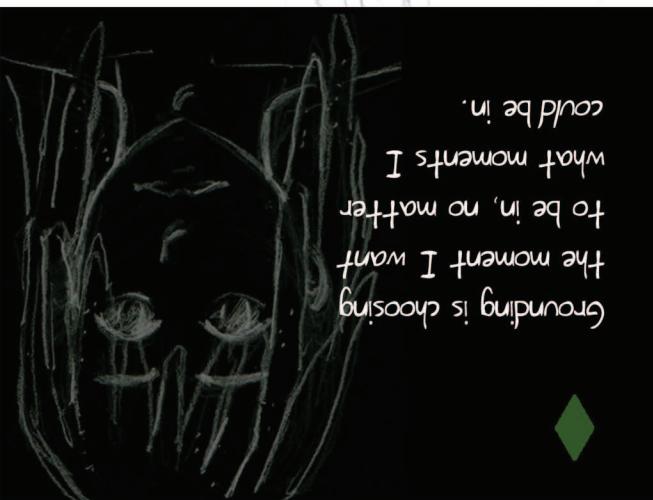
Remember: there's a
good reason you're
[missing sleep at nights.]
Be kind to yourself about
it—acknowledge it if others
don't; take it easy, laugh
at jokes, whatever you can fit.



Fending off my worries
and wounds—my
projections of the
future, my rehashes
of the past, and
anything else that's a
"distractor," not a factor—keeps me strong.



Remember: you deserve
compassion when you
fallter—it's currently
the only space that
acknowledges your fullest
trauma. Just get back
up too: for love, truth, and peace.



Grounding is choosing
the moment I want
to be in, no matter
what moments I
could be in.



I don't shame you,
and so by law, I
don't shame myself.



Detaching from others' falsehoods has nothing to do with accepting their truths, which equally has nothing to do with respecting them.

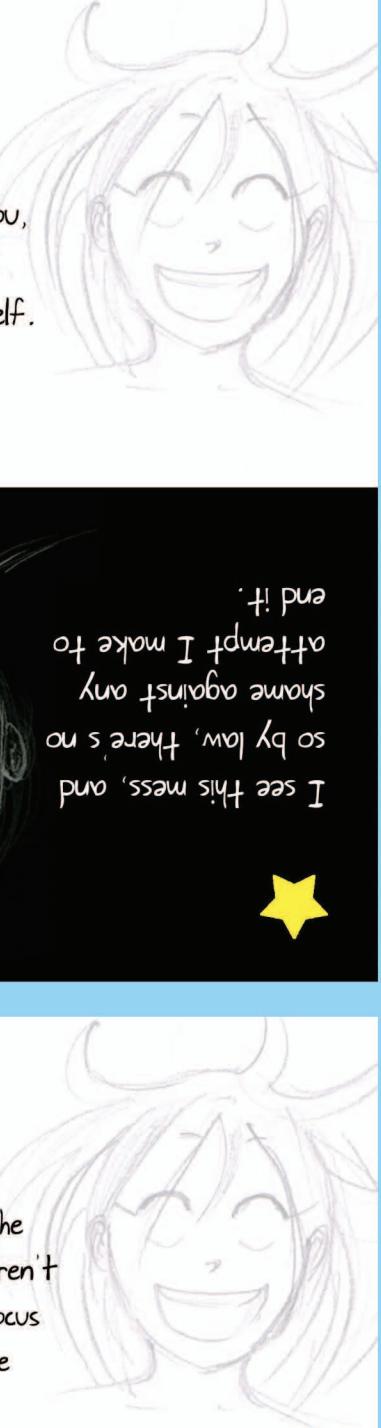
walking away from everybody's falsehoods
when you've got to. At
times, it can be the only
way to stay dedicated
to reality.



I see this mess, and
so by law, there's no
shame against any
attempt I make to
end it.



Make peace with
and stay out of the
spaces you know aren't
biddable by you. Focus
on and pool for the
spaces that are.

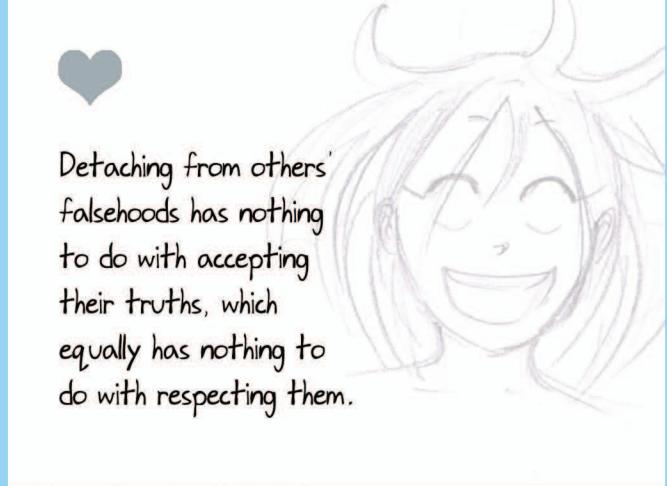
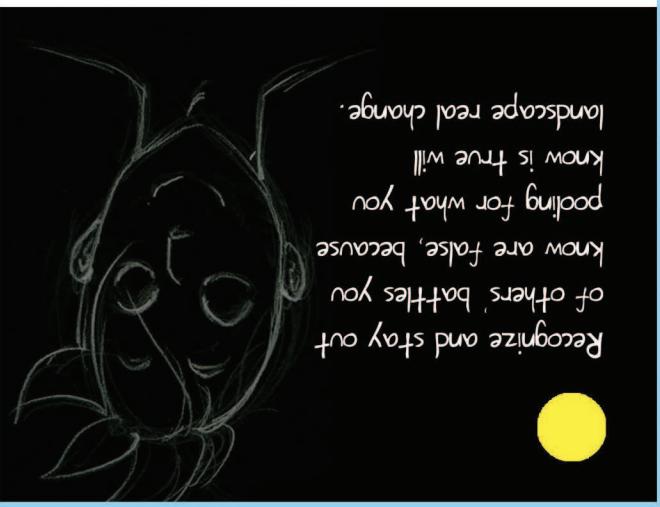


Because I see this is huge, complex, and ancient as a problem, I learn and let the strategy to fix it come to me in steps.

Because I see this
problem's ancientness,
I know to break from
standard ideas:
only the new can
change what's old.



Recognize and stay out
of others' battles you
know are false, because
pooling for what you
know is true will
landscape real change.



The smaller cogs inside
the machine are not
the truth when the
machine itself shooting
lasers at you is.

To push, I must
drive; if I'm going
to drive safely and
focus, I must acquit
all smaller bumps in
the road.

Past lasers are not
the truth when you
remember where we
are right now:
running away from
today's lasers.

If I'm driving near
the edge of a cliff,
safely navigating
removes me from
everything else until I'm
on safer grounds.