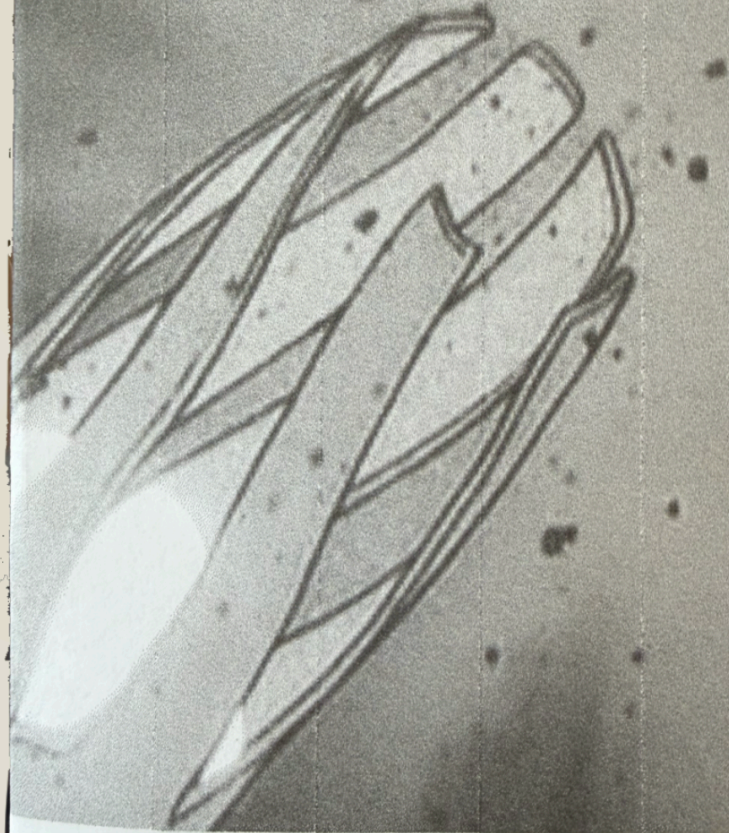


12/29/25

humanoid typhoon



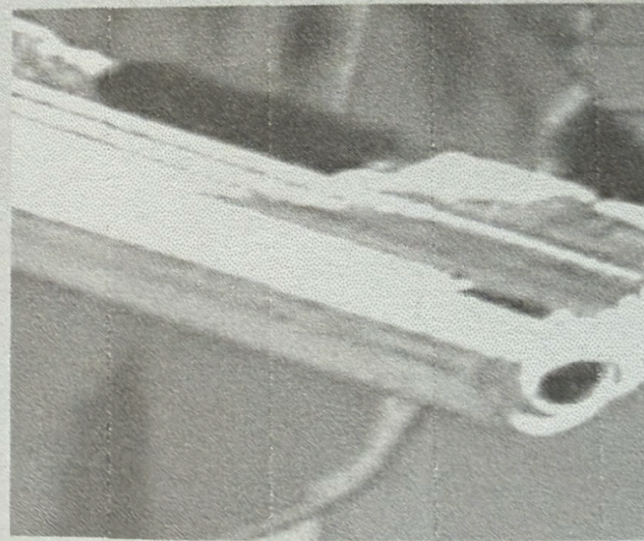
in a world where violence
continues to remain rampant,
i have slowly chosen to
not seek the protection
of my injuries

and,,

rather,

see my chronic disabilities
and invisible illness as
the price to pay

for being a pacifist.



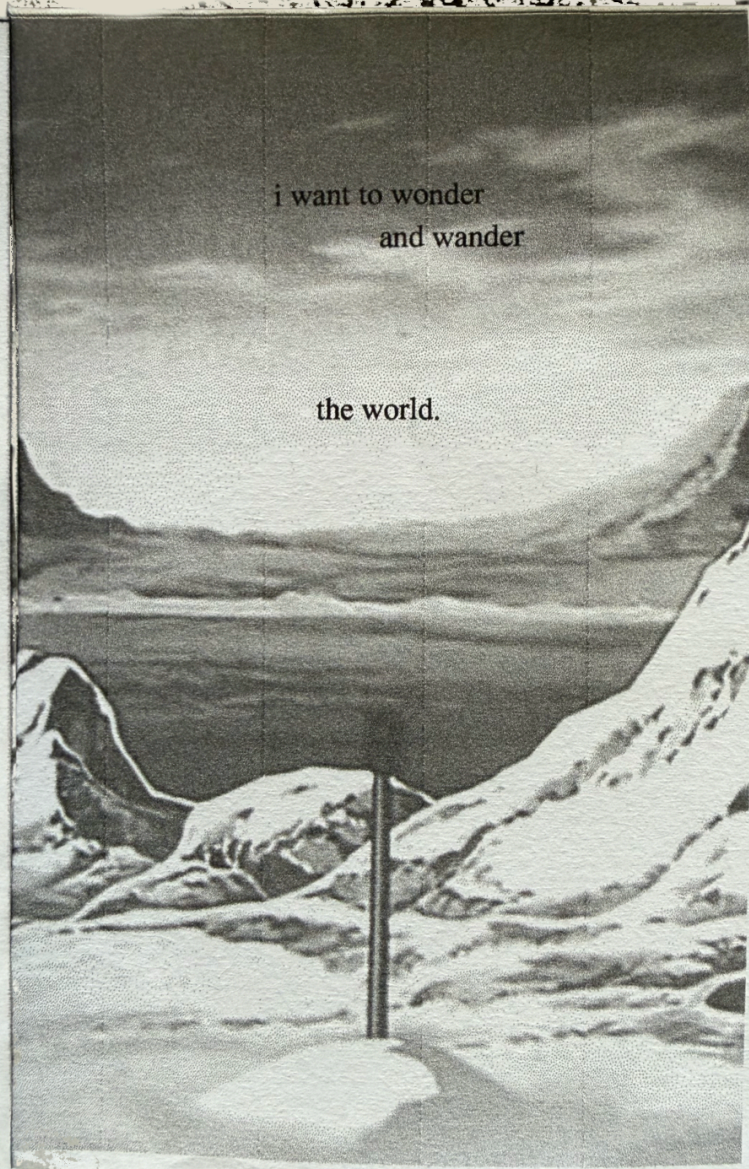
i am driven by a strong moral
code, and in a nature to help and
understand others.

much of this comes from my fear
of abandonment

and a motive for change.

i want to wonder
and wander

the world.



the non-house,

(my wandering homeless existence)),

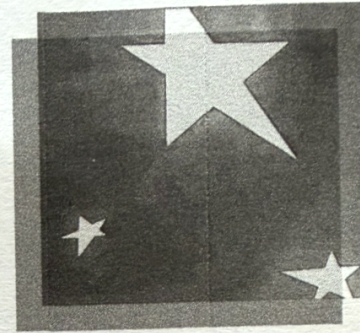
lies in self-sacrificing and
rejection of enclosure. yet my
energy is chosen, not taken;

spent in intention, rejecting consumption.

i am the martial pacifist,
a reluctant warrior used as a
scapegoat.

if the non-house is my
nomadic entity, then perhaps a
home is the non-static space
where my consciousness and
curiosities coexist.

and,,



i depend on
the non-house
for the liberation and movement it
brings me, and the home as an
ethical and ephemeral space.

it is not where i am contained,
yet where i am allowed to move.

i am the determinator,

seeker of love
and peace