



Bone-Truth & Diminution

what it means to live inside complexity with clarity and care

Today I am meditating on diminution, particularly in the context of apparent resistance, the chafing experience of wanting to engage with other creators but repeatedly being confronted by incompatibility in paradigm, perspective, and worldview.

Ordinarily, I embrace resistance not as a “negative” experience but as information. It’s telling me something. When the somatic and cognitive response arrives—sometimes even before it’s loud and obvious—I slow down and ask, “What do you need?” This is more than just “helpful”.

Hardly an expert in Internal Family Systems Theory, I nonetheless have a bone-truth relationship with it and an intuitionual understanding. IFS is, after all, very compatible with my own ideas concerning human dimension and multiplicity.

I am not only looking for an answer but as always, I am patient with the movement towards better questions. In today’s context, they concern my reaction to other creator’s work. I don’t want the casual influence of thinking that is inadequate and unavailing. I also know there is a difference between solitude and isolation. One question that arises is: *Could it be that some amount of isolation is the price I pay for developing Existential Expansion?* What if this paradox and complexity are things I can hold without needing resolution?

Shallow certainty is concept cosplay at a different comic con than the one I’m attending. But I am not judging people personally and will not allow myself to lapse into ad hominem fallacy. We are all where we are and, in general terms, no one is “better” than anyone else. It is not personal. In fact, it’s more an expression of my sensitivity to doctrinaire thinking and motivated reasoning.

I live in my head—where I stay is just a place, a rental, nothing more. When I write fiction, poetry, and engage in Existential Expansion Philosophy, that’s my residence. I am my home. Lately I’ve said, ‘*By myself, yet not alone.*’ But perhaps I am, to some degree—and wanting to engage other creators only highlights it.

Acceptance is the answer to nothing unless it’s a catalyst for change.

- “Things are the way they are, so get over it.”
- “You should just take things as they are with a smile.”

- "Relax dude. Life's too short."

None of that is helpful. Such limited mindset comments come from a place of complacency and defeatism. EEP does not give in to cynical concessions.

As I write this, I see the empowerment of expanding acceptance through mindfulness. It's a situation ripe for calmly observing—sitting with discomfort, accepting reality as it is, not as I (or any of my parts) want it to be. This is what this moment is asking of me—not scrolling Substack in hopes of "finding my people," but acceptance of what it is.

It's neither a Substack problem nor a "me problem." I can now breathe into immersing myself peacefully back into my work. This isn't seeking or solving; it's a desire to understand where this concern is coming from.

Three years ago I wrote "*Until the day I die, I will always be raveled and messy. Maybe worse, is "ending up" doing what I do not want to do and not knowing how to stop that shit.*" I've come a long way.

I may not be seen in a way that one-hundred percent pleases me, but I am being seen to the degree that I am: where the few who can "meet" me have, as they encounter Existential Expansion Philosophy. This is an important message to share with my various parts, including those Self-Like parts that aren't quite "there" yet.

And yes—this platform, this culture, it's not built for depth. It's built for speed, for sameness, for glow-talk that sounds enlightened and explains nothing. But I'm not here for that. I'm here to inhabit my philosophy, not perform it.



**To my parts: you're seen.
To myself: I am home.
And that's enough.**