

Fucked Up in Quantum:
Natalie Mariko in conversation with Ariana Reines

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The day I meet American poet Ariana Reines:

My laptop isn't cooperating. My bank account is empty, and so I'm involuntarily detoxing cigarettes and coffee. And I'm exhausted.

I'd spent the night into the early morning as usual these days: like a sad freak, reading Merkabah in a wave of pink noise, earplugs shoved deep, trying to focus over the din of neighbours loudly fucking. This is the array of Sunday's available ecstasies.

Listen to any one loud continuous frequency long enough, you'll find you start to hear things that aren't really there. It's the auditory equivalent of pareidolia, or that distortion which begins to happen if you stare too long at your face in the mirror. An auditory illusion, fairly fun and easy to induce. The mind is used to variable sensory information, but if it can't find it in the world, it starts making shit up.

In pink noise, I tend to hear something like a Gregorian hum.

The inverse happens amidst constant racket. New Yorkers, for instance, trapped as they are on an island of chatter, are both loud talkers and inattentive listeners, and this lends a general air of diffidence and attitude most people find either overly harsh or downright mean. Really, they just need you to speak up.

Screams and bombs bring a different type of noise. Neither musical revelation nor the paradoxical silence of the crowd. One can neither focus nor fail to. I write this as an imaginary, as someone who's only ever heard the ceremony or recreation of gunfire. I don't know if what I say is true. The noise of commentary is both illusion and filtered self-declaration.

And the only truly acceptable form of outside-in commentary on mayhem should come from the finetuned eye of a poet and would probably read like Reines' *Wave of Blood* (Divided, 2024). It's harrowing, meaning horrific, but also in the biblical sense of the word, meaning 'to plough' or 'sow'. It rips apart the dirt to look for a land, any land at all, that won't sprout carnage.

The day I meet Ariana Reines is a day I'm lost in myself and can't really get out. It's a day I feel I'm hearing everything all at once, and all of it seems to hurt.

Another term for this type of the-walls-are-on-fire moment is a panic attack. A religious word for that rush which comes with exoteric perceptiveness is ecstasy. When (in ecstasy) the Big Guy starts hitting you with things that aren't really there, when things go from exo- to esoteric, we might call this experience (if we're being cynical) hallucination or, charitably, it might be termed mystical revelation. Of the very latter variety, I've had two such experiences in my life.

Let me preface this by saying I'm generally a sceptic and not above considering materialist explanations for the inexplicable. Only, what I experienced is, self-referentially, simply that—inexplicable. I could note, in the first case, how I'd been tripping hard on acid some three weeks prior; or, in the second, that the isolation of the pandemic, the sort of persistent invisible homelessness Berliners call the 'sublet culture' and mental health issues exacerbated by sudden epilepsy are an inevitable recipe for brain-snap. But the experiences – which I won't bore you with here – were pretty goddamn inexplicable. I'm being deliberately vague to make a point.

The day I meet Ariana Reines, there is a full moon. The day I meet Ariana Reines, there is a blood moon and a Saharan dust storm and my throat is in pain just from breathing. I pull a tarot card. This conversation is meant to be about numerology.

Reines' most recent book, *The Rose* (Graywolf Press, 2025), is ecstatic, but all in the surgically measured hands of a woman who has come here for a reason. It's a book about love, in a broad sense; and, in a specific sense, the love of a specific and real man. It's a book that leaves so much room for what is inexplicable.

I spontaneously attempt to remember how many petals are on a rose. Triantafyllia, the Greeks say, 30 petals. Scrape the theurgic barrel, Iamblichus—what does it mean? Eight is the number of abundance. How many dead? How many in love?

The day I meet Ariana Reines, I pass from our conversation into the noise of a hundred traditional Greek bagpipers in procession up Filopappou Hill, beneath the blood moon and the Acropolis, over a city washed in sand. I am trying hard to listen. I am trying hard to count the lights.

The day I meet American poet Ariana Reines – I believe, one of the most important American poets of the 21st century – we talk like this:

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Natalie Mariko: Quantum reality is a fairly nebulous idea when applied metaphorically. I know you are, aside from your work as a poet, a practising astrologer. One of the ways we can maybe tap into this notion of the 'quantum' reality is through mystical knowledge taken from astrological knowledge and numerology.

Ariana Reines: It's interesting that you frame your question in terms of astrology because I feel like you could just as easily frame it in terms of a meditation practice or even a poetry practice. But I'll take the astrology frame.

It's not just the planets' actual literal movements, but the way they appear to move, what they appear to be moving through; the energy fields created by the way they're pushing and pulling on one another and the fields they're moving through are affecting them. How does that affect our inner world and our dynamic, manifest reality? It's an entanglement, I guess, all manner of spiritual work and the spookiness of it, the strangeness of it. But I don't know if what I've just said isn't just restating the obvious.

Natalie Mariko: One of the ways I think about it – in relation to poetry and the way it can interrelate with a more mystical understanding of reality – is through this idea of the data set. And taken as a data set, a discrete numerical value related to reality, we can extend that metaphor to the way we might experience that same reality through social media.

AR: In the sense that somehow there's a cognitive proprioception that grabbing onto some cluster of data, whether that's numinous experience or...

I'm looking at the sun dancing on the surface of water right now, which you could make a metaphor of that shimmer for the information field, the social media field, but I much prefer the literal reality. I really prefer the light dancing on the surface of the water to its metaphor of the data set in social media, for example, which has a kind of shimmer and which the little

grabby hands of my mind will affix themselves to and create some kind of relationship by which I'm navigating in my consciousness through this weird field of time-space.

But it's tricky, right? Because we're using language to describe something that has really complex math. And the way that I know it (or when I try to simplify my response)—there's a feeling in the writing of a poem when it's really happening that is a different quality of consciousness. The practice of astrology is somewhat technical, but like anything that's technical, if you practise, you start to get faster and faster at it and then intuition and a kind of even divinatory quality starts to emerge through it. But it's a technical knowledge system—like there's math, there are literal physical positionings and calculations. There is indeed numerology involved. There are also dense layers of myth, and then there's also experiential data, and it's all layered into that.

So, it is a technical process, but by also being something of a daily practice, it becomes intuitive. It's like a musician who keeps practising every day, but who also improvises. There's something about the improvisatory side of these practices—that's what feels quantum to me. It's almost like what jazz is to classical music, or what the poets are compared to the history of the novel. One side of it is this technical practice and development, but the side where things start to shimmer is a little bit divinatory. That's where the mystical starts to reveal itself, and it's something I don't have good language for explaining, but it's an analogous feeling. Like the kind of brightness meditation brings, or an intuitive astrological reading or the feeling that a poem is somehow accurate, even if it's not technically true. I don't know how to explain it, but they all feel like they're partaking of the same feeling.

NM: It's quite interesting you're coupling these two ideas, the notion of a mechanical repetition, almost scientific repeatability, and improvisation leading toward the ineffable. It makes me think about Vedic chants or the dances of the Dervishes—these repetitious acts which bring one to a state of ecstasy. They're repetitious, but they're also moving towards something.

AR: I love those analogies, both the analogies you brought up. These are also two kinds of repetition that my soul has depended on at different times in my life.

NM: I want to turn to your most recent works, starting with *Wave of Blood*, which – I hope it's not gaudy of me to share – but I read listening to pink noise. I have a noisy neighbour, so I was attempting to drown them out as I was reading this—I would call it excoriating, in the way one might tear out a soul.

It was very, very affecting, and at the same time, I was being washed in the calming noise of (almost) a wave. This may be related to repetition or improvisation as it is in the work, and in a plainly grim sense, as a response to data sets and experiences around the genocide in Palestine—the numbers of victims, the people.

In your work, you talk about a Palestinian poet losing 50 family members. And at the same time, we relate to these data sets in an 'imaginable' sense—in these, as you put it, "10,000 think pieces, interviews, and books", distantly collating these data sets of horror.

AR: Let me see if I can respond.

First of all, those 50 family members—that was just in the first month of the genocide. And he's lost 400 family members now. 400.

That was written at the beginning, and it was already unimaginable at the beginning. After all, it was already unimaginable before it started because it started *before I was even born*.

I love that you read the book in a field of pink noise. I'm actually going to try that today. But I also love the way you describe the book. It's accurate to me. I was tearing my soul out. All I can say is, data isn't how our soul knows itself. It isn't how our soul knows the world.

And there are things that we know already. There are things that the soul knows before the mind knows them. There are certainly things the soul knows before the culture knows them. And part of what I've been trying to push myself toward is to use my life to figure out if there's a different way of making art, or if there's a different way to understand what it is artists are doing, because it *can't* just be to give a story to data.

Although a lot of people see art that way. 'This story really humanises the dataset.' And I understand the need for that. I'm sure my own understanding of the world to some extent depends on that kind of activity, but that isn't what a poet does. I'm reaching toward a capacity to make some kind of testimony for something that the body knows, the soul knows—that there are questions that the body and the soul ask which aren't actually that personal.

The feeling I was having – which was making me feel so alienated, so personal, so horribly personal – is actually so ordinary. That we shouldn't be living this way. That, somehow, we have to find another way. But doesn't that sound horribly inarticulate and immensely frustrating when I translate it into this kind of English?

NM: It does on the one hand, but also, as you say, it's quite ordinary.

Speaking from my own perspective, it's incredibly confusing to know where you stand amidst so much violence. You bring this up in the book—you're not really standing anywhere.

AR: Isn't that a bit quantum? Isn't that a bit fucked up in quantum? It's like we aren't where we are.

It's also happening in us. But it's not happening to us. But this is warping our consciousness. This is doing something to the soul. And making a record of one woman tearing her soul out—I like that. I'm comfortable with that description. I ripped my soul out, and in some ways, I was, like—why am I doing this? I don't know what else to do. Why don't we all rip our souls out? Because what are we supposed to say?

It's not necessarily a productive or socially useful gesture, but...

NM: The book brought to mind *Country of My Skull* by South African poet and journalist Antjie Krog, which, if you haven't read it, is a real-time journalistic response to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. I think there's an analogy there, but one thing you brought up, which is I think different and so important is social media as this, as you put it in the book, dilated eye—this 'witnessing' that is so all-encompassing. As you said, it's happening not just where we are, but all around us and in our souls.

What I find really frustrating, though, is that there's a kind of compression into this infinite sequence. It's like witnessing without witnessing somehow. I see war crimes, but then at the same time, advertisements. It's very disorientating.

AR: I have to go to the modernists for a corollary and to something personal about, I guess we could call it, mechanical reproduction. But I have to go to some antiquated references because if you think about, the beginnings of cubism, Dadaism and also the great works of modernist literature...

You could take T. S. Eliot.

The newspaper, the headlines, the bathos of our reality in which slaughter is served up alongside advertisements. Even Baudelaire talked about that. In part, Burroughs and Gysin developed the cut-up as an effort to respond to this. The artists have been dealing with this problem in consciousness for at least 200 years now.

In the way I see cubism and other kinds of disjunctive techniques of the last hundred years, they're an effort to cut into this weird bathetic consciousness in which we're eating slaughter and Cartier watches for breakfast every day. Bathetic consciousness or the way some New Age people put it, contrast. That's their neutral term for these extreme disjunctions which our consciousness has to reconcile. We have to move through the day inside of this extreme contrast (to put it lightly) that we've been living through. This has been the condition of the industrialised mind. We haven't figured it out yet, and we certainly haven't figured out how to make peace—stop murdering each other, stop murdering ourselves, stop murdering the planet or even kind of tone it down *a little*. We haven't figured it out.

And I don't know the answer, except maybe it's a bit of a drone. There's something like what happens in the Vedas or like what happens in the Sufi devotional practice. There's something that happens in these different spaces that is a different world, and it is immanent, it is right here all the time. For some reason, we still find it difficult to live there.

NM: I struggle a great deal to live in that immanence in a way that isn't dissociative. And as I witness things online, there is a bodily reaction I can't quite describe.

AR: I feel the same way. Just to speak to that incredibly intense bodily response, I actually worked on this a lot in the book before these two [*Wave of Blood* and *The Rose*], *A Sand Book*.

The figure for that book was the peacock. I'd never really thought about peacocks or been interested in them in particular, but I was kind of writing about the metaphysical desert, or the 'desert of the real', desertification. It was also kind of about horrible PTSD from rape.

Somehow it ended up being about this multiple eye. And the fear of the peacock started coming through in a visionary way and I didn't really understand why because I've never cared for the peacock in particular, but it became the organ, almost like the tutelary spirit of the book. The mystics have always thought about seeing with our eyes the phenomenal world versus the immanent world—in *The Conference of the Birds*, the great Sufi text, for example, this is expounded upon, but it's everywhere. It's in the mystical teachings of every culture I've ever looked into.

The exhaustion of our eye, the way in which what we see controls our mind and the mind-training we need in order to, on the one hand, not just numb ourselves to the real world, while also not numbing ourselves to the *other* real world that is here for us and beckoning toward us. And we're trying to figure out how to use our free will to get there, so to speak, to bring that world into being even though it's already here. I'm speaking in mystical terms here, but I'm empathising with you because I think it is a daily struggle.

There's a poem in *A Sand Book*, actually—I wrote the whole thing on the day of the Parkland massacre. It was a really strange thing, but I realised I'd never read something about what a woman feels like when she's learning about horrors through her phone. And it's kind of a work of fiction, which I don't usually write, but it follows a woman as she goes through the grocery store. She's holding her phone in her hand, and she's reading, she's learning. It's about what happens inside her body as she learns about a massacre of children.

I'm not saying it's a successful work of art or that it's an important work of art, I'm only mentioning it to say that this is a real phenomenon and it's hard to find a corollary. I feel like there are not many corollaries in the culture yet for what happens to us. We're looking at horrific things happening to other people, but it's doing something to us, and we don't know what.

NM: Something a therapist once brought up to me: the mind can't differentiate between a memory and a lived experience if you have PTSD. And, in what you're describing, there's this duality between the external world and our own internal experiential knowledge. That is, its infinite reproduction. You're not just 'experiencing' this thing that is happening. You're not just being empathetic, you're actually indirectly absorbing it and living it. There's a permeable barrier between the two. █

AR: Exactly. It's like the *mise en abyme* versus real infinity or something.

NM: You bring to mind this notion from Kabbalistic studies, that if one is performing the mitzvah of reading the Torah, one can either birth an angel or a demon, depending on your mindset, and I wonder what you think about echo chambers. We have this notion that as we are bearing witness to atrocity, we're doing something noble in sharing it, but so often I'm guilty of shutting down. I have to shut down for my own sanity.

AR: I really resonate with the question. And I think it's a fact, this metaphor from the Kabbalah—as we're studying the Holy Book, depending on our state of mind, we can either give birth to an angel or a demon. There is something very nauseatingly biblical about the infinite scroll of the Internet. And I try not to go into it with a naked mind. I try to be prepared. I try to have meditated already before I'm looking at it because your mind has to go in there, and I have to be prepared to take everything, the worst things that a human being could possibly imagine—the tritest things, things that are going to touch any point in my consciousness. I have to be prepared that it will either give birth to an angel or a demon, and this is happening at every moment. Is that quantum? That's what I think of as quantum...

NM: I think you're definitely onto something, yes.

AR: ...and the sense that the moral thing is to reproduce the horror, but then one shuts down,

one goes numb, one collapses, and I've done both. I've posted and reposted, and I've also not done so.

Ultimately, I wrote *Wave of Blood* so as not to go insane or to bear witness to an insanity that by chance I was put on display in the midst of. I just happened to be in public, needing to be in public at that time, and I was granted a temporary reprieve from the ways that I'd been suffering—what was happening to all of us. Writing the book made me so sick I had to mutate in order to finish it, and then I was not exactly numb, but just sort of outside of the consciousness that was wanting to be moral or trying to be moral. Like, my sense is that—how do I say this?

You know, Virginia Woolf wrote *Three Guineas* a long time ago. Susan Sontag wrote *Regarding the Pain of Others*, also kind of a long time ago. This is a problem we haven't figured out, and it's not just a social or political problem; it's a problem of consciousness. I think social media is in its infancy, or maybe it's early adolescence at this point – I don't know, we'll see how long it lasts – but on some level, it seems to me good things in human nature like empathy and openness have been so over-exploited and manipulated there's an exhaustion in the human field right now and it's not only a nervous system exhaustion, it's a moral exhaust. And a spiritual exhaustion.

Merely trying to whip oneself into being more empathetic or more self-abnegating—this is how a lot of the mystics in divinity school are. Apparently, most of the population doesn't immediately skew toward mystical self-abnegation, but a lot of people in divinity school do. That's not helpful. That's not going to be able to bring a better world into being. But I think there is something maybe very feminine.

This is not a scientific statement, but, I feel, the witnessing of horrors is specifically doing violence to something that feels very feminine in me. It is making me feel like it's an emergency. I have to drop everything. I have to protect someone. I have to save someone. I have to put my body on the line to stop this from happening. It's pulling on the maternal, but it's fucking with it because I can't do anything. That is a raping of something very beautiful in human nature. I see something horrible happening to someone, and I simply want to stop it. That's a very basic way to feel that shouldn't be messed with. It's not a bad thing that we feel this way.

Sorry, it's so hard to talk about.

NM: There's not a thing to apologise for. I agree with you.

I think we can turn to the other work which I found, as a compliment to *Wave of Blood*, again, excoriating and (this word is overused but) visceral.

You started *The Rose* first, is that correct?

AR: Yes.

NM: I felt it complements well the vaguely dualistic terms we've been using throughout this conversation.

The way I read it was that you have work, on the one hand, about death and, on the other, about total erotic destruction. A type of sacrifice, almost, the desire for desire itself. This is how I read it. I don't know if I'm anywhere near the mark.

AR: I love hearing this. I'm happy that resonates in some way.

NM: I had seen on social media that, in retrospect, you were still discovering what it was about.

Have you gone back to it at all?

AR: It's funny, I haven't reread it lately, but I'm going to have to for the audiobook. And I actually really like that I still haven't decided what it's about. That's why I'm really enjoying hearing what you make of it.

There's a quality of mystical experience. That, for me, is what's exciting about writing a book that I understand, but also don't understand, which is that when I reread it, I feel like I'm remembering something. In a similar way, some of the most intense mystical experiences I've had in my life – actually, all of them if I'm really honest – have a quality of memory inside them. Like I already knew this, but it's also like a complete eureka. It's like a quantum shift, but also an uncanny feeling in all the cells of the body telling you that you know this.

All of my books have been a little bit like this. You pitch the ball out, and it's like something in me knows where it will land, but the rest of me doesn't know yet what it is. The love affair with that guy—he gave his complete consent for me to study him.

My joke throughout our affair was, "I'm only studying you for science. I'm only here for science." I've been thinking a lot this week about how incredible it is that people allow themselves to be scrutinised by me in love. I can't get over how generous that is. Because there is something cruel about it. And I've been thinking a lot about the male muse as it's figured in my life. About "the patient etherised upon a table", to quote T.S. Eliot.

There's a way in which the muse is also consenting to be studied for science, to be cut up, to be dissected, to be examined. What I didn't realise when I started *The Rose*, because my mother wasn't dead yet, was how much grief was already in it. I didn't realise how much sex had become a space for grieving that nothing else in life would permit, because it's a place of excess. It can also be a place of secrecy, privacy. Also, it's a space of incredible generosity for people who don't necessarily know each other or don't even like each other, or people who nominatively love each other, but in this way they both know isn't good for either of them—there's still this incredible generosity people show one another as lovers. I found that so beautiful. The process of the love affair that really inspired *The Rose*, but also the whole process of working through it and writing the book, felt like it restored a piece of my soul that I had lost access to.

NM: When I was reading the book, a particular line that stuck out for me was, "There is no hiding from your heart." You're so exposed, but you're also offering up so much. Meaning, you're not able to hide, yes, but you're not able to hide from the notion of love.

When I was reading the book, it related in my mind to Hadewijch's notion of the abyss of love, which she draws from Psalm 41—"deep calls unto deep." The idea is we are this blank

space calling to the abyss that is God. I think maybe why it came up for me is because she says the best way to approach this love is to create a bit of an abyss within yourself, to become abject, become grotesque and insane and unfaithful.

AR: Here, I'm going to say no, actually. I've become fatigued with the abject, and not because it isn't real or because it isn't true, but it's not a choice.

It gets too romanticised, in the same way that schizophrenia got romanticised in the 70s by people who weren't schizophrenic. This is where our metaphors get too easy. Schizophrenia is a great metaphor, just like making an abyss within oneself. That all sounds very dignified and beautiful, in a way, and it also sounds worthwhile, but the reality of it isn't. It's not voluntary.

Where it becomes really exciting and dangerous is how you orient yourself within it, if you should be so unlucky as to find yourself there. I think we've OD'd on negativity. We who are empathic or who love and want to valorise and affirm the power and depth of love. I feel like my work does have a visceral quality, and one thing that was given to me freely in my life was suffering. I'm rich and wealthy in it. I've had plenty of it. The universe has given to me, lavishly. But I think that it's really dangerous to romanticise it.

That might seem paradoxical, given that so many of my books deal with it. But we're at a point also morally, ethically, where only romanticising how intensely we feel isn't going to cut it. It hasn't cut it, actually. I get a little bit worried and nervous when my work is cast into that abyss because I actually think, in my experience of having been given the abyss, what excites me or interests me is the wrestling with it.

There's great dignity and majesty in love. There's something transforming about it. It does seem to change reality, and we get to live in a time where, on some level, we have some degree of free love. I'm referencing the Romantic poets, especially Shelley.

We have this freedom, but we still haven't figured out what to do with it. (Now, in a way, I'm coming back to your first question about astrology.) I'm talking about Pluto in Libra. Beginning with the Pluto in Libra generation, we started to have an experience. After the Boomers, people are dying and being reborn through love, through deep relationship. And there is an abyss we do have to cross, or we do have to pass through, because nowadays, we don't have to marry for life. We're not given away in marriage as preteens or whatever, like, there is more freedom in love than maybe has ever existed on the planet. As a result, though, we've also had the experience of dying and being reborn through romantic relating, and I think that that has been changing consciousness. It's important to remember—it's not an abyss, it's a birth canal. It's not the *de profundis*, the bottom bowels of hell. Abjection, hell, these spaces are spaces that we move *through*. We really have to insist on that, or else I'll just be kind of recapitulating some kind of 70s tropes about the madwoman or the tragic nun.

NM: Well, I think I make the error of extrapolating abyss from a 13th-century interpretation of a psalm.

AR: No, my work is often connected to these kinds of excesses, and I understand why. It's obvious that this is the stuff I'm dealing with. But I want to emphasise more sovereignty, more activity, more capacity to wrestle, more agency, because I don't like the way we – the

empaths, or the people of the left or whatever – I don't like the way we hold up the intensity of our emotion as the end of the story.

If that were enough, we would be in a different place on the planet. If that were enough, we wouldn't be where we are.

NM: Thinking about the abyss, at the end of the book, you start talking about – and it's something that came up in *Wave of Blood* as well – your friend's belief that there is a single womb. There's just one womb, and everyone who has one, it's the same one. We're all universally attached to this and come from this.

You talk about love being a transformative thing, and my initial response to that is—duh, like, I can't believe that I forgot about this. I can't believe I forgot. I'm so lost in the abyss. Yes.

Wait a minute. I'm being reborn.

AR: Yeah, don't forget. Don't stop in the birth canal! You can get all the way out. It's very important to remember.

NM: So, I appreciate the reminder.

AR: I forget too. I forget all the time. That's why I had to write these books. I'm serious.

NM: It just shot out for me, this line from *Wave of Blood*, "The Fool is the poet card." And I wondered, first of all, if you could just walk me through what you mean by this. And secondly, if you would indulge me, perhaps. I drew a tarot card before we spoke today, and I wanted to get your thoughts on it.

AR: I feel like the fool has forgotten everything he knows. He knew, he knew everything, but he forgot. In consciousness, the poet is a youth, and the poet is stepping into the world for the first time with all of the fearlessness and stupidity of a child. There's something so poet about that to me. The mind of poetry is young and fresh. It's not this jaundiced, exhausted information-overloaded mind. It's a fresh mind. Obviously, that's not the mind I have all the time. Some people are more 'poet' than others, but it's a kind of consciousness, and the fool card really feels like the poet to me.

NM: I drew the eight of swords...

AR: Well, first of all, I should say, I'm not a tarot expert or a numerology expert, but I'm just going to look at my eight of swords right now.

In the Crowley deck, the eight of swords is Jupiter in Gemini. The swords are frayed. Two axes are trying to clearly communicate and function, but they're being interfered with. It's sort of the overloaded mind, the dataset in a way. It's a great metaphor for what you set up in our conversation, which is like the pink noise to drown out the neighbours, as it were; or your moral attempt to live your days and live your life without numbing out to the dataset, but while staying in the numinous. You're essentially trying to live in two worlds at once, and there's a great deal of interference, which creates a lot of mental stress and strife. The swords being the suit that represents the mind.

In some sense, there's a need for grounding and soothing and simplifying, because the energy is being shredded. Too much information, to put it really simply.

NM: Wow. That cuts to the quick.

AR: But that is our life, right? The eight of swords is accurate to the dataset in which we live. That's the condition in which the mind is operating. It's one of the reasons why we need these quantum tools. To clear this interference because all these things are true, yet some things are more importantly true than others. Nothing in the eight of swords is unreal, even though it's all the mind. On some level, it's all illusion. All of this data is real, but I need a way of organising it such that I'm dealing with what is most real. Those are the conditions under which we live.

Allowing the wave to sort of pass over you, and then, I don't know, once it's gone, you can see where you stand. If you haven't been dragged too far out into the sea.