

## FAILURE

One evening I don't move  
a hair. Gradually I give  
up all thoughts, and finally  
the subconscious as well.  
My breathing grinds to a  
halt. Then my heartbeat.  
There is no less possible.

The center of this negation  
coincides with the center  
of my life. If I survive  
it, nothing is the same.  
If I do not survive it,  
nothing is the same. This  
is the principle of the  
conservation of nothing.