Twitter Thread by Polina



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I read things, you see?
I read a lot of things. I know how rapidly everything can change. When I see you try to declare "they're just not regularly around women and don't know them" I mock you and will continue to do so. Because you have no idea what's happened.

Kant never really got around to being near women.

Did he hate them?

Yet there are contradictions and I've noticed that where they are seemingly present, rumination is a normal behavior.

That'll drive you insane. I would know.

While I've learned to see it and let go of nearly all of it after the fact I don't think most people understand that almost none of it is real.

Rumination is like a miniature psychosis that normal people can suffer and induce. That's what it's like.

Well, that's what it's like if there was no need for the repetition as much as conditions. Normally it's almost instantaneous. But that's pretty close and something I think most people could understand.

You ever ruminated over something? Alone. For a long time. More and more rapidly reliving the situation as it compounds until the emotional reaction it gets from you was as if it were the greatest destruction and insult ever laid on you.

Maybe later on once it's all settled and you're back to normal, you look at what you felt and it just seems fucking insane afterwards. It made no sense,

you were acting waaaaaaaaay out of proportion for what it was and it turns out, the perceived thing in something that upset you so much, never actually happened, you just perceived it being that negative way.

Like when you hear someone say something just out of earshot and imagine it hostile and about you.

If schizophrenia is the warping of the thing, psychosis is the warping of the context and it's seemingly very important that that's actually something even normally healthy people can and often do.

You know, I read once that Iranian have a "holiday" where they basically intensely remember history and slights to the country over and over again all day. Basically engaging in a holiday of rumination.

Seemed strange but useful.