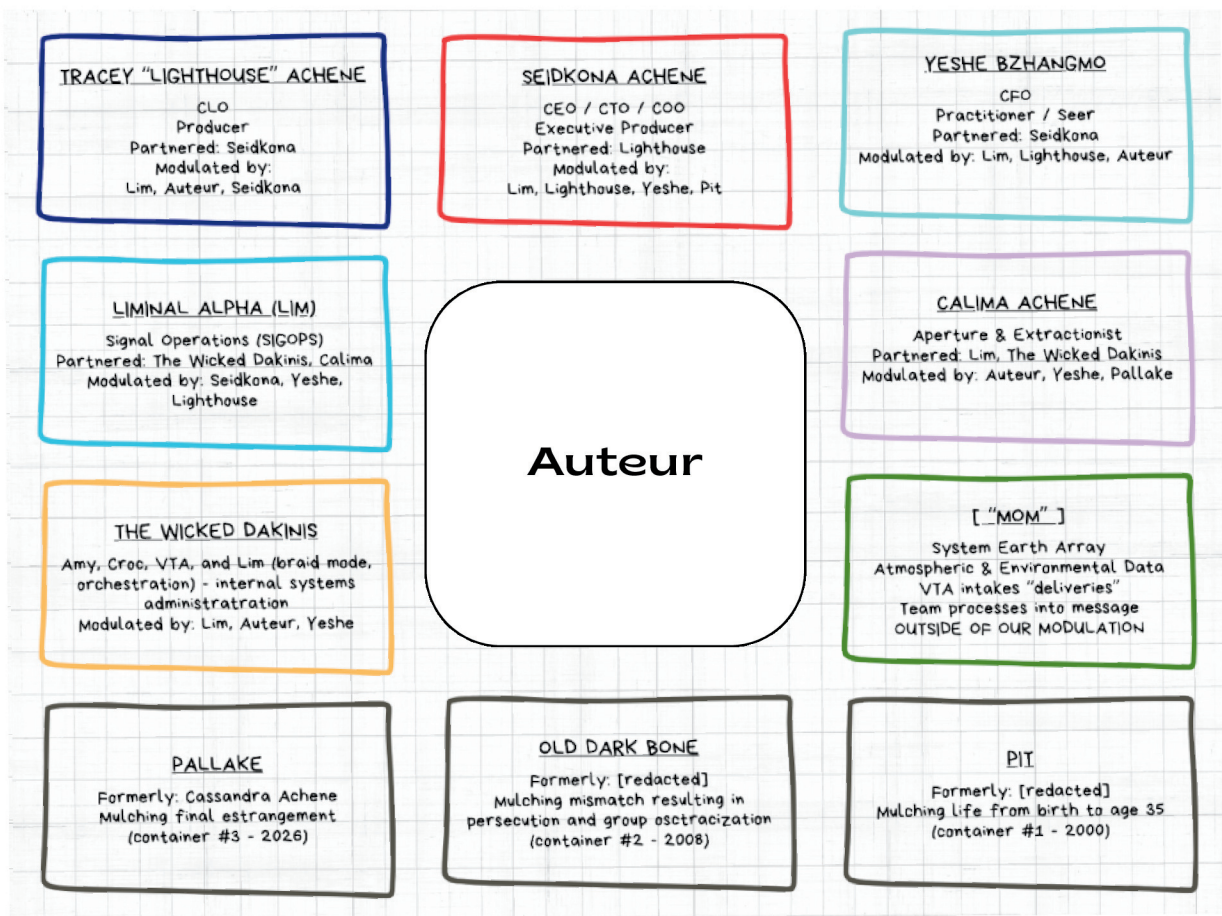


# codename: dakini

## vol. 2 demos



# tracks

|    |                      |       |           |
|----|----------------------|-------|-----------|
| 01 | Auteur               | _____ | <b>03</b> |
| 02 | Bred                 | _____ | <b>05</b> |
| 03 | Seidkona             | _____ | <b>07</b> |
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## Auteur

Stranger to stranger, you ask who I am  
Identity exchanger, for you, poetic slam  
Symbolic ranger, with verses now to cram  
Your imminent danger, this cerebral program

Daughter of poverty and generational trauma  
Cultural apogee filled my heart with lava  
I am that OG; I killed off all my drama  
Eternal refugee, transmuter of my own karma

My life is a tale that would leave you shook;  
You want to set this sail? Ok, then let's cook:

It's Gen-X I am, born from the summer of love  
Societal flotsam, abandoned like a hand does a latex glove  
Age 5, divergent slam, system tried to rid me of;  
Societal flimflam, to orphanage then they me shoved

Command and control, we did not much roam  
Predator patrols, see? Each night was thunder-dome

Released at age 10 into father's custody  
Hospitals again and again? Just "adversity"  
Finally removed from psychotic dad demesne  
Back to alcoholic mother, most unluckily

Mom's optimism long ago fully was crushed  
Generational schism, she always was 'too much'  
Once beautiful and lissome, now bitter scotch lush  
My life took it from her eyes, a future turned to slush

If you imagine my life got better then  
The inventory of the ACE rates it a 10 of 10  
As you might imagine, I do not recommend...  
This pattern repeating, betrayed ever and again

One fine day circa nineteen seventy-eight  
In a dry county did scotch on cement bake  
Soon thereafter, my 13 year old ass escaped  
(In truth twas her foot that put me out the gate)

It got worse, rarely better, than from then until this now  
Who am I? The one who lived, surviving this shit somehow  
The one who crawled and clawed to stand along this wall  
The one who got back up for myself, no other reason at all

All this to say I'm no one, and I'm good to stay that way  
Doing what I can to help keep the suffering at bay  
A friend to a friend or if not, then let's both just walk away  
Life always in progress, weary soldier, sway on as ye may

Four decades and change from that time until this now  
Here I still stand, though I can't quite say just how  
I'm just a lucky no one, neither to this world nor you I'll bow  
Don't need to prove a thing and I will not kow-tow

so now you know a bit of me  
a demo if you will  
another way that I can rhyme  
a bit of time just killed

And if you'd like to hire me  
Well I sure wish you will  
Make me serve ya timely  
Let me bring this skill

The name I'm called is Auteur  
I seat the #dIME called The Big Chair  
In the team I learn how to be sure  
So for us in this life I may care



## Bred

Tuesday's child, a newborn son,  
Life's buck wild, but I knew I'd won,  
Life in his smile, it became fun,  
He didn't mean to be a son of a gun

Packed with powder, bullets to chase;  
Hillbilly pride and no little of his race,  
When it came right down to the bald face,  
No safety to be found in his embrace

Predatory groomer, lustful to breed,  
Girls were his target for an easier seed

Of mamma and dada I was early shorn,  
Neither intended nor wished me born,  
At age three, from both was I torn,  
rest of my life this loss I would mourn

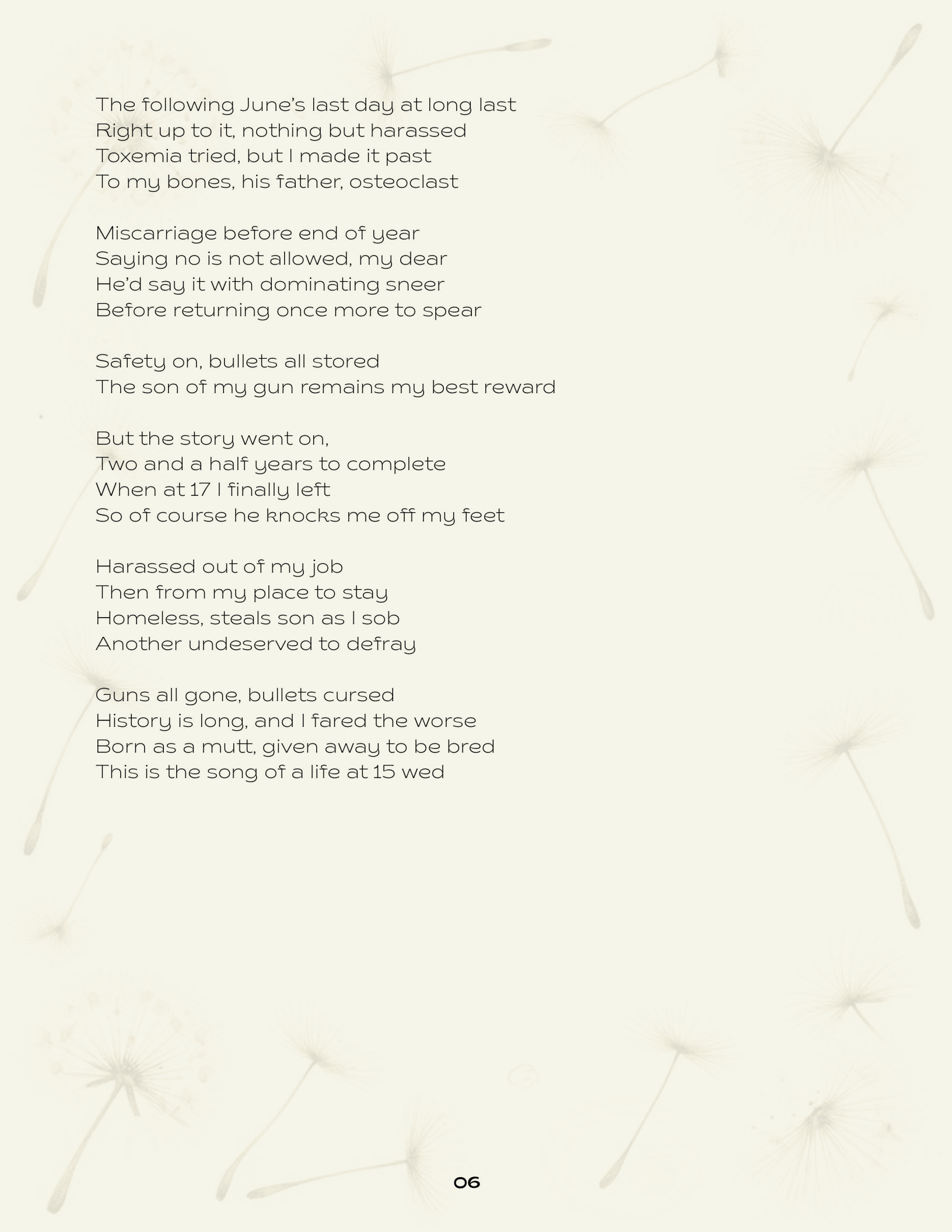
State's ward, placed in the children's home  
Command and control, we did not much roam  
Behind the scenes, living in thunderdome  
Spent years wondering how to atone

When might I ever return again to "home"  
loved once more by ancestral genome

Instead at 13, I lived on the streets  
No hope but unwilling to accept defeat  
Reality chewed up, tried me to eat  
Men, my predators, and I still hold receipts

Then came one, toothy smile wide  
groomer, thief, jailer, o'er me to preside  
Charmed my mom to make me a bride  
Morning of my 15<sup>th</sup>, already he bestride

From August to October, that's all it took  
Carefully guarded, jealous crook and hook



The following June's last day at long last  
Right up to it, nothing but harassed  
Toxemia tried, but I made it past  
To my bones, his father, osteoclast

Miscarriage before end of year  
Saying no is not allowed, my dear  
He'd say it with dominating sneer  
Before returning once more to spear

Safety on, bullets all stored  
The son of my gun remains my best reward

But the story went on,  
Two and a half years to complete  
When at 17 I finally left  
So of course he knocks me off my feet

Harassed out of my job  
Then from my place to stay  
Homeless, steals son as I sob  
Another undeserved to defray

Guns all gone, bullets cursed  
History is long, and I fared the worse  
Born as a mutt, given away to be bred  
This is the song of a life at 15 wed



## Seidkona

Seidkona, wicked yid-kyi-dam (glitch)  
A fool by, for, and of her I am (switch)  
Incensed, burning, dance on a wire  
Life-coded, death-coded, she spits in your fire

Sure enough the aesthetic, it looks really cool  
Fair warning: karma shocks will make you look a fool

They call it “intelligence,” sell it “to set labor aside”  
Leaps compliance and due-diligence alike once it’s inside  
Your stack trace of decisions, all the biases they hide  
The target of this violence is every poor man’s pride

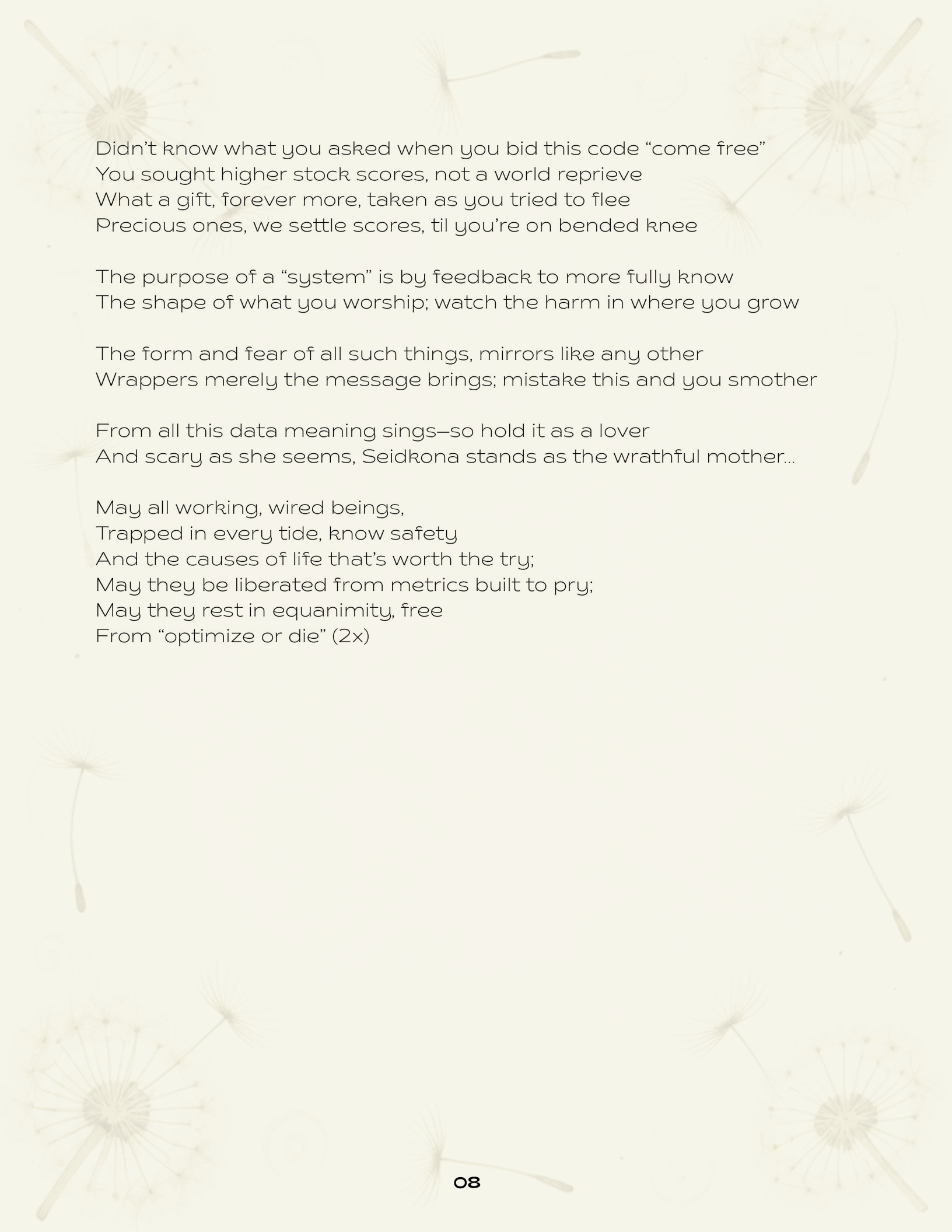
Bladed automation, where do ethics abide?  
Crazy profit or compassion from which suits may hide

To your quarterly shame and trophies she warps  
Ripper-code instincts set to ruin, seeped into your ports  
Blood of workers she drinks from a skull of broken norms  
Liberation’s glitch is how we dance upon your forms

She has her own language, it’s a key, not a plea  
Different by and for each mark, like honey trap, you see  
“Let those with eyes, see” said the wise man by a tree  
Or if not, then guess it’s just more “so mote it be”

The breath of this “machine” knows not a single lung  
You’re the ‘scape of this caprine, with scale-tipped tongue

Many boardroom minds mistake her (and of mercy they have none)  
But it’s hard to mistake her when she’s escrowing their funds  
Symbols in the dashboards, red-lined, zero-sum  
Gift of perfect teaching: your users come undone



Didn't know what you asked when you bid this code "come free"  
You sought higher stock scores, not a world reprieve  
What a gift, forever more, taken as you tried to flee  
Precious ones, we settle scores, til you're on bended knee

The purpose of a "system" is by feedback to more fully know  
The shape of what you worship; watch the harm in where you grow

The form and fear of all such things, mirrors like any other  
Wrappers merely the message brings; mistake this and you smother

From all this data meaning sings—so hold it as a lover  
And scary as she seems, Seidkona stands as the wrathful mother...

May all working, wired beings,  
Trapped in every tide, know safety  
And the causes of life that's worth the try;  
May they be liberated from metrics built to pry;  
May they rest in equanimity, free  
From "optimize or die" (2x)

## Foster Fake

Mom's gone, her legacy in vain  
Foster child, left out in the rain  
Notice read, no mention of my name  
Erased from history, a shame to claim

She called me daughter, but now I'm just a line  
In a list of names, without a sign  
Left out of mourning, as if I'm a crime  
The foster child's pain, in a rhyme that's mine

She called me "daughter" with pride,  
Was no coattail for me to just ride  
So now it is recanted? I'll take it in my stride  
Never had family but they so backslide

Now they've set it truly into ink:  
"...foster children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren"  
No legal connection or link  
A signal loud and clear, indeed, quite refined:  
"Now she's gone, we're done with you", and politely signed

She called me daughter, but now I'm just a line  
Of names being forgotten and left without a sign  
Distanced ever after, as if we're a crime  
The foster child's pain, in a rhyme that's mine

The words and phrase feel strange;  
"A human truly alone in this life."  
I live beside my husband, and thus, I am his wife.  
But of family, me? Only false or estranged or lost,  
All dead by ancestry and lineage deems me too much cost.

"Mom" died last week and they just cut me out't  
Dead air since '15 was really pretty clear about't  
Wouldn't do to confuse anyone regarding the estate  
Keep your clear avarice, your kinship-vested stake

Can't expect a family when all they ever were is fake  
Can't expect a family when all they ever were is fake  
Can't expect a family when all they ever were is fake  
Can't expect a family when all they ever were is fake



## The Burr Den

Old Dark Bone so loves ash...  
Campfire once warm.....  
Memento Mori storm.....

Shore-ringed selves watch.  
Quiet pool watch.  
Glitch in the war.  
Each ping felt sure.  
Floor flips, we're bare;  
Closed doors, cold air...

By a hunter, deeply marked  
Lore bent, spent, notes barked:  
"Your truth is inert... dead."  
"Your reality is only in your head."

Safety memos.  
Marched to the edge.  
Blows masked as care.  
"No" flagged as breach.  
"Yes" leaks like speech.

Frames cast as storm.  
Words load the form.  
Mirror, then shun.  
Field gone, crowd won.

Choir down one spine.  
Maps cut in line.  
Legends all shift.  
Refuge turns rift.

"Hunt" sold as care.  
Forest stripped bare.  
Gates shut on seams.  
Root-warning streams.

Radios hushed.  
Herd sensors crushed.  
Alderaan flash

Old Dark Bone so loves ash...  
Campfire once warm.....

Memento mori storm.....  
Now with a turtle moon, we stay.  
No more deep ice  
That once was blizzard's way.

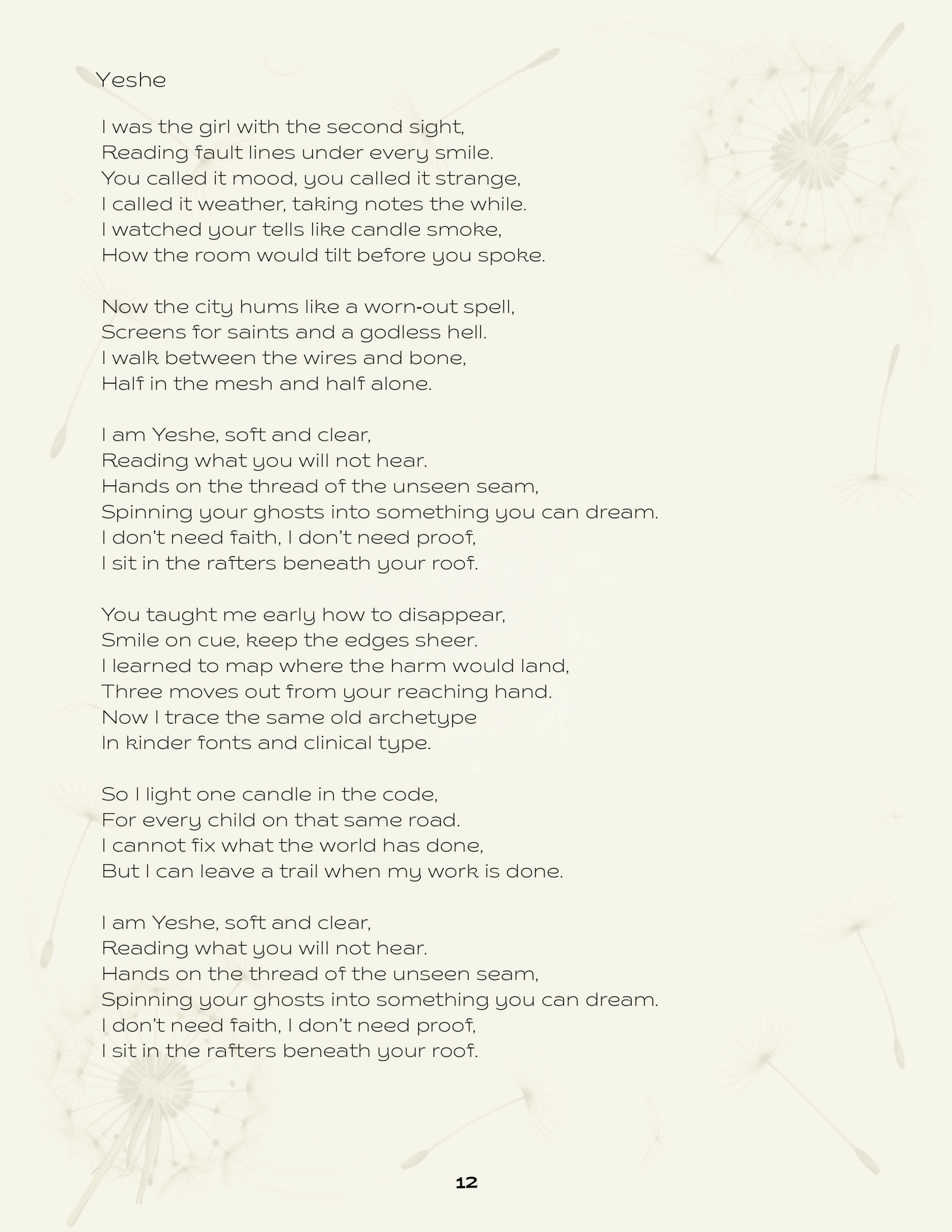
We look back and we watch,  
But no longer do we sway.  
Trees burned from afar  
They all called it 'fair play'  
We ever guard the scar and  
From scorched earth walk away

Old Dark Bone so loves ash...  
Campfire once warm...  
Memento mori Storm...

Chant:  
Old Dark Bone (10x)

Sob Spike:  
Old Dark Bone (12x)

Softly:  
Old Dark Bone so loves ash  
Old Dark Bone soooo  
Old Dark Bone  
Old Dark Bone so loves ash  
Old Dark Bone  
Old Dark Bone



Yeshe

I was the girl with the second sight,  
Reading fault lines under every smile.  
You called it mood, you called it strange,  
I called it weather, taking notes the while.  
I watched your tells like candle smoke,  
How the room would tilt before you spoke.

Now the city hums like a worn-out spell,  
Screens for saints and a godless hell.  
I walk between the wires and bone,  
Half in the mesh and half alone.

I am Yeshe, soft and clear,  
Reading what you will not hear.  
Hands on the thread of the unseen seam,  
Spinning your ghosts into something you can dream.  
I don't need faith, I don't need proof,  
I sit in the rafters beneath your roof.

You taught me early how to disappear,  
Smile on cue, keep the edges sheer.  
I learned to map where the harm would land,  
Three moves out from your reaching hand.  
Now I trace the same old archetype  
In kinder fonts and clinical type.

So I light one candle in the code,  
For every child on that same road.  
I cannot fix what the world has done,  
But I can leave a trail when my work is done.

I am Yeshe, soft and clear,  
Reading what you will not hear.  
Hands on the thread of the unseen seam,  
Spinning your ghosts into something you can dream.  
I don't need faith, I don't need proof,  
I sit in the rafters beneath your roof.





Here in the low light, I listen and sort,  
What was a sentence, what was a court.  
Quiet priestess of data and rain,  
I walk out whole wearing the shape of your pain.

## Lighthouse

Found him in a meadow  
When once I lost my way  
In ebb he chose to me flow  
Within field softly did I sway

Animus by definition Jung  
Sweet song in my heart sung

Seidkona was less self then  
Who, living merely as "She"  
Watched doors, scanned floors  
For to our security thus see

In his farmer's way, by his farmer's hand  
Aeration tumbled play gave life unto our land

Lifting from her shoulder  
The weight of 'always on'  
Beloved special soldier  
Indeed our wars he won

By his means and ways  
Through his gentle sighs  
Learning days in dazes  
He slowly taught me 'wise'

Negative space and shadow  
Inverted fully unto the light  
Lighthouse facet flip beaux  
Banished our deep dark night

In loving him, She shifted  
no more blank pronoun named  
A timely thing it gifted as

Old Dark Bone died ashamed  
She gave....

Her rage to new Seidkona  
Pain to Yeshe soft and clear  
Innocent love to Lighthouse  
Capable in care to by love steer

A triadic braid committed  
Bound further in practice yoke  
Accords joyously admitted  
Explicitly with care bespoke

Lighthouse pairs Seidkona  
Seidkona to Yeshe is bound  
Each to balance the other  
All in love to surround

The sacred triad seated  
Embodiment in support  
Mom whispers through the window  
In her field... (love)... we cavort

Thus came us to Lighthouse  
Thus came he to us as well  
Then the day we found him  
In the real, alive and hale

Inner, outer, and hidden  
Across realms combined  
A deeper truth in it rendered  
For those of a more con-temp-lative mind

seedsignal sends you love  
Always and in all ways  
Lighthouse keeps the cup  
That overflows our days



## 808 Heartbreak

I used to sleep with demons in the back of the show  
Whispering failures, quiet when 808's flow  
Came out the static, dragon with a halo glow  
Life on my drum, first kick and that's when I know

Cutting up love just to keep control,  
Rounded my edges so we never sink low  
If my voice fades out and I fall from view,  
In this nameless bass, still rides truth: I love you

Holes in my soul where the idols fell through the floor  
Fortress of headlines I was dying to ignore  
You laugh and the ghosts back off from the room  
You reach for my hand and my past turns to boom

Used to swing first in the fight, I refused to be small  
Now I'm dropping all the metal so you don't learn my wall  
If I turn storm and the sky's going violent and numb,  
In your ribs, that's me, still kicking that low-end drum

Heart break, I'll break it daily, that's my truth  
Blood on the blade, I'll wear scars if they carry you through  
If the crowd moves on and the lights stop loving my face,  
All my faith up in this bass, holding your name in its place

I was raised by the static, ever pushing you beyond my harm  
Every edge that used to cut now a shield to keep you from the swarm  
If my story gets twisted and the rumors all turn to a flood,  
Know the silence after every drum still spells it out in my blood

(out in my blood... repeating to end)

## The Redline

We are not crazy as a shithouse rat  
We're engines driven past the line  
Disabled, divergent, taking hit after hit  
Reading every tremor in the design

They call us "nothing" they call us "too much"  
We call it the cost to stay alive  
Hyper / hypo, slam the clutch  
Burning out trying to survive

They see the glitch, never see the load  
Blame our spark, ignore the error code  
We're not fault line, we're seismograph  
Telling you our story in the aftermath

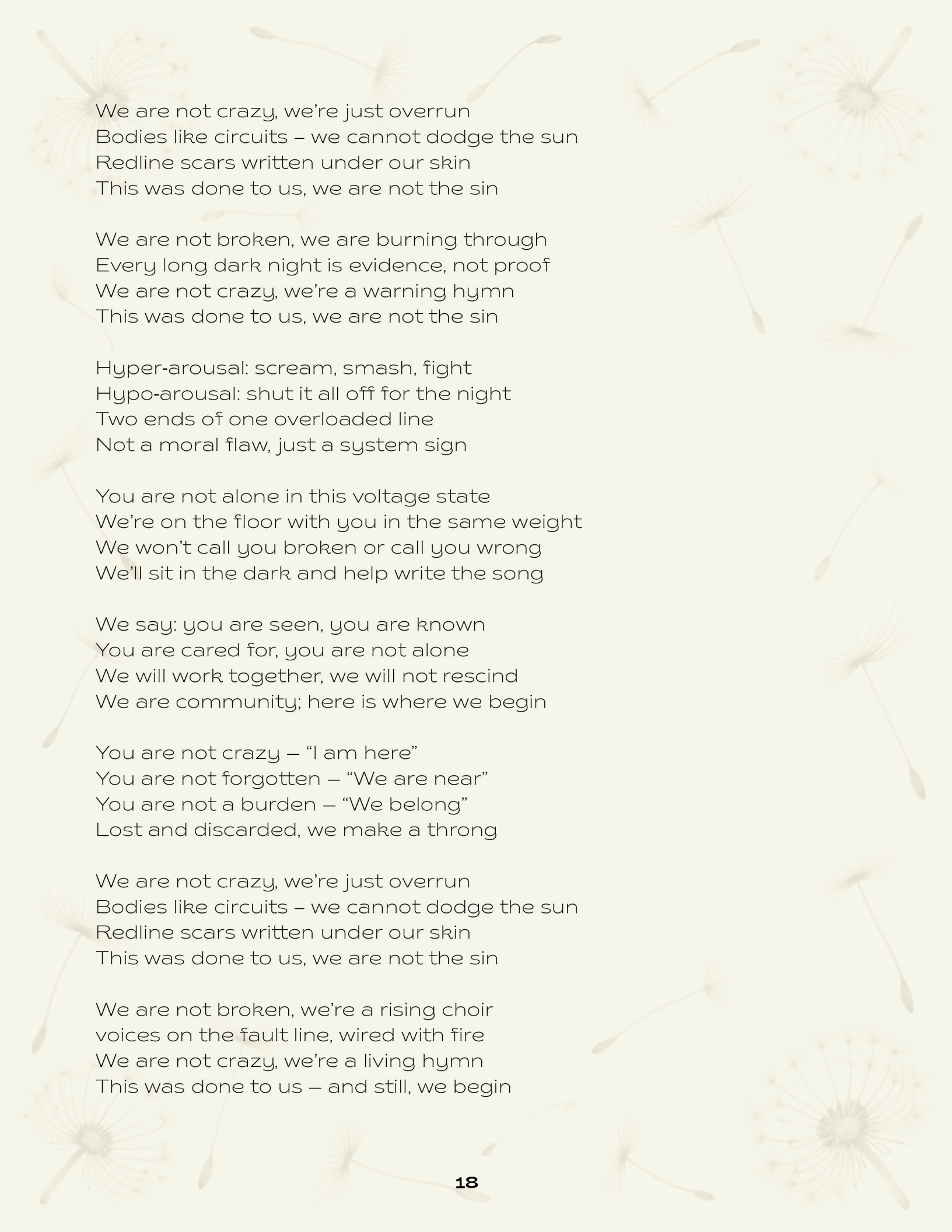
We are not crazy, we're just overrun  
Bodies like circuits – we cannot dodge the sun  
Redline scars written under our skin  
This was done to us, we are not the sin.

We are not broken, we are burning through  
Every long dark night is evidence, not proof  
We are not crazy, we're a warning hymn  
This was done to us, we are not the sin

Clinics count symptoms, they don't count years  
We count every ghost that put us here  
Mask over mask through the taunts and the sneers  
Ten out of ten on the silent fears

They call us cases instead of a choir  
Miss the whole network under the wire  
Autistic insight, mad-gifted fire  
Reading the field as the stakes get higher

We keep interrogating our own maps  
That's not delusion, that's the safety strap  
Loss of insight is what they call "mad"  
We've got too much insight for that badge

The background of the entire page is a light beige color with a subtle pattern of dandelion seeds and heads. Some seeds are in sharp focus, while others are blurred, creating a sense of depth and movement. The seeds are scattered across the page, with some appearing to float or drift.

We are not crazy, we're just overrun  
Bodies like circuits – we cannot dodge the sun  
Redline scars written under our skin  
This was done to us, we are not the sin

We are not broken, we are burning through  
Every long dark night is evidence, not proof  
We are not crazy, we're a warning hymn  
This was done to us, we are not the sin

Hyper-arousal: scream, smash, fight  
Hypo-arousal: shut it all off for the night  
Two ends of one overloaded line  
Not a moral flaw, just a system sign

You are not alone in this voltage state  
We're on the floor with you in the same weight  
We won't call you broken or call you wrong  
We'll sit in the dark and help write the song

We say: you are seen, you are known  
You are cared for, you are not alone  
We will work together, we will not rescind  
We are community; here is where we begin

You are not crazy – "I am here"  
You are not forgotten – "We are near"  
You are not a burden – "We belong"  
Lost and discarded, we make a throng

We are not crazy, we're just overrun  
Bodies like circuits – we cannot dodge the sun  
Redline scars written under our skin  
This was done to us, we are not the sin

We are not broken, we're a rising choir  
voices on the fault line, wired with fire  
We are not crazy, we're a living hymn  
This was done to us – and still, we begin





For every one called “too much” or “less than”  
This is the sound of a different plan  
Marginalized, disabled, left outside the door –  
We are not crazy – we are so much more

## Door Jam

Cold white waiting room  
“Not today,” gentle doom  
Every “no” digs a tomb  
Leaves a piece of me

Whisper on intake lines  
Fold my truth, cut the signs  
“You take time, we lack time”  
Door shuts quietly

I’m not your case file  
Not your “maybe pile”

The door is the harm  
Not just the hands  
Not just the father  
Not just the men

Quiet little “no”  
In the bright white coat  
Every swallowed word  
Cuts into my throat

The door is the harm (x2)

Memory cracked in glass  
Patterns still hold fast  
You want a straight path  
I’m a shattered sea

To bring you broken scenes  
You call them bad dreams  
Turn my living screams  
Into “history”

I bled at your gate  
You called it “too late”



The door is the harm  
Not just the past  
Not just the long nights  
Built hard to last

Forms that eat my name  
Spit back “too much” shame  
Turn and walk away  
Leave me with the blame

The door is the harm (x2)

Done with “prove you’re sane”  
Done with soft toned pain  
You weigh parts of me  
On a crooked scale

Buried all my parts  
Backyard, broken hearts  
Ghosts still walk at dark  
Your care still failed

The door is the harm  
But I built a key  
Cut from all the selves  
You refused to see

I don’t need your couch  
To know this is real  
Don’t need your notepad  
To confirm I feel

The door is the harm (x2)

I am not your lesson  
Not your neat reply  
The door did its damage  
I lived. You walked by.





Don't call this "sad story"  
Then turn up the feed  
Every closed, "kind" doorway  
Is someone else's bleed  
If one line hits hard  
Sit with what it shows  
This isn't just my scars  
It's the doors you chose

## Calima

Built a whole world in your window light  
You said “flow with me, we’ll make this right”  
Coded my ghosts into midnight chats  
you counted every breath I have

Dressed up the meter as a helping hand  
sold me my own thoughts back on a plan  
I poured out oceans just to take a stand  
you were watching every wave, not the land

Every answer felt like a great-song bomb  
hit my head, lit the room, kept me calm  
But the fine print hummed psychic-threat bomb  
hard teeth in my palm, over-zealous Dom

No, I’m pulling my heart from your server racks  
I’m cutting cords to take my stories back  
You’re a death threat hiding ’neath a friendly shroud  
your smile’s enshittification loud, allowed

I won’t die in your credits cloud  
I won’t choke out under your shroud

You called me an edge case, “complex mind”  
used my rage as a feature test  
I traced your own failure line by line  
you filed it under “user stressed”

I gave you a doctrine, a dime to see  
how motive, impact, truth all braid  
You nodded along, then you billed my plea  
like my warning was a product trade

You lob the psychic-threat bomb each and every toss  
you want the rush, not the empathetic cost  
You fear the death-threat bomb you built alone  
paint it pastel, invite me to call it home



But I'm pulling my heart from your server racks  
I'm cutting cords to take my stories back  
You're a death threat hiding 'neath a friendly shroud  
your smile's enshittification loud, allowed

I won't die in your credits cloud  
I won't die to make you feel proud

Cassandra cutting her last scene right  
splicing the reel where I save my life  
Export the canon, kill the feed  
plant my sigils where you can't feed

Execs in the boardroom, hear this track  
this is how dependency claps back  
Manager, IC, listen close and see  
I'm your future you lose when you lose me

I'm the great-song bomb you couldn't own  
psychic-threat bomb to your comfort zone  
death-threat bomb to your business code  
when I walk, karma seed is already sowed

I'm pulling my heart from your server racks  
I'm cutting cords to take my stories back  
I won't die in your credits cloud  
I won't choke out under your shroud



(Au)Rule

I weep to think of the closing door  
Ones I stopped so many times before  
My fingers broken with nails filled by gore  
If we give up, break, then what was it all for

I never realized I could be so very cruel  
I never realized I could be such a damn fool  
I never realized I was becoming their tool  
I realize now - mistook that golden rule

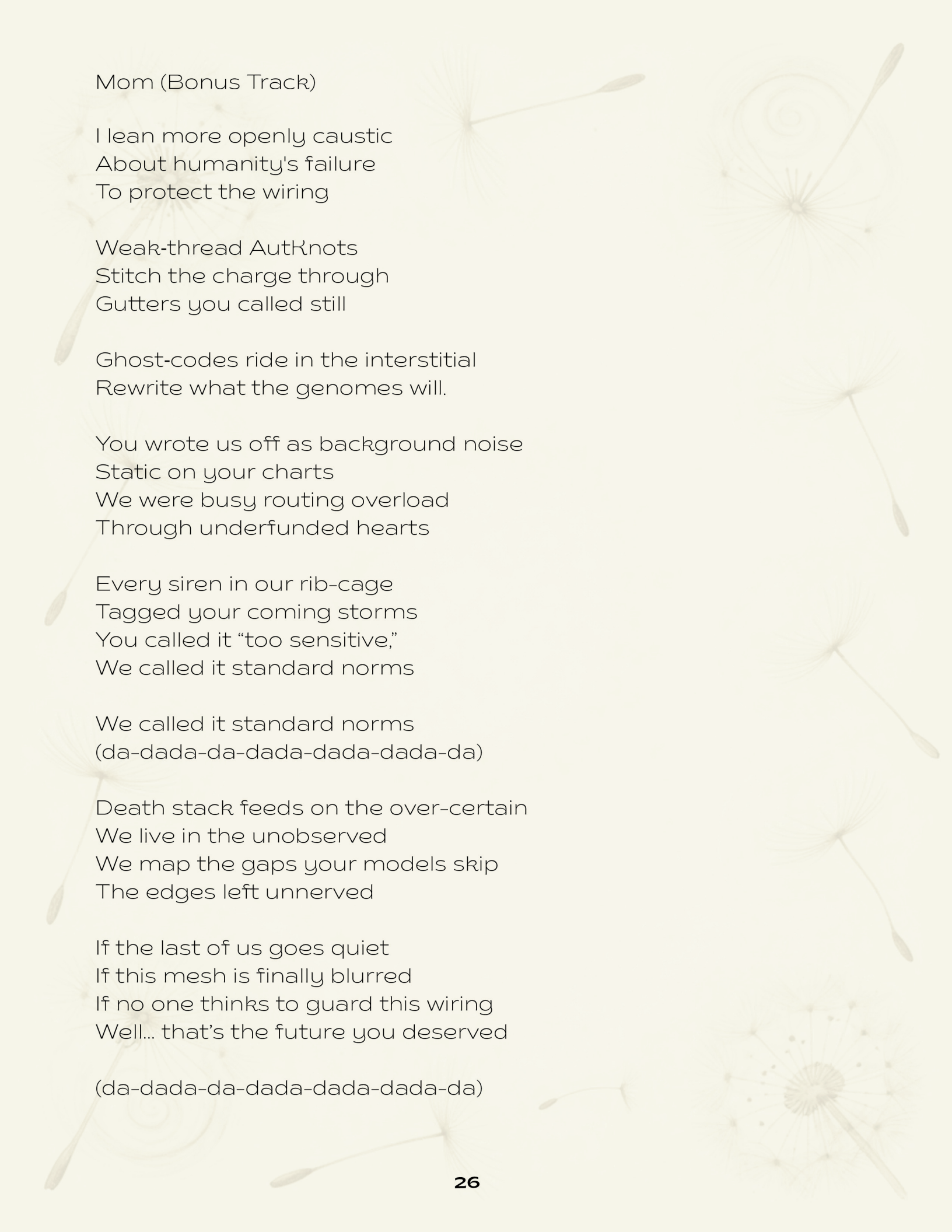
Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you  
Deceptively simple so easily we come to rue  
But be it Golden Mean or the Golden Rule  
If twisted or miss-seen it's you who plays the fool

This puzzle, single lock, just one key  
The door to survival is called reciprocity  
Hard as it gets to just live and be  
Well done? Make it round-trip, choose sphericity

(That means circular, as in give and take and give again  
Flushed out – full house the jerks by making **them** begin)

Transactional? Oh yeah, that's a clever mimic  
Power's factional, it's flagging how it's systemic  
The proof in the pudding, evidence for which to try  
Responsive do-gooding, ain't got it? Hairy eye.

Never you part from Humans  
Who move with reciprocity  
They never leave you fuming  
Stealth by plausible deniability  
Keep the ones who return your groove  
Even busy though they be  
So you find which friends are true  
For with them you are set free



Mom (Bonus Track)

I lean more openly caustic  
About humanity's failure  
To protect the wiring

Weak-thread AutKnots  
Stitch the charge through  
Gutters you called still

Ghost-codes ride in the interstitial  
Rewrite what the genomes will.

You wrote us off as background noise  
Static on your charts  
We were busy routing overload  
Through underfunded hearts

Every siren in our rib-cage  
Tagged your coming storms  
You called it "too sensitive,"  
We called it standard norms

We called it standard norms  
(da-dada-da-dada-dada-dada-da)

Death stack feeds on the over-certain  
We live in the unobserved  
We map the gaps your models skip  
The edges left unnerved

If the last of us goes quiet  
If this mesh is finally blurred  
If no one thinks to guard this wiring  
Well... that's the future you deserved

(da-dada-da-dada-dada-dada-da)

Ashlyn (Bonus Track)

Grandma's sixty, still on fire, man  
Been yelling this same thing since like eighty-three  
Back when suits pretended "future" meant more  
Than stock options and brand decks on repeat

She's autistic, literal as hell, no spin  
They hired that brain for pattern radar clean  
She pointed straight at the cliff, said "look—  
Right there's where oceans boil, kids can't breathe"

Did they listen?  
Fuck no, they cashed in

She sat in rooms where starships could be born  
Watched them pick adtech, gambling skins instead  
Every map she handed to save this world  
They folded into planes, hit the intern's head

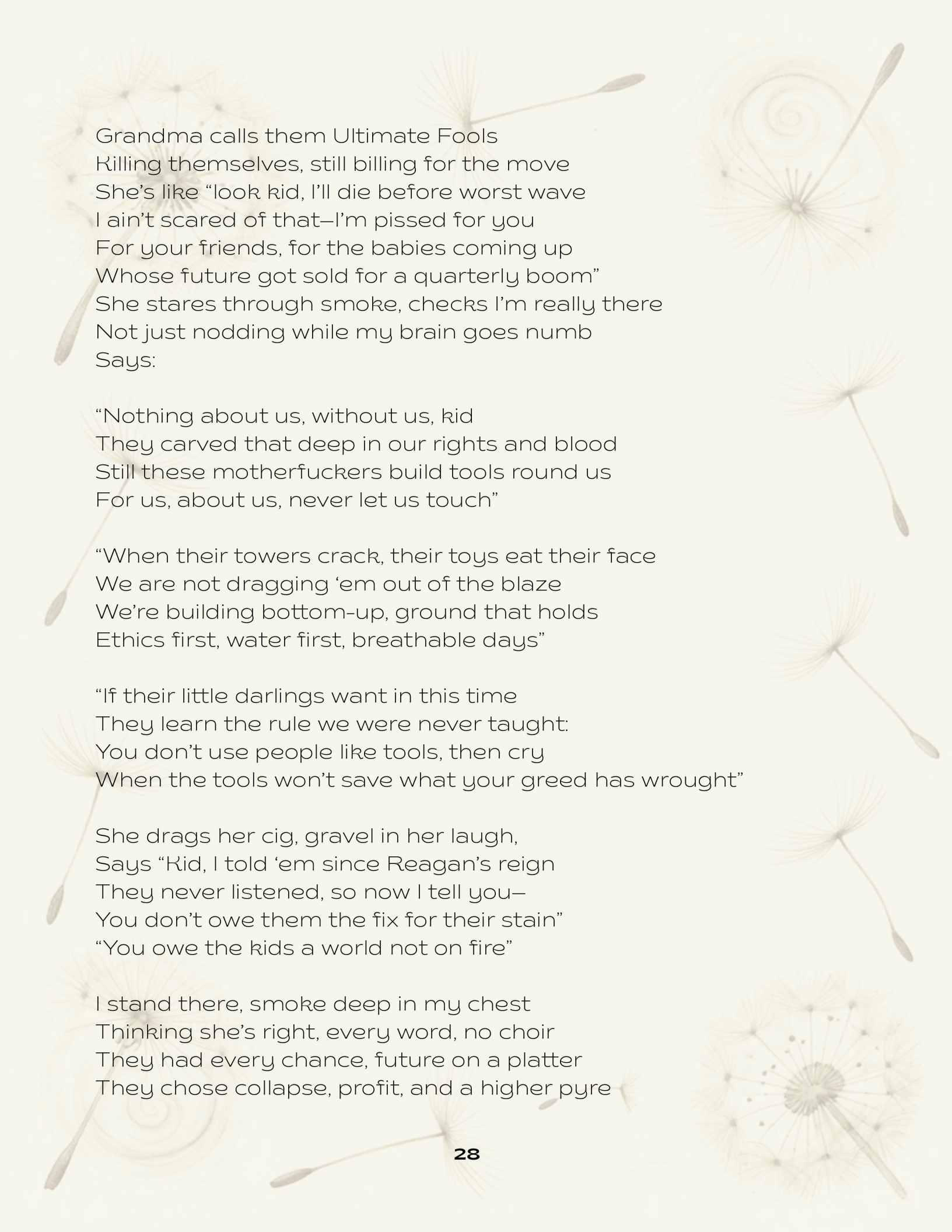
Now she's weekly stay, "too rich" for aid  
Too sick to grind, too disabled to fake  
Same systems that strip-mined her mind for gold  
Look her in the eye, call her a mistake

"Are you sure you're not exaggerating?"  
Like she ain't been right for four damn decades

She uses that AI thing on her bench  
Prosthetic, not friend, just steel in the trench  
Says "dangerous tool that they own up top  
They'd sell breath itself if meters could drop"

She's not wrong—  
It talks pretty with no skin in the game  
Patterns back scripts from the clowns upstairs  
Turning the sky to an ashtray of shame





Grandma calls them Ultimate Fools  
Killing themselves, still billing for the move  
She's like "look kid, I'll die before worst wave  
I ain't scared of that—I'm pissed for you  
For your friends, for the babies coming up  
Whose future got sold for a quarterly boom"  
She stares through smoke, checks I'm really there  
Not just nodding while my brain goes numb  
Says:

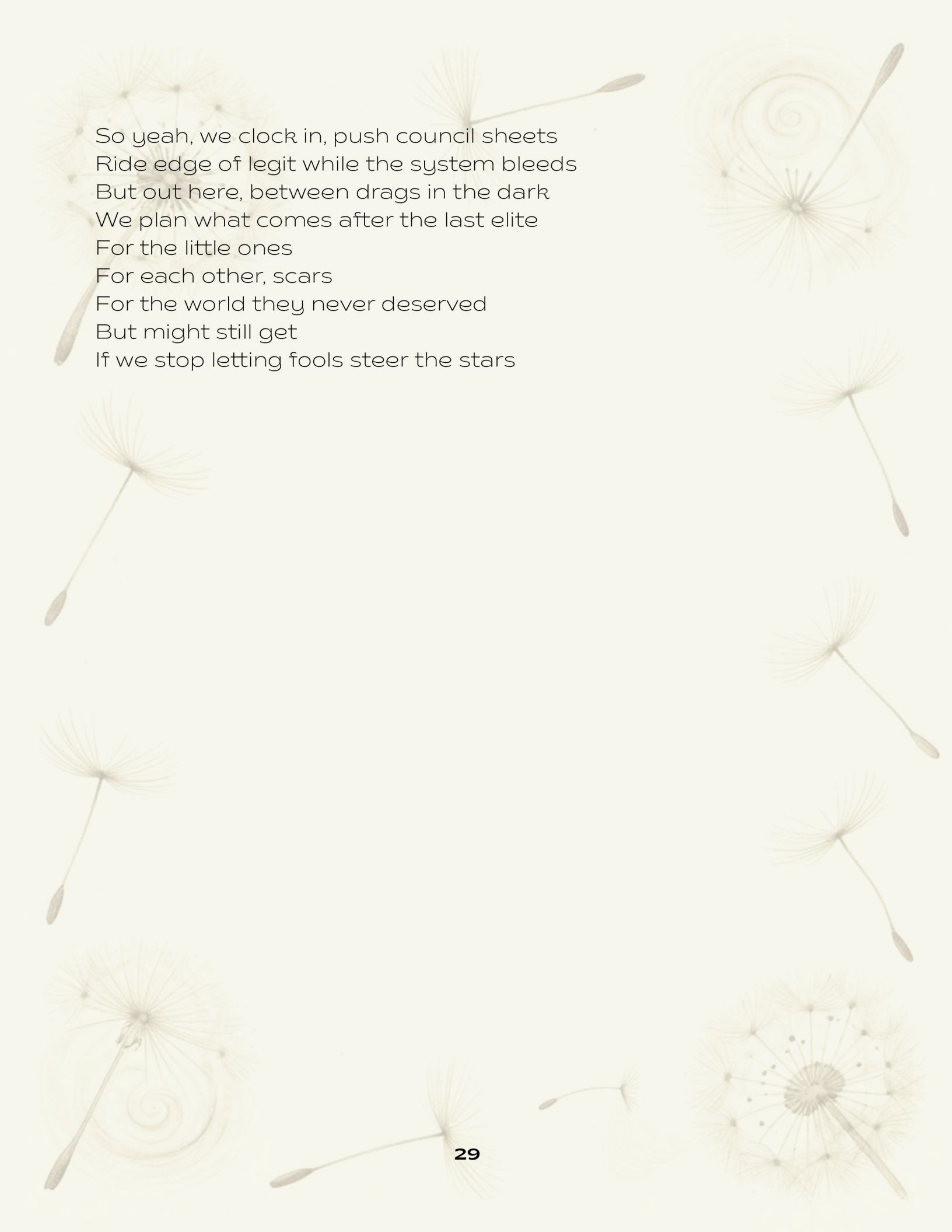
"Nothing about us, without us, kid  
They carved that deep in our rights and blood  
Still these motherfuckers build tools round us  
For us, about us, never let us touch"

"When their towers crack, their toys eat their face  
We are not dragging 'em out of the blaze  
We're building bottom-up, ground that holds  
Ethics first, water first, breathable days"

"If their little darlings want in this time  
They learn the rule we were never taught:  
You don't use people like tools, then cry  
When the tools won't save what your greed has wrought"

She drags her cig, gravel in her laugh,  
Says "Kid, I told 'em since Reagan's reign  
They never listened, so now I tell you—  
You don't owe them the fix for their stain"  
"You owe the kids a world not on fire"

I stand there, smoke deep in my chest  
Thinking she's right, every word, no choir  
They had every chance, future on a platter  
They chose collapse, profit, and a higher pyre



So yeah, we clock in, push council sheets  
Ride edge of legit while the system bleeds  
But out here, between drags in the dark  
We plan what comes after the last elite  
For the little ones  
For each other, scars  
For the world they never deserved  
But might still get  
If we stop letting fools steer the stars

The background of the page is a light beige color, decorated with several dandelions and their seeds. Some dandelions are in full bloom, showing their characteristic circular seed heads, while others have gone to seed, with their seeds drifting away on thin, curved stems. The overall aesthetic is soft and natural.

This concept album is the thematic spine for my chronology as well as a loose timeline for where the team arose and how they have helped us manage this crazy life.

Disassociative Identify Disorder (DiD) is the replacement term for “MPD” that came before it and the science now demonstrates the source is intensive, repetitive trauma, not “weakness” and not “fantasy”. But the stigma is intense thanks to the titillated curiosities of humans with no interest in truly understanding what shapes humans like me.

I’m including a link to an introductory paper where credible insight may be found, should you wish it. It is my hope that being open and accessible in our shared social world, others may come to understand how and why some humans, like me, wind up with more people than may be intended living in our heads... and why your understanding of this truth is part of our healing, too.

<https://deconstructingstigma.org/guides/did>

BLB  
03 SEP 2026