

# For Zapffe - Postliterate - Medium

By Postliterate

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One night in long bygone times... (Zapffe)

Man rose out of warm and bubbling waters and into the open air, that is, he stepped outside of his own head and peered at *himself*. He studied his thoughts, observed his appearance, and laid his spirit's functions bare. He was freeing himself from the Gods that entice him, the laws that fill him with good feelings — the *right* feelings — and he was stepping outside even of *Truth*.

However, very quickly he became so terribly cold out in the open air that he might die and subsumed himself back into the comfort of the warm and bubbling waters.