In a peculiar way, the sensation of touch tends to be both vivid and unverifiable.

Is it not vain to think that a painting was about you? Or mad?

Mutually acknowledged feelings, be they painful or joyful, are something one can act towards.

Did it also find the others?

Unwitnessed pain and joy, on the contrary isolate you.

No act of giving testimony, no matter how strong or truthful, can ever have the quality of the moment of bearing witness.

Art and writing remain weak means of verification.

Bearing witness goes beyond making meaning.

But what help is meaning? Does meaning do anymore any good?

It travelled through the airwaves to seek you out. And it found you.

Fearing that it's 'all in your head' and hence all your fault, you slowly go crazy.

Madness is a product of the unavowed.

Even more so, if you proceed to do what they tell you.

To hear voices is considered a sign of madness.

No rival medicine or forensics, but maybe the type of factual veracity these modern sciences offer is of little help anyway when it comes to the truths of unresolved emotions.