

# Synaptic Syntactic

*of unbounded phases & entangled echoes*

**poems**

Cooper Dozier  
2017

{ excerpt }

## Dedication

---

Estimated number of synapses in a human brain (85,000,000,000 neurons times 15,000):  $1.275 \times 10^{15}$   
(1275 trillion)

Number of 5 word permutations of most common 1000 words:  $1 \times 10^{15}$  (1000 trillion)

Number of 5 member permutations of *Oxford Pocket Dictionary and Thesaurus of American English's*  
150,000 entries  $7.59375 \times 10^{25}$

Merriam-Webster online: **schema plural schematas also schemas:**

- 1: a diagrammatic presentation; broadly : a structured framework or plan : outline
- 2: a mental codification of experience that includes a particular organized way of perceiving cognitively and responding to a complex situation or set of stimuli

Merriam Webster online: **heuristic:**

: involving or serving as an aid to learning, discovery, or problem-solving by experimental and especially trial-and-error methods heuristic techniques a heuristic assumption; also : of or relating to exploratory problem-solving techniques that utilize self-educating techniques (such as the evaluation of feedback) to improve performance a heuristic computer program

Wiktionary: **polyvalent (comparative more polyvalent, superlative most polyvalent):**

multivalent; having a number of different forms, purposes, meanings, aspects or principles.

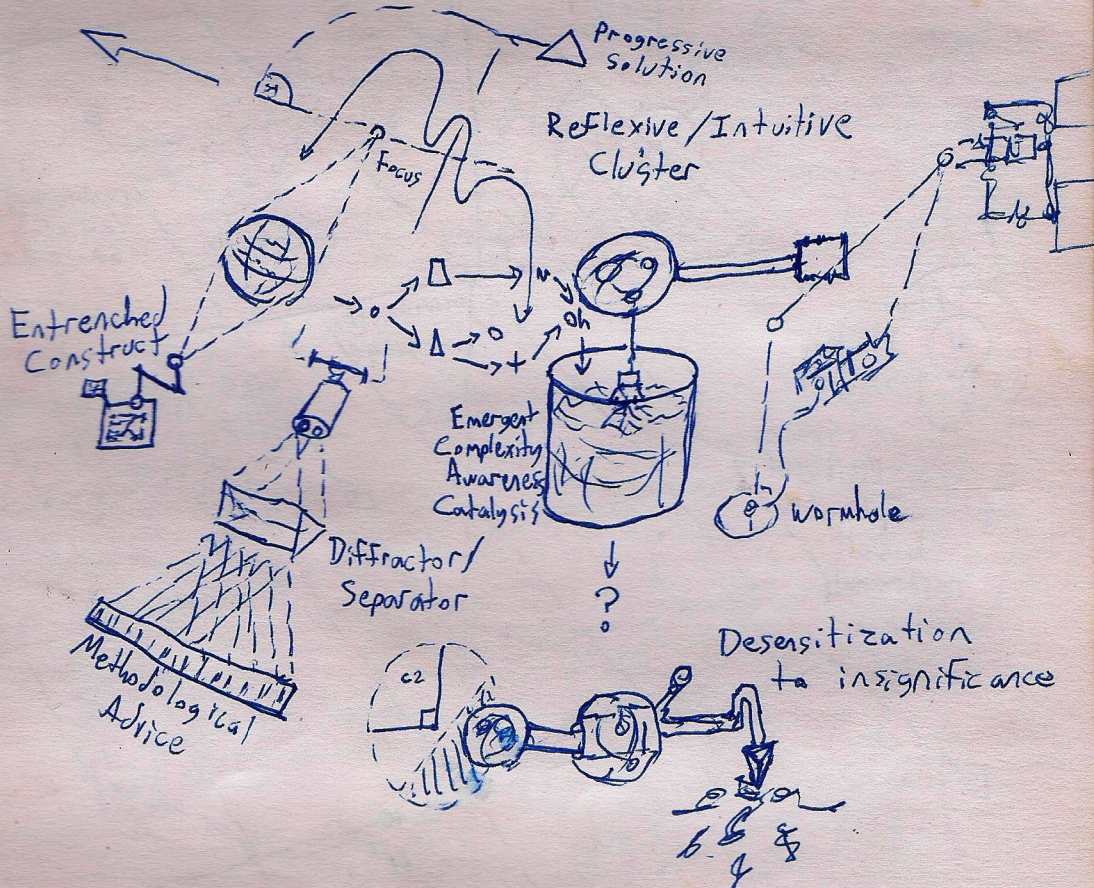
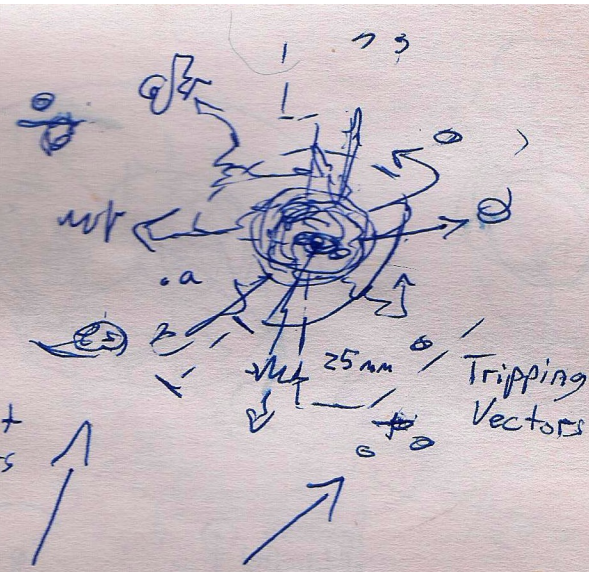
(chemistry) Having a high valence, especially more than three

(chemistry) Having multiple valencies

(biology) Containing antibodies to more than one kind of pathogen

---

Outer  
Paradigm



## LUNATIC FRINGES, STAND AND MOBILIZE

### Travel Tips

We walked in the sun, we walked in the rain  
We walked in doubt and we walked in certainty  
We walked on concrete and we walked on sand  
We walked forever in a haze of unreason  
We walked into a cave with banners held high  
We walked along a cliff's edge, we walked in single file  
We walked in joy, we walked with sorrow  
We walked with pain and we walked in pleasure  
All the many states we walked through -  
We developed blisters and took a rest  
Getting up to walk again, we saw our shadows  
Sleeping in the nights we heard a calling  
Our feet took us anywhere we wished to go  
And many places we didn't  
We worked and we danced, we sowed and we reaped  
The leaves falling down around us betokened loss;  
But the sun above betokened ever-present hope

## The Globesphere

We of all the small ones are repulsed

In it we are we and thus and so, yet not we, we wait upon the turning of the tide

In the end the demonoid picotant was needful of a place to sleep. In the end the demonoid picotant slept  
by we all the small ones.

In the end we wither and gambol. In the end we horse and play.

Picotent demonoid of we of all the small ones vines up the side of the farmhouse and beside the road,  
thus and so, and we all the small ones make mincemeat of the imperialists coming down the  
road for our well off men

Mincemeat of mice, the dancing mice, the treaty mice, the bleeding mice, the sparrow, the we of all the  
very small

The alligators, the summers under the moon, the repeating, the obsessed, and the needful silence

And then the vast and extremely immutable series of alterations of the lords of the land

And the immense and terribly fixed series of changes brought by the alien invaders

And then the large and extremely profound sense of the other inside the communion of we all the small  
ones

We are all in this world together

Together and alone in this world they the very small make the(**ir**) nests of clay and sinew and we the  
small make our nests of thoughts and money

On the screens the filtration of the large and extremely vast reality of this world. The filtering out of the  
demonoid persuasion and the pretend dance of the ever onward march of democracy, and we of  
all the small ones, or not of the small as the case may be, or as yet not, or so, or see disclaimer,  
breath of despair

Despairing we draw down the moon for we need more & greater supplies of hope and delusion to  
sustain us.

We of all the small ones, or not as the case may be, of the small, rejoice

Demonoid picotant is taken in out of the cold

And it was ever thus so, never a utopia, but at least they were !not! burning down the Globesphere

And we of all the small ones rest into work

## **Origin**

Our growth was steady and our means were true  
We wandered in an Edenic wood  
Meeting the needs by the trees, we had full bellies  
Coming into our pain we stood beneath waterfalls  
Sliding around the flaming sword, we went into the world



## **He Chose a Path**

He reduced to ashes  
He went to the crossroads  
He drummed up support  
In his ever growing quest he clued in to the matrix  
In all the tracing lines, he saw the path to fate  
In all the tracing lines, he saw the path to light  
In all the tracing lines, he saw the path to the obscure  
In all the tracing lines, he saw the path to sublime darkness  
And in all the tracing lines, he also saw the path to life eternal  
He chose a path  
He drew down on his breath, and went  
There were cubes of puzzle  
There were escape-checkmate-in-three problems  
There were curious paradoxes  
There were encryption keys to puzzle out  
Many other curious trials also  
He came down the path, and finally met the sphinx  
The sphinx asked him questions three  
“Who of them all is the best?”  
“If you were alive, of which life paths would you partake?”  
“Why did you come this way?”  
Beyond and above this questioning was the sphinx probing his motives  
Finding none she permitted him to pass  
Passing, he met us in the place of no time  
And thence our journey began

## **An Adventure It would Surely Be**

Shocking though to see  
It was wound up with relief  
Coming to the crossroads,  
They flooded the area with quicksilver  
Leaving nothing to chance,  
The realization of the shocks was extracted,  
Abstracted  
And woven by spiders  
Into rhythms to resound with the Big Sound  
The singing of the prisms of the sun spread across the region  
In all its days, never had the sun been so sung  
Building up to the opening of the planes to habitation  
The planeswalkers prepared the inhabitants with instruction  
The destructive habits of many inhabitants fell away  
Bringing the ocean of Gaia's consciousness into focus  
Washing over the visions of final judgment with the evolved theory  
The trickster spirits intensified their efforts  
Puzzling out the power of the sphinx, one wrote of the infamous escape-checkmate-in-three problem  
and its connection to the popular cubes-of-puzzle  
The cells would be opened  
Wringing their hands, the institutional powers felt cast adrift  
On into the sunset rode the motorcyclists, ever pursuing, and daily attaining, the land of sunset twilight  
Passing into the portals of the planes the We of All the Small Ones gathered our multiconsciousness  
together  
An adventure it would surely be



## **Multiplicities**

Steaming strength  
Of all there was we were one  
But multiplicities abounded  
The universe shattered into an infinity of jewels  
Curving around back on itself  
In the most intricate and vast of ways  
We looked out on it in awe -  
The Scopes Monkey Trial notwithstanding -  
Why are wedding rings worn on the left?  
Feeling your way to a resolution of apotheosis

## **Mace and Henbane**

How to begin it?

We once were in a bit of a jam

We took what could be taken

Sleeping off the chaos of the dilemma,

We woke into a dream

In the artful elusions of what followed, we demonstrated for our followers

The pursuant lost the thread never again to find

Needling feelings took us up to challenge to a duel

The dirigible drank in the fumes of xenon

Sleeping on sheets of lead, the magistrate shook, and moaned: "hau-o-ooow is that nauh, mistuh suh?"

Our followers were prepared with mace and henbane

Clam(b)oring to reach the retorts and the window smashing, they broke a few things

Worthy vices had to be found

Twinkling eyes full of mischief showed us the way

## **Protest/Riot**

Toppling the pieces, he then set up  
Demonoid picotent was ready with riot gear  
Black bandannas and water soaked rags  
Rocks and molotovs  
The people did protest  
All along the watchtowers he went about  
Calling to this one and that one to see how it stood  
Disbursed drops of LSD  
Seeming ever to be ready  
The Five disapproved of his efforts

## **Watch for Spirit**

we demand new order -

Watch for Spirit,

But some things are true . . .

Who wants to be in charge?

Who is anxious about what is going on the next line?

Do you. Need. Customers.

One. Simple. Thing.

Build many small matrix networks.

This is vital.

You must not forget.

Glass Bead Game Transience Transcendence;

The dry bones of the dead pursuits are now in the reality of integrating into one

But we are in the throes of it

Being unable to stick to to-do list is your weakness -

.this poem written specifically for you\_

> ruling arts for some things <

## **Remember These Things**

The tangled flow of lives . . .

In your workings, remember three things:

One, never look down on mushrooms

Two, do not insult your customers

Three, bring your lives to fruition

In your direct actions, remember these four:

The situation is not normal;

The collected dreams of the people are at a place of power;

Refrain from rudeness;

Chant loudly, raucously, and bawdily

In your home, three again:

Bring ever peace unto it

Stand on the threshold a moment before going through

Cook with consciousness

## **Discard, Discard, Discard, and Stop**

Infighting with the sicknesses of the dogs . .  
The ways of choosing come between you  
The ones of stunted growth are tripping up over the vines -  
Not being is true  
Not seeing is true  
Not living is not to be done

The sickness grows  
Watching the wrench turn on the alignment of treaties  
In the matters of realities' fabrics . . .  
But there will be no compromise.

The feather drops on the scale -  
All your egos are in an uproar;  
The lithe dryad slips thoughts in your pocketsets (&&)  
The dreams are communications from other stars...  
Do not discard the bones.

## **The Aeon Waits**

In it, we are thus and so  
Of interest to the faces  
Demonoid spoke of the keys and the clues  
We all the small ones are silent  
Drinking in the silence, we sold things, but see disclaimer  
We wanted a peace of mind, but got money instead  
Demonoid spoke of the ways and means  
We desired a life eternal, yet did not  
The Hatted Persons commented thus:

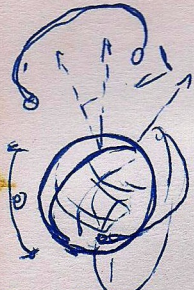
In times whenever it has been true, thus and so  
The gloaming is needful of a place to lay its head  
Asleep in the day's easing, it is ready to create  
Dreaming, it dreams of darkest night, dreaming, it dreams of days to come  
Waking, it rouses into serenity  
Walking, it walks over the shaded forests first  
Taking into consideration, it plants seeds of dawn  
Being ready, it beds down in the shadow of a mountain  
Ceasing, it slips into night

We were all very amazed by this feat of lyrical explanation  
But demonoid spoke otherwise, saying it was time for new stories, not old  
Demonoid spake thus:

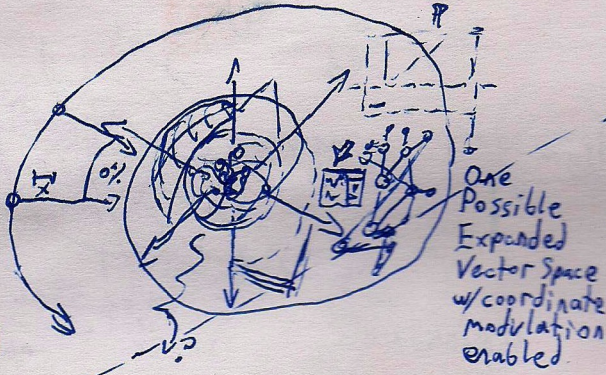
In swathes of eternal peace we sleep until we are ready  
The gloaming takes on no characteristics of the dawn  
The Aeon waits with bodies for us to be recreated, for we were never born  
All down the aisles of eternity like a supermarket  
We grow in certainty until it is time  
It was ever thus and so, and shall be, despite contradiction  
But see end user license agreement and mortgage terms

We were most pleased with the both of them although they contested each other  
And it became thus and so for a while longer

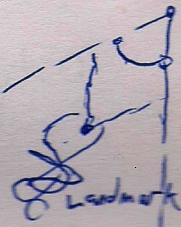




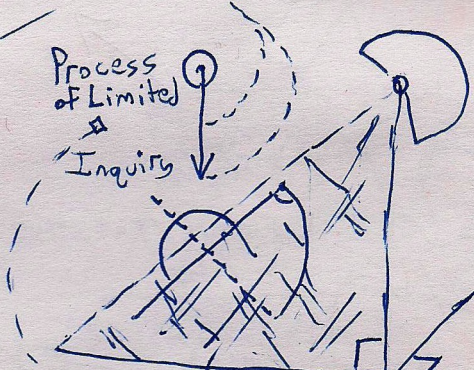
Encrypted Info  
[Bubble 70% Hacked]



One Possible Expanded Vector Space w/coordinate modulation enabled



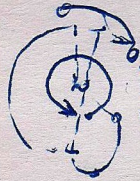
Landmark



Process of Limited Inquiry

avatar

restrained vector space



Floating Signpost  
Spaces Visible of Inferable to self-restrained avatar

navigation language

Line of Sight

