

Synaptic Syntactic

of unbounded phases & entangled echoes

poems

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2017

Dedication

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

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

Number of 5 member permutations of *Oxford Pocket Dictionary and Thesaurus of American English's* 150,000 entries 7.59375×10^{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):**

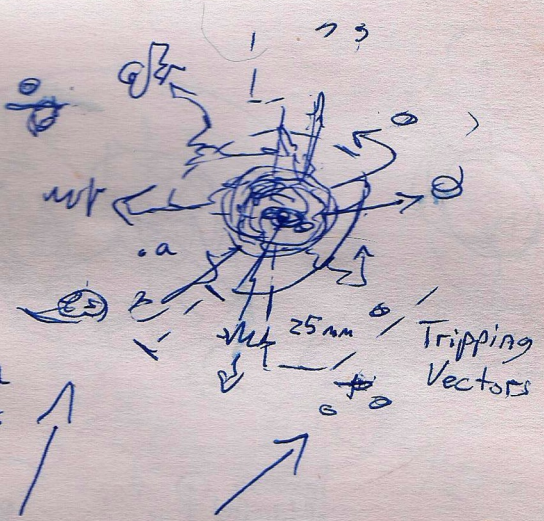
multivalent; having a number of different forms, purposes, meanings, aspects or principles.

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

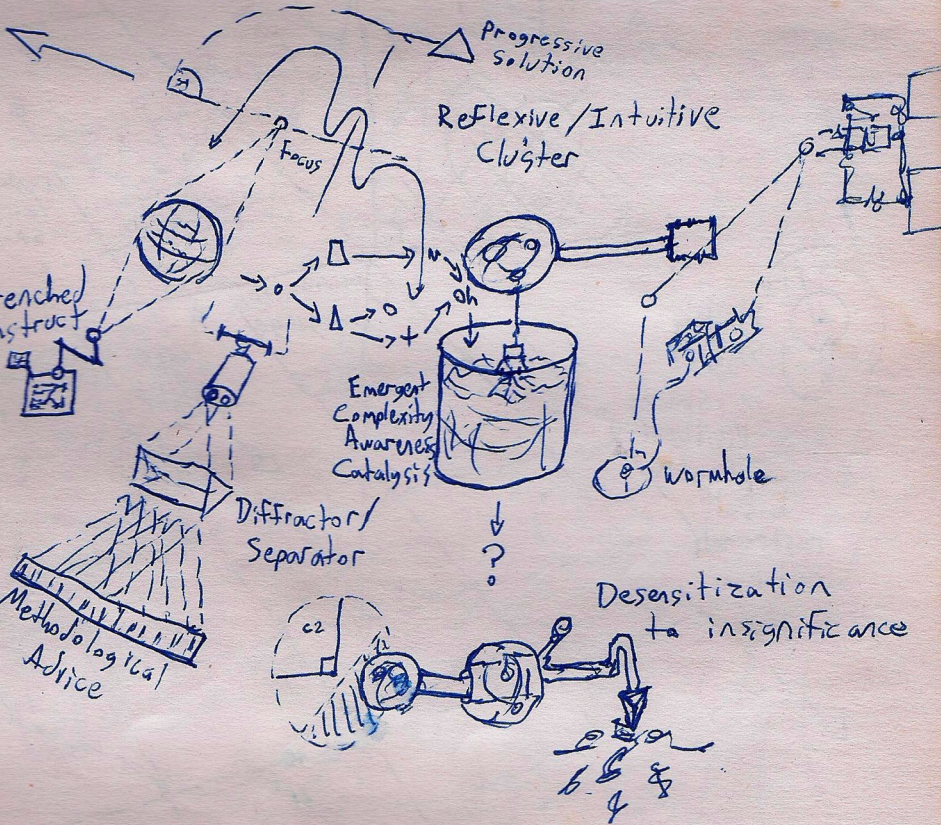
(chemistry) Having multiple valencies

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

Outer
Paradigm



C-packet
Vectors



Progressive
Solution

Reflexive/Intuitive
Cluster

Entrenched
Construct

Diffractor/
Separator

Emergent
Complexity
Awareness
Catalysis

wormhole

Desensitization
to insignificance

Methodological
Advice

22

6
5
4

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 if 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-oow 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 spoke thus:

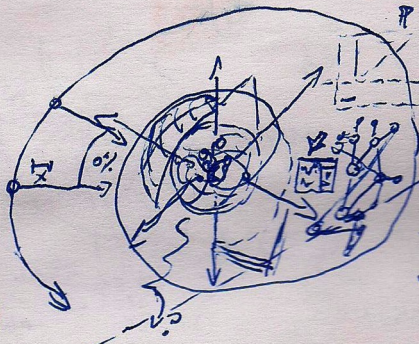
In swathes of eternal peace we sleep until we are ready
The gloaming takes on no characteristics of the dawn
The Aeon waits with bodies for us to be recreated, for we
were never born
All down the aisles of eternity like a supermarket
We grow in certainty until it is time
It was ever thus and so, and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

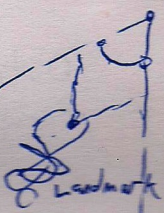
And it became thus and so for a while longer



Encrypted Info
[Bubble 70% Hacked]

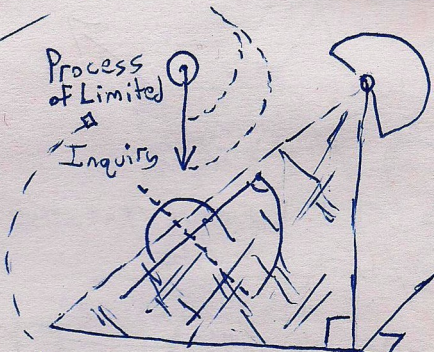


One Possible Expanded Vector Space w/ coordinate modulation enabled



Landmark

Process of Limited Inquiry

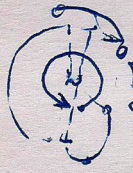


avatar

restrained vector space

navigation language

Line of sight



Floating Signpost

Spaces Visible of Inferable to self-restrained avatar

