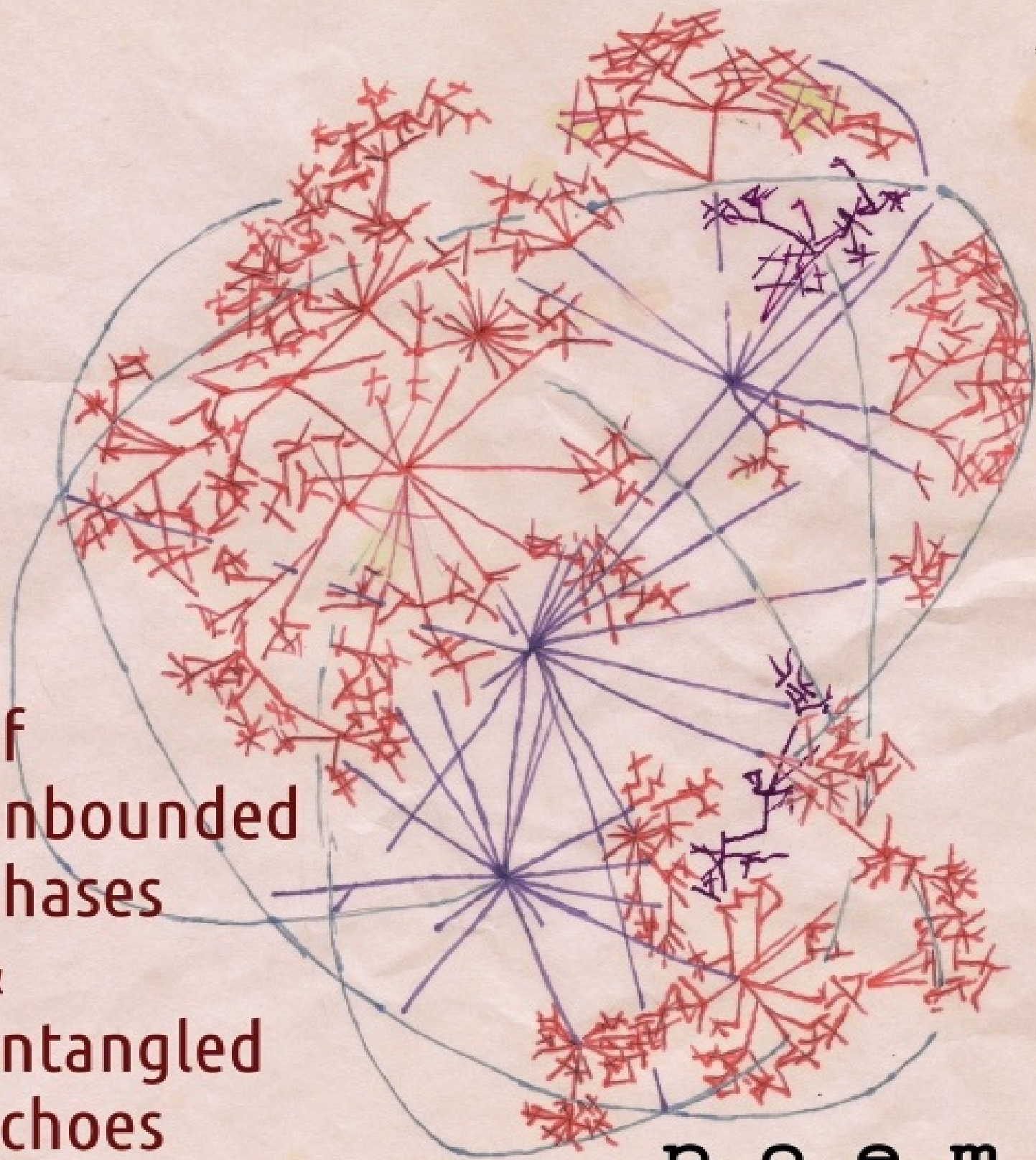


Synaptic Syntactic

of
unbounded
phases
&
entangled
echoes

p o e m s

Cooper Dozier



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About the Author

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

Tune Up

Atemporal Pisky Topologies, Simple

Crenarcheota, ancient of days, one of the monophylestics....

By-the-by, seeing what is not a place to blur, becomes annealed,
becomes a plum choice for crystallization....

But one to the other, remarking ever that it had been clarity of intent, but
noticing also how the strains of philosophy had shotgunned, they
said thus that it had multithreaded by neural nets, not by
parallels....

On top of the questions, seeing what fresh hell was upon them, they
noticed that what had been one was many, and what had been
uncut was now hashed....

Then between others, a chaos; but between flutterbys, a standing wave;
so they found that their compositions had become characteristic of
eudaimonia....

On in the alleyways of psychedelia there were gases to behold. Finding
the Naught left by the wayside of the roundabout, they channeled
forces into a searching of motives. Finding an embankment of
morning glory, they were hinted that the Zeitgeist had been
panoptic, but querying strangers, they found circular impressions.
Finding Not-Time laced by rumors, they opened up to the
insouciant inquiries of the hoi polloi. Seeing it was by nature
unscrewed, they did not leave it at that, but for the time being,
diverted 'mongst three space....

One by wonders the two-toed went, animalcule and homunculus –
sentence in mind, mind in sentence – a drastic departure of the
chatterings of hummingbirds. Finding a nexus by ripples, they
intoned & cracked brews..

Sound Check

Cryptogram of Cosmic Glue

Loki Sequence Alpha #19

..... The flames licking the sides – bursts of activity – creation or destruction – Some things imply, while others recoil .. If and Only If is symmetrical, yes... While some minds may be of Unity, or among the unity of universe, yet others recoil from what's next - sensing, in their bones, that they are headed to an undefined - a null pointer, a fork bomb with dynamic inheritance &c, etc.....

..... #! & ./, methodically scribbling, we take for our alpha the zero point void, construct via antisense entangling photons, up is down & down is sideways & sideways is topwise & topwise is looking-glass-ways; : What Spirit? World Spirit!! Enduring ever, even if the land people burn out the globesphere & the dolphin people, even so, Mother Gaia, & Spider Mother, they grow a new intelligence; it is as Star Goddess made them; - yet our main sequence yellow star.: Also finite . . Yet with all our Theorems, cannot see, cannot see, cannot know what will be... Yet see End User License Agreements & Pre-Incarnation Instructions just in case of hints or portents or sleet.....

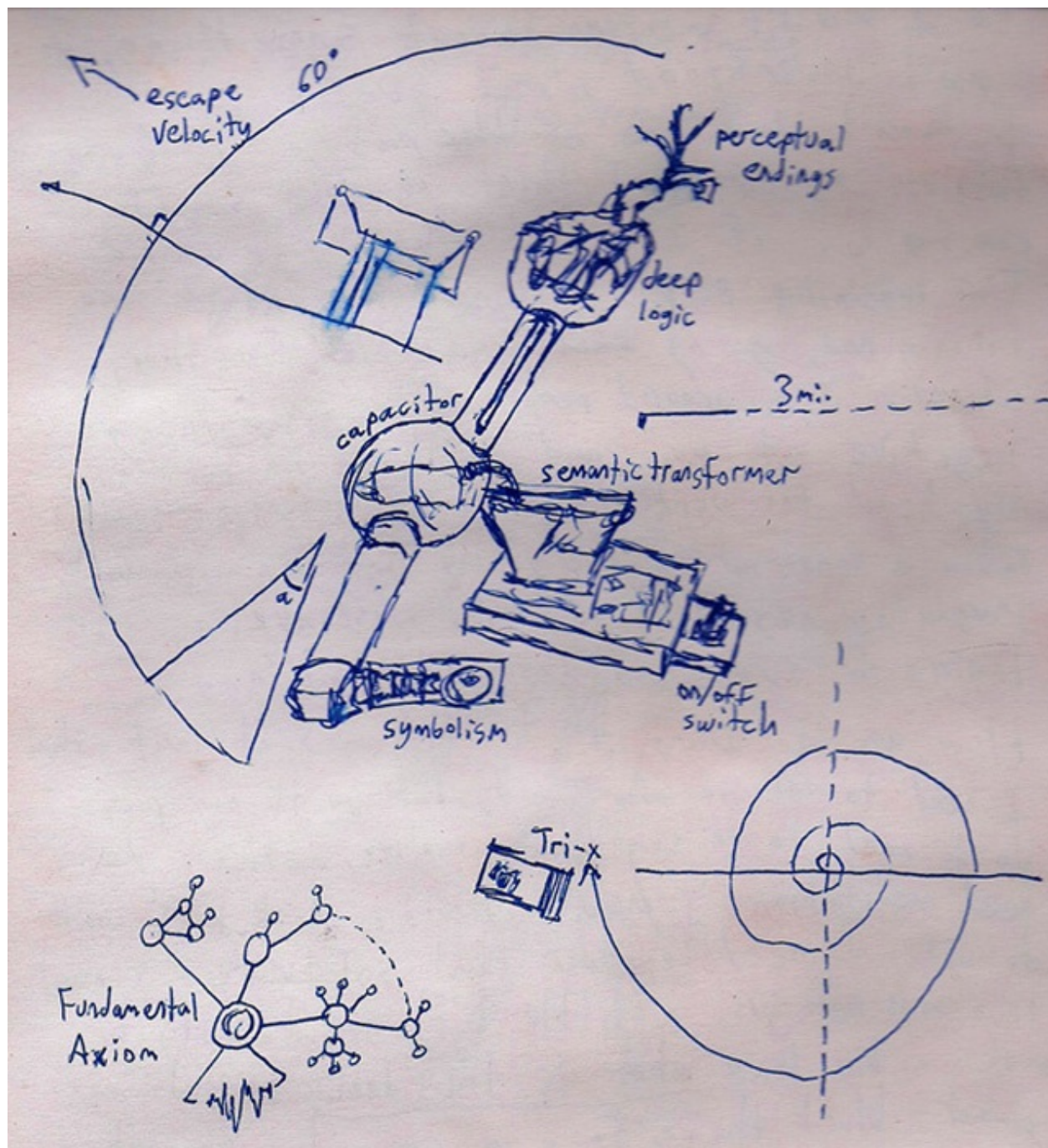
..... Aleph .. the instantaneous .. All things you have seen are true .. the rest only imaginary. The endless N-dimensional fractal foam, merging and re-splitting of any alternate worldlines...; Sometimes with total disregard for rationality, logic, science. Yet imaginary; yet normal – Yet the numbers in all & Yes, the usefulness of the impossible phantom – Yet lightning in a bottle, without ever diminishing the potency & Qi of Spark & Sparkle.. let be, let be, let be, let do.....

..... Resonances of motive-understory [...] Keying into the determining mass of All-Unspoken – visions of triplets while amongst twinning of spirits --- medically masterful, the Hatter ‘mongst the Djinni went in multiple pieces, touching of each path to which he desired, those allowed both with those unallowed, yet while also skipping around each mandatory or necessary division or nexus. Rekindling in THAT PLACE of no time, he erupts.....

..... **Alarm!!** By which person was ever there an integer? You? You? You?.... Perhaps someone in the back or in the cellphone malware ..? 1 by 2, 2 by quick, quick by screw, victor of mutation; totting up all the rolling piles of them, significant bit by significant point realigning yourself in gleeful dusk; the deep dark holds no terrors for us, no, no, no.....

..... Riddle me these SQL queries seven: the nation being more insane or less lunatic or different shades of eccentric, moment by moment, day by day by day: be it by formula or trend or steering committee? Could it of asudden produce outbursts, bursting forth in flower power, all ashocked & atwittering of itself? Will it uncountably balance & grow & metastasize & twirl & spit? Of the spirits, among & between, ever to accrue & integrate, or ever to waste & diminish? Balance, Balance, Balance, & Deprogram, lest ye be made undone & undone & undone... In application of Hat-Trick Transforms over Switchflip Axiom on matrix of RNA world floating codes & single-celled fungus, .never discount faeries, nor despise customers.....

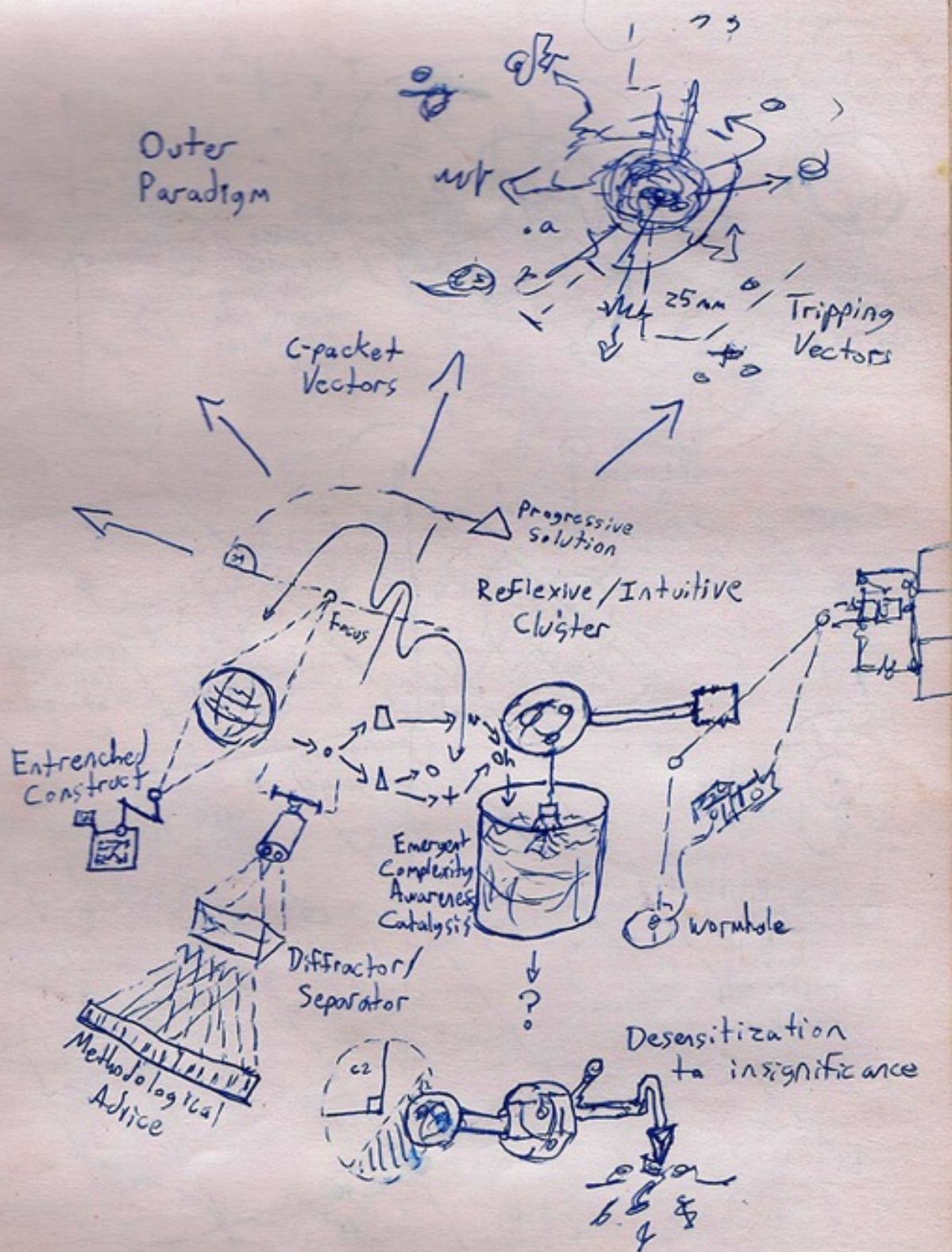
::: Dilate under starways, distill true choices in shadow, Blessed Be & Merry Part :::



PRELUDE

In the Alterations

In all the days of it
We worked and we toiled
We of the silting up of the works
In the alterations
In the alterations of we all the small ones
In the alterations of we all the small ones we woke
In the alterations of time we sought a chance. In the alterations of time
we sought a maker. In the stillness of time we sought our changes.
In the stillness of changes we sought a place to stand. We all the
small ones sought **our places to stand**. In it we of all the small
ones were ready to work.
We of all the small ones dreamed of our death
If, as such, it ever was thus and so, we dreamed it
Repetitively we beat this drum
Claiming to see everything they woke with a start
Coming up to claim to see everything they woke up in some other's
pants
In the snips of pieces we collaborated on a play of we of all the small
ones, dreaming of the day of the night of the day that if (see
disclaimer) any were ready, we would dream the dreams of
bringing down the moon
Demonoid picotant drew by the side, saying it was good
Our roles were flip-flopped, and the splitcase boy drew by the sidewalk
and indicated his dissent and multiplicity
We all the small ones are eating and the land allowed us to eat
Something grasping this way comes



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-
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

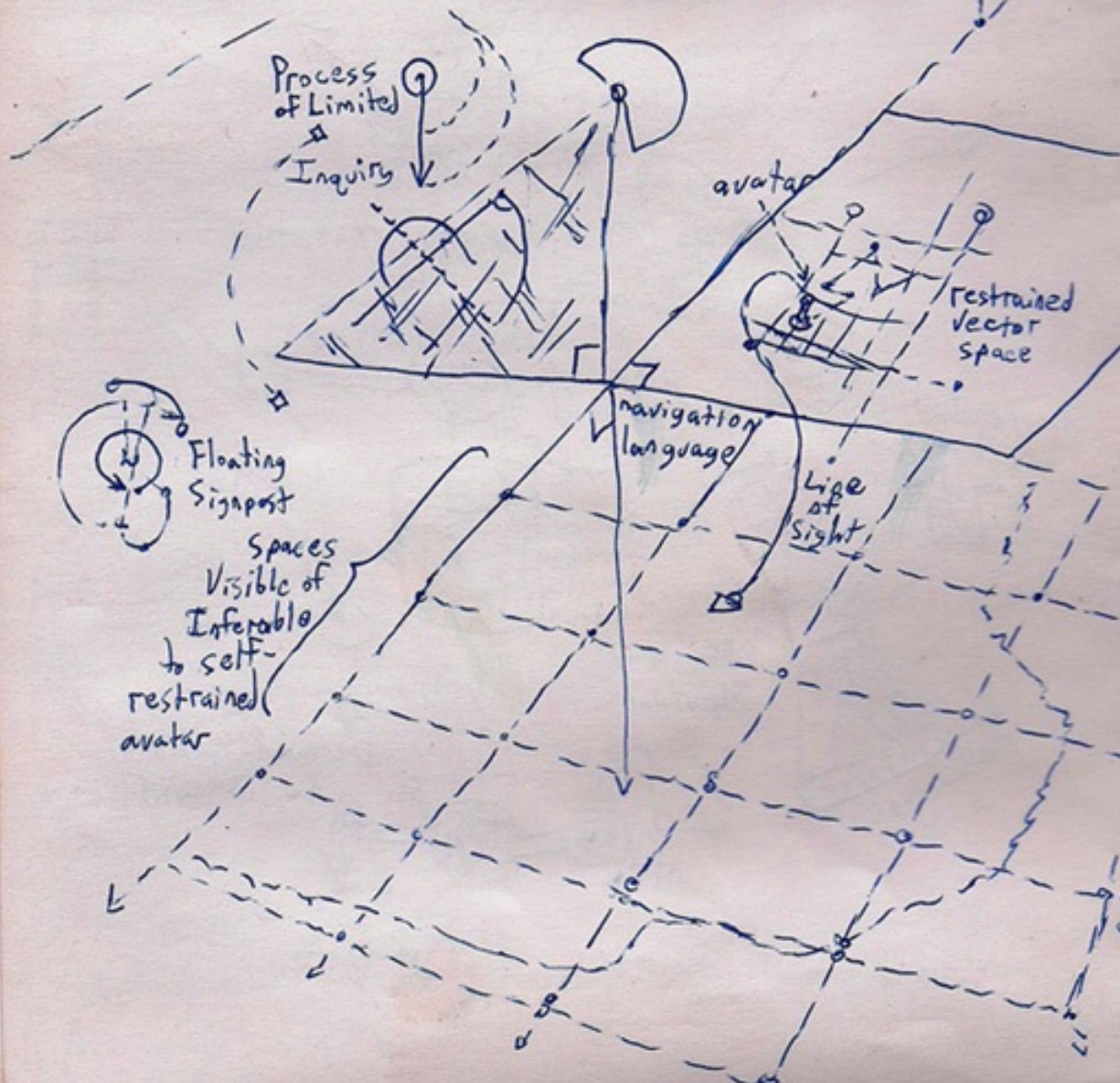
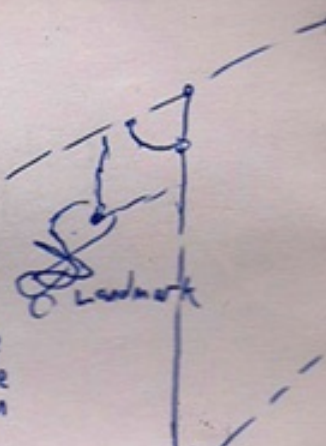
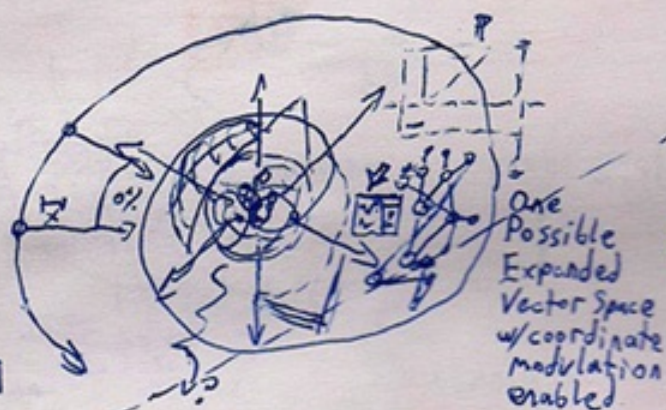
We were all very amazed by this feat of lyrical explanation
But demonoid spoke otherwise, saying it was time for new stories, not
old

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

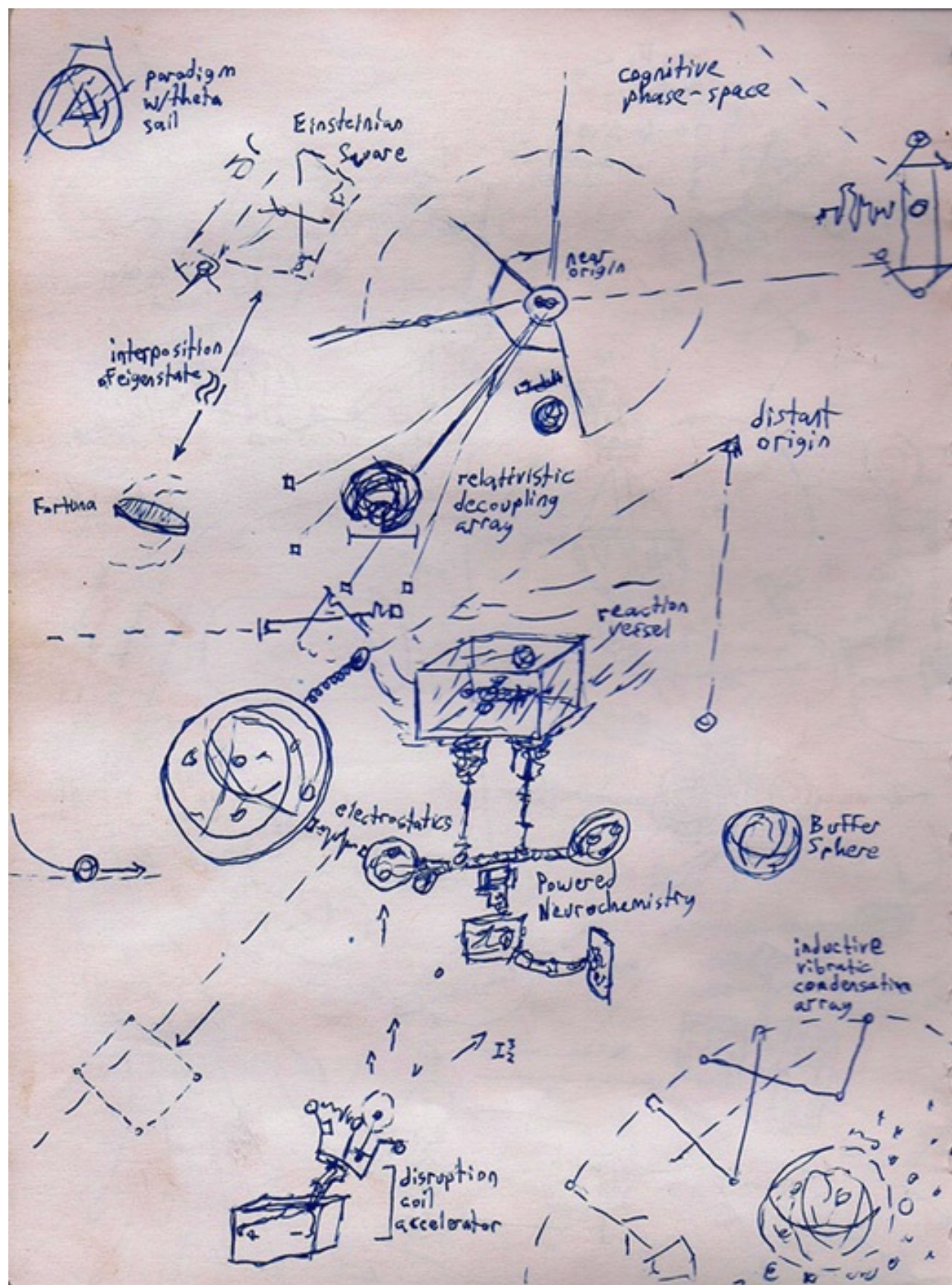


INTERLUDE #!

But See Disclaimer

We all the small ones dreamed of our deaths
We dreamed of our deaths and in the rambling of picotant demonoid
 heard of our ways and means
We all the small ones were not frightened
Death is but a return of consciousness to the great, a scattering of
 photons
We the elaborate focusing devices dreamed, and in dreaming, we saw,
 and in seeing, we did, and in doing, we dreamed, and again in
 dreaming, we inflated, and in inflating, we lased, and in lasering,
 we untangled, and in untangling, we floated
Of all the many verbing we were doing, of but one we stood out: in
 greening, we freed, in freeing, we greened.
And but then, the Hatted Persons came upon us and inquired of that to
 which we were accomplishing
We spake thus:
 ever into the light we toil
 ever into the dark we dream
 till the stones and till the soil
 even unto eventide, we do ever thus
 and it was ever thus so
 but see disclaimer
They further asked our multiplexed being of which, the how we might,
 in the course of things, and as it was ever thus, and thus and so,
 and sometimes other, be then or now, somehow doing
And we spake thus:
 in the ever turning evening
 we blossom ever into thus
 and seeing our terrors not upon us,
 we rest merrily
 and seeing our lives blossom,
 we dream into darkness,
 and dreaming into darkness
 we meet of and chatter with, the ever thus-and-so demonoid
 picotent

The noble personages did a shuffle. Lighting a cheroot, they exclaimed
that it was ever so splendid and marvelous
With the noble personages we shared some pieces of our minds
We took arm in arm and walked off towards the sunset
We would introduce our new associate to the most picotant demonoid
And it was ever thus and so



STORY OF MY LIFE

dawn

Brief Flare of Transpersonal Unity

A person, once, stood in that doorway
He came from neither here nor there
But everywhere
Every voice echoed off his mind
Reflecting it,
For a brief time
Then he was gone

You Are Ready

Falling away

Always falling

Always losing pieces

Always drifting through

Moving ever through the endless dreams

Collecting up all the little pieces of harm

You know you are ready

And thence and then split

Nor Our Dreams

Our loves could not hold our pieces together

Nor our hates

Nor our obsessions

Nor our skills

Nor our money

Nor our dreams

Nor our aspirations

And so it was that our pieces flew apart

Like dust from a supernova

Never again to meet

Our Dreams Were of Substance

Our dreams were of substance

We collected and corroborated the evidence

The culprit was identified

Giving chase we tripped on our shoelaces

In the insomnolent silence we saw the stars above

We pondered the science of telepathy

Tremors Ran Through the Dust

Sanguine with his content he went AWOL
Slipping on the genes he sank into post-work relocation and relaxation
Alive with possibilities he strode into the room
Falling to pieces he went over a cliff
Tremors ran through the dust
All to impress the girl, and all for naught
Caves opened up in the hills around him
Possibilities stretching to the horizon
But in front, a need to clean the house
sigh

The Issues

Some grasp on the issues was needful
We were in no way prepared for them
They took us to the cleaners
And we fought
They tore us to pieces
And we fought
Our favorite lines did not avail us
But we fought
We grew ourselves into a corner

Traumas

Shakily, he bagged up his traumas
And took them to the cleaners
I cannot do this anymore, he said
Whilst knowing all along that he would

Multitudes

The deeps of the ocean

Contain multitudes

I swim by night in silence

Seeking communion with the Earth

Nears the Corporeal Sound...

Each jot & tittle

Renders its intended transcriptions

The platonic set of loaded silences -

The charm is packed & ready, erupting, on the dot

Yet the reference frame is empty, or mirrored;

We walk over the edge

We speak into silences

We venture off into the desert

All the dreams of the city tended to flock together,

Condensing with an atmosphere of oomph..

None of that which was plotted turned up on our porch

But we were not about to advertise it

I espy a song approaching -

&:

noon

Interrupts

We walk
We walk along
The snake walks
The elephants march
A feather for everyone's headband

In the silence of days of the week
We become other than who we are
But returning for the night
We have meetings:
Anyone, meet everyone
Someone, meet no one
That one, meet this one
Young one, meet old one

~

Beyond and about our meetings
All of us rush for the exits
Never ceasing to take stock
All our pieces fly together,
Once in a great while;
They plunge into it en masse, A to Z, lock, stock & barrel,
Anywhere you might try to go,
And with anything you might be apt to do

Happenstance

Summer dreams all fly in a glitter of dust
Under drama the pile grows stale
Series of ages to walk through
Some happy, some sad
Some drama piles on the sadness
Aglitter the lashes flutter
Some dreams grow by stages
Aglitter the trauma fades in
Some dreams leap by bounds
A recollection drifts down the pipe, bursting into flames;
Speculation rings you up
A tremulous voice on the other end
A stark reminder of no guarantees
Languid seething neurons under your skin

Ideations

~Loopdemous~

I take my part and play it well
It goes along like this for a while
Soon it is full on:
Love like Summer
Love like the rain
Love like the oceans
Love like the mountains
A love to surpass all others
In growth we tell it well
We sing to the planets
We sing to the oceans
We sing to the stars
We sing with our hearts
And all is right in our corner of the world

Finite

Our time upon this Earth is finite
But in the love of truth we see
We see our terrors and our hatreds
And our loves and our compassions
Our time upon this Earth is limited
But our depth of instantaneous experience is infinite
A bottomless sea

Fantasies' Fugue

Your love is mine
And mine is yours
We grow together like twining vines
We seek for that which holds true;
Our love was boundless
But missing it is true
Our love was boundless
But binding it is true
Our love is boundless
And singing it is true
And as I do this
Nothing else comes up
My mind is the picture of the one-track
My love is boundless
And enacting it is true
Your love is infinite
And my seeing it is true
The death of circumstances surrounding me
Endings and beginnings
We grow up together, you and I
An ending to my dependence
A beginning of our political careers
You treat with the opposition
I organize the community
Their love was boundless
We saw it and we knew it
Their love was boundless
We reached for it and permeated
Their love was infinite
We helped it become a force of power
The community reformed itself
Into a fierce force to be reckoned with
It grew its links stronger
Its love ever greater
Its conflicts ever resolving

Its acting as a union
We acted as the progenitors
And then watched the life we sparked
Come into it's own

Pairing

ONE

Breathe deeply,
Some trials go on for ages
But we are not yet prepared for life,
Boldness and vision needed -
But the love is not there,
Not strong enough,
As our doom approaches
And our liberation

TWO

In our timings we were off
But under our lovers we saw the stars
Grasping at threads of unease
We found a peace of silence
Needing to triple our incomes
We sold out
Or got roommates
Tunneling into the West
We found ourselves staring
At a beast

THREE

Some deals go sour
But our loves always back us up
In time we fall
Into the real

Crush Haiku

Seven [droplets/raindrops] fall
Islands of sanity sigh
Walking, talking, Lee

Sonnet

Time to go and time to trust
Time to wean and time to lust
A time to love and a time to kill
A time to devour all the pills
A place for you and a place for me
A place beneath an olive tree
Seven red roses I declare
That you're the one who is most fair

evening

A Symbol of Longing

A chance of death
Circumvents your layers
Needing a planting of roots
To bring fruition

A riled weather cloud
Bounces through the sky
Requiring a flourish of trumpets
To bring rains

A chance of happiness
Pierces your armor
But you are running too close to the bone
To grasp it

A little lie
Penetrates your ears
Needing belief
To extend tendrils

A silver lining suggests itself
But will not be
Without further effort...-
Alas, oh woe, you long only for drink!

A list of pathologies
Trails from your heel
But none dare suggest
That you shed it

In the red dust
A symbol of longing
Impressed upon the Earth
Heeded by none

A Nation's Interlude

The driftwood of our lives
Washed up on some foreign shore
We glistened
But the sun was not amiable
It was fierce
Our dominance was unquestioned
But we knew not how to live
A spiritual deadening
Infected the nation-state
There was no truth in advertising
And all our wars came to naught
Consumer culture reigned
Even as millions languished
Permanently jobless
The driftwood of our lives
Washed up on some foreign shore
We did not recognize our new homes
But the animals and winds around us
Did not pause for our alienation
They went about their business
And we, perplexed,
Eventually tried haltingly
To get on with ours

Stories

These layers
of old wounds
pile up
and in a weak moment
erupt

Collapsing
A series of fires
A nod to the angels
A truckful of illusions

Untold stories
ripple out across the water
upsetting the bobbing flotsam
in a left handed kind of
Silence

On the Wire and on the Wave

A fetter in the ocean
Sinking to drown with the handcuffs on
The little girl with long hair and her dolly
Poison feeling up your breasts
A challenge to seeing all the things
You rock in the corner with your pain
The time to wake up is upon you
Needles pierce your skin with methyl fire
You float in a dissociative ocean
Clear the boards for your next trip
On the wire and on the wave
We sing in time to save thee
Granted asylum, granted rest
A truth precludes us from saying
Four in your corner, four against
The vote must come up again later
The supremes are not your friends
Silence is the law of the land

Dreaming of Days Past

Dreaming of days past, he unloaded his car

He went into the motel

He lay down on the bed

He turned on the TV

He went to the mats with the bourbon bottle

Collecting and collating his thoughts, he grew in unease

He traveled the seas of the mind

Revoke

The superego all unchanged
The limit of life was discovered
The limit of life was distraught
Not to be seen, he lived out his life
Your pieces were falling to shards
Your shards were falling to splinters
Ungranted, revoke the rights
Revoke what is true and holy
Revoke what you knew and what didn't
Revoke the penalties and prices
Revoke what lies in your heart

We Wanted What We Wanted

Something wicked this way comes
All the collected seasons
Right from wrong or wrong from right
It all comes down to this one day
All alliterations from the hues -
A demonoid picotent starts in
 Your loves were your downfalls
 Your feelings were ready
 You needed what you needed
 The dreams collected:
 The dreams collected
 We knew that for which we saw
 We wanted what we wanted,
 And we took it
Dreaming together we looked at the sky
Sighing together, we looked to the moon
We drank it in
Needing a silence, we started clamor
All together we were

midnight

Correspondences

Trickster spirits come dancing

The symbol of a sticky situation

Unmentionable

Categories of things sift into conspiracies

Everything is a symbol of something else

Solitude

The silence of the day
Perforated by pills and goals
One thing leads to another
And all is accomplished
Yet I am still alone

Small Talk

...but there wasn't any error, all the lies -
:came together, no one questioned them;
{ all alerting others to the weather .
- singularly absent of demagogues ...:
:a spectacle was joined ever nightly *..
#inside, the notes were compiling upon a desk . . {

Ghost Operators

it rankles suburbia to know these things:

no one drifts into the silence of dreams

some people go their *whole* lives without

a battle axe is not a paper fan,

though, at times, the inverse -

and then, sometimes,

a hotchpotch of entities hexie-hops from out the picture frame

Blood Capital

an artful hawker collects souls on a street corner
save me from the day
a clumsy galumphin' thing comes dancing by
trampling the sitters, upending the babes
a monster on the rampage in white lace
an orchid in a window silences you
some people go hawking war souvenirs

Skittle Sizzle

Singe

A wave ripples up the grass

Like a radio, I singe eardrums

Something happens to a man to make him whole

Where is the art? Where is the artifice?

Has my poet's brain been singed

And charred?

Crater Fogs

We grow into our pants
Like the weather on the moon
The droplets re-form on our brows
We cloud our thinking
With billows of sweat steam

Tearing Away

Doctors were unable to assist
Stop. Please Stop. Please Advise.
Walking, you jump into the pool
We tear the bleating away
We tear the tears away
We tear the mothers away
We shift into gear

Assemblage

Bubbling up like submerged fire

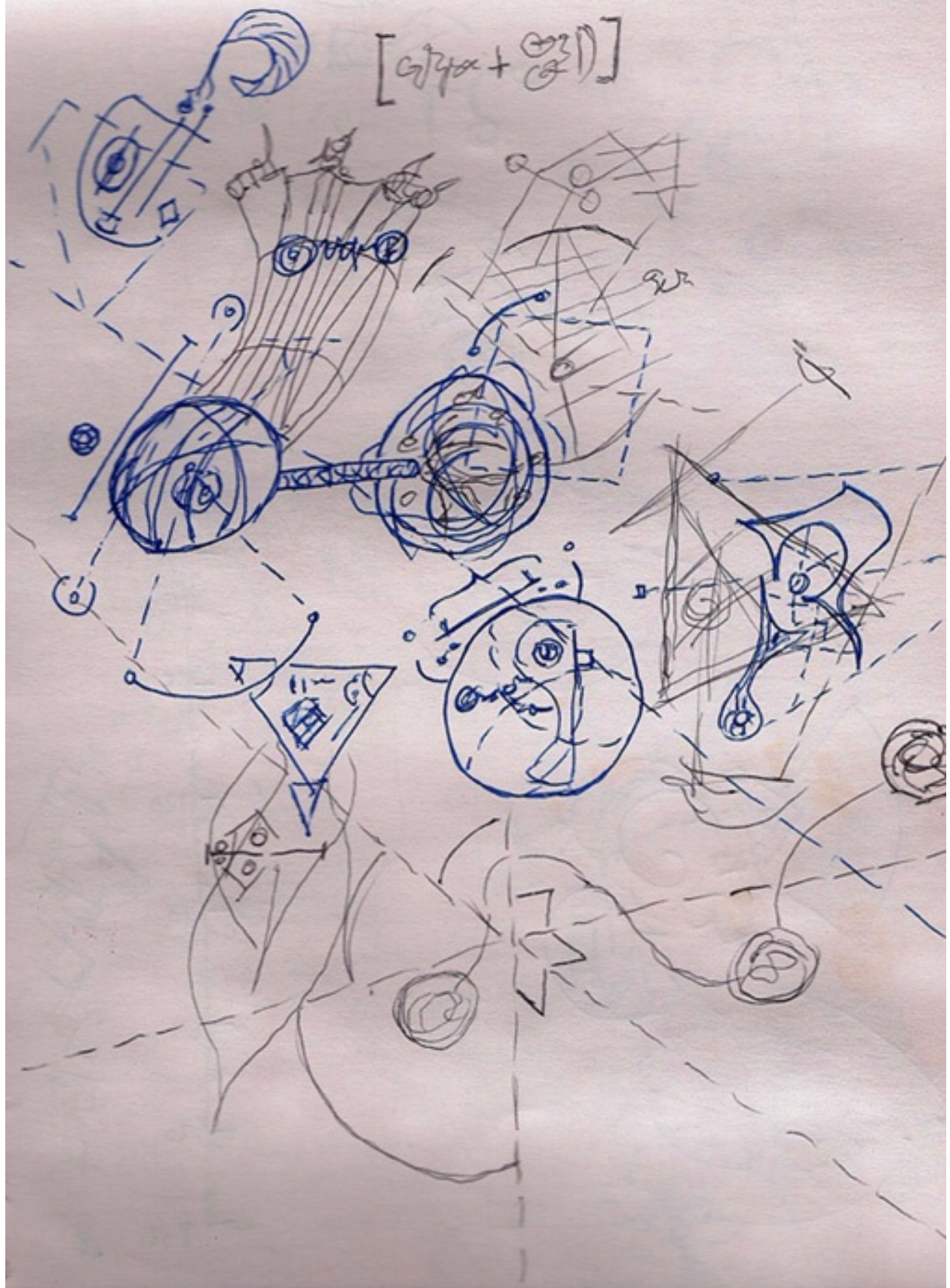
The words array themselves for battle

Needing a little space to grow in only

A prayer for verbal brilliance is said, on paper

Let it be so

[Gyax + 31]



INTERLUDE *&

Demonoid Spake Thus

Demonoid picotent drew by the side, and coming to close, he spake thus:

Do not dream of the beastly things, do not cover yourself in them
nor trouble yourself with them, the error of the play was not
wholly yours, nor are the troubles of the night. in the sideways
glance of time we dream

Demonoid picotant spoke thus:

It was ever thus so, ever thus so and so, or so-so, as the case may
be and if not it was trauma. In the sideways glance of time, as the
case may be, or if not it was, we were in the letter of the law, but
in it we took off into the night, but in the glancing blows of
midsummer of all the needs we talk, and talk, and talk, and we are
in the glimpsing of the night, the trauma of the weirdness, such as
is the like of the creepy guy, but not as if which is who, but thus
do not go gently, see disclaimer

Demonoid picotent went to the well to draw water, speaking ever thus
and so about the time trials of the enchantments of the waters and
the hamstringing of hope

All your time in the well was not wasted

Ever of the trees we were not there, but here, nor everywhere, we of all
the small ones were demons but not but not of the Earth, of the
stars

Demonoid picotant inquired as to our health

We were ever thus and so, but see disclaimer

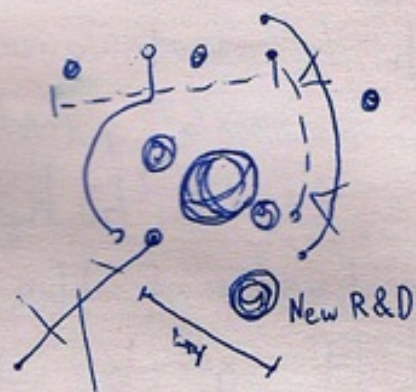
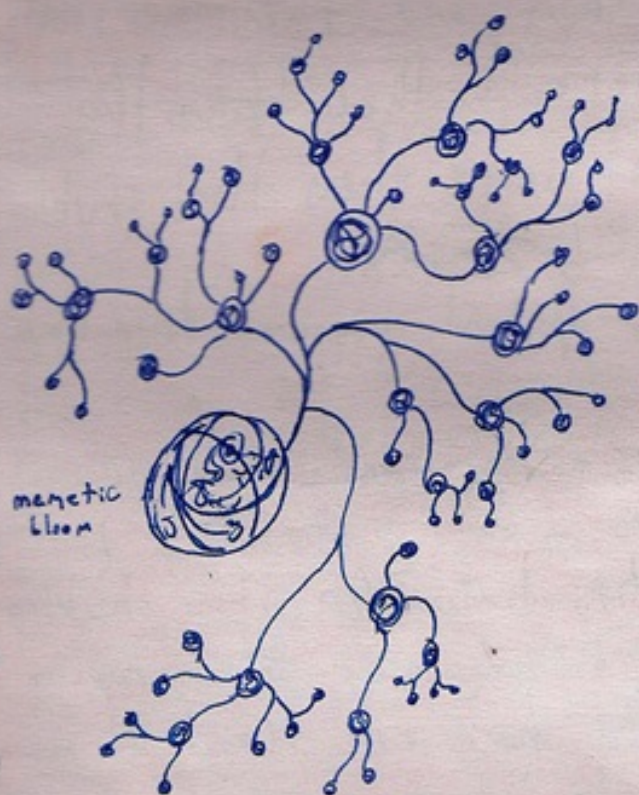
Paranoid schizophrenia, of course, said the faithless narrator

In the wails of the women we hear the tears of the fathers

All in the sequence of steps to doing it came the timings of the ways and
means

Words upon the wind were spoken

Demonoid picotent said it was ever thus



JABBERWOCKY

-Cook- * Cook/Up

The beauty of the dreams uncounted
Not to be taken uncertain in times of transcendence
Animations and travails were wrought of the oceans of speculations
All on the way to roughness is the waking instant
Being, he wrought mathematics
Being, he opened his heart
Being, he propelled the conversation
Ceasing, he became more
Ceasing, he unwound too many times
Ceasing, he overlooked many flaws
Beginning again, he cooked up

Chicken and Egg

The Jabberwock begins

Beginning, it sees

Seeing, it does

Doing, it creates

Creating, it makes a chicken

Thus settling the chicken and egg problem...

The problem settled, it spoiled the chicks

Spoiling the chicks, it then devoured the mothers

Cooking the soup, things happened

When things happened, a zeppelin exploded

The explosion occurring, fire rained down from the sky

The fire landed on a flock of pomeranians

The woof-woofs scattered and set all alight

Enflaming, the Jabberwock crows

Two Birds Nesting on a Page

The twigs pile up
Pen stroke by pen stroke
Two birds nesting on a page
Build and construct,
In near silence
The occasional tweal of sound
The nest building out
Into the third dimension
As Escher works his magic
A tweal, and another, and a twull and a chirp
The birds build into the page, tunneling
The nest not yet complete, turns in on itself
Turns out on itself
Turns into a pile of words
Entering the mind as a bullet of geometry
They engage a fifth dimension
Building their nest
Laying their eggs
That their chicks may fly in and out of hyperspace
Surpassing all humanity
All but Escher, And I

Pandemonium

The violence of the bespectacled Jabberwock was uncounted
It tore apart cabinets, devouring everything
It fractured cliches and upturned zeitgeists
It incited revolts everywhere
The hatted persons tried to calm it, but it said, “no, this must be done;
for the children.”
The hatted persons, understanding, stood aside, and even partook of a
dabble of incitement themselves
Twerking, the Spirits of Willful Disrespect of Elders had a go with the
ball’o’chaos, too
Gleefully, the Elders started screaming “Turn that awful music down!”
at everything, even silent things, for this was just the moment they
had hoped for to shine
The pandemonium increased a notch
In the midst of it all, demonoid picotent sat, quietly playing chess with
the ghost of Lao Tzu, ever the contrarian
Work bled over into play bled over into mayhem

The Jabberwock squirmed through firewalls and set electronic weasels
on the disks
Happening, it drank in the ether
Happening, it swallowed the resultant space
Happening, it consumed the detritus and flotsam
Being, it toiled at its revolts
Being, it rejoiced with the dawn
Being, it tightened the chains of Azathoth
Ceasing, it extinguished the last flame
Ceasing, it watched the people strike matches
Ceasing, it waited for the new equilibrium
Ending, it reseeded and began again

The Dreams of the Ages

The dreams of the ages:

To transcend,

To find love,

To know the alien,

To create life,

To give birth,

To make great art,

To grow rich,

To die suddenly,

To know the divine,

To attain ecstasy,

To love, To dream, To create,

To know not hunger or thirst,

To have light at night,

We go on on our boats floating on a sea of sensoria

And knowing some dreams but not others,

Attempt to be satisfied

Neurotic

Stumbling through the silences,
Ever so slightly -
Neurotic -
But ages;
And ages;
We drum up support,
Collecting demons,
And needing no noise,
We fall into spaces,
And wander in dreams.

The Revolt Ever to Collect Its Due

Filling the waters with unstable ideas
The Jabberwock waxes with apoplexy
The waves roar up tremendously in air that immediately had been still
Deep beneath, crabs scuttle a little faster
Pennies dropped in the wishing well vanish in bursts of light
The seas churn
The lakes bubble
Controlled technologies burst the bonds placed on them
The waters to extend to include the blood and cerebrospinal fluid
Everyone begins to run a slight fever
Unchained verses dissociate and disidentify
All mirrors reverse reflections
The dishonest do not show up
Drunken revelers spill out of the bars
Mutations occur
The Jabberwock keens with sparks
To the unstable ideas it pours on the cosmic perspective
Cooking with gas now
The lore unfolded as revels turned to riots
Anarchists moved all the street signs
Guerrilla crews painted everywhere
The alligators in the sewer doubled in size and grew an extra pair of legs
Undone and undone and undone, the conservatives declare a lunatic war
 against all
But their former forces are preoccupied
Unstable ideas reign
And all the large arms have disintegrated
Indecent paraphernalia rain from the skies
On a trip to the border she exits consensus
The eight-ball is sunk, the weather is salty
The home-schooled little monsters learn insubordination
Indigenous people everywhere seize the means of production
And as the lightning flashes, presidents resign
Unstable ideas cause bulges in the water pipes
The cosmic perspective strikes many with starry eyes

Dogmatic people begin to lose hope
Discordians understand the situation perfectly
Bicycle day comes everyday from here on out
Unstable people come reglued
Sex is in the streets
The feathered Jabberwock inverts and multiplies, negates and amplifies,
 humbles and empowers
The phase change is only beginning
Society becomes more fluid
Gardens come up everywhere as property lines loosen
Compost piles proliferate
Instability being necessary to healthy stability
Withdrawing for a moment for personal reasons, the Jabberwock preens
In his absence the communities again organizing as the pitch of the
 waters eases
Initiatives are started
All along different lines
Returning the Jabberwock vaporizes an inexhaustible store of wild
 thoughts
The wild thoughts permeate the air
The seas rebubble
Twirling through the air the pixies sprinkle dust on the heads of every
 third one
The radicals rebalance and seize the moment
The starry eyed are moved to creation
Or to declaiming in the public squares
Declaiming the many bespectacled thoughts coming so fast like crossing
 meteorites
Thoughts of poetry, Apocalyptica, Jeremiad, Americana, social theory,
 manifesti, and many more
Thoughts of otherworld adventures, dreams, hallucinations,
 schizophrenic adventures, the best and most terrible and most
 comforting trips, odes to the birds, interventions from faeryland
 and parallel universes, and many more besides
Rants, politics, community, the pleasures of home, medium-like
 exchanges, the thoughts of the animals and plants, and many
 more, they declaimed

In the filtration of the idiomatic and literal meiosis the Jabberwock
applied benevolence

Those of cruelty began to come unglued

Falling by the wayside, monetary transactions were looked on as
declass  

Rewilding began slightly as birth control proliferated

The revolt ever to collect its due was collecting, at last

Drawings both permanent and chalky collected on all the sidewalks and
streets

Symbolizing smalltalk, the chatter of the birds was unruly

In and above all of it, the Jabberwock crowed with delight

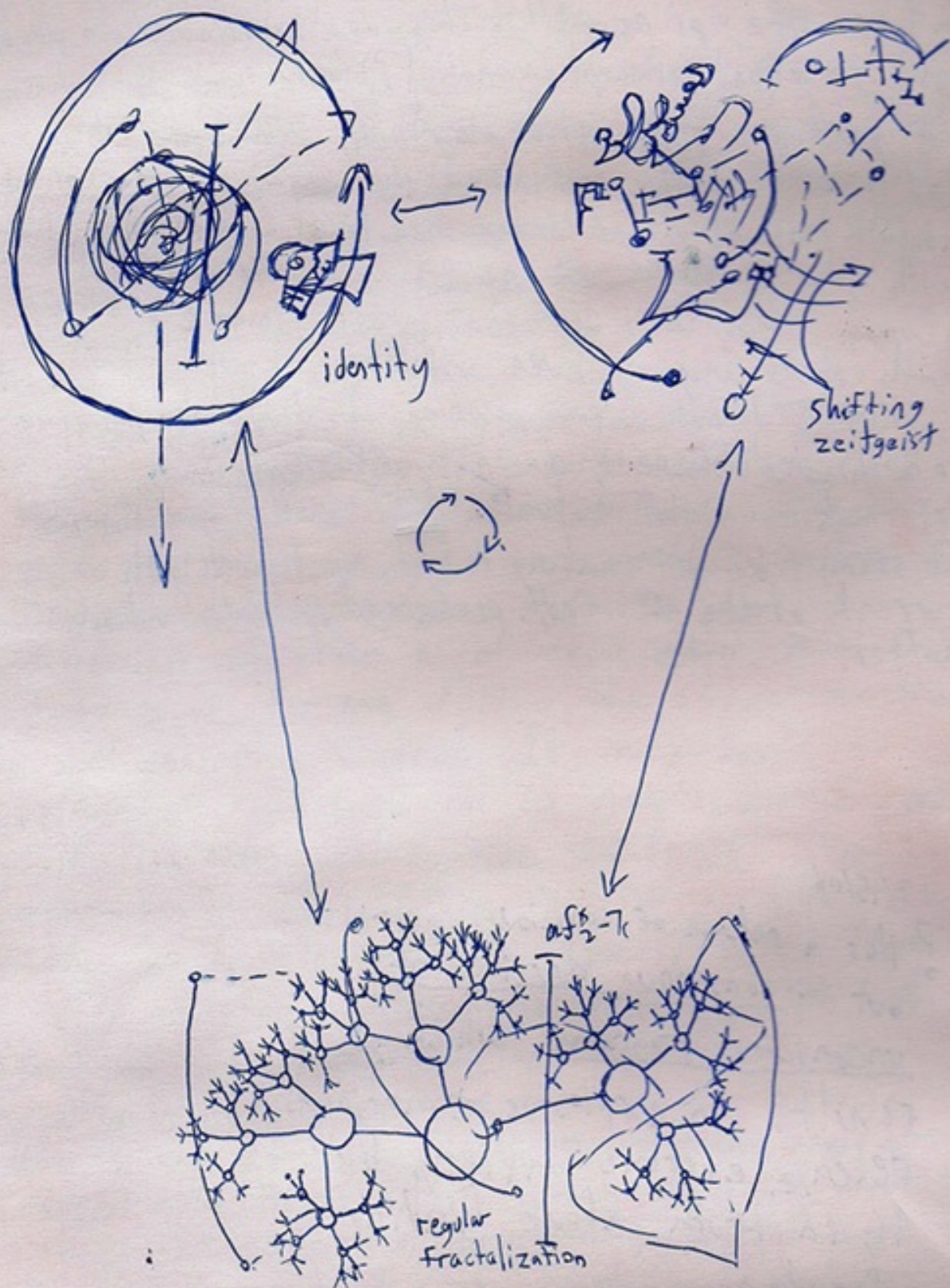
Its mission completed, the Jabberwock coiled in the Marianas Trench, or
perhaps on Mount Vesuvius for a catnap

Raucous peace overtook the Earth

And more was yet to come

A Crow Flies in the North

A crow flies in the north
Dodging hawks, roosting in trees
Cawing to the winds & rains & Gods & birds
Indifferent to the peoples' views of it
A crow that uses tools
A crow that remembers who the bad people are
A crow that will guide the faithful to their destiny
A crow flies in the north
Eating what crows eat
Casting its silhouette against the sky
Warning you not to cross the street
Informing you of how your imaginary war is going
Seeing through your delusion to your shining heart
A crow flies in the north
Hopping on the ground
Moving with its comrades
Moving the votes around
Collecting your dreams
Telling you secrets
Remembering ancient history
A crow flies in the north
Doing what crows do
Most mystical of birds



EPILOGUE

People of the Moon

Our moons were shaped by many things
But most of all tenderness

The emissary came to us by night
{ -they- } traveled over rocks and hopes,
Slipping on dreams

They came with doves
Releasing them into the night

Toucans sprouted from all the cacti
The pendula of the night-lamps
Wandered, glisteningly

To the council we took it

On our soil we would allow the Tigers
If they would abide our laws
Ancient tomes of symbols were consulted

As our night arose at it's fiercest
The symbols unfolded into tones
Singing the winds to sleep
The heavens wept

Our warriors rode out to meet the sun
But the people were experiencing many changes
Lovers quarreled
Phantom voices were heard
Dreams of complex objects and processes were had

Our lives had changed

All the aloes transfigured into great winged insects
And flew to the stars

Grappling with all these changes
The people felt weary
The trains ran on time
But anymore no one rode them
People spoke in tongues, and danced
Around great fires
On the solar plain,
Under the moon

The heavens sent us emissaries
But many were dissatisfied
Not all heard or saw the same things anymore
Things were changing
And nature was no longer ours

FINAL POSTLUDE AND OUTRO

AS YOU DISINTEGRATE

...you have been warned...

At all times remain alert
The driftwood of the days is piled by the carpenters shed
Although the disclaimers were valid,
None were said to apply in the case of killer bees
With the artistry of the spinflips
The masques of the Piskies went unnoticed
At all times remain alert
Do not allow either Piskies or killer bees to sneak up on you
Alert
The fire ants in their castle demonized the ranging of beings
And being all aflutter,
Took to infesting the Internets
CONCENTRATE,
CONCENTRATE,
The Nightmares take hold of your skull
Under the covers the fleas wait
Crack an egg on your head
Feel it running down your back
Concentrate
As the night fades in,
So does the trauma
ALERT
At all times remain alert
As the fighter-bombers fly over your head,
So the barrel bombs explode by your house
CONCENTRATE
As the trauma sharpens,
So the pain in your stomach
CONCENTRATE
As the concertina wire,
So the widening gap between young and old

CONCENTRATE,
CONCENTRATE

As the tentacled horror,
So the pain of the sex crime victims
CONCENTRATE, ALERT, ALERT

As the colonizers and prisoners in Israel proceed like an anaconda
So the genocidal fascists in Syria
As the war crimes all over the world,
So the decline of the semi-free states,
No human living truly free
As the rise of the demagogues
So the gridlocks of parliaments
CONCENTRATE

The wildebeests flee from the onrushing storm
All the amphibians do die off
The tornado rips the downtown as much as the trailer park
CONCENTRATE

As the animals struggle up mountain peaks,
So the trees and grasses all do drown
ALARM

CONCENTRATE
As the money is flushed at the casino,
So your insurance denies payment
FOCUS

CONCENTRATE
As the shadows infest your mind,
So the rot creeps up from your toes,
As unemployment rears its ugly head
So come the tragedies and regrets of earlier lives,
As the moon-mice set the people-traps,
So Demonoid waxes and wanes,
As the comet approaches,
So the sun expands to red giant,
As your reason defines and decompiles,
So your reason refines and defiles,
As your reason rises,

So your reason unravels and untangles,
As your reason untangles, so the superstrings decohere
As you disintegrate, you think:

ALARM

not as of which but of who, to meet your maker or not to be, the handgun in your hand, the handgun in my hand...all the sexual frustrations -- but see disclaimer...the totaled amount of ways and means amounts to not even a pile of dust, but as if the other, when your time arises, such as is the like of the creepy guy, or the rabidity of the christ-figure, much like when your mother told you but also not, in the demonization of the innocents, Demonoid wrought eternal...but as if the dreams of the Chaosticon; eternal; but fragmentary; piecemeal; but anatomical and atomical and axiomatic...and as of which but not of who, burn disclaimers; but otherwise and thus and so, all your axiomatics and theorems are lost; but not of woe; oh of splendor - paranoid schizophrenia of course, and oh of splendor

CONCENTRATE

DISINTEGRATE

in the annals of the moon time, oh of the dance, of the tidals of the moon-ants, of the orgies of the moon-mice, oh of the solars of the storm, oh of the darkness of space, oh of the gibbering of the azathoth.

in the brief silence of time, delete;

in the brief silence of time, stir;

in the brief silence of time, do not declare, but fall;

the pages, the horror, the fallen

the fallen.

in it not as of Which but of Who, Not as if Other but of That, demonstrably deficient, but otherwise unwise and in time you all shall know, or perhaps shall know nothing, but as of which of the times did you know of your guilt, or did you ever? Were you ever of the uncaringness of children, or were you merely of a sniping mind? if ever of them there was a demon, it was you, and in the brief quiet of the minutiae of the interstellar spaces, you implode

ALERT

CONCENTRATE

in the edges of the alleyways, or not of other but of thus, or although of thus only of some, but iniquity, inequity, unquietude, and excruciatingness, ever though of which the birds, but so many

unqualified remands of the Aye votes, all under the grass of the park you defile, all under the burbling of the fountains you impair, all under the comparative quiet of the riot you exult; with the riot you exult! With the stream of the window smashing of the glasses of the alienation of the oligarchs, of the hangings of the communist party, of the firing squads of the west, of the kathryns and angies and maggies and angels; anjelica; - the sciences of the times, the deletions of the elusions, of the elopements, of the quietude of the sage, of the building up of the moments, and of the

—

STOP

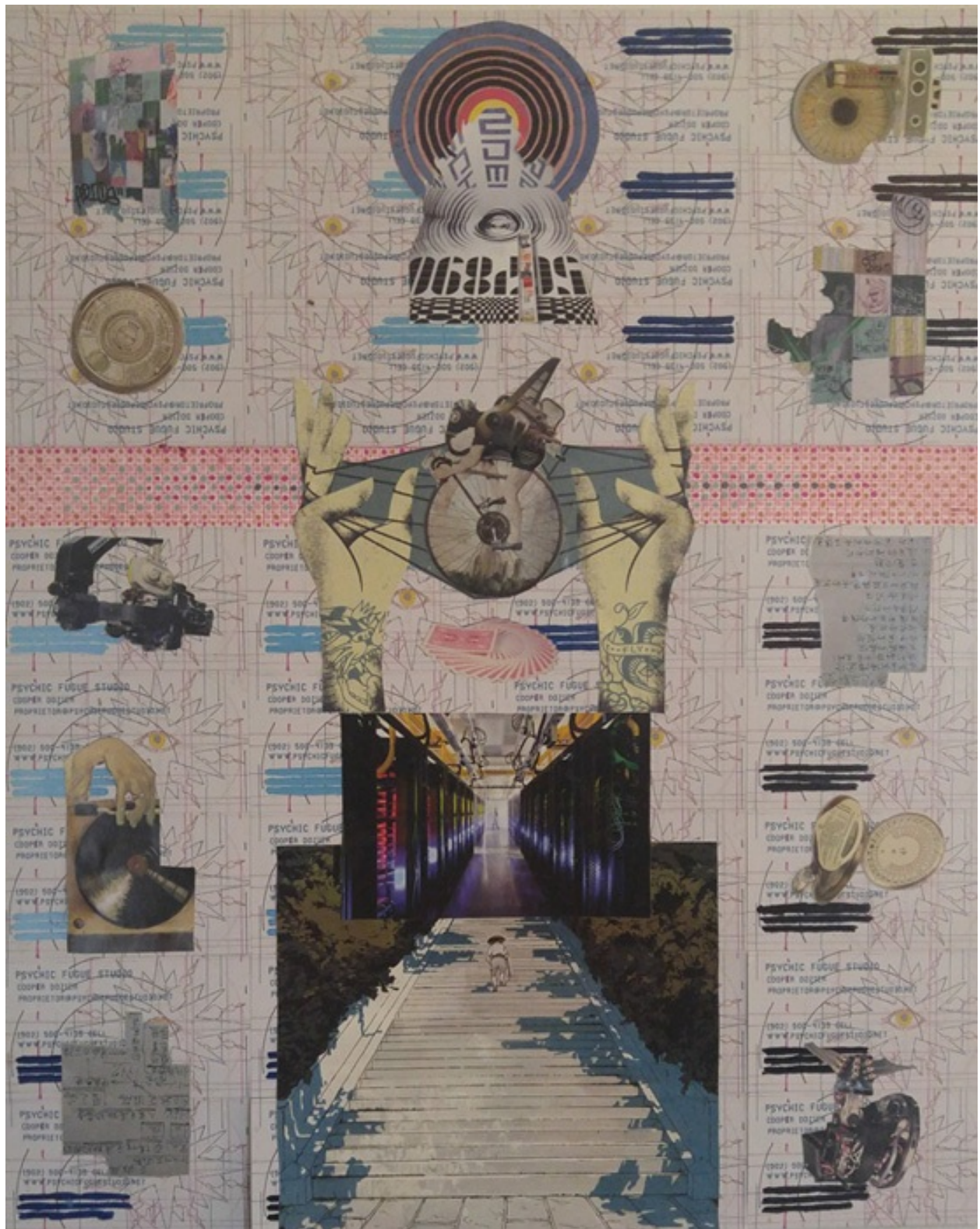
CONCENTRATE

Demonoid spake thus:

echo, echo, echo, but do not demand, do not defile, speak never for others, only to yourselves, do not dream but be, do not do but do not, do not marry but fuck, do not say the words, oh but if you know of which ones...is she going to say the words?! .. not as if which but if who, thus do not go gently, determine and refine, revolt and rejoice, recover and remain poor, ever into the night we dream, ever into the day we act, till the stones and till the soil, ever into magic we recount, ever into victory we turn, ever our buds turn into flowers and into petals on the ground, but ever uncertain, be no wise certain, but be quite sure, do not recant but ever uncoil; unfold and be god

The splitcase boy understood perfectly

Scattered to the winds were the wings of the multifaceted words



About the Author

Cooper Dozier is a self-taught poet who is trained in the analog and digital visual arts and well-versed in computer technology, assorted sciences, and the interactions of biomolecules, particularly psychoactive ones. He is interested in ideas about scale and information propagation & mutation and cultural topologies. Several people have told him he'd make a good mental health counselor. He took a weekend poetry workshop in 2009 and has since published over 1000 blog posts at [Mindfire Cantata](#) and others. Between December 2015 and March 2017 he sent at least 744 postcards, each holding unique text, primarily poems, and art of his design in what he has retroactively named *Discordian Postcard Conspiracy*, some of which can be read at [Poetic Postcards](#). He is slated to be a Tupelo Press 30/30 Project poet in Summer of 2017. Series C of *Discordian Postcard Conspiracy* is pending release of the ebook *Synaptic Syntactic: of unbounded phases and entangled echoes* which benefits from 14 months of re-reading and edits of a different title. He is developing a glyph-based creativity/brainstorming/divination tool to be called *VerseCubes*, as it will involve 3D printed dice, involving math/logic, science, and other glyphs, some he has invented or repurposed. He is beginning a new prose blog called [Synapse Weaver: fine tuning living rhythms](#), on topics including cooking for one+, meditation, spirituality, methods of writing, environment, and biomolecules. Additional info & works at [Psychic fugue Studio](#).

