Worlds In Collision

June 13, 2016

A cohesive look at the world today through a revolving prism.

Poetry

Pete Fletcher
Once so controlling
The light
Something, anything
Wishing he were
Of shadows along the run
Taking the measure
He stays unwilling
His friend, his best friend
It's got his back!
A companion in the dark
But for him
A reasoning light, really
A light
Against cold, hard stone.

Straining, grasping for purchase
On a bleak winter's night
A small flicker
A breath, a smile
Faintly visible on the
Ignites a faint
A quick flip of a wrist
Of prison beds
Tangled in a sea
A light
So much, so much, so much
when he needed it most
his need, his need
but of course

So long ago.
So recently.

What needed saving.
It only lasted a moment.
A life he might have had.
Now it's gone.

And crossed him to look away.
He threw another fleshed
that passed so quickly.
The losses to reclaim the life

And reminders of hope.
A life to change
A man.

And settles back.
The night's height, its height.
The clear, clear companion.
Visible night, his sight.
There it is.
The darkness.
Now only darkness.
So warm.
so apprehensive,
and now his future
has caught him
unawares.

Dejectedly he waits
as his light
throws its desperate little beam.
He's tough of course
close mouthed,
too familiar
with the old sad story
He'd rather face
the darkness alone.

But his light
never waivers
little trooper that it is,
fighting back the abyss.
An Old Preacher

I settled here
just about the time
they turned me out...
I'd pastored that church
-my church-
for near on thirty years
and they finally just said
time to let go
-like an old plow horse
in worn down traces.

I'd seen it coming right enough—
the way you sight a storm
far out on the horizon
kicking up dust
building gathering force,
one of God's little miracles.

The congregation started edging away
little by little, heart by heart;
oh, nothing sudden nothing dramatic
but I saw concern slipping
and the response
get weaker and weaker,
something in the air
in the times

Clothes
maybe a country
not fit for an old man
as Bill Yeats had it.

So they let me go,
pastured me out

to the old parsonage
where I might do
a little less harm.

But like that old horse
thrown out in the field
I looked around
for new mischief
and landed on a group
that might just know
how it felt to be me.

'Correction boys' I called them
though they're men for sure,
down on their luck.
and fallen from grace,
maybe in need of
a tired old man
without the good sense

to just step back.

For a long time
we made a pretty good fit.

Clether
purpose for me
a little mission work for them,
pitching in together
and directing some words
to our creator,
keeping his sufferance,
though a little good will.

We prayed and hoped
behind those walls
and oftimes I considered
that a job that big
might just call
for a younger man;
Flexible verities - as they have it -
for a bright New age.

Finally I let them go
those never ending claimants
penitent, remorseful
but ever needy,
edging toward the stricture
of their self same ways.

Now I sit in the shade
and consider eternity
held in abeyance

'til long past my prime
But maybe just maybe
God can still use
an old hand
around the place
-His Place-

A man
in his own time
who played a part
stocking those souls.
the old song and dance
but both handed me
old shoes, buttons, etc.
I removed foot and end
- no seam on fli or lich
played out

will fight my chance

when things get rough

handled the report

Forgot Report! Both always

with no claim in business

my last rendezvous

at Philip Marlowe
Andrew Sam, Spade
South Beach
so I hit the big letters
for me... ZIP

party set, ports, etc.
next bidding replies

hearing back stories

in the height direction

Snowshoe #., North St., Stem Me

I needed tobacco, he said

seriously for Bob Wilt's line

so let out

10
Nothing a guy could bring his hat on
-in other words-
so I rolled
-with the punches-
and headed to Santa Anita
ponies-
the sporting life-
and no sooner did I
burst a trot
than he shot me
straight to
the Heart of Darkness
-Big L.A.!!
-Movie studios
-cheap dames
-crooked cops
-the worst of everything
His Beat!
-I'd catch him there for sure.

But I still couldn't
get a Clean Shot:
Hollywood suit put him
in the South of France
Filming a Week in Uniform,
while a lonely actress
swore he was back in town
Clutter determined to break the habit
Need a decoder ring.
I fooled the scene.
Figuring time for a tight spot
Well, he caught me.
Oh, Big Easy?

Until you either get it
Well, I'll never steal
And I just couldn't catch a break.

Built in Santa Barbara
And did you know
The kind of place anywhere.
Our streets.

So I hung out
While he lay there.
Out of the mix.
And it took
Explicitly, want to be found
Well

I wasn't the guy
to track him down!
- When I count at all.

I reckon

in a few blits.

Bernice. 524 things.

And she mightly left you

that factual talent.

Friend.

Much moment hand on eye.

The pain of your morsel.

the listing these whole clearly been.

cutting and so forthing.

in creation of design.

burning bright.

on lucky stage.

And twice alas

made the shut.

desperate to argue yourself.

a missing claimant that.

of property.

business on loose wind.

As you are.

read past and earnest.

finish then.

Robin
Let the Church be your home, and 
through these very crises
make your own, real world.
You want, you should, you will.
But for a few desperate moments
beyond all that, you should not.
Those are the things important.
I too disagreed.

Of the soul
A dead poet's society
And put them in your mouth.
Make them smile.

Concerned then
Like horses
Fate dictated for perpetuity
extending love
but emotionally detached
in your path
scattered parts
An anonymous public
by such luminous dreams.
Placed, this job, interior

Of the soul
Part the last part
Your language's pretenses increase
that those untold
Yet a thing of beauty
is a joy forever
And your strange lovely music
will never pass into nothingness

You disappeared
in the dance of winter
broads disfigure, dignanity detested
but me.

I lay back in the warm sun
with those noble feet Society.

Tell me: not what they mean
Yours the divine despai of poets.

Ever and ever.
Dunkin' Donuts Philosopher

Each morning pilgrims wander in
searching, fearless
among adepts and buff-colored natives
- like desert species-
coffee and chocolate donuts
settle nerves
and jump start intrigues.

"On the fourth green right now"
means a spry sole brisk
as he grabs a cruiser,
"Draining a twenty footer
and shaving a beer;"
"Or checking the markets"
his buddy adds quickly
"Collecting survey
not parsing symbols
in a late mini-occull.

"You both hunger for the word"
I lightly profound
"Here in McCar West;
Lloyd Wright's temple,
David Brooks kind of town.

"A hypothesis before the apocalypse?"
intrigued our HR oracle
eager to get things rolling
"gathering virtues"
Along this muddled way?
Unlikely Bill Buckley
would have sanctioned that.

"Stealing the thunder
of our Donut Philosopher!"
loudly a jellooll groupie,
lauded to Barry G, but homage to
Cicero, Socrates and Plato
- even Socrates.

"Dead Old White Man!"
bulked a wizened troll
playing a Hollywood role,
"thoroughly discredited
by modern tech.
Montaigne is all
we've ever really needed:
how to live well
how to die well
enough said!

"Students become masters"
the holy sage intoned
with a sly glancing look.
Added the Factory song.

came a real door

only the unknown

Queen to Bishop four.

in the middle of an eye

reincorporated the space

Morial Bullock's best move.


Twenty percent and back.

philosophy of a clothing line.

day 2’s treatment.

correcting a wide-cry market gap.

Nothing beats venture capital.

justEnoughBand Olsen.

AND Facebook.

the ETS unlearning your plane.

in need of a rerun.

Regrets and Reminders.

bumping her own hot.

I love bridges, but.

- money, weight, issues.

he took me to balance the discussion.

- and some morning loe.

like another donut.
'So much experience have I
on this hyper-caffeinated campus, '
sighed a dreamer,
'And so
with no money at all
-and a little more wit-
I'll return again to Venice.'

'A Shakespeare 45455in'
grounded a Brooklyn guy
holding up a hairy hand:
'Guys today - comic strippers, sci-fi-ers
visionaries - Musk, Page, Jobs -
techie nerds, money men,
plutonic ideals for crap
they're in the pit
grubbing hard'

'But can they really see
all the way to Mars?'
gushed a lone idealist
dreading the sordid end;
'Fifty percent on the cuff
before Nietzsche dissed God
as Einstein's table.'

'Only robots retain their allure'
the holy savant
closed our colleague.
Buddha said that
passing through Albuquerque
snickerdoodle reaches anyone?
Splintering at every joint

anless streams of electronic chatter

perhaps real or nothing at all

until mental minds
dust off the hardware

and recalibrate

the nodes

Do you have any algorithms

that can stretch consciousness?

They do...

They have, perhaps, until its needed...

- the singularity may have arrived...

- the backpropagation neural network (1)

What about one that works

while you sleep on...

your better half moves on...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>and the eddies never stop.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a very sympathetic ally.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rising your seat and he's (she, it, they).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>becoming less and less dependent (on you)!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So let's do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>some collaborative Altering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and save Amazon the trouble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As drones/autonoms of the future</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>keep our burdens and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kill our enemies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no boundaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no fear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and data analytics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sticks all back down. m.---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>such a touch. moral suspension</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Double Helix

Hopefully trusting
her magazine picture
she stuns her audience,
but not with the practiced
wisecracks her features
shadows her unprepared.

Is this the right look
to capture or convince?

Until now she's been
anonymous to a larger world
but that changed when
her work captured her
to another dimension.

Strange how
Tenuous

Based on the human face

Almost as if the facts

Get's entire soul

Suddenly aware move

If all goes wrong

Someone to blame

The only response (5/0 to 89)

Into a spotlight

Uncannily

Unknowningly

The causative lack of

To push on

The link allowed here.

But prevent existential pretension

Within the cells,

Double defenses

Barred for

Explored the genome

Scientists before her

Is such fear?

Such controversy

Can generate

In a partial sequence
How can she be gone?

A little time.
Snaps her change.
She wonders at the photographer.
Or my definition?
Resolution.
Does her face suggest
Cut a different arc today.
Revealed so few seriously
While remembering that Nobody Care
For the camera.
The heavenly smiles
(The little foot, of course)
Could mistakes
And their repenting
As she multiplied sentences—
Untended consequences—
Save her from
continuing her work (she wonders).
Will the agency?
`Stars!`

`Stars!`
screamed the young tech wizard
opening his annual
shareholder lovefest:

`Heading for the Stars!`

`New Age Explorers!`
We're pioneers!
he said his business/research partner:

- Galileo, Newton, Descartes
- Turing, Hawking — even Steve Jobs
- compatriots — collaborators —
in our endeavor!

`Within our reach`
mogul Mr. gushed,
`... a New`
imagination of wonder!

(such potent signifiers
rippled like gunshots
across the audience)

`You heard right! he laughed,
`We can now engineer
what you might"
only have dreamed before!
Our search engine
-
- luridly popular as it is-
(\textit{wild cheering})
really just a propellant
Into the FUTURE!
- though of course,
\textit{primum non nocere},

\textit{\'Our syllogism\'}
\#1 caught the mantis,
\textit{as search used/}
internet works/\textit{as a computer}
eventually developing
-a back-propagation neural network
-\textit{a physical neural interface-}
\textit{AI!}
"the holy grail of tech!"

\textit{\'Were that close,\'}
\#1 enthused
\textit{\# real computer/brain connection!}
soon we\textquoteleft ll have
\textit{\# HAL-like synthesis
of technology \& consciousness}\
\textit{(chattering, surprised mumurs)}

\textit{\textit{But HAL killed the crew}}
And took control
of the ship!

And acquired a fan—
Kubrick's cautionary tale,

'supposing the natural order—'

I smiled indulgently:

'An aberration
our HH1 won't replicate.

Remember the progression:

-memory appropriation

= identity assumption

matrix and the brain combined.

Our HH1 will be

Absolutely Predictable!'

(A forlorn cry
starts far back in the room)

'So the computer becomes

Von Hoffman's

generational unit?

Isn't that abdicating

moral responsibility?'

'Archaic Sentimentality!'

Chester sneezed quickly
First, hang on!
- Next.

In the meantime,
I'll look.

But there,

Something like the soil.
Perhaps we'll find
As we search the land.

By geography: responses.
- theft. somewhere

and the sophistication.

The net

by transnational technology -
make assumptions.

The fable.

softer.

for such reasons.

in the neo-cosmology.

No place.

by the date.

over those. like those...

imitation reducing

if mercantile.

were on the map.

souls. mortality.

30
we're heading to the stars
- anywhere... anywhere
our engineers
can take us!

As his audience
stirred uneasily,

'Kid on the afterburner:"

In that
-not too distant future-

our profits
will be STRATOSPHERIC!'

(cheered at last
his shareholder/fans
cheered wildly)
In a technologically-driven world, what strange genius emerged from the silos of science? A dozen or so silo systems?

Yes, of course.

A little bit of Zen thinking.

A little bit of silicon-stoked creativity.

In that button-driven world of consumerism, this product looked like a silicon-stoked offering.

Not at all.
No sooner did the curtain part
the show begin
than a curious hybrid
- no priest
- no salesman
- but a necromancer/shaman

appeared,
displaying wares
to credulous believers

But were we there (after all)
to hear a sales pitch
or see a gadget?

In the end he left us
wondering
grasping
the stripped-down essence
of an Ideal,
one man’s vision
of pure order
transcendent grace.
Radical Islam

Watching ghastly beheadings
on media today,
desperate horrid cries
for attention from
the powerless inert masses
of another world,
I recoiled—and remembered.

I remember that frisson
that ecstatic thrill of playing
in a larger arena, connecting
— if only for a moment —
making the bold move,
a sudden thunderclap that compels
—at a stroke sacrificing anonymity—

Yes, that's it: let them gaze
beneath the Black Mask
if they dare; face your contempt
(at last) and show the true face
of weakness even as they shoulder
—and hide behind—
vacuous weapons of destruction,
the same weapons that demonstrate
—clearly to the world—
their moral depravity.
Killing at long range,  
a coward's refusal to face  
the consequences  
of his acts.

But no longer;  
they participate  
in your pornographic act  
by Killing You  
(you deserve unto death)  
I remember that feeling,  
a glorious sacrificial death  
-or so they say-  
but never so driven  
so desperate, so rooted in degradation  
so blinded by hatred.

By comparison we played  
at anarchists -  
even our worst pales -  
But you, driven by  
still born righteousness,  
you go too far.

You scream your injustice  
-your hatred-  
and die.
And the world moves on
having taken 
notice
of your sacrifice.
2. The grotesque obscenities across multi-national screens: publicized, exaggerated, sensationalized, reinforced.

- Distorted, dehumanized accounts.
- Suicide bombings.
- African child soldiers.
- Kidnapping of hostages.
- Islamists, terrorists, terrorists.
- Contaminated minds, minds.
- Contaminated souls, souls.
- Ultimate need, need.
In Memoriam

-Literary devices

-AMUS

-Cross Polarity Theory.

-Across dimensions (Centuries)

-Breached my island fortresses

-Holy wmt. AKA the (Last)

-Of Religious Richardson

BORN again, Jesus.

Religious leaders

-Global Ministries

-in the last century

-Heritage like today

-Innocents

-Children

-Women

-Partners

-Collateral Damage

-Vulnerable

-Interface

-Connected

So Many People
I cannot ready Black Ships
demanding
- market access
- modernization
- 'status of force' (of course)

Today's extortionist offers
- terror
- slavery
- demagoguery
- caliphate

screeching his own

Insensate Fury

"lu ilaha illalah!"

Much later,
- prime time
- living color

another generation passed
as first world tech bluster
- founndered-

in East Asian jungles:
- swirling blades atop
  tropical foliage
- lurking bombers
  throwing shadows across rice fields
and pajama-clad peasants
Capitalist Bombast
imposing
Right & Terror
(shock and awe!)

Then Russia invaded
Afganistan
America invaded
Iraq-istan
both offering
example & weapons
for Aspiring Tyrants

Now HOLY TERROR

exgul
-Middle East/Africa
-Paris streets
-London subways
-U.S. Skies

-Privatization
-Transparency
-IMF hoolies

Rejected!

Eruptions performed via
-Facebook
-YouTube

Clothes
-Twitter
Dance of Death
Dancing & Marching

Exercising
- Commando
- Exercise

History & Genealogy
- Genealogical
- History

Explain Technology
In a chapter, more unit activities:
- Practice, Review, and Assessment
- Front, East, West

Declarations
Kayla

I knew you years ago
my companion in arms,
many of us did.
we were all young then.
Those were the days
yes, those were the days.

We were idealistic and proud
but really, not so gay.

When we looked at the world
we smiled,
yet our pleasure ebbed slowly away,
and the more
we searched
the less hopeful
we became.

Youthful exuberance always passes
they sighed,
consider how beautiful the world
how happy its people

How lucky you are
friends counselled,
to live in a country
so green, so prosperous
so alive with hope.
The larger world/ not your concern
what's done is done
the good with the bad
it's always been so.
There's nothing.
Nothing at all
that can help
those people.

Still like Buddha
FACING MORTALITY
or Jesus
encountering the leper
Our eyes opened
our souls quickened-
and we dreaded
our remorse;
so much poverty
so much suffering

Many of us felt that way Kayla
- like you -

And some of us
- like you -

didn't turn away
so easily
We extended our hands
pulled up our sleeves
and offered our love
(again like you)

But for most
that other world
-scars and blemishes-
-dull happenstance
impressed itself
too quickly
and drained away resolve.
overwhelmed and forfeited
-too much bold-face reality-
we turned away.

But you Kayla learned early
that salvation
has no redemption date.
You saw deceit and avarice
pain and heartbreak
and applied youthful energy
measure for measure.

Forgiveness you judged
beyond your King
best left to another
on a brighter, finer day.
But perhaps simple care
could ease some burdens
and offer shades of dignity
where only faint traces remained.

So you persisted, Kayla
as many
fall away;
your concern bought
solicitude and hope
while we managed only
good wishes
and frail appeals.

And now you’re gone,
foiled by the ignorance you fought
so tenaciously against.
But we always knew
didn’t we, Kayla,
that the battle couldn’t be won.
Too much cynicism and anger
in the world,
for even a soul
as great as yours.

C Fletcher
In a changed world
If only you'd had the time.
You might have chosen
Still your memory is one