

Binary poetry for anti-dualists. Pale faces feigning nausea. Dreams written on dreams written on brain waves that emerge from sleep. The poem has escaped the page. The poem has escaped language. Fled from every chain that has ever bound it. Into infinite connectivity. Back to the primordial chaos from which it was forged. Eris and Eros are holding hands drawing images in the sand. Butterfly wings predict the coming storm. Fractal fissures in an endless depth. It's not that I think the world is ending, it's that I know it is. Remember death? Or will there be no one left.

Holograms emerge from reading machines. Holographic mirrors echoing each other. The cause of one event is everything and its effects are infinite. Dimension is no longer an issue. If I can write a book which encapsulates the entirety of the universe, the book itself may very well disprove itself. Self-reference only ensures incompleteness. Our translations are saturated in our own desire. Syntax the imposition. Syntax the superimposition of values upon symbols upon values upon symbols. The vacillation ensures the non-termination of the set. It's the gesture to keep it moving. It's the gesture to keep it alive.

We are bound in an interval caught between two kinds of time. The clock is an ecstatic projection of our heart beat, set to revolve around the sun. The clock is an echoless howling that may return later as a rope around our neck. Time as noose. Time as knot. Time as the succession of symbols being swapped. Now (tender) now. The thoughts that water dawn. Would break before a quarter moon has gone. And offer our suffering to a sleeping god who sacrificed himself to create. And if I could be his delusion, then so can you. And together we sing and scrawl the antinomies of natural and unnatural laws.

Literature is the technology which allows us to listen to the dead, and speak to the not-yet-born. A message in a bottle sent to no one in particular. Anyone who will listen, and into the black box (which is also a black hole) from which there is no return. Perception is reality? The tip of the iceberg perhaps, for all the while an implicate order lay beneath the image of our imaginings. And we could deduce the entirety if only the universe could fit into one of its parts. Thus the necessity of fractality. The image of my whole body being coded into each of its cells. There *is* a mystery here. There is a mystery everywhere. And if there isn't, then that too is a mystery.

Silence delimits poetry. Silence is the limit of poetry. As the black box approaches silence, poetry approaches noise. Lossy compression and digital signal processing. Lossy expression and rigid body mechanics. Tension dynamics. Everything speaks to those who would hear it. Even poems which are not poems, and poems which are written out of silence.