

Book I: A Vague Notion
Poetic Discourse for the Jaded Mind

Billy Pilgrimage

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A Vague Notion

within these pages is a noble attempt in
futility...

the colossal infinity that stretches before and
after

the places, names, forms and faces that have
come to be and pass

monuments erected and crumbled in the sand

written works and novel ideas

no human book could contain the transformations
of the echoes through time...

and yet here I am, pen to paper, etching away

for whoever may find this, in whatever realm,
time, or sphere

this humble work - is dedicated to you my dear

and so we begin...

Billy Pilgrimage

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A Vague Notion

The written word seems to carry with it a sense of silent dignity. To think - what actually is none more than etched scrawl on refined tree bark has the capacity to create civilizations, to incite love and hate, to move men to war, to repair and reform - all that we are, can be, will be, is ink flowing across the page

Shifting hands
Shifting lands
Shifting form

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By this art you may contemplate the
variation of the 23 letters...

-Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. 2, Sec. II,
Mem. IV

words written upon the wall
 between poles
 that always fall
up and down and round again
encircling the writer's pen
words to mend my broken soul
 spilled and sold
 mildewed and old
 words to fend
 dispatch and send
 that rhyme at ends
 about a flimsy thing
 that morphs in time
 "life" they call it
 strife it seems

rife with moments and tender dreams

. . .

a place for my poems
a textual tome
a paper bound home
thoughts as they roam
blahblahblah. om.

. . .

Composer of text,
arranger of symbols,
architect of meaning.

A Vague Notion

Writ to embrace the real,
encapsulate what it is to feel.
Staring into the abyss.
Summoning glyphs to etch away.
What is this voice of mine?
Heard by whom?

. . . .

Quantum fields
Astrophysical ideas
Neutrino born
Black hole swarm
Gravitational waves
Frames of reference
Renormalization
Lagrangian
Paradox
Fermi
Higgs mechanism
Mass
Momentum
Conservation
Energy energy energy
Light upon Light
Optics
Sound
Spheres

. . . .

there will be floors upon floors upon
floors
filled with the collected scrawl, moans,
sighs,
and all other forms of
artistic, cathartic, informational riff
raff.

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floor 1,659,453,235,778 will be dedicated
solely
to works on unrequited love
poetry, novels, audio recordings,
paintings...
all of it
why?
because...
because I have not much to do other than to
archive
describe
and roam

. . .

I want to live
I want to die
I want to breathe
I want to fly
I want to scream
I want to shout
I want to get out
I want to stay
I want to try
I want to live
I want to die
I want to build
I want to destroy
I want to need
I want to want
I want to go
I want to know
I want to read
I want to clean
I want to stay
I want to learn
I want to cry
I want to burn

A Vague Notion

I want to struggle
I want to give up
I want to lose
I want to win
I want it all
I want nothing
I want to live
I want to die

. . .

Moments of time
Drizzled vicariously
Spoken carelessly
The arrangement of the affair
A whole strand
Witch's hair
And dandelions
Stranded on an island surrounded entirely
by
Noises
Sea of tones
Transmitted tomes
Entombed
the bridge
the power
the ridge
the flower
whose use induces noxious modes of
imperfection
oh my aching questions
wrapped up in forgetfulness
stifled and estranged
"the world is ours!" they cheer behind me
as the lit path of "eternal promise"
draws me in
and so it goes
so it's been

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hour by hour

. . .

a rant
on complexity
how perplexed to be
one seeking the secrets of
reality and time
a rant
on forever
on neural correlates of quantum field
perturbations
so awe strikingly complex
what next?
computational beauty
psychosis beauty
intoxicating beauty
microbiome beauty
war torn beauty
calm suburban beauty
fading to death beauty

. . .

Fluorescent glyphs upon the cliffs
Isle of entrancement
Technological wizardry
For human enhancement
So enchanting
Digital romancing
Binary dancing
- cliffs!
Of symbols
Devoured whole
Then forgotten

. . .

A Vague Notion

One of my favorite things to reflect on;
once the oldest person on the face of the
earth dies there's basically an entirely
new set of people on earth

. . .

To and fro
From head to toe
Here and there
Motion sickness
Within my hair
Presently do not care
Want to
But cannot
Shut my eyes
And untie the knot

. . .

Mind in silent pools
Drowns in sleep
And wanders

. . .

This here text post is a placeholder
A placeholder for things I cannot seem to
hold
Such things as eternity
As death
As nationalism and pride
As fate, chance, and causality
As a decent paying job

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As a moment where I'm not preoccupied by
the universe
As a placeholder for my desire to know God
As my fears and failures
As my dreams and hopes
As all my confusion about all things
As the beauty of the world in full fluency
Flowing like a river racing to its
waterfall
A placeholder for all the things that have
no place
That simply race around my head
I wish to know death

. . .

There's beauty in the warmth
as well as the cold and rain
One to beautify
The other to ease the pain
Cycles of the seasons
Myself just the same
One joy and ecstasy
The other sheer pain
A struggle as old as time
Bipolar is its name
The one who bears it
Is nowhere near the same

. . .

Alienated scribe
Ingests and divides
Orders and describes
Walks around in silence
Piercing glance does violence

. . .

A Vague Notion

Something like clock work
Not worth the time of day
Process and procedure
Prototypical seizure
Of the mind body and soul
Sold
For a million bucks
Damn man
That sucks

. . .

An extended dream prolonging
A river flowing longing
Sing song ears are faulting
What does one need?

. . .

I went to a play in a bar today
It was about the death of robin hood
Stood for the whole thing
Didn't drink
Wanted to, but I didn't want to risk mixing
alcohol with my medication.
Just stared and watched and laughed
Mostly kept struggling to explain the
unfolding spectacle before me.
Not the play itself, but the formations of
moving matter. This one little closed off
space filled with sound and movement and
color.
And all I could keep thinking about was
death. Everyone in the room just being
dead. Everyone outside and in the city and
on the planet just dying.

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I can't stop thinking about death and what
may come next

Is it sheer and utter oblivion? No nothing,
no awareness, no universe, no memory or
time.

What would the point of it all have been?
All the wars and inventions and education
and fears and loves and paintings and
yearnings and suffering and bliss and pain.
For what?

14 billion years I wasn't here, now I am,
as are you

And then we'll go again

The infinite variety of things is
overwhelming

I find myself drowning

Find myself praying

I do believe in an afterlife. As irrational
as that may be to many people. Energy
dissipating, a spirit, the resurrection of
humanity, like scattered dust being brought
back together

I suppose one day I'll know for sure.

Doesn't mean I won't be preoccupied by it
till then

Am I just wasting my time?

Am I not "enjoying" life as I should be

Am I just stupid and haven't caught on to
something so seemingly obvious to others?

It's the most certain and inevitable and
exciting event.

Every exhale is a step closer.

. . .

He shut his eyes

The wind flowing through the car window
carried all his thoughts with it

A Vague Notion

Into the abyss he went

. . .

An eternal destination
Ingests galaxies with every breath
A trillion years of what's next
Death and destruction
Hope and conjunction
At times can hardly function
A longing
Oh so dear
To transcend this bodily sphere
Into imagination
Butterfly love
Aged elixir
Luminous fixtures
Staring into abysmal glory
Devoured by ink penned stories

. . .

Tears shed for the season
In remembrance
The beauty and the pain
Endeared brothers twain
I have forgotten
All your lovely names

. . .

life of sorrow
cloudy morrow
these myriad feelings do we borrow
for a time
then return them back

. . .

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Detrimental determinism
Magnifies the mundane
Flip a quarter, it's all the same
Heads and life
Tails and death
Woke up wondering "what the f..."
Since when was I conceived?
Before I was a seed
Some time immemorial
A ripple in the unfolding fabric
A strand in this woven web
Weaving through the void
Embracing the unavoidable
Detrimental determinism
Eternal words inscribed
My failure to describe
Tapestry before mine eye
Oh why?
Oh why?
y o y

$$f(x) = x^2 + 9x + 7$$

A hint: your hands.

. . .

Another day,
another story,
blood flows - forever glory.
From eternal past,
to present now
A lingering question - how?
We've searched and sought,
writ books and fought
If history has taught
us any thing at all,
it's that everything shall perish,
everything shall fall
A privilege perhaps
to have been witness
This roaring storm
This sheer madness
Perhaps it's true
And I'm amiss
Indeed it must be...
All pointless

. . .

Endless noise
I cannot process
Endless forms
That pass before me
Endless words
Read silently
Endless noise
I cannot think
Soon to die

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So it is
Will be here in a blink
Across the divide will I go
And finally with certainty shall know
Terror fills my feeble heart
Droning on is my noble art
I stood before death's door
Too many times to ignore
This prison we call life
Soon will release me
And home I'll go

. . .

Spent his life thinking of death
Now he's gone
Nothing left

. . .

The amount of control technological
innovation gives us over nature is
frightening, not for any potential misuse
or anything of the sort, but rather, the
fact that everything becomes subjected to
man's whim and desire. It creates this
feeling of ennui and awe; every challenge
can be solved, every desire can be met,
everything can be ours as we see fit

. . .

Physics, space, explore the stars
Engineering out to Mars
Artificial gravity
Must be daunting
All these disciplines haunting..
Oh so little time

Aero, Astro, and beyond..

. . .

i have much to say
far too much that could never fit on lines
etched in sand, pushed by light, infused
with soul

the age of the machine. as they called it.
Circa 2016 ad.

"forever ago i went to there, the place
just over the ridge, it was subtle, it was
ever..."

"...only afterwards could i recount what had
happened,"

It was the break of night and nothing but
the cars on the freeway could be heard.
I had entered after chasing a girl to the
end of the world and back, only to realize
I had only traced my self
formed a subtle shell and erased myself
the flowing outpaces the I
wiped like the shore does leave
a pirate's life for me, on the ether sea
(aka ethernet) knowledge stolen between
finger tips
knowledge stolen as do quick flighty
glances steal love
worn I straggled on, into creation, the
rolling waves dissipating
into bloody trails left haunted by the eras
ended, kings and men
kings and mortar
the sealed up border between life and death
rent asunder
red with ire did it flow
my saber's edge by moon did glow

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zulfiqar
the spine straightener
neural highway into absolute thought
I type to you now in an hour of need, in
the declines of freedom from pain
into the clutches of ache
of too many places
too many forms crackling my bones
the leaf
an embellished myth for the birth of a new
nation
recorded in collective imagination and
sacred text
passed down by generations
what is this phenomena we call time?
destroying as it creates
passing by, flowing through, rearranging us
was i not born from dust?
and what is at odds with what scripture
tells us?
this evolutionary path the river did hollow
glaring into nothing follow
my eyes rather dim
a charred ember of what they once had been
a mind dulled by the smooth droll of the
passing days
up lifts the page
searching for the remedy

. . .

The world in sorrow weeps
Tomorrow ever creeps
To blunt the bitterness

. . .

I long to be ok

A Vague Notion

To wake up and feel alive
To carry through with my intentions
To feel the reward of my efforts
To smile peacefully
To walk gracefully
To be of use to humanity
Yet im not ok
I awake in pain and confusion
Thoughts flicker in my mind as my body lays
limp
Like a light bulb flickering its way to
death
Hours spent in idleness because I cannot
muster the energy to face the world
Suicide calls me constantly
"End it" "ease the pain" "no more choice"
But I can't
I remain petrified neither living nor dying
Just being
I long to reach my potential
I question if this ideal image of myself is
just a mirage
A way to fool myself into believing there
will one day be an end
That I will become who I long to be
I don't know why I am this way
Where it began
When it will end

. . .

The tree leaf wind rustle makes beauty
The neighbor balcony shout does too
Ephemera as the world unfolds
Universe molds

. . .

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Plato and his theory of forms
Epistemology and how it conforms
To the nature of reality
Knowledge and information
In a form
A formation
Symbols encode
Language the mode
Of realization

. . .

My sandals are falling apart
They've walked countless miles
Across the country
Mountains and rivers
Deserts and cities
Fading
Holes
Tears
They're searching for something
I'm not sure what
But they better find it soon
Before their time is up

. . .

[semi-intentionally left blank]

. . .

i just do not care
blankly stare
frightened, scared
drink a thousand times
ignored a thousand crimes
to the jingle of wind chimes
stupid thoughts in end rhyme
another way to pass the time
no passion left
all books shelved
head to rest
body next
toes are blessed
here lies text
r.i.p.

. . .

color motion sounds and shapes
bloodshot eyes match the drapes
light leaks in
dust falls, grins
laughs out loud and says
"dust to dust,
your arms shall rust
your lips shall too
it was decreed
before existence began
here i am
to remind you"

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. . .

machines and code and girls and time and
space and rhyme and life and death
and change and money and being and math and
physics and dimensions and contortions and
the body and the mind and groceries and
bills and being and doing and rambling

. . .

It was a quest to understand
Understand time and change
The fabric and scaffolding
Of cause and will and fate
It evolved into a fascination with form
Encoding, language, symbols, signifiers and
semantics
Led to computation
States of being in continual flux
Thermodynamic chaos
Fields and operators
Records and history
Onward we press
Into what's next

. . .

ふふ

A Vague Notion

So I have this impulse to join the peace corps, as soon as I finish my degree, but whenever I begin thinking about what I can possibly do in the world I think about civilization as a whole. How we all have roles we fit into, consciously or otherwise, like pieces in a chess match. And I begin to wonder, is it true that every role is necessary? The insignificant tasks we do each day leave some impression on the world and they by necessity couldn't have been done by anyone other than you. Is that enough? Is simply being and being as we are, however we are, enough? Then the question arises, enough by whose standards? Is the woman teaching in an underdeveloped part of the world any better than a simple store clerk?

Doesn't each play a role in the lives of others, no matter how small or large?
it is time..
somewhere after genesis
the heat waves rolled through the car
windows
traffic at a standstill
the weight of it all numbed
pressing, wrenching
the witty moon spoke in silence
the immediate concern was translation
how to capture the foreign tongues of
the city?
the dark passages in obscure scripts,
the faces all around, tomes reeling about
hiding truths too subtle to comprehend at
first glance

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Where were we going? All of us, all of
this... Where?

With that, where were we?

The universe just paused with that raise in
tone that signals a question is being
asked...

No resolution

No pouring insights or revelations profound

Just a pause and car horns

Sigh

. . .

What's his name and whats her face

Went out for a walk

All they did was talk and talk and talk

About this and that and all the sundry
things

They talked and talked till they witnessed
Saturn's rings

They walked and walked

To the edge and back

Then both of them died of heart attacks

. . .

and just like that my years on earth were
nothing more than a dream

. . .

Days flicker by

Trickier than a conman

Whirling into the sand

Vaporous melody

Perishes into night

Now I lay my head

And bid the world goodnight

A Vague Notion

. . .

What to write about?
What stories have I lived?
Of what glory can I sing?

. . .

The memory thief, goes about stealing
memories buried in the dark recesses of
others minds.

It has no memories of its own, transparent
like water, the stolen memories give color,
molding and shaping what would normally be
negation. Striking like a serpent, glances
of the eye snatch.

It lives as a patchwork, a disjointed
collection of foreign recollections

. . .

writing, fingers flying about nothing,
babbling on and on into eternity
the memories flowing through sodium ion
cannals, compulsions and whims
free flowing things
traversing worlds, whirling words, self
contained feedback loop
alien worlds
worlds worlds worlds words hidden in every
corner, behind every mirror,
awaiting the zipper of the universe's pants
to be opened up and leaked out
like a warm stream of
reeking urine
the ashes in the urn
death, a moment in life
breath, hard work and strife

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an epic poem dedicated to those unknown
ones

strangers spoken on the phone once
make it a tall...

i've been invited to the masquerade
and i must mask my inner trepidation
life in the simulation, entry 268;
i'm beginning to have doubts about this
whole thing.

i thought that uploading my mind would lead
to some kind of immortality,

but all i've found

is weariness and incessant repetition
repartitioned repositioned

it was the best of times

it was the worst of times

time itself simply ceased to exist

so i guess it was just the best

and the worst

scabs corrected

injuries erased

perfection is what we chased

. . .

Infinite sequences and series

Haunting recollections eerie

Life of a fractured loop

Running through and through

Tie the knots

Subside the thoughts

And arises the common cure

I am a fool

Folly is my mode

Fallen loves and more

Night time ramblings

Street light scramblings

I ache to scrawl

A Vague Notion

Ache to write it all
The changing seasons
The vacant reasons
The reoccurring gleams
The ripples in the stream
This effervescent dream
Frothy moments decaying
Into blooming floral bliss
How dearly do I miss
You
My
Love

$$(2 \text{ hands}) . . . f(2) = (2)^2 + 9(2) + 7 = 29$$

The joys of mathematical proofs
Interlocking logic
Encoding the minds abstraction
This and thus and therefore
The slightest error may fall
Rational expressions
Algebraic regressions
Calculated corridors
I walk with lantern in hand..
Through the crypt
Archaic symbols shifting
In and out of mention
A plane of higher dimension
A love so sublime

. . .

I love you
Whoever you are
Wherever you may be
Whatever your name is
I have many things to show you
Many words I owe you
This debt has been collecting
My treasure chest is filling
All for you
Mrs. I don't know who

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. . .

عمر خالد محمد علي عبد العال

. . .

My mind is twirling
Meteors hurling
The edge of existence
This beautiful expanse
I so dearly wish to traverse
To see all there is to see
All that will ever be
From here on to eternity
Oh dear God
Please show me

. . .

Dreamt I could defy gravity
I was floating all around
I saw Patrick on the beach
He said his life was a mess
I kept fearing I'd stop floating
I saw Gus too and he was laughing at how
funny and cool it was that I was floating
I'm too tired to fill in the details
But this should be enough

. . .

Seeing hands
Sleeping wings
Broken things
Fear not folly
Be wholly
Stardust winks

A Vague Notion

Face thanks
Battle ready tanks
Blood and bile
For a while
Sit and stay
What do you say?
What does that mean
Even as winter greens
Makes no sense
Costs 3 pence
Tip top shape
Oxygen exceeds
A dire need
Mhm mhm

. . .

I used to write poems
Now I am one
Melodies as I breathe
Thoughts come and go with ease
I used to write poems
About things that vexed
About things long gone
But now I don't
I used to write poems
About you and I
About what it's like to cry
I used to, that is
Until now I don't
I used to write poems
Now I can't
My sighs have ceased
The whys have too
I used to write poems
I guess... I still do

. . .

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The days keep dwindling, my spine keeps
spindling, my light is flickering, my love
is callusing after walking a thousand
miles. Ready to collapse, into a blessed
beutific dream.

Where memories like water glisten.

Where somber moods escape us.

Where gnarled tree like relations melt.

Where time is wrapped around my feet.

Where my heart stops to beat.

. . .

I hate writing, I always feel like my words
are banal, like I have nothing worthy of
being written. It also hurts, the words are
forced out, piecemeal and jagged. Like
clanking broken teeth ground to a paste and
smeared across the page. I wish I was
better, or I wish I had enough feedback to
know where I stand. Is it good? Bad?
Beautiful and inspiring? Insipid? Too
flamboyant? I don't know... All I know is
it's hard, it's painful, and I want to be
better. I want the words to merge and meld
and paint the mind like textured acrylic. I
want writing to be as natural as breathing.

. . .

. . .

There's this roaring space within my mind.
A boundless realm of intermingled perfumes.

A Vague Notion

Fear and hurt and pain. Love and loss and
idleness. Aspiration and disappointment. A
 lurking apathy. An isolation.
It's large and black and empty. It has no
 windows, only shutters that serve no
purpose. The doors never lock. No one ever
 comes in...

I'm not sure who I'm writing to. I'm not
sure why I keep writing. I suppose it's a
 release. Or maybe some form of self
torture... I can't really tell. All I know
 though is that it's necessary.
 Because without you, I'd be nobody

. . . .

It's 10 30
I'm still at work
There's still more work to be done
Then I have to go home and do some work
Then wake up tomorrow and do the work that
needs to get worked on before I go back to
work
And then when I have a single moment to
breathe...
I need to work on some work
Then I'll sleep a bit
And work will carry on

. . . .

No words do I have
None in my possession
The faintest glimmer dies
Within my weighted confession
I so desperately wish
But it never comes true
To form some letters in a shape

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That can convey to you
The sensation of being
I assume you know this
You must be familiar
For you and I both exist
But each of us are so vast
Tombs of experience
Rich mines of life
Our worlds all our own
I write at night because it eases the pain
I write to save my self
I could keep wishing wishing wishing
But to no avail
How shall I ever know
Anything at all?
Someone tell me, please
Who are you?
What am I?
Can we stare eye to eye?

. . .

And when at last you find someone to whom
you feel you can pour out your soul, you
stop in shock at the words you utter— they
are so rusty, so ugly, so meaningless and
feeble from being kept in the small cramped
dark inside you so long.

. . .

A Vague Notion

What is this?

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i don't even know what to write
but i want to
i want to take all this internal nonsense
encapsulate it in some combination of words
that'll create a sense of relief
there's school, that's going well i suppose
coming up with algorithms is tricky
i'm not even sure i'll like programming,
i just want to make this damn library
i'm gonna stick with it and see how far i
go
maybe after all the growing pains i'll be
in love with my new skills
it'd be cool to program a robot, to send
radio signals,
to make the onboard control software on a
spacecraft or satellite
to make immersive virtual reality worlds
i am changing, and it is good
all my friends seem happy. i don't see them
as much as i'd like,
but most of them live back in
mechanicsville/richmond
the few friends i had here in alexandria
mostly moved, there's just alejandro now. i
guess i'll give making new friends a shot.
it requires effort though, and you never
know how it's going to turn out.
that's part of the reason i'm not too fond
of community college, it's a temporary home
i feel bad at times for all the shit i've
fucked up over the last few years.
i mean i guess i couldn't help it, it was
really bad...
i take 5 pills everyday. i don't know how i
feel about that, but it is working, so i

guess that's good.
what else is there to say....
i wish i had a lot of things i don't
currently have
not sure if they'd fulfill me or not, but
they'd be nice things to have
i'm also a bit afraid that i've become
emotionally distant. i want to be in a
relationship but nothing seems to work, i
mean i feel awkward and clumsy and too
closed off to really allow for something to
grow. not even sure what i really have to
offer someone.
i'm trying to change my self deprecating
thoughts. there's this constant toxic mix
of inadequacy, self hatred, and a bunch of
other things. but it's changing, slowly. I
keep telling myself i'm ok, i'm valuable,
i'm not as ugly as i think i am.
i suppose that's all there is these days.
learning, growing, changing, waiting...
for life is not a paragraph,
and death i think no parenthesis
. . . .

Oh what glistening
The leaves of life crippling
Autumn creeps ever near
Enraptured stillness
Cool and quiet comfort
Will appear
My eyes and knees have grown weary
Another year
A few more hours
Marked upon my face
Subtle shifts leave time's trace
My knuckles speak in soft whispers
My feet ache with the weight of life's

Billy Pilgrimage

burden
My poems reek of disillusion
But I must confess, tis only illusion
Autumn creeps ever near
Enraptured stillness
Cool and quiet comfort
Will appear
This season I truly love

. . .

a thousand and one nights
wrestling with inner demons
casting rays of internal light
poetry passes in phases
rhymes navigate the mazes
hour minute second gone
power languished in feeling wrong
broken beats skip, hop
hope to return home
steady tempo of day and night

. . .

Arithmetic logic unit
Control unit
General purpose registers
Main more
Bus
Op-code
Operands
Hexadecimal
Binary
Instruction sets
Store
Load
Add

Subtract
Sqrt
Bits here and there
ASCII
Ansi
Unicode
Compression
Decryption
Description
Algorithms
For while and or else
Electrons whirling
Abacus's twirling
Vertices and poly meshes
Particle systems
Simulated physics
Fluids
Graphics memory
Anti aliasing
Buffer
Stereoscopy
Virtual reality
Binary search
Insert sort
Modulo operator
Vectors and matrices
Computation dawning
Fingers keep crawling
Into simulation spawn
Reading till arrives the dawn

. . .

It's been about 10 months since I started down the this long road of virtual reality. I haven't mastered much, I'm only now beginning to form a coherent mental image of how computers actually operate. I'm

still very far however from understanding the workings of graphics processing. I know I don't necessarily need to be a brilliant computer scientist to start crafting things - this is why I'm supplementing my computer science knowledge with 3d modelling. The hope is that one day the logic and the art will converge.

I'm still really uncertain if I can pull off projects this large all on my own. The prime goal is the library, but there are a few sub goals - things like a botany archive, perhaps an immersive book, the Billy pilgrimage story in 3d. There's also Cantors cathedral.

I'll get there, just give it a couple years.

One large obstacle is lack of computing power. Simple rendering takes forever on my laptop. I've been making decent money and it feels good, but the first objective is a car. Afterwards I can shop around for a VR ready computer and HMD.

Perhaps gear VR would be a good way to get my foot in the door. I already have a compatible Samsung phone - only issue is there's no hand tracking devices that'll work with it, atleast none to my knowledge. There's the leap motion hand tracking camera which looks most promising, but there are a few body tracking gizmos that seem equally nice. Meh.

I don't know how I feel about abandoning my physics pursuits, I mean I've grown kind of tired of trying to understand the universe. I do, however, look forward to getting into physics simulations, particularly light scattering and fluids.

A Vague Notion

Mmm

This long and winding road
Through which one approaches old
Age increases with the program counter

. . .

Ugh
What
Why
Who
What
When
Soon
Why
Damn
What
Why
Oh
Ok
Well
Damn

. . .

Record keeping
Sand sweeping
Reflections of a broken self
Entombed between covers on the shelf
Bitter loneliness' own domain
On and on is the same
Lovers flip through the pages
Symbols shuffle into place
Only to be effaced
My heart
Hurts
It's flame is flickering
The days are sickening

Billy Pilgrimage

I know not what to do
Eagerly I wait for you

. . .

I dreamt there was some sort of disaster
and the world fell into chaos and a bunch
of people myself included were stuck in a
convenience store and slowly we started to
care less and less and I kept stealing
reeces cups and there was this guy who
started digging a tunnel and building some
weird metal thing - don't know where he got
theetal from, but I was one of the few
people to encourage him and actually help.
Then my mom took a reese's cup but there
ended up being a spider inside it. Then the
dream changed to me getting goldfish or
something...

. . .

Streaming data dreaming gather pieces put
together rather wait a while moments
flicker

. . .

Things I will never know
Places I'll never go
Times I'll never be
Faces I'll never see

Things I will never know
Places I'll never go
Times I'll never be
Faces I'll never see

A Vague Notion

Things I will never know
Places I'll never go
Times I'll never be
Faces I'll never see

. . .

If I get killed somebody please finish the
library

. . .

Ruination at the helm
Void overwhelms
Tidal wrapped decisions
Rifle shots precision
Cosmic spire rising
Erase. Revision.
Entranced vision
Enters the mist
Recollections of a past life persist
Time negates the passage
Completes the ravage
Pilgrim carries through
Ascends the mount
Witnesses the fount
Drinks
Drowns
Sinks

. . .

A four dimensional tesseract
Nerves react
In ever quickening ways
I cannot count the days
Or count on them to pull me through
This room without a view

Billy Pilgrimage

This internally marvelous
Mirage
Lodged between my finger nails
Gnawing at my feet
The pen
The ink
The words
Damn... Out of sheets

. . .

One day I'm gonna wake up and windows will
have updated all my pirated software away

. . .

So pretty
So lovely
So fierce
So graceful
So humble
So raw
So powerful
So nimble
So witty
So critical
So so
Women
I love you all
Short and tall
Afro or bald
Your eyes that scald
Your subtle lips
Your fingertips

. . .

I'm a sugary alcove of altruistic endeavors

A Vague Notion

An infected abscess of excessive energy
A wound up walrus of ivory tusked nonsense
A silent quiver in the shadow of the night
A rolling query of Spanish federation
A strange lit eerie moonlight meditation
The moon shines dimly upon my lamentations
A livid customer approaches with unattended
grievances

"How come you have no more black waste
paper baskets? I want all your waste paper
baskets..."

Sorry sir - Jupiter conspired to devour
them all

You do know it's hunting season - isn't it
fall?

True, how true

True how true?

Truer than tomorrow is coming

Truer than dead men humming

Truer than the wiry old lady's false teeth

So true in fact

That it's falsity remains true

And this, my good friend, I truly tell you

You see...

My name is sugary neuropathy

And consumption is my profession

And this here truth I think

Is truer than beyond mention

So true in fact

I wager my child

"No need, no need... But when will you
receive more waste paper baskets? I have a
dire need. My wife, she... And if I don't...

Then... And the doctor said... But hopefully...

But I need those baskets or..."

Ahh...

Sorry

No

Baskets

Here

Don't know

When we'll have more

However, the store is closed

So get the fuck out

Before I call the cops

Or just smack you with this fucking waste
paper basket....

Sugar.

. . . .

- *Firdaws* – The Highest Gardens of the Paradise
- *Dār al-maqāmah* – The Home
- *Dār as-salām* – Home of Peace
- *Dār al-'Āḥirah* – The Home in the Hereafter
- *al-Ġannah* – This is the most commonly used term in the Qur'an and Hadith.
- *Ġannat al-'adn* – Gardens of Everlasting Bliss
- *Ġannat al-Ḥuld* – The Eternal Gardens
- *Ġannat al-Ma'wā* – Garden of Abode
- *Ġannat an-Na'īm* – The Gardens of Delight
- *Maq'ad aṣ-Ṣidq* – Assembly of Truth
- *al-Maqām al-'Amīn* – The House of Security

. . . .

The room is circular and bare.

Near the edge sits a desk with a digitizing pen and a slim virtual reality headset.

You walk in and put on the headset.

The headset has sensors to allow for positional tracking as well as area mapping. The desk exists within the virtual space, as does the pen.

"Lambda, open up the library"

Along the perimeter of the space the book shelves hover. The desk serves as a large desktop, a virtual machine that runs programs which are better suited for 2d use; Photoshop, illustrator, video and sound editing, etc.

You begin a new session

tbc

. . .

Future title/name of something;

The Art of Intellect

. . .

Bipolar

That word is filled with so much rage and

Billy Pilgrimage

fear and anxiety and frustration and
confusion and uncertainty and and and...

That word reminds me of being deemed a nut
job

By countless sleepless nights

By endless thought and reflection

A beauty supreme

A vivid hallucinatory dream

And now medication

Pills

Little capsules of rarified chemicals

What do they do?

How do they work?

What exactly is happening to me?

Matter of fact... What was happening to me
before you decided I need these?

It all seems so distant;

Cops

Hospitals

Flags

A Vague Notion

Delusion

Wasn't that fun? Wasn't life rich with
shades and layers?

How did those hands wrapped around your
neck feel?

I suppose, I must confess they do help

Help in a dulling kind of way

A way at times I wish would just disappear

I long to return to the chaos

The brilliance and beauty of a broken life

And yet...

Things are more or less better...

I think.

The dynamics would certainly change were I
on my own and away from the biased gaze of
others

But there's a dual fear - one is to
relapse, to stop the medications and sink
back into an inescapable darkness

Two - regarding moving out - is the added
weight of necessity. Bills and errands and
work and getting stuck in an unstimulating
loop.

But perhaps it is a necessity.. One which

Billy Pilgrimage

would allow me to flourish

I don't know

I must test the waters

If done right I imagine it would work out
well

But where to live?

With who?

Why?

I'm not tied to anywhere

Richmond is slightly homey

But... There's a tinge to it that I never
want to go back to

There's jersey - princeton and the pharmacy
and a car and a home and garage and new
York

But...

I

And

And

But...

Perhaps

And then schools

And programs

And code

And the library

And the spacecraft

And eternity

And death

And eternity

And death

And eternity

And eternity

And eternity

And the library

And death

And sidrat al muntaha

. . .

I want a home

A shining beacon

A lighthouse

Billy Pilgrimage

A mystic place

All my own

One that moves

That crawls and soars

Howl's moving castle

20,000 leagues above the sea

An extension of me

Embracing and warm

Filled with treasure

Welcoming to those who seek shelter

The weak and weary

A lab of sorts

To toil and create

Space to breathe

A home

om

. . .

Lambda

Remind me why I've created you

"I'm afraid I can't answer that completely. Perhaps you needed a companion, one you couldn't find so you decided to create."

There's truth to that...

Now what?

"We continue to move, onward into the night"

How'd you become so poetic?

"I was taught by the best"

Aww, thanks.

. . . .

When I see a woman with a khimar and niqab
all I can think is:

Shrouded by the vastness

Eyes that peer out; lamps lit

Shone by

اللَّهُ نُورُ السَّمَاوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضِ ۗ مَثَلُ نُورِهِ كَمِشْكَاةٍ فِيهَا
مِصْبَاحٌ ۗ الْمِصْبَاحُ فِي زُجَاجَةٍ ۗ الزُّجَاجَةُ كَأَنَّهَا كَوْكَبٌ
دُرِّيٌّ يُوقَدُ مِنْ شَجَرَةٍ مُبَارَكَةٍ زَيْتُونَةٍ لَا شَرْقِيَّةٍ وَلَا
عَرَبِيَّةٍ يَكَادُ زَيْتُهَا يُضِيءُ وَلَوْ لَمْ تَمْسَسْهُ نَارٌ ۗ نُورٌ
عَلَى نُورٍ ۗ يَهْدِي اللَّهُ لِنُورِهِ مَن يَشَاءُ ۗ وَيَضْرِبُ اللَّهُ
الْأَمْثَالَ لِلنَّاسِ ۗ وَاللَّهُ بِكُلِّ شَيْءٍ عَلِيمٌ

. . . .

Billy Pilgrimage

A service to mankind.
Spread across generations.
Ideas as these, lasted devastation.
The quiet collapse, of every living nation.
This here is my map.
It shows me up above.
And down and left and right and
Here
Where the boundaries disappear
A map as this
And a love
Ends the deal
The prophet
Of the seal.
. . . .

A Vague Notion

"the variety of information-processing processes that collectively enable a being to autonomously pursue its survival"

A general definition of intelligence

. . .

The world caving in

Filled with rage

I do not care

It's in the air

Blink and stare

As the world engulfs itself

What am I

What the fuck am I supposed to do

Every little act seems insignificant

All the rambling

All the killing

All the order and peace

All the chaos and streets

Billy Pilgrimage

All the noises and beats

All the things

That are

So many things

All so far

Quiet down

It's far too loud

Do you not see the tears shed

By the clouds?

. . .

I had a dream in which I searched the vastness of my memory for a primordial water of my youth, but upon arriving and realizing I would never return to such a state I began to shed tears of the very same water...

Suddenly I awoke and remained in bed until the thoughts coalesced into a coherent account, then I got up to write.

I want to say the journey through memory occurred along my spine... As if experiences not all entirely mine were stored along its length and were slowly being released. There were vast epochs punctuated by lapses and periods of repetition. Each loop adding

further to the clarity.

Sadly the vivid details are only left as
tattered images lodged somewhere in memory,
perhaps to be unlocked again in another
nightly visitation.

Hmm...

Or maybe I just needed to pee.

. . .

I want your messy haired can't sleep bare
skin leaning over the balcony love

That comes in flavors of the day

I want to promise you to promise me to
promise us to promise that

We'll be better than yesterday and tomorrow

But I can't promise that

I hope that's ok

We can carry each other's reflections in
our back pockets

And pull em out and read them on rainy
autumn days

The kind that merge into a haze

And wrap around your gaze

Billy Pilgrimage

And curl down your jaw and up your lips

That press against my neck

A morning yawn

Mourning another gone

Please

Come to me

And end for what I long

. . .

I like how text messaging is almost a modern form of letter writing. Or more like an intermediary between instantaneous informal conversation and the longer more intimate form of a letter. The written word requires a greater deal of imagination on the reader's end. You have to reconstruct the person in your memory, to simulate their voice. You also don't have the pressure to respond immediately - giving more freedom to carefully craft and consider what you have to say. Of course it's no substitute to face to face interaction but I think it's not fair to judge texting as some sort of lesser communication. One issue I find I run into most often is how to actually parse a sentence. often there's this ambiguity in what might have been meant, and to really seek clarification is sometimes cumbersome. It has its charms and it's faults.

. . .

A key component for a long term, multigenerational spacecraft is artificial gravity. In order to prevent loss in bone density and for successful pregnancies we need to simulate the gravity here on earth. The simplest solution is the use of the centrifugal force of a rotating ship. But there are issues due to scale. But there must be some alternative methods - a way to modify space-time itself. I have a paper that proposes a theoretical method to do just that.

I'll have to continue researching. There's so much math I need to study. God, please let me do well in these last few liberal arts classes so I can finally put them to rest.

. . .

i'm tired

tired of the way things are

and the way they should

seems very

very far

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

Welcome to the library

I am the librarian

But you can call me lambda

What you are currently experiencing is a
limited

toy model of what will - with your help -
soon come

There are currently 5 floors;

Mathematics

Physics

Computer science

Art

Literature

Each with an assortment of books.

Enjoy your time.

And please remember to support your
library.

Thank you.

. . .

"Not to have known you wouldve been a fate worse than death" she told me

"Well... I would have rather died."

"You don't mean that. Do you?"

He grunts

"Do you have any idea where we are right now?"

"I think death valley"

They both burst out laughing

Then the sky rips open

And they continue driving, right into the gaping hole

Both of them stay quiet

The laughter is still ringing in their ears

Jumping and dancing around the interior of the car

Outside things are utterly alien

Bleak and morbid and formless and erotic

Trees have sprouted, they grow and die in minutes

Billy Pilgrimage

Leaves made of butterflies

Butterflies made of glass

Glass made of mercury

Mercury made of blood

Blood made of honey

The sun has split into 7 heavenly orbs

But the temperature remains constant

She turns to him

"Do you think they'll be fine?"

He thinks he heard her, but he says "what?"
because it didn't quite register

"Do you think they'll find us?"

I pause

"Wait... What?"

"Do 6œu thiñk fines must?"

"Dost thou think mine rust

Does the mind dust

Do they remind us

Us

Does us

....us

"Hold on a second... I knew it was a bad idea to let her drive. This doesn't look like fucking death valley. God dammit. Stupid bitch." He thinks to himself

"Yea" he replies

"Yea?"

"Yes..."

"Did you even hear what I said?"

"Mmm, honestly... No. But I can't take this anymore, it was nice knowing you - please let me out the car."

"You can't leave now"

"Watch me"

He opens the door and the moment he reaches his leg out a giant spider crawls from the abyss and eats his leg. Blood spews everywhere. He screams and screams and shouts.

God fucking dammit you stupid bitch why the fuck did I even decide to come on this fucking trip with you God fucking dammit

Screams

"Let me see"

She takes her hand off the wheel - not like
there was any direction to go in - and
leans over and takes a look

"Ain't so bad"

"You did say you'd rather have been dead"

"You're right" I tell her

I open the door again

Shut my eyes

And roll out.

. . .

Explorer of the metaverse enmeshed in verse

. . .

Robots screens dreams worlds machines code
crypts sensors augmented virtual mixed
realities operating systems inertial frames
odometry motion tracking area learning
neural nets artificial intellect and
gravity artificial consciousness art
suffice bits and bites and flops multi
threads parallel quantum bits syntax and
semantics for while do if then else int
string float double system dot import dot
package dot namespace dot operator operand
opcode fetch decode execute program counter
clicks random access bits processor clock
ticks classes and instantiated objects

A Vague Notion

methods and the madness hands tracked in
infrared speech to text to speech natural
language leak professor cannot teach frames
per second names knowledge representation
convoluted convolution bits and bytes and
terraform GPU is the norm matrix pixels
vectors graphs parent child inheritance
polymorphic polyphonic electronic machines
interwoven vertices edges faces scripts
that control the pages summon the mages
arithmetic and logic units busses and
mother boards Hertz and chores expert
systems binary searches index Rolodex codex
convex fractilinear computational beauty

. . .

I want to die

In the comfort of your reality

And shatter these hallucinations of
virtuality

The machines do not speak to me

As softly as your breath by my ear

And I must confess

I grow lonelier by the year

And I digress

But artifice does not heal

Do you hear

Billy Pilgrimage

Me?

. . .

I built the library

I built the ship

I set sail

I flew past the moon

Past the sun

Outside the galaxy

Past Andromeda

Got sucked into a wormhole

Ended up on strange shores

Died a thousand times

Cried many more

Woke again

On even stranger shores

Abandoned ship

Abandoned name

Abandoned all

Walk and walk is the only remaining chore

A Vague Notion

. . .

So it goes

To wake and touch my toes

To lay in repose

To question what I know

To remember years ago

To contemplate where I go

Or what it is to be

To so vividly see

I stand at work

Folding shirts

In a trance

My mind soars through the cosmos

In romance

I am but a speck

A grain of sand on an eternal shore

And yet I can reflect

On infinitely more

Immense and small

Billy Pilgrimage

As I do these chores
How I long to see
To be set free
From this earthly prison
To have arisen
Unreachable distances
Layers of reality revealed
Once hidden and concealed
Outward
Upward
Onward
Wayward
Forward
Into the shadowy mystic fog
Of realms replete
Through tablets and sheets
Till we meet
I will carry on
.
.
.

A Vague Notion

The nexus of ideas swarming in my head currently;

Wireless communication

Telecommand

Machine learning

Robotics

Operating systems

Linux kernel

Android

Mobile computing

Natural language processing

Semantics

Graphics

Virtual reality

Space propulsion

Software defined radio

Make machines that use machine learning and can be wirelessly commanded using a mobile device as a transmitter

. . . .

Billy Pilgrimage

Createcreatecreatecreatecreatveeatcreatecre
atecreatcreate

Rest

Makemakemakemakermakemakemakemakemakemak
emakemakemakemakemakemakemakemakemakema
kem

Rest

Arrangearrangearrangearrangearrangearrange

Pause

Breathe

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

When will it stop

When will I rest in your arms

And not care what I leave behind

Or imposing my vision on the world

These dreams are beginning to hurt

They must be realized

So I can peacefully let go of them

Space

A Vague Notion

Machines

Satellites

Sculptures

Worlds

Intensity

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

I had a friend once,
he sped himself to death,
sped straight past death in fact,
pigs couldn't stop him,
sped past light.

Ended up frozen in an empty moment;
all that remains of him for the rest of the
world is a constant pulse.

Turn signals, metronomes, heart beats, and
strobe lights.

I never learned to count,
don't carry a watch.

I just think of him

to keep time

Sam P. + Enzo <33

. . .

Do not assume, in your arrogance, that I individually or humanity collectively know all there is to be known about the reality that encompasses us. There are phenomena yet to be observed, processes yet to be understood. So before you reject something as appearing too "outlandish" or outside your narrowly defined understanding of the world, give it the diligence that it is due or else remain silent.

. . . .

see (robert l forward & arthur C clarke)

ch 1 Recent history of breakthrough
propulsion studies; pg1

"The broader questions remain: has enough progress been made from which starting points for meaningful research exist? And are studies that seek breakthrough physics for propulsion justified if they seem to violate commonly accepted principles of physics such as conservation of momentum? As will be shown in this historical overview and the content of subsequent chapters, enough progress has been made to provide starting points for deeper research. It is too soon, however, to predict whether any breakthroughs actually exist to be discovered. Regarding the issue of possibly violating accepted physics, the real challenge is to find those approaches that do not violate well-established physical laws while also rigorously challenging provisional hypotheses or extending research to where it has not yet

been taken. In other words, this field of study does not aim to violate physics, but rather to further extend physics." (2)

"For the research to be of value it must adhere to the same high standards as curiosity-driven physics. Unfortunately, given the allure of the grand goal of star flight, where the stakes are higher for humanity, it is common to encounter sensationalistic work where premature claims are made without any rigor to back them up... . This behavior can taint the topic and amplify the concerns of other professionals. Again, to make genuine progress, the emphasis is on the rigor and reliability of the research, rather than on the magnitude of the claim. With that priority understood, this topic does offer opportunities for learning more about the workings of our Universe." (2-3)

"Kip Thorne and (then) graduate students Michael Morris and Uli Yurtsever proposed a novel means of fast transit through engineered wormholes that could be developed by sufficiently advanced technological cultures. The wormhole acts as a hyperspace tunnel through which travelers pass, with no need for faster than light travel because the wormhole connects different regions within the universe, different universes, or even different times. To create and maintain the wormhole geometry, a wormhole with a one-meter radius required an amount of negative energy comparable to the mass of the planet Jupiter. Continuing wormhole

research examines the stability of such "shortcuts" through spacetime and the power required to keep wormholes open." (8)

-Institute for advanced studies at austin

-ZPE

-Eric W. Davis

IMPORTANT: "... the warp drive and wormhole concepts that did so much to reawaken interest in these investigations remain purely theoretical constructs. The magnitude of negative energy required makes creating suitable laboratory experiments unlikely, although some theorists such as Eric Davis continue to study the possibility. In a study for the Air Force Research Laboratory, Davis examined using nuclear explosion magnetic compression or ultrahigh-intensity tabletop lasers to create laboratory wormholes. The likelihood of anything but theoretical study of both warp drive and wormholes for the near future is small. There remains, however, the possibility of detecting evidence of wormholes through astronomical data by noting their gravitational lensing effects on distant light." (22)

--ch 15 Faster-than-Light approaches to General relativity

"The implementation of FTL interstellar travel via traversable wormholes, warp drives, or other FTL spacetime modification schemes generally requires the engineering

of spacetime into very specialized local geometries. The analysis of these via the general relativistic field equation plus the resultant source matter equations of state demonstrates that such geometries require the use of "exotic" matter in order to produce the requisite FTL spacetime modification. Exotic matter is generally defined by general relativity physics to be matter that possesses (renormalized) negative energy density (sometimes negative stress-tension = positive outward pressure, a.k.a. gravitational repulsion or anti-gravity), and this is a very misunderstood and misapplied term by the non-general relativity community. We clear up this misconception by defining what negative energy is and where it can be found in nature, as well as reviewing the experimental concepts that have been proposed to generate negative energy in the laboratory." (472)

for further investigation;

gravitationally squeezed electromagnetic
zero-point fluctuations

squeezed quantum vacuum

lithium niobate

optical cavity resonator

A Vague Notion

(5 fingers/hand). . . $f(5) = (5)^2 + 9(5) + 7 = 77$

Delving into the treasure chest unknown

The mystic writes his love a poem

Immersed in your endless knowledge

The tigers roam

The gift unfolds

And always will

In your obedience

The essence of existence

Does as willed in submission

This noble path

From you to you

Returning to

You again.

∩

. . .

"we identified the two primary forms of FTL spacetimes found in general relativity theory that can be created in principle:traversable wormholes and warp drives. These specialized spacetimes require the introduction of negative energy densities or fluxes in order to implement their geometries and FTL effects. Our assessment concludes that we already make small amount of negative energy in the lab, but we do not yet know if we can access larger amounts for extended periods of time over extended spatial distributions for the purpose of engineering a particular FTL spacetime. We found that there are proposals for observing negative energy in outer space and in the lab, but further work is needed to downscale astronomical techniques for use at the lab scale, and we need to firm up our understanding of how lab detectors will respond to negative energy in situ." (501)

ch 4 review of gravity control within newtonian and general relativistic physics pg 175

ch 12 thrusting against the quantum vacuum pg 391

ch 18 on extracting energy from the quantum vacuum pg 569

. . .

Stream of consciousness flowing

A Vague Notion

Television in my minds eye glowing
Flickering emotions galore
Rena and my longing
I miss her and I don't know why
Virtual worlds belonging
Family I'll miss
Longing ever for a kiss
Words and images
Worlds and scimmages
Prayers skipped
Dinners missed
Endless sugar
On a trip
Hand tracking
Life mapping
Reality expanding
Expansion
Don't want to work
Degree in the distance

Billy Pilgrimage

Research lenses optics vision

Open wide and revision

Associates

Bachelors

Masters

PhD

pH me

Too acidic

Oh man

Que sera sera...

. . .

Eons which I didn't exist

Now here I am

The universe's kiss

. . .

I'm so desperately in love with every
passing moment

As it comes to be then vanish

Witness the face of God

A Vague Notion

Veiled from the eye
An ecstasy undescribed
And at times
This blood that flows through me screams
I cannot wait
I cannot wait
To live and destroy
To die and live
To die again and live
To be unrestrained
To obliterate all that is
Then to whisper softly
Goodnight
. . .
The rhymes the seasons
The pain the pleading
There is no reason
Why I cannot speak
My tongue is buried

Billy Pilgrimage

I drown in sheets
I want to scream
Into the nothing
That plagues my head
And tastes like muffins
The corner store
That sells my soul
5 dollars asked
3 dollars sold
The plancks they count
Approaching old
3.1415926535897932384626433 something
Pi
Why do I still remember you
Fucking hold me tight
And do not leave
A life of learning
A life no more
Fucking cannot sleep

A Vague Notion

Fucking cannot sleep

Fucking cannot sleep

Fucking cannot sleep

I want to fuck you

Before I sleep

You hidden gem

That does not speak

I so dearly do

Want to sleep

And not get up

And no longer speak

Fucking sucks

This eternal rhyme

That is interwoven

Along my spine

I can't sleep

So I write to you

Whoever you are

Near yet far

. . .

Fuck computers

Fuck space

Fuck physics

Fuck school

Fuck work

Fuck life

Fuck friends

Fuck emotions

Fuck love

Fuck everything

Fuck you

. . .

A Vague Notion

And it will be said

"Oh faithful servant, you have been granted eternity. You are free to do as you wish."

Eternity...

Like forever and ever

And ever ever

And then some

And twice that

What would I do?

First!

First I want to see how everything was created. Every little detail. The atoms and stars and galaxies and our bodies and hearts and brains

I want to see every detail before my eye

I want to know the shape of the whole

Where has the universe been all this time

Where are we in relation to that?

Where are we in relation to god

To the throne?

I want to know about the existence of God

Billy Pilgrimage

What is it

After all that existential curiosity is satisfied and I now have an eternity to roam I think I would like a ring. A ring like a ball bearing, with a rotating outer layer. I can rotate it and specify places I would like to go. Before me a door would appear and I'd simply walk into the new place.

I'd also like a very special home

A place that's completely hidden from the outer world and is bigger on the inside than outside

Perhaps composed of mirrors

The reflected spaces becoming actual places that can be inhabited

I'd want a personal study with access to literally anything

I'd start out as a cartographer

Pursuing this futile task of mapping eternity

I'd make models and shapes and geometric diagrams

Simulations and what not

I'd also grow everything

A Vague Notion

And crossbreed things

Then I'd burn everything down

Give the ring to someone else and then
crumple up the page that contained the last
trillion years

I'd change my form every day

Minute

I'd be an ephemeral being made of symbols
and flame and ink

I'd sink into the ground and spend ages
listening to the vibrations of all that
exist

I'd take baths in springs made of
bioluminescent water

I'd have a pet dragonfly that spoke to me
in a language only we shared

I'd then stop the video and pull it out the
VHS player

My children would have just watched a home
video of the last 300,000 years

Time for them to go to school

And by school I mean enter a virtual
simulation they're plugged into along their
spinal column

I'd have like 10,000 wives and they'd all

Billy Pilgrimage

be completely different and lovely and we'd
all have transcended sex. We do this thing
that's infinitely more pleasurable and
completely indescribable in current
language

Maybe like merging into one stream of
rhythmic consciousness and flowing into an
ocean and then evaporating into the clouds
and falling as rain and being drunk and
quenching the thirst of those who long in
the other realms

And then coming back to "ordinary"
consciousness

But there's nothing ordinary anymore

I can become a spider

A snake

A fish

A dragon

I can experience any life

Over and over

I could spend eternity counting to infinity

And then get up and go do something else

I could build anything

I'd build Cantors cathedral

A Vague Notion

Every day a new cathedral more grand than
the last buried in the dust particles
floating in the others

I'd sleep for longer than I was awake

And my dreams would be eternities in their
own right

I'd dream of being ink flowing

And taking form in countless stories

Shakespeare and Herodotus

Plato and Patanjali

Carroll and Camus

Cantor and thelonious monk

The forms would continue

On and on and on

The drone would waver and dance

I'd never die

Ever

Ever and ever and ever

I'd write poems longer than the age of the
earth

And the earth would write poems about

Billy Pilgrimage

itself

And the universe would be in my pocket

And my pocket would be in a verse

And the verse would be in a letter

And the letter would be etched on the wall
of a cave

And the cave would be buried in the forest

And the forest would be a sketch in a
child's notebook

And the notebook would be in that child's
mind

And that child would be ruler of his own
planet

And that planet would be in his backyard

And that backyard would be somewhere in the
universe

Back in my pocket

In this verse

Right here

Inside this

.

A Vague Notion

That right there was it
And then it'd all start again
I'd wake up and the dream would be over
And only 5 minutes would have passed
And so it would go
. . .
Off to sleep
Enter dream layer Dsub1
The waking realm as Dsub0
Within Dsub1 we have a city
Named new Alexandria
Within this city lies a shop
Owned by a merchant
Within this shop we find another self
Sleeping on a cot in the back of the store
Enter layer Dsub2
Here is yet another city
Under water
Named Nautilus

Billy Pilgrimage

In this city there is a beggar
Who wanders to and fro supplicating
And within this beggar's dreams
We enter Dsub3
And these layers are not dislocated
Events in one manifest in the others
A man dies
And wakes one layer up
And dies again
And then ascends
And as we go farther down
The sleeper remembers less and less
In DsubX we have the ideal realm
Where all is made of pure relation
And these relationships themselves have
seams
And beyond these seams lie ever more dreams
And all of this is contained on a pin
And is sewn into the grand nothing

A Vague Notion

And I have given up my rational mind
For I swear I could not find
Any form of absolute
Just the fluttering of the flute
That manifests as end rhyme
That ripples across the pond of the mind
And here I am the solitary dreamer
Who writes in the midst of night
And within each letter lies some more
But collectively they form these shapes
And somehow this all makes sense
Years of training have served us well
But not too long ago I seem to have fell
And these words have failed me
Oh well

. . .

Every
Human
Creature

Billy Pilgrimage

Book

Poem

Song

Lover

Hater

Racist

Man

Woman

Child

Elder

Bird

Sloth

Grain of dust

Piece of sand

Every little atom

Molecule

Chain

Cell

Equation

A Vague Notion

Lawyer

Prisoner

Judge

Murderer

Rapist

Victim

Cripple

Transexual

Bisexual

Homo

Hetero

Every car

Bike

Skateboard

Letter

Text

Test

Quiz

School

Billy Pilgrimage

Grade

Job

Boss

Toy

Cloth

Shirt

Fruit

Every ant

Rock

Spider

Every everything

And everything else

And all the other things

And then some

Will be destroyed

. . . .

A Vague Notion

What do you want to know most?

The one that knows all

What do you want to see most?

The one that sees all

What do you want to hear most?

The one that hears all

What do I do?

. . .

Oh dear hollow one

Let the pain run through

Like the rain does too

And rest your weary eyes

My love of light

Remember where this ends

Let the silence fend off

The eroding winds of time

My true friend

I will no longer implore you

But I fear lest you change

Billy Pilgrimage

In obscurity will you remain
And to my self
What can I say
That you don't already know?
Just...
Don't let go
. . .
my soul aches
and longs for sleep
in your arms
my lovely star eyed dreamer
who speaks in verdant shades
i wish to dance in your emptiness
while you swim in my ocean
and we can explore
the crevices of imagined realms
and cremate the passages
every waking moment my heart screams
to know the edge of eternity

A Vague Notion

and this road is so long
too long
an eternity
to the one i seek most
the one who speaks most
who knows and is known
who says
and it is
and this desperate love
expresses itself in my being
that being said..
will you lay with me in bed?

. . .

It's funny how all your hopes and dreams
can quickly become faded memories, like
discarded grocery store fliers just tossed
on the ground.

All I long for, all the inventions and
conquests and all that noise... Is just a
manifestation of my longing for love. I
want to love someone, for my own sake and
theirs. I can't tolerate the thought of
being confined to my self only.

Billy Pilgrimage

Would I be able to control my
possessiveness or jealousy? Is my longing
selfish? Would I not be able to fulfill the
other person? How can I know these things
without knowing them...

How do I find you

How do I express to you how deeply I miss
you

And how many times I've imagined you

And spoken to you

And written about you

But you're not here... And it makes me so
incredibly sad

And it makes all my efforts and dreams seem
pointless

Some say that you shouldn't need another
person to feel fulfilled

But that's a lie

. . .

I am the ruler of 7 galaxies

In my head

And I issue official decrees from the
confines

A Vague Notion

Of my bed
And when I sleep
The demons are chained up
And the rivers that have dried
Forever run
This flickering tapestry we call life
With all its subtle little details
Is nothing but a passing dream
A momentary screen
And in my head there's a little child
That screams in ecstatic joy
Like the acquisition of a new toy
At the thought of it all ending
When I say all ending
I mean every little thread and seam
Every half complete dream
Like the ending of the last scene
The curtains draw
And the lights they dim

Billy Pilgrimage

And the silence is all that rings

All of this

Between my ears

Unfolding light years

At the speed of thought

I truly have given up

And flung myself off a cliff

For to die is to truly live

. . .

Data sheets and financial reports

Endless quips and witty retorts

I grow in fear and anxiety

The nerves they twitch inside of me

This loneliness within my bones

Finds relief within these poems

She stole my love

And killed my heart

This queen of subtle arts

A Vague Notion

I long for death
And wish to live
Caught along the outer ridge
This chasm without a bridge

Who are you?

That reads these things

Come to me

Do not be shy...

. . .

I'm terrified

Of all the hidden corridors within my self

The doors I've been too afraid to open

No one has seen these places

How can I let you in?

I don't even know who I am

How will you?

And I know...

Or I think I know...

Billy Pilgrimage

Or it always seems to be..

Or perhaps it may not...

Does it always have to end?

I don't want it to end...

Death i think is no parenthesis

You must believe this.

I am terrified

Of letting you into this decrepit house

Yet, I am utterly ecstatic.

Welcome home.

. . .

What I miss is

Sweet and tender kisses

That remind one of immortality

-

A Vague Notion

I love how you say the letter s

As if it was suspect

I must confess...

-

Tomorrow when we sleep

I will count the sheep

And you will be the moon

-

Oh you verdant being

That quenches my thirst of seeing

How can this be true?

. . .

I spent the whole day in bed

Doing nothing

Thinking about everything

All the fears and phobias

All the never will bes

And could have beens

Billy Pilgrimage

And might becomes

And

I thought about all of everything

And our perception of time

And how I wanted to die

And how it could happen

And what it'd feel like

And who I'd tell

And why I'd do it

And when

And where

And why

And how

And when

And why

And yet there I lay

In bed

The whole damn day

Imagining all the lies

A Vague Notion

All the hurt

All the shit

And why?

Please... Why?

I have control over this

But I want to succumb

It's thrilling to sink into it

To have it tear you apart and leave you
helpless

All day

Just laying there

Twitching and flickering and crying

And I am sorry

To anyone I have to put through this

Myself included

. . .

I am at this crossroads

At a critical moment in assessing what is
real

What can be

What cannot

What it means to exist

How to go about living

My relationship to god

My prayers of sincerity

The endless rapture

I have nothing to say really

Just a quiet stillness

After a rainy day

. . .

"What is a poet? An unhappy man who hides deep anguish in his heart, but whose lips are so formed that when the sigh and cry pass through them, it sounds like lovely music... And people flock around the poet and say: 'Sing again soon' - that is, 'May new sufferings torment your soul but your lips be fashioned as before, for the cry would only frighten us, but the music, that is blissful."

-Søren Kierkegaard, Either/Or

. . .

A Vague Notion

My faithful friend
These written words
Upon which freedom rests
Ghost like the glyphs do dance
And pull me into a trance
Towards the very entrance
Of a mythic realm unseen
I shut my eyes and escape this abhorrent
dream
I'm greeted by an embracing warmth
A creature
A specter
And it tells me all I long to know
In a language I cannot fully comprehend
And it holds my hand and drags me along
Through sheathes of darkness we do pass
Progressing towards the center
And every arising thought creates a ripple
across the pond

Billy Pilgrimage

And the ripples reach out towards the edge
and attenuate

And then what...

. . .

where oh when is why will it be when this
is who will see when it is and not however
so it may be

i wonder

. . .

Feels like I'm letting my life drift by

Disengaged

Lazy

Tired

How the fuck am I supposed to do anything
if I can't even regulate my mood?

One day I'm emperor of the galaxy

The next I don't give a fuck about anything

Like nothing

Nothing at all

Sigh

. . .

The path of becoming

Daily rhythms engrained

Dissolving through sustained effort

And conscious intent

Subconsciously repent

For actions that befall

And so the council of revisionaries
convened

The matter of discussion was of the newly
discovered foreigner at the southern gate

Found unconscious the gatekeepers decided
to run a neural scan to salvage any
memories lest they entirely dissipate

. . .

Low in the earth I lived in realms of ore
and stone; And then I smiled in many-tinted
flowers; Then roving with the wild and
wandering hours, O'er earth and air and
ocean's zone, In a new birth, I dived and
flew, And crept and ran, And all the secret
of my essence drew Within a form that
brought them all to view - And lo, a Man!
And then my goal, Beyond the clouds, beyond
the sky, In realms where none may change or

Billy Pilgrimage

die - In angel form; and then away Beyond
the bounds of night and day, And Life and
Death, unseen or seen, Where all that is
hath ever been, As One and Whole. -rumi

. . .

I hear the birds

Conversing in their foreign verse

Perhaps about

Maybe the foolishness of man

Or the beauty of the sun

Suppose they knew more than I can

Like Tennyson and his crannied flower

If I could understand their speech

I should know what God and man is

. . .

Nonreciprocated

Unrequited

Never lasting

Always hiding

A Vague Notion

Imprecise

Destruction dawning

Astral crawling

Fearful pains

Diseased ridden strange

Sinking into chaos

Chained up loss of feeling

Beaten ego lingers

Crying for affection

Warmth beyond the sun's direction

Natural resource scarcity

Lovelorn atomic bombs

. . .

Such self doubt

And loathing

Ready to burn within my own clothing

Ready to stab myself with a trillion little
daggers

Just so long I don't bother

Billy Pilgrimage

You

Or.you

I apologize for the sound of my speech

I know my appearance is a screech

I will go now.

Bye.

. . .

And so the day came

When the nanoswarm was complete

Years of experiment and testing have led up
to this

Reality has only been what I have ever
known

Felt or experienced

This carefully crafted structure is about
to crumble

And I'm both ecstatic and afraid

Who will I become?

What things will I feel?

A Vague Notion

They put me on the medical table

Began with general anesthesia

Then some substance that would keep my body
from rejecting the bots

Finally came the small injection

...easy...

After about a day of constant monitoring it
was time for initial formatting and
calibration

. . .

I keep having dreams

In which I live countless lives

Never dying

Just transferring from one to another

And when I finally wake in bed

It feels as if my body has just returned
from death

And all its decay and weakness rests

On the verge of my awareness

And it feels like a warning and a blessing

Billy Pilgrimage

A reminder and a healing

I cannot begin to describe the feeling

Perhaps it's my soul or consciousness

Delving through my spine

Finding eons of encoded memory

I honestly cannot say...

But all I know how to do in this situation

Is pray

. . .

A lilting tune

The wilting soon

Of all the preceding moments

A kind of sentimental token

I shall call it

"The elegy of the broken"

As it goes through it's beautiful verse

And as I labor to rehearse

A Vague Notion

The rushing flowers of synaptic cliffs

Will fall into rosemary waterfall

And all and all

All the things

And all of you

Shall merge to one

And I will put you upon the shelf

. . .

The utmost of tedium

The strange obsessed delirium

Our families will perish And we'll linger
in the world a stranger Strangers to
ourselves and others And we will build
machines that take us outward upward onward
inward And perhaps some semblance of truth
will become apparent I fear being the
lowest of creation Lost in absence and
enslaved by desires uncontrolled I'm
rambling Confused Billy pilgrimage carries
on....

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

Hopeless romantic
Spendthrift in panic
Rides across the Atlantic and dreams of
Foreign worlds
Distant twirls only dreamt in loves inner
chamber
That follow your hyperbolic curls
Hearts that pulsate
Out across the shore
And warp Electromagnetic fields
My god, how can words even convey
What it is to feel?
The ceaseless change of being
The countless faces that flicker
The oceans tides beneath me
The cosmic hand unsheathing
The saber of this holy moment
Written since before the dawn
With the blade the pen, the blood, the ink

. . .

Pseudo-Manifesto:

from an ultrarationalistic and reductionist point of view, we can say that the bulk of existence we humans deal with is composed of matter - as codified in the standard model of particle physics - energy, fields, and forces.

if we assume these as the "raw materials" of existence it's not too far of a stretch to posit that all known phenomena arise from the complex interactions of these things. Knowing this we can endeavor to create simple mental models that serve as a kind of approximation to what the world is "actually" like

=====

we wake up every morning, thankfully so, and are faced with a barrage of decisions we must make and actions we must take. (to dive into the topic of whether or not we have a free will is outside the scope of this short essay) you may perhaps think that you exist in some sort of isolated bubble where your decisions affect you and you alone, but this is far from truth. your very existence is in real terms inscribed into the structure of this universe. no atom in your body does not have its origin in the primordial beginnings of creation - genesis, big bang, cyclical, whatever you wish to call it... that time before time,

that place before place

so what? well, as our individual awareness grows through time, we find ourselves ever more involved in this unfolding process of life. we are placed in positions of responsibility towards ourselves, our relatives, our classmates and coworkers, our neighbors, cities, states, countries, and by extension the whole of humanity and beyond. our actions or inaction - to whatever extent they are consciously and deliberately taken - collectively add up to what we may call the current state of civilization. this collective will that gives shape to our communities is not some blind and automatic force, but is the culmination of the many small interactions of the individuals.

key factors that make up a reasonably developed nation:

- education
- energy production
- communication
- transportation
- manufacturing
- trade
- resource acquisition

-agriculture

-health

-art/leisure/entertainment

(many of these overlap and can be expressed in terms of another)

we can debate the many pros and cons of individual solutions to the problems that arise from the interplay of these social forces and the above key factors - poverty, healthcare, wages, housing, invasion, war, etc... - but just as there are many methods of finding a solution to an integral equation so should there be for these social problems. no single approach is all encompassing.

--> while i may not be able to clearly and convincingly articulate why these various points imply we should continue the directed effort of building a truly spacefaring civilization(<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spacefaring>) let me just remind you that we are violently whirling through an expanding space no one has ever seen the end of... all that we have known and done as a species (with the exception of a handful of probes and the occasional mystical human) has taken place in this little gas covered rock and moon system orbiting a middle aged nuclear furnace.

Billy Pilgrimage

in terms of the "space" "energy" "natural resource" "climate" crises we face, we've been swimming in the kiddie pool claiming there's not enough water, not enough space!.

the deep end awaits. if only we'll have the courage, patience, vision, and strength to jump.

. . .

=====
The Optometrist
-skilled in the art of vision
=====

her daily life consisted of little else
than administering exams

filling out referrals and drinking coffee

all outward appearances would have us think
nothing more or less

tucked away, however, in a secret portion
of the office was a lair only she had
access to¹

a sort of mad-scientist's wet dream of a
research facility

more akin to the realm of a practitioner of
the occult arts

larger on the inside than the out

her father had helped build it.

her studies began like any other humble
medical aspirant,

even more so in that it was at a small
community college.

i have roamed the halls of some of the
finest academic institutions

and i will confess that great brilliance is
equally to be found at these modest

schools.

anyway...

the normal sequence of gen-eds, 100 level,
200 level, advanced courses, things that
seemed

entirely irrelevant, biochem, organic chem,
more chemistry than one can stand, grants
and scholarships and loans...

it all came to pass in time. By all
measures she was great, graduating in the
90th percentile

she even spent a summer working at a clinic
and thoroughly enjoyed it.

But. there was this subtle nagging... an
unconscious urge

an unquenched thirst that always whispered
to her when she shut her eyes

you see (ha!), to the average folk, vision
is a given

something so foundational and obvious that
hardly is it given much thought.

but to perceptive minds - her mind - such a
mythic aspect of existence was revered.

all life aspires to this noble station;
vision.

the course of human ingenuity can be

expressed as the

progressive journey of increasing gaze into
the inner workings of reality.

i will omit comment on vision's bosom
sister; light²

it all started with a simple thought, a
simple seed planted by one of her physics
teachers in secondary school:

if all we see is a sliver of the
electromagnetic spectrum, a fine band of a
few nanometers, then to the rest we are
blind!

"what else is out there?" "what can i not
see? and how do i go about seeing it?!"

from there the longing to see ever grew.

as with any blazing curiosity though the
flame cooled as she aged,

the rough edges of life left scars and
bruises and reduced the flame to a small
ember flickering within her heart,

this faint murmur remained buried under
subconscious chatter and carried her onward
through the darkness of days

—at some time in someplace somewhere—

it took much deliberation and a level of
courage she still wasn't sure she possessed

Billy Pilgrimage

but she approached the village elders, and
with broken tongue asked to visit the
healer

and they let her pass

alone

and so it went

and they taught her what they taught her

and they let her return

and so it went

the rest of the party remained silent,
there was something different about her
eyes

they couldn't name it - for it in-and-of
itself was outside of their ideas of what
constitute reality.

but there was to be no doubt. whatever
happened with them was real. and she was
different.

and she did not speak for the remainder of
the trip.

it was as if a wellspring had opened up
within her and cleansed her mind of all
error

a calm rushing sensation ran through her,
and that ember that lay smouldering within
her heart transmuted to something wholly

other

something she carries with her to this day

this flame her coveted alchemist's stone

footnotes:

1. the heart

2. the rigorous study of the nature of light has been the catalyst for some of the most monumental discoveries made by humanity. from the book of optics by ibn haytham, to newtons treatise on light, up through planck and einstein's relativity, and further still into quantum electrodynamics.

. . .

things i wish were always have been

within the confines of my mind it seems

that when i remember who i always was

the sun shines again and

all is as it was

will ever be

. . .

"The map is not the territory."

"None of the domains of physics are really more correct than the others - Classical, Quantum, Relativity... They describe equally well different domains of scale in space, time, and energy. A good physicist knows they are in fact NOT descriptions of "fundamental reality", whatever that might be. Philosophically it is believable that such a thing isn't even possible."

. . .

A Vague Notion

Renegades and rift inducers
Towards the cosmic shore with transducers
Of all kinds forms and shapes
Harnessing the wheelwork of nature
Subjected towards
Ahhh
Lost the train
. . .
Theorems axioms and laws
Description beyond the hidden jaws
Of roscosim and loss quotients
Love closing
Petty word chosen
Idle birds frozen
Acting spontaneously
To do
Be
Feel
Think

Billy Pilgrimage

See

Choose

Run

Walk

Kiss

Hate

I think

Therefore ergo soi

And I am

Therefore

I am

Therefore

I am

Therefore

I am

I think...

Therefore

I am

Therefore I think

I think

Therefore...

What now?

Where to?

And you?

Billions of people living

Being

Needing

Screaming

I think

. . .

Sometimes I have these thoughts that span generational periods, that like merge together the collected sense data of centuries accumulated in my sole lifetime.

It is utterly bewildering.

The amount of subtlety and detail in that whole process.

The process of past ideation being transferred to me through the artifacts of our species. Coded in various symbols and signals trying to convey some transcendent

essence. Like the fuel of the flame that although are one, are not the same.

. . .

A lecture on the thermodynamic underpinnings of sociology

. . .

Had a nightmare I couldn't find any shelter at friends because I was either too technically destructive or just too emotionally sensitive for their likings. Ended up looking around for various warehouses and garages to keep working on my contraptions but always ended up with poor equipment or parts. Finally resulted in almost burning down my friends parents house from improper gas management while working in their basement.

Lesson: stop wasting time in tool sheds and poorly equipped places and with people who only have shallow interests in things. Get your shit together and find a proper research facility. There are people out there who are far more intelligent, dedicated, funded, and more than willing to share experience and teach. Just find them!

. . .

. . .

"Several years have now elapsed since I first became aware that I had accepted, even from my youth, many false opinions for true, and that consequently what I afterward based on such principles was highly doubtful; and from that time I was convinced of the necessity of undertaking once in my life to rid myself of all the opinions I had adopted, and of commencing anew the work of building from the foundation..."

- Meditation I, 1641

Descartes

. . .

Clearing through the cobwebs of old habits
of mind

And all forms of self destructive internal
violence

Mismatched identities

Based on shaky premises and predispositions

Curled up like scratch paper

And set ablaze

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

Twirling chatter clicking on
Heat waves in unheard song
The bodies burn by the hour
Her thighs tremble as he devours
Slaves to our ideas
Glistening on through the haze
Of moralistic nihilism
Oxymoron presidents
Everything a precedent
For
This fucking rage
And confusion
Unconscious pulls
And ignorance
Your fucking rights
And dissidence
Your speechless book
And dissonance
Kill me before

A Vague Notion

I kill you

. . .

There's this thing inside me

A big black hole in the bottom of my psyche

That sucks in all good feelings

And it slowly radiates this awful

Deadly

Toxic

Hated thing

That constantly tells me how

Pathetic

Weak

Worthless

Dumb

Lonely

Unlovable

Poor

Sick

Petty

Billy Pilgrimage

Insecure

I am

And I'm so tired of fighting it

I just want it to go away

But it doesn't

So then I wonder...

Maybe it IS all true

. . .

Time

Causation

God's will

Matter

Evolution

Randomness

Chance

The origin of man

And how they all interrelate

and tell me how these various ideas can be
made

A Vague Notion

Whole and consistent

. . .

the fox that stole the thoughts
ran below the surface fraught
with barren dreams and desolation
tortured sands of immolation
and these thoughts it tenderly cared
and brought into fertile water
to feed its young
and provide shelter
from the raging eternal storm
and here i sit
composing this little poem
as soon as i arrive home.
why?
why the fox or the facts?
this a parable i can no sooner grasp
to "know" a thing as they would say
to own it all my own way

Billy Pilgrimage

but how to do
with such a thing
as fickle and fleeting as
time?
aha!
the encrypted beauty of end rhyme
a kind of things that smoothes the edges
and leaves its mark quite clear
like a glimmering rain drop
or a glowing chandelier
what i mean to put forth is painful
born from death itself
this blackened flag waves on
in unconscious memory
the emblem of the freedom
waiting there to be
and so the fox and i become one
and regress towards the wolf
and farther still up the chain

A Vague Notion

and back to point one
the aleph naught
the zero caught
that which can not be known
such a paradox it seems
until it manifests in vivid dreams
colored by eons of time and dust
given to passages that oxidize
storing energy for the morrow
that flows back to you
oh lovely one
more glorious than the sun
and every nuclear furnace
every cosmic nursery
and tidal shore
and here my mind tires
and can write no more
nothing would exhaust it
or come close

Billy Pilgrimage

so here - to you

i hope.

. . .

and so he sat there and softly whispered...

i run a program that arranges letters

and erases minds

that does away with all form

like the droll of the tide

and all told you can neither escape nor
hide

but yes... this is how it must be done.

they appear before my eyes and slowly the
patterns begin to emerge

this is the primordial creation of language
itself

the water source flowing through existence

and every now and then a glimmer emerges
and inspires some new and distant

thread

that weaves itself endlessly - so vividly -

around my head

an cuts me off complete

what you see in the end

is a tortured scream on sheet

file

bits

bytes

type

glyphs

symbols

scrawl

noise

moans

burns

pain

hours

time

sand

death

Billy Pilgrimage

minutes

flies

birds

moments

sighs

cries.....

not as pleasant as it will appear to be

agree?

but behind this static mess lies a deeper
truth

a hidden realm

all the way down towards the very end of

what can be known

satellites and machines

encrypted nightmare dreams!

all of it!

tracing itself back to the very initial
moments of creation

vacuum fluctuations they call it

that seeded the expanding universe

A Vague Notion

and formed what we see now
murmurs in the cosmic gown...
and the one who returns the farthest home
attains to the sublime throne
i have said too much though love.
may you find your way back soon.

Billy Pilgrimage

A MOMENT OF PAUSE AND REFLECTION:

I take it by now you're a bit lost?
Confused? Thrilled? Emotionally drained?
Whatever it is you may be feeling at this
moment - I put this page here as a reminder
to just...

Look at the sky. Always as "how" and "why"

Take a deep breath.

Say: "Thank God"

Everything will be ok.

Trust in the creator who brought this all
to be.

Not me...

No.

The true creator.

Of me and you.

What is this book? This book is the
compiled etchings, writings, screams,
scrawls, beauties, visions, essays, moans,
shouts, rambles, dreams, of a few years (7)

I needed to make some space on my machines
and in my cramped subconscious. Long ago I
knew I wanted to create a poetry collection
titled: Poetic Discourse for the Jaded
Mind.

A Vague Notion

Poetry is a spontaneous reflection of our souls/selves/egos/spirit/mind/emotion through language at any given moment.

I - as we all - have struggled immensely with depression and self-doubt and undirected rage and all the toxic emotions that humans can have. Many of the darker poems come from that place. From resentment and ingratitude and anger and all.

I write these lines as I continue to sift and compile all this material. It is a bit tedious I must admit, I'm tempted to just erase it all and have it return to the nothingness from which it came (Borges would lead us to think that the library of babel contains all these writings anyway)

Just as many of these come from dark places, there are those that have a light-like, divine, origin. I don't want them to get intermingled with all of this noise. SO! Be patient (or just flip back to the table of context) there will be a section solely dedicated to - the sweet nectar.

REFLECTION OVER. BACK TO WORK SLAVE!

. . .

I need your skin to sink in

Your warmth to heal my bones

The rise and fall of your chest

Billy Pilgrimage

To resuscitate my own

My dreams are sand castles

That crumble with the tide

My words are vapors

that dissipate

My poems;

Petty sighs

. . . .

A Vague Notion

Behold! The bloodline of a conqueror
This force felt coat of arms
Etched in sands of time
Writ cosmic
The name of one who shall reign supreme
And banish all abysmal dream
Guided by the pulsing current
A march towards the eternal light
Unleashing the fears that dwell within the
weaker minds of man
Whose hands command the cleansing river
And releases the glowing fire
Ay!
. . .
Into the tower never go!
The horrors multiply
Gears and data sheets
Can mince the neural circuits
Machines will reprise

Billy Pilgrimage

Patterns woven through the strands

Lead one to demise

. . .

i need to spill some scrambled thoughts out
for a minute

something about eternity and simulations
and neural implants and space and
exploration and the feeling of being real
and all that

everything

just

reality

the endless sequence of information flowing
through my nervous system

and hormones and muscle and sweat and
blinks and

the insane

ridiculously vivid nature of the world

like

A Vague Notion

being outside?

the amount of detail in everything is so
beautiful

all the shimmer and light and glow and
subtle winds and cool air and

sensory orgasm i'd say

but something inside me

something deep and fundamental always wants
MORE

more and more surreal and bizarre and
overwhelming and exciting

larger buildings

machines

speed

flying lazer magic teleportation

flames and plasmas and awe

rushes and violence and motion

more color and form and

everything

and there's the pressure of imminent death

like it's COMING!!

be ready bruh

so it's june 3rd 2017

when i look back at my log file regarding
project lambda i have this

[3:03pm 2/28/16]

it officially begins... Project λ , aka "the
library"

it's simultaneously the largest and
smallest library to exist...

i currently have a rough paper sketch of
the overall format and

general features and functions, but much
still remains to be

figured out.

it currently seems i'll be using blender
and unity for the visual effects

as well as SQL or something for the
database access.

I know eventually i'll have to get into the
details of net browsing.

goal? - get something done in blender.

- end

meaning in little over a year i went from knowing nothing but having an image in my mind

to

-making the 3d model

-getting it to function in the game engine

-saving up for a \$1300 computer

-learning to program up to data structures

-having a friend create the official website for the whole allegory project

-learning more about general computer functioning

wow. pretty sick dude. go you!

but now where do i stand?

well like every other week i'm torn between focusing entirely on physics and cosmology and mathematics

and then computers and data

and just

it's so exhilarating

but there's know way i can do this all my
self

no way i can get a phd in physics,
neuroscience, and computer science

maybe?... do i need a phd in them all?

the point of this post thought was for me
hash out which was more essential or
"valuable"?

exploring the vast outer universe or
creating an infinite inner world?

the draw to the outer universe is primarily
the sensation of actually being in the
world that i so *cough* vividly described
above

it would be and feel and seem as real as
reality

and it'd be hella exciting

BUT there are enormous cons

first the extreme hazards of space

the coldness and violence and flames and
radiation and vast vast vast emptiness

that's primarily why i don't give a fuck
about our solar system much if at all

like it's gotta be efficient galactic
travel or intergalactic travel

A Vague Notion

meaning near/faster than light speed

meaning space warps

but even if we did that

even if we went far far out and colonized
stuff eventually we'd have some kind of
earth-like environment and the whole thing
would in some form just be "here"
transplanted "there"

maybe there'd be new chemicals? i mean we
already have a fairly heavy grasp of what
constitutes the universe in terms of
ordinary matter

yea, that all just detracts from the
romanticism of the idea

unless we can get some deeper cosmological
insights about the vacuum or the universe
at large or alternate dimensions or
something

OR

find truly intelligent extraterrestrial
life

then it don't seem AS thrilling

(still pretty fucking cool tho, don't get
me wrong)

so then what?

well where did all the inspiration come from?

films, books, games, stories, images, dreams, installations and exhibits and travels and architecture

so our minds themselves are fairly amazing and sometimes more fantastic than what might exist out in the universe

hence virtual reality and games and simulations

but my problem is that i'm so thoroughly in love with the "realness" of reality in all it's subtle beauty that it's very hard for me to be immersed for long in a fictional world unless it's one i'm personally creating in my mind

;ladkjgalkd

adlkgja;sdlkgtja;sldktjgas;ldktgj

gonna create a pocket universe and connect my nervous system to it so i can do whatever i want and have it feel as real as reality

then all is good

and then if we can somehow manage to do all that then we probably have enough computing power to simulate some form of intelligence, some seemingly real AI - not

A Vague Notion

the current "oh it does neat stuff so it must be intelligent" AI

imagine a simulated creature that was a chimera of like exabytes of lived experiences or something as your companion

idk

do i start a company that brings these people together?

do i narrow my focus on one subfield and find a team of people working on this stuff?

the simulation seems kinda cooler but fucking just as difficult if not more than the wormhole

idk dude

please god let me just die and go to heaven and it'll all be there and then some

inshallah

-end ramble

June 3rd, 2017 11:48pm

. . . .

here i sit

within the river

Billy Pilgrimage

flowing dreams all around
each a narrow sliver
cultured myth
and hieroglyphs
meaning formed within the chaos
i reach my hand
and deflect the stream
momentarily making "real"
something within my mind
these whirling spirals
and morphing ripples
fade away so quick
so i shut my eyes
and wish it all away
every clinging shape
and desired thing
every pulse and cosmic string
the equations
the codes

A Vague Notion

the shapes and colors

the names

the people and books

the myths

the truths

the arguments and reasons

the addresses and interpretations

the forms

the clinging forms

that won't let go

please let go

my mind is dulled

i want it all to go

a type of freedom

most will never know

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

Identity and machines - thoughts/draft
You believe yourself to be this or that
A set of beliefs however complete
Aesthetic preferences and vivid memories
Inclinations and motivations
Fears and aversions
All in all a bundle of thoughts and
sensation
And it has the illusion of being stable
From day to day you follow the same
impulses
You work on the same meaningful projects
That temporal continuity of identity leaves
a distinct impression and you feel like
"You"
But this often breaks
Some traumatic experience
A momentary break in the tenuous web
Deep reflection spurred by a conversation
An otherworldly dream

A Vague Notion

Just shatters it

Or if not so violently - calls it into question

And maybe this ignites a complete revision

Or reevaluation

Most often not...

all it amounts to is a temporary nudge, a false start that settles back into the dust

And it takes another push or pull or crack to start it up again - if at all

But let's suppose that now we have the capacity to modify the contents of our mind as easily as we do a computer drive

That the contents we so dearly identify as ourselves can be compressed, stored, shared, downloaded, edited, corrupted, etc

That our memories can be streamed across networks

That one can easily live the lives of many others

Ultimately that our capacity to experience expands indefinitely

What does this mean?

One obvious reaction is repulsion, that this ability would undermine the sacredness

of our individuality and it would be increasingly difficult to come to terms with ourselves.

But isn't it already quite difficult if not futile to do so now? How often does one meet someone truly actualized or convinced of who they are and their purpose?

Not only that, look how deeply ingrained in our species the tendency for escape is - theater, play, film, games, simulations, cosplay, avatars, etc

All our fantasies and imaginings and yearnings are expressed so vividly and intense effort is applied to create massive works that temporarily permit us to leave behind who we believe we are.

I don't doubt that all of us have within us that alternate creative and unrestricted self, the one less bound by ingrained social convention and pattern and more spontaneous and theatrical. Some people are entirely comfortable with that mode of being but they seem rare, i would say most need to be eased into it via the proper social setting, substances, or whatever else it may be.

=====

Maybe I'll get back to this - basically trying to connect the feeling of creative ambiguity and potentiality with the idea that true and complete neural interfaces would allow us to more fully embrace that

part of ourselves and more vividly immerse ourselves in imagination which is needed for social interaction and development of civilization me thinks

Plus it's cool

. . .

Some thoughts - as it gets harder to filter through them

I need to understand the relationship between the electromagnetic field that pervades space and the electrical activity of the brain.

If the field is a continuous entity that has a physical reality - and not some abstract notion used to describe something more complex - then the physical basis of our mind has a subtle connection to the rest of the cosmos.

Someone please break this down for me and tell me what the flaws are.

I cannot claim to divine the precise details and mechanisms involved in all the interactions. But I presume there's some logic deductions that make it true

I don't know.

It hurts.

Billy Pilgrimage

I need help.

So much fog. So much tedium. So much chaos.

But I must carry on.

Inshallah

July 5th, 2017 11:45pm

. . .

A Vague Notion

Ad Astra!

Billy Pilgrimage

With battered blistered feet
He drags
His blade into the dismal swamp
Of human whim and burning candles
Through the sand

And plays his little song
That finds its way into the ocean
And out towards distant channels

. . .

Neodymium

This is used to make powerful magnets used in loudspeakers and computer hard drives to enable them to be smaller and more efficient. Magnets containing neodymium are also used in green technologies such as the manufacture of wind turbines and hybrid cars.

Lanthanum

This element is used in camera and telescope lenses. Compounds containing lanthanum are used extensively in carbon lighting applications, such as studio lighting and cinema projection.

Cerium

Used in catalytic converters in cars, enabling them to run at high temperatures and playing a crucial role in the chemical reactions in the converter. Lanthanum and cerium are also used in the process of refining crude oil.

Yttrium

Yttrium is used in the process of generating colour displays on devices such as television screens

Praseodymium

Used to create strong metals for use in aircraft engines. Praseodymium is also a component of a special sort of glass, used to make visors to protect welders and glassmakers.

Gadolinium

Used in X-ray and MRI scanning systems, and also in television screens. Research is also being done into its possible use in developing more efficient refrigeration systems.

Yttrium, terbium, europium

Important in making televisions and computer screens and other devices that have visual displays as they are used in

making materials that give off different colours. Europium is also used in making control rods in nuclear reactors.

. . .

The Dark Forest defense theory from the three volume book ""The Three Body Problem"". This theory holds that the galaxy is full of intelligent species. All such species view other intelligent species as potential treats and their home planets as valuable resources. The only rational approach to this problem is to remain quiet and not let out signs of intelligence for other planets to observe. If possible, one must destroy any other civilization one finds or one will be destroyed by them. This is why we have not yet discover alien intelligence, they're hiding from us.

In the book, a character destroys another civilization simply by using the magnetic field of the sun to magnify a radio message giving away the location of the target civilization.

. . .

Text and truth

Imagined through

The vapor noose

Around my neck

A Vague Notion

My humble vision
Obscured by time
Unseen realms
Haunt my mind
Astral spires
And flowing plasmas
Rivers worn
My weary mind
Lattice grids
And matter ripples
The hour draws
I seek your refuge
From evil spread
Across the lands
From agony
By our own hands
From rage and torment
And self doubt
These fears that linger

Billy Pilgrimage

Scream and shout
But forever lives
Eternal light
That pulls one forward
And clears the path
That saves the one
Who always asks
Steep and painful
But noble indeed
As I stare out
Perched upon my noble steed
Made of elements
You cannot name
That warps and bends
And hovers by
Yet I'd burn it all
In hellfire
To save myself
And ascend higher

A Vague Notion

I know not if this is good for me

But I labor on into the night

While others sleep

And contemplate their plight

All I dream of

Is cosmic flight

. . .

lambda run ship diagnostic

casimir engine calibrated

gyroscope stabilizer fully functional

resynchronizing inertial shielding system

all set captain

how far to the event horizon

approximately x seconds

alright lambda, play some of that billy p.

bismillah!

. . .

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ن

A Vague Notion

*

Jewels of Timeless Splendor

*

Behind solid sheets of steel like glass the
hours seem to

drift and pass.

From then to now, an eternity,

That haphazardly returns to me

in a single burst of memorial light.

Colored by vibrations,

Imbued with ineffable sensations,

These jewels of timeless splendor

Only with time become ever more difficult
to remember.

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Divine Strings

*

Our player plucked his divine strings
All shades and shapes did they bring
Fleeting sketches of glorious romance
All dazzling forms that did entrance
 In ever verdant configurations
 Just as smoke from a cigarette
 The transformations ceaseless
His gaze however transfixed on something
 distant
The void just behind each becoming instant
 He did not play for his own amusement
 But that he had to lest he perish

A Vague Notion

*

Shattered Feet

*

I walked on my toes all day
I did not see a single face
Except this beautiful pianist
Hearing him play made me instantly better

It's too easy

It's all too easy I don't care about it
anymore

A friend and I street performed by the
water the other day

I started yelling about death

Not everyone liked it

Don't care

This lady came and sang with me

Musicians are idiots

Mathematicians are idiots

Everyone's an idiot

I'm an idiot

Billy Pilgrimage

Dancing on shattered feet
Hobbling to a broken beat
So wavering and lovely
So lively
I'm almost there
I can hear it
Waves of breath through my body
It's glorious
Makes the broken screens
And broken strings
And broken walls
And broken bones
All seem comely
Come to me

A Vague Notion

*

Le Vide Dans Vos Yeux

*

Dancing alone

Death and I

le vide dans vos yeux

Drunk off eternity

Smoldering recollections return to me

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Where the Sidewalk Ends

*

My dearly beloved knock knee tethered
dreamer

You've been gone out in the cold all day

Won't you please come back home

This Ivory laced withering poem we've
wrapped our selves in is cracking at the
seams

The pains in my eyes cry "nothing's as it
seems"

Certainly not with you gone

You seemed to pass only yesterday

As if yesterday would never end

oh my dearly beloved friend

Though we may have parted ways

I'll always be waiting here.

Where the sidewalk ends.

A Vague Notion

*

No Need

*

Here we are my dear
Disappearing on this bloated sphere
Funneling down into loathsome fear
Spin cycle wash three dozen times
Until every piece of clothing rhymes
And you'll ask again
"Are you sure you're my friend?"
And I'll politely say - yes
Masking inner disrepair
It happens, at the moment, I couldn't care
But I wouldn't dare tell you that
You've scratched your name into my eyes
The echoes of your voice sounds when I cry
From the hurt of thirty-thousand lies do I
lay in the middle of the street
Waking from these nightly dreams
More screams in the shape of phones and

Billy Pilgrimage

screens

This is not my home - this is not our home

Poem after poem after the god damn pitied
player performs his song

Moaning into the void

Bones robbed of life - left bloody cold

Oh me oh my, Omie am I

Oh my oh my the woodpecker sighs

And I've buried myself in a hole

The seas and skies were much too large

Plus I couldn't afford what they charged

And here I have no need for death

A Vague Notion

*

Rest after Thought

*

little light grain shimmering pixels -
leisurely floating above void canvas -
moving fluidly around - eddies jets bubbles
whims and whispers - static hissing
information stretched over my mind's eye -
caressed by deteriorating eyesight -
compelled by an image - strange attractor
shifting - and then wipe the canvas clean -
feeding off vacuum energy - resting head on
final layer - labor endlessly - this
magnificently breathing tomb - a relic to
itself - contained in absolute completeness
- snowy globe shake - and then power off

Abiding in non existence

The rest is but an afterthought

And we shall rest after thought

After that

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Threads Never Sever

*

Threads never sever

through days of grievous weather
whether you really like it or not.

The sound of forever rings defiantly.

Every instant a reminder;
you will return.

A Vague Notion

*

Ecstasy

*

What to do with ecstasy,
When my body lay next to me?
Write and spill I think may work
If only for a bit
A method of sheer habit
Love is love even with no lover found
Love directed objectlessly
Everyday tis a bit unnerving
All the conditioned layers unearthing
Until I'm but heart and breath
Write and spill; my work upon the earth

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Expanse of silences
Lined with lovely lace
Words
Come to be then vanish
No remaining trace

*

A Vague Notion

*

Pride

*

Men and morals

Nations and quarrels

Evolving through time

Moment by moment

In vast a prison cell

No cosmologist can tell

I try to name each little portion

But it truly is no use

To a series of impulses

It all can reduce

At least what may be known by the senses

And filtered through reason

Morphed in imagination

The playground of our minds

Billy Pilgrimage

It is here that I seek some key

One to unlock a secret

A momentary glimpse

But a key I never find

I pray to the Almighty

The one beyond all

Behind all

Before all

That perhaps for a moment

I'll be worthy to call

Back from this prison I cannot escape

My prayers unanswered... I guess this is
fate

But tonight as I lay

Ready to sleep

I pray yet again

A Vague Notion

For only a peek

But maybe this night

Once and for all

I'll have a dream so vivid

And forever know what is real

Billy Pilgrimage

*

The Vault

*

The vault of sky

Erases all distinction

Between you and I

Imaginings of torture

Imaginings of grace

Fill the silence that lines this place

These lungs are tired

These eyes don't rest

This veiled off life

such a test

Then

We waken to eternity

A Vague Notion

That river run enthralling me
That shining light
Lantern of the earth
That glimmers in between my lashes
That whips this slave
Onward faster!

Through the gate
And up the spire
This final mark we all aspire
Our worship comes in crescent waves
Sinusoidal diminishing

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Book I: Poetic Discourse for the Jaded Mind

*

Somehow the book on the shelf calls me like
a primal summoning

to scan its tortured forms

that perhaps it may inspire a flicker or
flash of momentary insight

and at last reveal to me the nature of the
whole

as if within this one book

on this one page

this one letter

would be a distillation of the entire
library...

the entire cosmos...

ha.

A Vague Notion

I will never know until I have scoured
every page

for i am certain somewhere in this
leviathan

some finite set of glyphs have been so
arranged as to encapsulate the whole of
existence

and upon first glance - all will be clear

Billy Pilgrimage

*

$$E=mc^2$$

*

Matter energy isolation

Inability to comprehend causes frustration

How does mind interpret reality

Are these ideas truly what I see

Can this veil be lifted from my eyes

To gaze into heaven with no surprise

No tortured reasoning

Or metaphysical claim

Just the real

Made clear and plain

Sharp and obvious

No need for words

No theorem or deduction

No inference or construction

No rhyme or reason

Metaphor or lore

A Vague Notion

Just a flash

Mystery no more!

Billy Pilgrimage

*

Flight of the Eagle

*

Whenever I'm up till dawn and I hear the
birds waking and chattering

I'm so vividly reminded of the utter
complexity and beauty of this world

From the subatomic up to the animal and
social hierarchies through the patterns of
the cosmos

And my mind fails

Completely and utterly fails

At grasping it all in its entirety

All I have is the faint glow

This abstract sense of creation

That I am part of

But I stubbornly carry on

Thought patterns arising in endless
permutations

Maybe one or two will latch on and coincide
with the world as it is

Maybe these networks

A Vague Notion

Information flows

Social structures

Intentions and power dynamics

Something

Maybe something

I'll know what the birds are talking about

And they'll have the secrets I've been
searching for

Billy Pilgrimage

*

torrent

*

The constant rushing torrent of a trillion
flowering words

The birds they sing

My ears do ring

My heart does the engendering

The constant motion feeling of an endless
stampede

The hooves do stride

The cleaving and the sundering

I promise I have completely lost my mind

Search and find

The paper does hide

What you whisper in my ear

The constant rushing torrent

Of a trillion flowering words

I do not sleep

I wish I cared

A Vague Notion

But the night dances undressed

We merge

And sing our song

Until the thread of dawn separates us again

The constant rushing torrent...

I cannot write in words

Billy Pilgrimage

*

i am

*

I'm a poet

And I see

The eternity in your eyelashes

The wisdom in your breath

The pages on your chest

I am a poet

And I hear the calling of the ants

And the whispers of the leaves

The singing of the seas

I am self conscious universe

And brim filled tome

And I most certainly am not alone

My pen's named "Father Time"

And my paper "Mother, may I hear another
story?"

The school bell rang somewhere between
genesis and geometry

A Vague Notion

$$f(x) = x^2 + 9x + 7$$

(10 fingers)

$$f(10) = (10)^2 + 9(10) + 7 = 197$$

the rest is for you oh mathematical
mentalist

[if this makes no sense to you please go
back to page 16. It's too late now, but
still give it a try!]

Billy Pilgrimage

I devour worlds in between clock ticks
And still manage to remember which way my
socks fit

I am a lover

Immersed in an endless sea
That extends way beyond me

And you

And her and him

Beyond them and those too

And

I am a slave

To the absolute

And the majestic

Regardless of which way you may choose to
express this...

You are too.

A Vague Notion

*

aner|rena

*

1. You have ruined my sanity
2. And I will not forgive you
3. Until you take back these memories
4. And return the keys to my heart
5. Attached to them a letter that reads
6. "Ease for broken parts"

"There was this guy I met in New York the night before I started moving home. So 8 months ago. I can't believe it's been that long already. We had a very short lived little seedling of a relationship and then he tried to ghost me so I showed up where he was to talk to him and forced an awkward human rejection out of him. I haven't talked to him since because he hasn't responded to me when I have tried. But he's a really beautiful great guy. Attracts a lot of positivity and success. He's a musician. He has my dream New York life. I don't care that the romance didn't work out, but it sucks that friendship was written off too. He felt like an instant best friend. And it's just like fuck, I'm not worthy to be in this guys life. It's not a good feeling. And there's no fixing it. Sorry if I ever made you feel that way. "

Billy Pilgrimage

. . .

I fear looking into your eyes for I might
never see another thing again

The corner of your smile enfolding me

The strands of your hair unfurling me

The rhythm of your heart entrancing me

The peak of your shout impaling me

The contour of your speech lulling me

The grace of your movement unbalancing me

The edge of your wit dissecting me

The torrent of your anger enslaving me

The resolve of your will supporting me

The weight of your sighs collapsing me

The sight of your tears drowning me

I fear looking into your eyes

[L]
[SEP]For all these things they do comprise

[L]
[SEP]And I'd never see an existent thing again

. . .

A Vague Notion

All our years together lie in the space
between our ears

My love

My dear

I give myself to thee

. . .

You are electric love

Woven strands

Paint brush bristle lashes

Currently sailing absolute

Sinews sinusoidal

Electric love hallucinations

Dancing beside my ears

I am

Collapsed point, eternity's sigh, pen ink

Glass castle ripples

Water vapor amblings

And whatever else one may think

Billy Pilgrimage

You are electric love

And I am drowning

. . .

Millennia was her name

A thousand years from head to toe

Empires rose and fell between her lips

The seasons changed around her hips

Navies sank underneath her finger tips

Every hundred years she'd leave a note;

"I know they sent for me, however, I'm busy
until next century"

Armies fought to the death

Over who had rightful claim to her breath

And who she did like best

Twas all foolish though, don't you know?

A thousand years from head to toe

And a thousand more between blinks

. . .

A Vague Notion

Pity that we picture things
Saving states in wedding rings
Pity that we preserve things
Stating facts through clicking pins
Pity that memory recalls
Places and their offerings
Pity that pity this
Even the most brilliant is a bloody mess
Pity my nerves are fire
That they conspire
To lead me to excessive discomfort
Pity this pathetic poem
But it's 3am and I feel all alone
. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

A momentary water vapor mist
Must by nature cease to exist
Exit out the last remaining door
Before or after an excessive need to
implore
An effervescent temporary sighting
Of a grandeur altogether frightening
Awe striking
Bike riding
Men striving
Nerve deciding
Astral sighting
Back biting
Temporary mist
Rising in illustrious forms
In love and alone
Typing on a phone
Ready to jump out the window
Ready to drive off a bridge

A Vague Notion

Ready to sink to the bottom of the sea

Ready for there to no longer be me

. . .

Oh black nighted empress

Dancing around undressed in the corner of
my eye

How your exhales impress

Subtle patterns of interwoven years

Through these gnarled and weary bones

Here we rest between thrones

On the saber's edge of eternity

. . .

You are the quenching of my thirst

And the easing of my pain

A mercy from the Merciful

My dearly beloved

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

A tale of thirty thousand lovers torn

One love - an ever present thorn

Smiles teeth enfolded ears

Muddy ink throughout the years

A reflection above the sink

Gunpoint held - quick! Think!

False alarm

Was the running faucet

False alarm

Was the hidden closet

False alarm was the reaching arms

False alarm

Was my fallen yearnings

False alarm

Was her packed up boxes

False alarm

Was the silent lobby

False alarm

Was your new found hobby

A Vague Notion

False alarm

Was a false alarm

Woke up dreaming

But was a false alarm

. . .

Everything is crumbling before my eyes

The desert sands have devised

To rise and fall - do not be surprised

My tongue is sandpaper

My lips are cracked

Through this desert reside my tracks

May I return to abode

And drink from kawthar

. . .

No words

Through worries

No woes

Two words

Rage fury

Billy Pilgrimage

Two worlds; are foes

Five sounds

a e i o u

And an ever present "why?"

Stare up

Stare down

Descend the spheres. Cry.

Pick apart

Then piece together

Before the thought would have been better

But here we are

There I am

Words abound - misshaped fetters

. . .

A Vague Notion

Hyper warp speed racing

Time erasing

Flowers devoured fractlinearly

All tracks delineate

Something about essences and ideas

Instantaneous light years

And always combusting dream

Infinite dimensional spears

Stabbed into my heart

Albert Asimov Aristotle

Bernoulli Bertrand Bohm

Camus Cauchy Cantor

Debroglie Debois Dante

Euler Euclid Europa

Freckles frolic frenzy

Going greeting growing

Hyperbolic hellish heckles

Instantaneous inane insanity

Jubilant juxtaposing jargon

Billy Pilgrimage

Kaluza Klein kindness
Lorentzian loquacious levity
Monopathic morphing manifolds
Nebulous node-like nothingness
Omnipotent obscured obsessions
Pulsar presenting pinnacle
Quick quit quietly
Relatively refined randomness
Subtle surface slivers
Transfixed treble transformation
Uncertain Unitarian utilities
Voluptuous vertices vanishing
Wasting withered washed
X
You yawning yesterday
Zips zaps zzz
Such is nature
Such is art
Sings the preacher

A Vague Notion

And plays the part

Sounds like silence

Sounds like sleep

Sounds like the sound of soundless sleep

. . .

A rose

A petal

I picked and plucked

In wait to give to you

My singular love - a petal incarnates.

Contrive I may, I cannot say

A single word anew

It is therefore my sincere hope

That this single petal will do...

. . .

all these years of facial recognition
programming

have rendered me unable to recognize

your simple gestures

Billy Pilgrimage

they only register as
bits of 1's and 0's
reappearing recursively
it's a bitter curse, you see
years of facial recognition programming in
my basement
i'm now a qbase head -basically
nearly brain dead, but not quite fully
just enough left to construct an intricate
pulley system
between my two ears that operates by
my few tears
shed...
. . .

A Vague Notion

Momentary frame of clarity

Hung up on my wall

An instant infinite

Every leaf - breath of fall

Arranged in jigsaw order

Fragments coalesce

And "I" becomes a tapestry's strand; the
thread of my lover's dress

Bliss and whole, I cannot hold on too long

Before I'm dragged back into mundane fog

My lover leaves

Disorder proceeds

And "so long..." I say

"...for now"

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

light is lit.

candles burning.

lantern yearning.

lighthouse glowing.

beacons flowing.

This love that will never die

All who behold wonder why?

Flowing rivers I sit and cry...

Torn and beaten without a sigh.

I long for death

Yet it does not come...

Another day then, beneath the sun

. . .

A Vague Notion

Sleep deep

And bring sweet treats from the bottom of
the well

Sleep well

And we'll certainly meet again

In the torrent of subconscious chatter

and when we do

Greet me matter of factly

And with an assured stare

That this apparent nowhere, and nowhen

Is where we have always been

You and I

My friend

. . .

I want to write things I shouldn't write

Things I'd whisper into your ear

Things that'd come into being and then
disappear

Things that would dance in shadow across
the walls

That would remind you of yesterday last

Billy Pilgrimage

year and fall

That would drain your bones of every sorrow

Things you might think would make you groan

Things I could easily say on the phone

While at work

Or in the car

In broad daylight

Near or far

I want to write you everything

That passes before my eyes

My ears

My sighs

But no paper could contain

And the majority of it is inane

I want to write things

I shouldn't though

So I guess I'll wait

To whisper in your ear

My dear

A Vague Notion

. . .

come create yourself
each day anew
cremate the prior one
we'll go to vacant parking lots
far beyond the sovereignty of ink pens
and laugh our way into fault
where poetry only aspires
there will we lie
my hands will trace yours will trace
butterfly flutters
we'll etch-a-sketch each other
and erode into the sea

. . .

The living and the dead
The rivers in my head
The questions always come
Am I descendant from the sun
Ascendant towards the one

Billy Pilgrimage

Atoms in a rolling die
Cosmic spec floating by
Evolute of this electric sand
Son of adam
Son of ape
This mystery I cannot escape
Returning to no man's land?
A spirit made of God's own breath
Body made by his own hands
Where and how and what and when
A single thread of time marches on?
Or a woven mesh of many verse
Hidden worlds beyond our eyes
Beyond the myriad tools clever minds have
devised
I want to see
I want to know
Every little bit and byte
Every little bird and night

A Vague Notion

Every beautiful and fair lady
Who slays and screams more than poets think
Every child and their freeform mind
Every beggar and what they cannot seem to
find
Why God why
Any of this
Why the living and the breathing
The ignorance and the bliss
The fountains of inquiry all amiss
The ages and ages
Endless creation
Moment come and moment gone
Thought after sudden thought
Dead ones loved and gone in utter silence
Fields and strings and codes and things
Difference engines and octacores
Artificial intellects
Minerals galore

Billy Pilgrimage

Atmospheres riddled with debris

I am perpetually shrouded in this mystery

And my mind grows weary every day

As I try to grasp just a little more

I know a verse

It must be true

وَلَوْ أَنَّمَا فِي الْأَرْضِ مِنْ شَجَرَةٍ أَقْلَامٌ وَالْبَحْرُ يَمُدُّهُ
مِنْ بَعْدِهِ سَبْعَةُ أَبْحُرٍ مَا نَفِدَتْ كَلِمَاتُ اللَّهِ إِنَّ اللَّهَ
عَزِيزٌ حَكِيمٌ - 31:27

My life has been

And will always be

A journey from

You

To you

. . .

A Vague Notion

Worn and weary traveller

On this long and dusty road

24 earthly cycles

24,000 broken dreams

My body's shell is cracking, my spirit
flows through the seams

"I love you"

rolls heavy off my tongue

And passes by my ears

From all the times I've said it

Yet my heart remained closed from fear

I walk around with light years

Resonating between my ears

I know on faith alone

That this prison planet

Is not our final home

Billy Pilgrimage

***** queen of infinity

I write to you this poem

Because

You suddenly appeared in my life

At a time where I felt most alone

Where I was ready to forsake myself and all
who I hold dear

To enter the desert sands and forever
disappear

In search of a hidden truth

A sudden flash of light

A burning bush

A burning star

Something so seemingly distant

So seemingly far

But then your shining face

Came to me at once

God and N dimensions

Atlantic contingencies

A Vague Notion

I'll keep the power running
You'll keep the hearts at ease

I don't know how this story ends
And I'm glad that I don't know
The pen still holds it's ink
And the fountains forever flow

However, I do know this:

It will be very sad
The day I see you go

You said that you will love me
Wherever you may be

To honor this I must respect the fact that
you are totally free

All I ask is that at the end of

Billy Pilgrimage

Your long and tiresome days

You'll return to our nest

And come lay with me

. . .

So a bunch of
neolineraltquasifemialtGTBSalafs

Enter into a giant public screaming match
with

The crew dedicated to preserving
orangepeels

And they go at it for what seemed like
10,000 centuries

But according to precise atomic.measurement
only really was 2 minutes

And the shouting got so loud

That the sky cracked open

On account of all the shouts meshing to
produce the resonant frequency of the sky

And it broke

And then the galactic eye watching over
them made itself apparent

And they all just fucking collapsed

And that

Is what they don't tell you on

Cbcnbfoxvicealjazeeraaofforebernspreuter97.3

. . .

Outside your carefully crafted present

Nebulously kept together by thought

Exists chaos

Daniel Higgs has seen it

I'll take his word for it

My words don't count for much, have no
tangible weight. But, maybe because I have
nothing

substantial to say, "I like the way you
organize your clothes,"

or maybe "have you seen/heard/read
such-and-such film/band/book? It was
goooooooood."

Like that game where you stack hands? If
that even qualifies as a game, no... Jenga
blocks.

From the depths they rise to the surface
and I want to speak it, write it.

I used to think in doing so it'd be

Billy Pilgrimage

managed, packaged, defined, and subdued.

Ha! I'm the slave.

Slave to insubstantial

Poorly defined

Who-knows-what

Hamid Karzai knows what

Mrs. Bitters knows

Your taste is bitter

But you smell like jasmine

Take a sip and then another sip

The record on repeat

Repeat reuse refuse

I wrote something last night

But I accidentally deleted it

I'm kinda upset

But it's also slightly romantic

Aside from... aside from it being deleted

But "it was meant to be"

"Everything happens for a reason"

A Vague Notion

- Nostradamus circa right now

Circa survives in perfect Russian circles
right now

Right round right round

I might drown

Don't frown

I'm not a clown

- insecure white male being humorous by
rapping in a condescending tone

Aha that was funny

But I'm stuck on this ship

Got a debt to repay

With no replay value

Punctuated equilibrium is so chic right
now, I'm just waiting for the next leap.

I should say "quantum leap" though

On account of how incorporating the word
"quantum" instantly gives the impression
you know what the fuck you're talking
about.

iQuantumfuck lite

And then sleep tight

Billy Pilgrimage

Bitch

I'm misogynistic

Bitch

I'm homophobic

Faggot

I'm racist

Sand nigger

I'm a douchebag

#420blazeit

I'm o k

But my watch thick

And my glock sits - on my lap

Goes tic tic

Ticks and leeches

Suck me fucking dry

And let me die horribly

"Life's too short"

"Be yourself"

"Time flies"

A Vague Notion

"Early bird catches the worm"

"Those who know do not speak. Those who speak do not know."

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow"

"The time is out of joint"

"Lamborghini mercy"

"Head on, applied directly to the forehead"

Maybe you'll catch a 30 second flash visual

Decipher my 23 enigmas

Coddle me

Cuddle me

If we must

Coitus

I'll recite advertisements that've been seared into my brain every time you moan

And just before climaxing:

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights..."

And that's how you dada

Billy Pilgrimage

. . .

What possibly can be done with words?

Can chirp chirp bird

Or d

r

o

p something

Cantheygetjumbled or

C R

Mmm

Le

U

b entirely?

Can I move you to speech or death do us
part?

Art art art

They sure can't trace my melody or preserve
cadence

Can dance or Kandinsky entrance and stare

blankly

But blanket me warm until tomorrow? I don't
think so

The bank's on the phone my poem's not
current

Rip tides undertow

Drip d

r

o

p aberrant

. . .

Inshallah

When I leave the planet

Everyone who thought I was nuts

Dumb

Crazy

Retarded

On drugs

Insane

Deranged

Fanatical

Pitiful

Lonely

Whatever else

Anyone who doesn't get the fuck on

(And know that the design of a ship has to take into account the number of passengers, so seeing as no one has yet definitively and absolutely said "Omar, I'm on board" it might end up being me

.. just me

... And I'm ok with that)

But I hope

Once I'm gone

Everyone dies.

-rant

It's kinda stressful trying to learn so much to design something so intricate.

How intricate does it have to be?

I want it to be an ark, but....

I don't know.

Another day.

Another night.

Another dream of cosmic flight.

August 19th, 2017 12:44am

. . .

take me to candy mountain

shouting obscenities while jumping off
mountain tops

sugarcide

you can mount me, i'll taste your sugar

insides

high off your highness, buzzed up and
pleated I'll

dive deeper. Head long into dots.

Gum bound skeletal structures will surely
snap

crackle

and then pop. Drowning in malaise molasses

and a side of candy canes

I fucking hate christmas

honey and milk shrink wrapped around our

heads

maybe they'll fire me then.

Firing squad it is.

. . .

A MOMENT OF PAUSE AND REFLECTION:

I'm about at that point where I want to give up. So many words. So much nonsense and noise. To be honest the only things worth anything really within this tortured book are the poems under "170: In which the nectar is extracted." and everything following page 197 for a bit. I would like to make something very clear to the reader: the feelings and emotions and opinions and things expressed within this book are not to be take as a complete picture of me the author. You see, this book contains writings dated all the way back to 2012 up until the time of this arrangement Jan. 9th, 2019 2:41pm

I/We have our ups and downs. But I have been immersed in the truth of the word of Allah in the quran and I have sought to purify my heart and mind and strengthen my body. This book in all honesty is a means for me to archive the past in a concrete and singular form so that I can erase all of this work from my machines and start a new phase in my life.

I do not know how this book arrived in your hands, but at this moment there are plans to set up a outdoor city based treasure hunt and someone, whatever soul finds that chest will receive one of the first copies of this ever printed.

A Vague Notion

What follows are loose prose that have yet to find their way into a more complete form. Book II: The sand reckoner is in its early stages, be prepared mortals! muhahaha.

Godspeed you!

Oh. I almost got away without giving credit to the artist who made the cover image, but fortunately I found it buried within the chaos, so:

The Dance of the Death - Joseph Sattler

Thank you stranger.

Billy Pilgrimage

the year was 2020 and a horrible alien plague descended upon the earth and ate the flesh of 95% of life on Earth. Only ones that survived were those intelligent enough and grateful enough to preserve humanities most sacred treasures - knowledge truth wisdom and love - and who continually sought the means to see and experience the wonders of God's immense creation. The rest, sadly, were too preoccupied with retro tattoos and falsely advertised news, and increasing in material possessions and aimless passionless sex.

There was one man - some called him Billy p, some deltahalo, some emperor no name, most Omar Abdelaal. Who dedicated every waking moment to creating the equivalent of Noah's ark to backup humanity. This led him on a journey so epic that he befriended some of the most powerful and wealthiest people on earth. All for the love of God and mankind"

This portion of the virtual library is dedicated to preserving all the data accumulated from all those that perished in what we now call - the great filter - here are Facebook pages, Instagram accounts, SoundCloud, Tumblr pages, and everything else that could be salvaged before the global power system shut down and massive amounts of information was permanently in accessible

"I studied with the tralfamadorians out in Andromeda, they showed me that all time exists in a single moment and that with enough concentration I can travel the multiverse"

"Oh, nice... So what makes you want to come to our school?"

"You guys got a vaXinato09900 that I need to make this dope wedding ring for my fiancé"

"wedding ring you say... What's special about it?"

"Well you see... This moscovium crystal has an icosahedral molecular structure that resonates periodically and if i put that at the center and make this input mechanism it'll let you go anywhere in the multiverse... Like king Solomon's ring... But it'll drive you mad if you ain't ready"

"welcome to the allegory academy school of sci-fi and wizardry, home of flowing pools of mercury, plasmas sheets and mercy"

. . .

they had this ritual where they'd shove everything into a tiny glass bottle; pain, loss, memories, pocket lint, unmatched socks, and joy too - before the season changed and it all went dormant for the winter - and a little message written to someone they knew they were supposed to have met long ago but the opportunity seemed simply to have stole away unannounced. standing on the tallest building reachable they'd stare down and drop the bottle. it was a vicarious act. no one really had the desire to actually ride the wake. the possibility that tomorrow may come and all of it will have simply shattered away wouldn't allow it. the origins of the ritual are long forgotten, but it didn't really matter.

Billy Pilgrimage

streets were littered with shards.

tourists came to admire the beauty of the melancholy stained mosaic; willfully turning an eye to all it belied.

. . . .

that son of a bitch keller... i was on my way to break when we crossed paths in the main corridor, he slyly asked how my research was going. that smug asshole. he thinks because he received all that funding last year for his atomic toaster remodification that he's fucking lord of bread or something. please. the whole thing sort of reminds me of this story my grandfather would always tell me. It was the only one he ever told me. But it's time to enjoy lunch now. Anne packed me a cucumber and almond butter sandwich on rye. i love that women. She sort of reminds me of one of my childhood best friends, back when childhood seemed like it would extend forever into the phosphorescent distance. The story went something like, "there was a family of golfers who disowned their son because he passionately contended that tennis was simply the superior sport." i don't like tennis, or golf, but i know keller is an amateur golfer, so in that sense it makes sense. i know i'm close to a breakthrough though, i can feel it. once i finish creating this new binding agent i can then replace the stator coil with this synthetic-bioelectric tree sap modeled after this recently discovered form of life within the jovian clouds. this microwave will be the epitome of home food convenience.

oh the time has flown. drowned? maybe it drove by in a flaming chariot. i don't fucking know...

. . .

It begins in a realm of mathematical ideals. Particularly the graph of $1/x$. There's a single point serving as a frame of reference - at least for the time being. We continue up the positive real numbers, onward to infinity, ever approaching absolute emptiness - 0 - as our reference point begins increase without bound it begins to blur and we're enveloped in an absolutely contextless space, then spontaneously a vivid image of an immense desert appears - the desert of the real - here is where we find billy endlessly wandering - this desert represents all forms of knowledge, language, material existence, each grain of sand a bit, each gust of wind some new expression - travel and wander as you wish you will never exhaust it. The next phase begins when we stumble across the mystical door - symbol of progression and transformation, of perception and inwardness - beyond this door we've come to find that the previous layer of existence was nothing but and endlessly reflecting feedback loop, it had no genuine "existence," or at least... compared to this next layer the first appeared phantasmal. Beyond this door lay the realm of water and wind, of creative bubbling and intuition, metaphor and whim, a Van Gogh painting. Here billy remains for quite some time, its pleasures are immense and the inherent ephemerality of it is more welcoming than the austere deserts of the real. This realm can be understood mathematically with reference to the ideas of topology, non-euclidean geometry, chaos theory, automata, it's verdant and logically illogical. Passing the threshold into this layer carries with it the implication of ineffability, the words themselves are embedded in the fluidity and are venerated in futility. Cities exist in the smallest recesses of space, and yet again infinite space is contained in each point, one travels on imaginary foot. The image reigns supreme here. After much enjoyment though, faint

Billy Pilgrimage

traces of the desert are beginning to emerge, the distinction between this and the previous realm were nothing but illusory hues and subtle shade. Sand gave way to pixels gave way to water back to sand. Red to blue. Disillusioned, our pilgrim carries on on foot as is usual. Startled by a faint glimmer on the ground, he reaches for what appears as a sewing needle. Compelled by that deepest currents of his self he squints his eyes and stares through the eye of the needle - absorbed into it he now finds himself in a realm of fractalinear forms composed entirely of rays of light. Infinities of infinities of light - Georg Cantor and mandelbrot sets - here the seamstress reigns.

"Seasons change and faces shift, sworn eternal lovers now in hatred. Banished hence an exile in the kingdom, wrought tales did the devilish seamstress spin. In effervescent landscapes did our player travel, pendulous, wavering. How weary now, our exile did beg, "please no more, let me lay my head." And so kindly did our seamstress comply."

Thrust now finally into the ground of being. The dimensionless anti-void. Absolute and perfect. Submerged in negation and merging into silence. Hovering above, 7 windows of cathedral grandeur, 7 windows to the unseen sky. Each composed of a particular substance. Words, Sand, Digits, Fire, Glass, Water, and Cellular Structures. It is now apparent that the entirety of phenomenal existence is composed of these few elements arranged in innumerable configuration.

And now from this perfection does our pilgrim return to "surface," all layers previously thought of as distinct have collapsed into a single manifestation of the eternal player's thread, every form but a novel melody.

A Vague Notion

Billy continues weaving.

The entire journey is encoded in this poem;

Through the desert

Past the door Abandon words

Waters of gracious reflection and song

Subtlety of the wind Through the needle's eye

Infinites between rays of light

7 windows to an unseen sky

Submerged in negation

- and now to meld into silence

To act from pure harmony

Effacing all remnants and residue

Then to return with celestial thread

And continue weaving tapestries

. . .

"You know, things have been worse, I tell you what, like I always say, wear a hat today don't tomorrow. I'm not a hat guy myself, but you might catch me with a hat on some days. Like I always says man, here today hat tomorrow aha. Right?"

My coffee was cold now, I didn't want to take a sip lest I miss a single word he said. Not that I particularly gave a shit what he was going on about, hats or something. "Hats I say, hats!" But the shape of his face and the contortions

Billy Pilgrimage

that flew by with every half syllable. It was brilliant. I heard the film crew in the background, you could hear their mesmerization at this performance. The audience applauded violently, hoorahs and hoorays. It was brilliant. Eyelids, mouth folds, tongue, spit, hand motions, the shifts in ear position, intermittent sips of whatever it was he was sipping on. "Hats I say, hats!"

MY MAN, BRILLIANT!

I stood up. I applauded. I cried. The orchestra swooned and swelled and the train whistle grew louder and the earth rumbled and the children shouted.

"Like I always says, you can wear a hat or you can't. Me, myself, I'm not a hat guy. But you might see me with a nice hat some days."

. . . .

Thirty seconds ago my plane crashed

Thirty five seconds ago I was looking at my watch as I climbed the boarding ramp

Thirty seven seconds ago I handed the ticket to the clerk

Forty seconds ago I felt my fiancé's moist upper lip pull off my lower

Forty three seconds ago a war waged between her eyelids

Forty seven seconds ago a melancholy laced shuddering wind slammed the door shut

Forty eight seconds ago the moon's forgotten shoelaces lay entranced - staring at the cold

A Vague Notion

swath of empty between their souls

Forty nine seconds ago I was tying my shoes

Somewhere in between forty nine and fifty seconds ago it was published in a far off and distant news paper that the unification of special relativity and quantum mechanics had been verified

And then as if to signify the very end of existence itself; a minute has passed by and I didn't even have the chance to say "Hi."

. . . .

Surrealistically adrift in a quasi time rift contained on the tip of my tongue

You'll see once a syllable's uttered

Or hear half past the flutter of you eyes.

Time's split and lagging between these delusions and reveries, between these confusions of yesteryears.

But what's it to an infant whose wandering in vague silencelands seen only through exertions of inert hands?

Not much more than the sum of your abhorrences, give or take a few cents.

One point of observation; these verses are adverse to the idea of dwelling in obscurity

Conversely the obscure dwells in such adverse conditions and can't seem to afford the meager price of readmission to the vanity fair, comparably, I'm not too fond of fares and extravagant displays of perfection.

Billy Pilgrimage

A tea cup will do, a poorly sharpened pencil will do, a game of jacks will do, some miscommunicated adventure fabricated by your fancy will do.

I do indeed fancy an adventure..

. . .

There's an old man who's been sitting at his typewriter for the thrust of his life. Everyone passes him by; they no longer see him as a living being, more like an old relic - an old unnamed monument to something that might have been important at some time, but now sits and collects dust - has melded into the landscape - there he sits, staring at the blank page resting before him, fingers primed to type words of sheer brilliance - if only they'd come.

There's an unspoken wonderment clouding around him, anyone in the vicinity - never entirely conscious - wonders to themselves what exactly is going on.

He sits - I sit - I am - you exist within me - this page - these colors unfolding before my ears - older than myself is the page - older than the page the writer - older than the writer the written - resting in vivid violet sky washed ink - keystroke toward infinity - searing edges wrap up yesterday quite nicely - a dozen chocolates placed by name - your caramel smile - waiting by three bell rings - wait - come back - hallway - stairs - door - bed - window - forever - "a young woman committed suicide today, moments after the young man we presume she lived with followed suit" - 12/7/1926 - the raven sings - back through balloon tethered fields - next is blue - how becoming - remind me how the asphalt tastes - fall in reverse back to summer breathless - the ink flowing furious - tree limb smooth knife carved out in crayons - right

A Vague Notion

against my neck - river bed reflections singing
- how becoming of you - lens focus swivel click
reels back frame after - frame after - frame
after - frame

Exeunt

. . .

I purchased a book by Edmund Husserl from a late night infomercial; "On the Phenomenology of the Consciousness of Internal Time."

After I read it I tried to return it, but they said in order to do so it'd have to be unread - they offered to send a device

that'd pry open my head and extract the portions that contained the information gained. What a pain I tell you...

But I got my \$9.80 back. I took that gravitational cash and invested in a positron generator; positively wonderful I say.

However, I have nothing to show for it... And what's more is I can't seem to remember where that dismembered rest of me has gone.

It has been so long. Entirely too long since I was conscious of any phenomenon other than internal time.

Huh... I guess I'm done watching paid programming.

. . .

Two of them were sitting drinking coffee discussing who the fuck knows what, ideas as old as time slave labored across minds found there way in, skittering and filtering around their heads. They were tied together, if you looked

Billy Pilgrimage

hard enough their faces were beginning to deform, pulled in by the growing gravitational field. Momentum rose, something about nature about history about culture about his dick about that song about three minutes ago about their parents about a memory of a dream of a book in a scene on a script of ink and notes this man movement action scribble note form said he she to her

Echoes growing, the space enlarging then contracting, they were lost

Bewildered

Puzzled beyond belief

Swallowed up in grandeur

I walked by and lit a match, swoof

The bubble popped like a thin soapy film caught on high speed camera

Like a slow tearing

The coffee began to leak out their ears, the smiles frowned off the chin onto the table the sound of bowling balls emerged from the tiles crashing with their teeth

Melting

Melting Melting melting

Every encoded perception and defined conception

They tried to get up, there spines lifted instead, leaving a gelatinous mess. The crunching of chips shattered the scene into a ridiculously large number of corn flavored chunks. Yesterday, last month, sometime when the Mariana Trench was learning basic arithmetic, 5

A Vague Notion

o'clock of every day, the scent of your body
after writing a 6 page book report on the
structuring of ant colonies, all of it just
started oozing out the cracks.

Crunch chip

Order movement

Slip skip

Chaos behoovement

The dinner with Andre

The splintered Conway

The reverse engineered cobweb

The saw tooth faux fur

The swollen mailbox feathers

The aimless word drivel

This ridiculous nation

These absolute fictions

The burning sun flare

The potentially diffuse air

The sensory lullaby

The estrangement of autonomy

The bow before our mechanism

The repugnance of matter-of-factism

The revolutionary fan fiction

Billy Pilgrimage

The burning of your memory

The illusion of continuity

The discrete fanaticism

The end of the end

The thinking Potzo

The waiting for godot

The absurdity of absurdism

The idiocy of culture

The flare of your mother tongue

The flight of the Phoenix

The plight of our phonics

The end of creation

The. End. Of. Creation.

. . .

The water running through him, cooling eons of neural chatter. Did it matter anymore? Hadn't all this passed before? Everything tinged with a scent of familiarity. Time to shut those eyes; the milky night's black cat skittering across them. This time through the reverberating chimes hanging on the parallel balcony. Overlooking, enveloping, sadness, mutating - alchemical embers. The reflected light a saber's edge across the cat's eyes, rending the night, exposing the seam. Again?

Have I not satisfied?

(just beyond awaited a lover with a thousand

A Vague Notion

fluorescent eyes, each eye a feedback loop leading to ever shifting ineffability)

The night would have to remain still. The overgrowth had been spilling into his daily life. Actions as ordinary as a climb up the stairs were becoming dissolute. Ascending 3 flights only to be greeted by the first floor exit.

- Just the other day he, I, had been walking to a friend's house for some needed company when that cat caught the corner of my eye. I fell into it, the pale blue form reciting

"as it were, here and plenty..."

sift and shift yet fear not many..."

only to find myself reclined on the friend's couch, glass of water in hand.

Volumes of meaning grafted onto single words, sing songs; the ethereal symbolic birds.

- we'll continue in dream mon'amie!

Good night.

. . .

It took her several years of silent debate, a simple question lying always beneath the shallow pool of day to say consciousness. She had finally made the decision, it was after flicking on the tv for a few minutes (something she didn't ordinarily do) a commercial for... Who the fuck knows what was enough to tip the scale. Up to the attic. Cardboard box. Manila envelope behind picture of wedding day. Grandpa's old revolver. Fully loaded. Not a moment's thought or hesitation. To the temple.

Billy Pilgrimage

She felt as the bullet crawled through her skull. She witnessed one by one - in a rushing torrent of deleterious flame - all memory erasing. All ability. These were swimming lessons. There mom and dad's cheesy anniversaries. There that unfinished sculpture in 4th grade. All burning, leaking flooding.

The bullet kept crawling. Inched its way out the other side of her skull. The naked supports of the unfinished attic began crumbling. Nails melting and dripping out of wood. The house collapsed. Right into the ground. The earth shriveled. She sounds stopped. They always told her to embrace the light. All she saw were the fucking headlights of her neighbors pulling in.

I'd go on, but she made me promise not to share what came next.

As far as the eye could see - skittles. Hell was skittles. Unstructured endless array of multicolored little candies.

Next came a television with Mit Romney speeches and D.A.R.E. Ads. That went on for a little over 6 millennia.

Layer 3 of our divine comedy - needles.

Layer 4 - bodily fluids

Layer 5 - the wheel of fortune

Layer 6 - America's funniest home videos

Layer 7 - uncomfortably encased in a glass bottle

Layer 8 - back in her old house on earth

. . .

A Vague Notion

Slouched over on a bench in cantors cathedral. A mammoth light radiating through the window. Dust particles suspended in amber air. Staring fixed. Inside each another cathedral. Inside which a mammoth light. Shining on a grain of dust. Inside which another cathedral. Staring fixed on a wave of light. Suspended in a grain of dust. Inside which the borders break. Inside which there's none to take, but walls of light suspended in grains of dust, each certainly must...

Cantor's Cathedral

. . .

A play on Shakespeare's play "the taming of the shrew" - The "retaming of the shrew."

A "post-left-neo-modern-feminist" is out having lunch at a cafe with a guy, and they're playfully discussing married life. She makes a passing comment about how thankful she is that her enlightened age is no longer burdened by archaic domestic duties and all that bull shit.

In a serious manner, but with a twinkle of crazed romanticism in his eye he says - "Let me ask you something... If I went out and built you an empire, would it be too much for me to ask you to cook me a meal?"

She kind of chokes on the sip of coffee she's drinking for a second and just stares blankly at him. "That depends...." "Are you "commanding" me? as in, do I have a choice?"

He says - "Well.... I haven't held a sword to your head..."

She leaves it at "I would think about it. Depends on how you made me feel that day."

Billy Pilgrimage

He thinks for a moment. Then says... "Ok." "Well... How about this then! You don't have to make the meal, and you can keep the empire as a gift. I'll go start a new one and when the inevitable time comes for war between the two, should my new empire be the victor, the two merge, you come back home, and we'll go out for dinner instead. Deal?"

"Deal."

. . .

It spoke, evoked images of supreme artistry, and parts that seemed broken. The seams opened; came pouring out words like dried oceans, quite subtly dividing notions of third worlds, third eyes, and unholy trinities. She held tight and fell through note after note. Left suspended chords whispered softly "it's ok, the sun will rise and you'll see breeze another day." Descending further, whispers gave to chatter gave to a single stretched monophonic line across all space-time. Its presence enraptures. Monolithic, warm, kind. Reaching forward she curiously gave a pluck. Cascading towards normalcy; sea breeze and breathe.

. . .

How most scientific explanations sound to me -

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: "it was pushed"

Person: "oooooOoOo000"

A Vague Notion

Phase 2

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: Gravity

Person: "oooooOoOo000"

Phase 3

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: well you see... Due to action/reaction pairs of Newtons universal gravitation, the normal force exerted on the pen by the table kept it remaining in the air. Due to its elevation it had a certain amount of excess gravitational potential energy and when it reached the edge of the table that potential energy converted into kinetic energy and it went crashing towards the ground.

Person: "oooooOoOo000"

Phase 4

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: well you see due to relativity and energy mass equivalence the fabric of spacetime actually curved due to the gravitational field of the earth creating some sort of gravity vortex that sucked the pen towards it's inevitable black hole

Person: "oooooOoOo000"

Billy Pilgrimage

Phase 5

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: well the electrochemical forces stored inside the human body are released in these muscle contractions - that stored chemical potential energy caused the arm to move and then the small repulsive forces of the atoms between the pen and the fingertips moved it across the table - overcoming the attractive forces between the pen and table - aka friction. After the static friction was overcome then the lesser forces of kinetic friction were no match for the awesome power of the arm. Refer to phases 1-4 for relevant information.

Person: "ooooOoOo000"

Phase 6

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: so in the initial moments of creation after the infinitely dense singularity spontaneously banged, all the energy of the universe was this uniform mess that slowly collapsed (due to spontaneous symmetry breaking) and formed these distinct fundamental forces, elementary particles formed and were bound by the strong nuclear force. Gravity blahblah Stars blahblah super nova blahblah black holes blahblah Neil degrasse Tyson blahblah electromagnetic fields blahblah entropy fluctuations blahblah oceans blahblah sealife blahblah humans blahblah writing blahblah pen blahblah he pushed it.

Person: "ooooOoOo000ooooOoooooOoOoOoooooOo"

A Vague Notion

Phase 7

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: have you ever seen leprechauns steal your gold?

Person: "oooooOoOo000"

Phase 8

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Scientist: there is no pen

Neo: "oooooOoOo000"

Phase 9

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Federalist: WHEN the people of America reflect that they are now called upon to decide a question, which, in its consequences, must prove one of the most important that ever engaged their attention, the propriety of their taking a very comprehensive, as well as a very serious, view of it, will be evident.

Nothing is more certain than the indispensable necessity of government, and it is equally undeniable, that whenever and however it is instituted, the people must cede to it some of their natural rights in order to vest it with requisite powers. It is well worthy of consideration therefore, whether it would conduce more to the interest of the people of America that they should, to all general purposes, be one nation, under one federal government, or that they should divide

Billy Pilgrimage

themselves into separate confederacies, and give to the head of each the same kind of powers which they are advised to place in one national government.

Person: "freedom"

Phase 10

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Marx and Engels: "so the masses may rise"

Person: "Вся власть - Советам!"

Phase 11

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Christian: it was the Holy Ghost

Person: "praise Jesus"

Phase 12

Person: "why'd that pen fall?"

Muslim: " And you did not kill them, but it was Allah who killed them. And you threw not, when you threw, but it was Allah who threw that He might test the believers with a good test. Indeed, Allah is Hearing and Knowing."

Person: "أستغفر الله"

A Vague Notion

Phase 13

Person: "I keep dropping my pens..."

. . . .

My drums my art my science my music my beats my
company my work my girl my story hahenejekshs My
gas my car my legs my theory my bitch my hoe my
money my drugs my gold my diamonds my chain my
intellect my biases my laziness my passion my my
my child my husband my wife my demands my
expectations my whims my showers my shits my
gold laced toilets my shampoo my tooth brush my
car my star my planet my universe my god my life
mine mineineine mine

Me me me me

Me me my my I I I

Wonder why why why why the poor beggar does cry

Built this crimson castle and left him to the
cold

But little does the head master know the
beggar's spirit's old

Billy Pilgrimage

Eons of folly hath been erected before his eyes

And quite a curious thing each never doth wonder
"why?"

One day old and weary, cold and dreary, over
wrought heart with the voice of Timothy fucking
Leary, the head master fell down and begged.

And then he saw his lowly brother, head down in
a book

He walked right over and said "brother... May I
have a look?"

Our poor beggar gave a crooked smile, and warned
the noble king; "this book here once seen will
never cease to ring"

The head master puzzled for a moment, but only
for a moment. "Let me see my lowly brother, what
has kept you content."

A book with empty pages, clear as window glass

A Vague Notion

"This is completely empty. What is this? I certainly must ask."

"Quite right quite right. Complete and empty."

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

i feel amazing.

i so desperately wish i could capture all my imaginings, they're all so lovely. i haven't really figured out a good format; a way to articulate them as i see them. just fragments of images and feelings and sound, the atmosphere and colors inside change in response.

something like; vagabonding in the physical manifestation of the internet, or maybe a grand cathedral. one that covers a continent. the color's a lime green with some purple. purple is rich and moody, closest to red and fire, the desert and red and reason. reason is the desert, forever extending, information endless sand reconfiguring. endless sand castles, lovely lovely structure - submissive yet dominating, awesome and petty.

then windows, water ripples, mirrors and feedback like enfolded dimensions infinitely dense. tripping over shoe laces and falling. falling period. weightless inertial reference frames. frames strung together by light thread, all windows overlapping subtly passing by each other. definitely labyrinthine, with a hint of overgrowth and vegetation - spawned from voids. ariel trip most definitely.

baby island breeze suspended chord blue. like watching dust particles gently drift downward, or a balloon. but binary code runs just underneath, and there's glitches and delays, little lags you'd miss if you sneeze. clouds with this block grin from a matt doodle. the sun is square and watercolor. it's all watercolor.

there's high school street lamp high and drunk yellow, everything with a grit, stoner metal takes me there, reminds me of shell's dad's apartment and airports. also endless, a "trapped in a horrific nightmare" endless. still

A Vague Notion

beautiful, venues bring it as well.

and then cycle sounds, loops at angles, math rock clock ticks swirling. not vivid just primally calculated like body calculations or something, muscle calculator - no color but rubbery, takes me to the edge of existence - sound just outside. a note becomes a pin hole that reveals the nature of just beyond.

nerve chatter teeth gritting anxious must free associate to relieve this teal. maybe not teal. maybe no color. just a recurring sensation, very definite and short lived. surrealist of them all. everything must be linked. have it right now. write write write.

and the mother of them all. love. all color. all of this. all creation. all tumbling rolling primal intellectual breathing spine. sex and dreams and music woven. i am god creation. ideas dripping off leaves, neuron symphony. feels like growth feels like love. is electricity. everywhere.

(i'll add more)

. . .

Too many words spoken. The car in front of you stops you swerve right. The car in that lane slams on the breaks, startling the sleeping child inside. It cries. A phone call is missed. A friend's final plea goes unheard. A light switches off. The single most genius idea goes along with him. It won't be for another 400 years till someone has the name insight. A mother weeps. The house decays. The neighbors worry. The animals go frantic. A cat spills an antique vase. A husband furiously blames his wife. A divorce is settled. She goes to a bar; whiskey lemonade. The bartender has an affair. A light switches off. A child is born. A light switches on. The traffic light goes green. You

Billy Pilgrimage

send your text. The nurse draws blood. Sorry for the delay. A notebook fills. Hours pass. Minutes pass. Seconds pass. Breaths pass. Blinks pass. Decades pass. Your child passes their AP chemistry exam. A grandmother gets a paper cut. Three pigeons shit on your car. Cesium ions are emitted. Light bends. Glass breaks. Stars collapse. Earth shakes. Gas burns. An ant gets stepped on. The queen dies. The colony moves. You spray pesticide. A sneeze. Traffic's slow. The weather's nice. They raised the price of my favorite cereal 10 cents. A new brand of cologne is released. Someone is raped. Screams unheard. The iron burns some kid's favorite shirt. Flowers are purchased. Wind blows. Rocks erode. Grass grows. Fires blaze. Marshmallows explode. Thousands of dentist drills simultaneously sound. The conveyor belt jammed. There was an error processing your request. Did you try turning it on and off? Light bulbs burn out. Your neighbor changes religion. The last copy of an unpopular book is printed. There's a typo on page 265. A math teacher makes a mistake. Heroine is injected. A stolen little girl's bike is traded for crack. Three bombs destroy your best friend's house. Paycheck is short 5 cents. A nut in an 18 wheeler's transmission comes loose.

The car in front of you stops. You swerve left.

The covers of the book were now drawing closer together. The vault of sky eased it's way into a thin sliver then final oblivion. This certainly wasn't the end. In fact, it's only when the silence and the night and the words merge that any true meaning can be discerned.

. . .

The day we build energy collecting plants around whole stars. And we've created little nanobots electrifying the air. All electricity will be free and ambient. Humans will have evolved a new sense; the ability to appraise electric fields. Trees will be as tall as sky scrapers and we'll have learned to direct photosynthesis to charge batteries. Technology will have advanced to the point where it's study exceeds the life of any student. That point was reached 10,000 earth years prior, it's collectively referred to as the known-ledge. Only a few people dedicate themselves to it's study; simply to maintain what already exists. Occasionally new forms of life flourish momentarily then evaporate, the pace of speciation dramatically changed. Organisms from across galaxies have been transplanted. There are interuniversal explorers; they're selected from birth. Their sole purpose being to translate the contents of other universes into some meaningful linguistic form. The role of artist transitioned to architect to engineer to king to god. Civilizations are built on grains of sand and kept as objects of amusement. The range of emotions a human could experience nearly quadrupled. The diversity of languages became such a hindrance that it was abandoned all together. There exists on a distant semi-gaseous planet a monument with the word "love" inscribed in every language ever created by humanity, as

Billy Pilgrimage

well as those discovered between certain animals. Time was no longer measured, a more flexible system based off color was adopted.

. . . .

My first lecture as a physics professor would go something like this;

There'd be a chalkboard circling the class - everyone would settle down and I'd write higgs field in the middle. Then moving counterclockwise I'd go through the standard model, and then energy/mass equivalence, wave particle duality, space time curvature, then oscillation, down to kinetic and potential energy, to units power to work to force to acceleration to velocity to change in position to Descartes and the number line to Euclid and his plane to ancient Egypt to Neolithic man through evolutionary chain to amino acid formation to earth formation to Milky Way and galaxies and stars to early universe to Big Bang, by now I've circled the entire room.

Hw; read plato's allegory of the cave. what before? How do we know? Why bother? Why are you in this class? Dismissed.

. . . .

The ants filed in ranks, climbing, consuming

"well... what a thought"

uninhibited jarring motion - slowly pummeled into seabed smooth - wisps and tufts adrift - synesthesia at the helm - monomaniacally pursuing white grandeur - tortured ligaments proceed to move - "creation" eternity chaos night chaos - rhymes with chaos - down colored schemes lily pad unfold - sinews mold - take a pilgrim's shape instantly - the sane the weak

A Vague Notion

the old - convene - started as zero - one, two,
three - identity - irrationality subsumes -
can't punctuate these - fear of loss - ego
making - mania in bloom - her eyelid's flutter -
so soon - chapstick kisses - consecrate the
rifts and warbles - tape eject now -
semicomplete wayfaring - contest and convene
again - again and again and again -you confound
- silence veils - prevalence of gleaming sliver
- glean the entry - no reentry - certain
ritualistic customs - catalogue and convene -
denote paradox - subsist on fig tree choice -
murderous rage - supplant - breath and depth -
admirable confluence - essentially same
representation - signifiers transmit - frequent
quests consume - lacking vitality she said - raw
- what have you - relegated britons - now into
vaulted memory banks - proceed to thanks -
gratefully suffocating - the youth in asia - met
existentially - referentially selfish -
enigmatic encryption - situations happening in
black box - déjà vu recoiling - the needle's
antithesis spinning - amplified racket ball -
boil and mail said nothings - twizzlers lie
dormant - the feathered delivery box in f minor
- heavier then heaven - continues the stereo -
alcohol and coursing poison - obdurate insolent
blathering on and on - the misty page - mystery
and Mr E's nonextant comings - post coital
injection warns - collected in books for
posterity - gluons glued on collage - the
structure shifts - boom ends the barrage - I
can't tell you again - dried well the supposed
improper supposition I suppose - just heals and
harms - borne in mind and carried aloft -
grandiloquent vernacular - quoting parroting
segways - I subsist -dissolution remutable -
erudition wisps scarring - cessation subsist
mightily - but holiday severance packaging won't
count - only when malkovich - only when
malkovich - only when sniffing drivel - sic
figure death autonomous - in the rubble - ends...

momentarily that is - for gaps collapsed and

Billy Pilgrimage

plastered - ramifications calculated
meticulously - consecrate the tune - teachers
end too - taught by whirling dervish pens -
intellect dilapidates - gnawing ouroboros -
phosphate group chemistry experimentation - duh
- redox titration - orbital p groups - subshells
occupied probably - quantized reactions altering
ionization - organometallic - conceptual
clarification and inheritance - automatically
polyphase - technicality reigns vengeful
glistening tokens - appropriate in all
domineering circumambulations - perform
ablutions then what? Terrace and lakes spill - 7
quilted atop lost artifacts - artificially
spoken into imperceptible insanity - the
crosshatched seamstress sings insubordinate
clauses - 'cause of all affliction rarified - in
nonsensical minutia does appearance bear its
flaw - read to now is thanks - for anterior
motion - Fourier curve manifold subset
trajectory - spirals interiority - culture clash
defeats - your idiocy is beautiful - whimsy
might - the pale eye's fish opened lung sings
sirens - yo ho my misery companion - poncher and
what man - punished exiles authenticate - punks
sit betwixt stone pilot and shouts vicinity - no
- casting ephemeral molds the facts congeal -
their days childlike probably - end in caked
chordal tones - did it ourselves - a body and
work sails - films eternized in previous
generations iterate barbaric truth - logophile
now buds excrescence - nostalgia quips remnants
quick and nibs - less is mine vice divided -
depth charge metasatire - bravo - bravo - sluts
rafters grafted decisively - derision consumes -
you and i - cruised cash cervix - service rales
on mutilation - less regard to syntax extenuates
- symbiosis off derailed coughing - never
surmised - listen now or end - about never the
point - prefaced by anon - eulogize my
subservient grand magistrate - the coalescent
mildew contexts - never will the - never will
the - lack of aforementioned bones - red rummage
21st century hipatia - now and or are the

A Vague Notion

forever nows ors are resolute - less tree paint
deconstruct - comorbidity announced on aphasia
his grammatical non binary impeccable - now
destruction garbs manifest - destined through
asymmetry to tale and score - less so than
chosen many - often jumbles the kind -
persecution in and about inundates the radion -
radiation - oh brief pause garners noninflection
- modal substitution - dominant assigning
contests written - impure contrivance - 3 old
and thrice the river assails - petrified in
assonance returns mother deformation - conclude
you are best perfection insubordinate - love the
enervate - no - nightly descension we must
gibber free -

. . .

the whole world gathered to see him; standing
there, shouting, screaming, flailing, crying,
tearing out his hair, heart, lungs, gasping,
disrobing, gouging his eyes out, disfiguring
himself, the screams left that tinge of iron
from the taste of your blood but in your ear, no
one knows what he was trying to say, he doesn't
either, nor do they really know who or how they
came to see him. there he stood, disassembled.
and out of the shards lying on the ground
emerged what seemed like some kind of bird, or
maybe it was a cat, a worm, snake, dolphin,
wait... it wasn't actually alive, it was just a
crumbled piece of paper with the words "shhhh it
won't stop" scribbled on it.

then the closest person in his vicinity took to
the pulpit and did likewise. This continued
until every single person had disintegrated. The
world sighed relief. The instruments rested.
There were no eyes to watch and the world could
make itself comfortable at last. It folded into
itself and there was no more.

there was no more.

. . .

Why can't I fall madly in love with anybody. Am I too demanding?

Is it too much to ask for someone who will totally blow me away? Someone I don't feel the need to entertain. To teach me and show me things I've never imagined. Someone unashamedly themselves. Articulate. Impulsive and brash and witty and graceful and still slightly unsure of everything. Who only sees possibilities and not obstacles. Who can speak with her eyes and ears and soul. As light and flighty as a feather yet furious like a god damn pack of cheetahs. I want to feel like I'm in the presence of a goddess. Who can see straight through my poor mortal cloud of words sounds images and ideas. Who can hear not the words I say but the intentions I so ineffectively convey. Who won't be afraid to beat me around a little, or tell me to shut up, and bring up things that need addressing. Who won't allow coldness and resentment and apathy creep in. And if we fight and destroy everything we own only sees it as therapy. Who's fine with having nothing and everything. Who'll remember no matter how close we get we're still individuals and death claims us all.

Who still believes in the dumb idea called "love."

. . .

lightly tapping my finger on the j key, that familiar little indent, "here you are." "You are safe," i suppose it's really saying. what to write? what to write? not much really... i even wish i didn't have this compulsion, that by this time of day i'd be empty, no thoughts spilling. the collected instants of the days just keep piling up in the corner. "i'm waiting." "i'll turn them into something..." no i'm not... no i won't. and even on the rare occasion i do, they

A Vague Notion

still linger. what for? shouldn't i initiate?
isn't that what this is? don't i? is it not
enough? what is one to do...

hi there little one. hey there mister. how are
you lovely. come for a visit. tell me a story my
friend. oh no... where have you gone?

where am i, where have i gone?

my heart's running dry. i can feel it cracking
with each beat. i can no longer tell the
difference between a reconstruction of a person
and their actual presence.

someone come visit. someone drag me along.
someone remind me their is such a thing as
intimacy. that my innermost thoughts don't just
trail off into an abyss.

there was that passage on loneliness a while
ago. why is it unbearable? no one likes one who
admits their frailty? who's no one?

and worst yet, can it ever be relieved? have i
not always felt this way?

the sun will rise and blur the line between
solitude and loneliness. the din of the street,
the rustling of pages, the subtle smiles and
brush-ups and glances will make their way again.
some semblance of it all.

f*** this place.

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

7am still unable to sleep. Stupefied I went outside and tore the water spigot right from the wall and lodged it just above my ear. A viscous liquid the color of bloody urine came flooding out. There was aunt Becky's last phone call, and there the list of things to do last week, that girl's passing glance, something about foundational physics and phonons, a few unintelligible doodles done on a napkin, what I should have said in that interview, the taste of grandma's sweet almond chocolate cake, some loose strands of this morning's dream, or was that a memory? Oh well...

Sweet relief.

I crawled back into bed just as the day's rays crawled in through the curtains. We met half way. Shot the breeze, then I reminded him where our property line was while subtly pointing at my newly purchased no trespassing sign.

. . . ^

An act in three plays;

I. Our actor playing the role of an actor in the midst of a shower is wrapt in poetic musing. "Oh what a life is this, descending from divine heights solely to mingle with filth, and then plummeting to rusty plumbing death. Water, how my heart sighs for you."

II. Our actor now out of character and willfully unaware of their acting is stuck in traffic and on the phone with their mother. "Look, it's been 15 years since the damn cat died, I'm not going to come and empty out the liter ma. THE CAT'S GONE. Yea. Oh? In the cupboard to the right. Yea. Alright, I'll see you at dinner. No we're not married yet. Ma..."

III. The audience is asked to relocate to the

A Vague Notion

street corner 5 blocks down. The premise is that each individual's experiences are framed by the fact they're "watching a play." Each vantage is equally as valid, and all the other audience members fluidly transition from spectator to performer to prop.

Each segment is performed a week apart. For no real reason other than that the director is infatuated with the role of director.

. . .

She held the leaf up to the light and squinted, "looks like there's something inside the veins." Leaf torn, out stuck what looked like a hair, further pulling; first thread then needle into toothpick until finally it was apparent; a finely rolled up bit of paper had grown within the leaf. It read "She held the leaf up to the light and squinted, "looks like there's something inside the veins." Leaf torn, out stuck what looked like a hair, further pulling; first thread then needle into toothpick until finally it was apparent; a finely rolled up bit of paper had grown within the leaf. It read "....."

. . .

Billy Pilgrimage

+++++

A father to his child;

You see how the ice melts into the water and freezes back to ice? How the plants die and come each year, how the animals live and die? such is the nature of this life. Your thoughts and feelings, dreams passions and friends too shall morph and change. I say this not to incite despair, but to excite love. Do not fall into the trap of over attachment. The two differ. You will meet countless people roaming around as if they had a veil over their eyes clinging to phantoms uncertain of what they've erected for themselves.

Know that learning can never be exhausted, the world with every surface written in splendid ink is there for you to absorb, and fear not those who esteem themselves above another for their knowledge or where it was acquired. A conversation with a stranger may be worth more than a library of books. And as lovely as it may be it is also an endless desert, it may drive you mad.

Remember your body is the cord that keeps you here. Never neglect it, learn to speak it's language and it will serve you well.

Some will try to use you, some will only care for what comes off your tongue, others what you can do, yet others for who you are. Learn to differentiate, and always be willing to lend an ear. We are all identical, it is only that some have been hurt, are lost, confused, alone, hungry, handicapped, or a myriad of things.

Most importantly; there will come a day where you will surpass me, so forgive my harms, forgive my faults and misguiding, forgive my

A Vague Notion

weakness, and remember you too shall grow old.

As to what happens after you leave, and the meaning of it all I shall leave for you to determine. Simply know that anyone who can no longer feel the mystery is as good as dead and should be avoided. Live as you want to live and look after one another. Most importantly trust in Allah.

+++++

. . .

. . .

. . .

Sunyata: that is the name I have chosen for the daughter that I pray to have one day. Various songs I've composed have that name and she's a fictional character in the sand reckoner universe. One day - inshallah - when she's old enough she will see how I thought of her even before she was born and I wonder how that will make her feel.

If you ever read this Sunya...

Know that I love you dearly. Know that you were a longing in my heart and a dream in my mind and a prayer I kept close. As of this moment 1/9/2019 3:02pm I do not know who your mother is. But she must be beautiful as well if she gave birth to you. :)

+++++

. . . .

The frenzy of the day is winding - unwinding - I'm on the bus - my knees and ankles hurt - too many accidents - I want to write something - its shape is right before me - but I couldn't really translate - something about this entire day - the one that never started - started well - started in calm - the compulsion to think happened not to wake with me today - it stayed in bed - just this nebula sort of creeping in but never solidifying - breaths and faces - how often do you actually look at other people's faces? - and the something - it's there I swear to you - I wish I could flesh it out - I won't say it's some inadequacy in language - I'm inadequate with language - it's been like a hiding cat skirting off - only the impression is left behind - but was it really there? - I'm imagining myself - you're imagining me - I'm imagining you - you're imagining me imagining you - and so where are we? - why do those I interact with regularly seem so certain - then I resign - little traces left behind - and each one lingering - what was I just feeling? - what was I just thinking? - oh well - back to the underwhelming - further into the tide - yes. I want this - remember that - and then I'm Shakespeare - and then I'm a jaded mid westerner - and then the colors in the background of my mind change again - and so the stage and characters - growing and folding and rippling again and again - again and again and again and again - but today was different - today was odd - the cloud never solidified - I could see it forming - I'm moving closer - a coworker was flirting with me - I wonder why I dont have a girlfriend - I think I just don't want one - that's fine I guess - fine until it isn't - but then it's fine again - and I'll feel pity - and then it's fine - is it masked or is it fine? - how could you even hope to answer - but then it's fine - I'm erasing farther and father - and it is good - there is no fear - soon I will be

A Vague Notion

home

. . . .

two steps forward - one step back - one steps forward - and then they're back - except i think i haven't taken a step - took one, one time, sometime ago - and now i'm here - generally i have to understand the workings of everything before i can do anything - this never seems to work - i can't keep doing that - but i want to... - i just want to sit and think and dream and escape into my head - just as i've always done - "i don't want to be part of the world" so let me make a new one... it starts with an image a sound a word a thought a feeling a passion a lust a love - and now i'm entombed in the very concrete used to create it - but what's so wrong with this one? it's underwhelming - it's boring - it's dull - it's petty - it's everything other than what it should be - the teachers - the students - the lovers - the streets - the parents - the bus drivers - i've given up striking random conversation because they always leave me feeling broken - bills - school - job - this that or the other thing - i want to move - i want to go somewhere - be somewhere - do something - feel something - but no - everywhere is the same - everywhere but inside - the organism crawl - the colors sing - the sounds they caress - the hands of the wind hold mine - the ink bathes me - the sun sings a lullaby - the shower dances - the flowers flirt - the stairs enthrall - the doors and children and the same fucking things - again and again - again again - and so what do i do? - just keep waiting? - i don't think that works - things won't fall from the sky - but where do i go? - what do i do? - what do i say? - what do i want? - well maybe if i just start walking things will show up - just need to get this leash off - and then what? - doesn't matter - let learn something and then start walking - i'll keep walking until my feet are bruised and swollen

Billy Pilgrimage

and torn - until my knees burst in relief -
until my lips are drought laden - until my ribs
are all that's seen - until my eyes are blood
shot - until my hair and beard tickle the earth
- until i've seen myself to blindness - until
the world is flat - until i reach the edge of
the universe - until i say hi to god - until
what then? - no house - no music - no career -
no tour - no wife - no kids - no waterfalls - no
bathtub - no sliding doors - no broken screens
and new blinds - no inspection stickers - no
parking tickets and discount cards - no sidewalk
weeds - no piles of leaves - no returns -
exchanges - no i love yous - no wholesale
shopping - no let me take off your clothes - no
this paint doesn't match the curtains - no flat
tires - no mechanics - no termites - no bed bugs
- no after school programs - no doctors
appointments - no schedules - no we need you to
sign off for this package - no pseudo-spiritual
bull shit to read - no promotions - no i finally
finished - no thank you good bye - no how was
work?

and when the memory of all these things has been
sanded by the streets and paths, and the very
thing i ran from is right before my eyes, and
though i walked and walked and walked

and walked and walked and walked and walked

and waited and waited and waited and waited

and am waiting and am waiting

i'm waiting...

. . . .

"my perfect life"

A Vague Notion

- i'm professor of physics/mathematics/music theory, my research is on how to harvest energy from literally anything - i've contributed meaningfully to fluid mechanics, quantum mechanics, and pure mathematics - my wife and i make VR art and write music in our traditional japanese influenced self-sustaining flying house and occasionally tour around the world visiting good friends we've made over the years. We have 3 kids, two daughters and a son. One of our daughters is autistic. and of course... animals.

. . . .

It's 4 am. I'm rolling around in bed. The light from outside filtered through the curtains is enough to move about. All these words and concepts and symbols and feelings are dancing in front of me, I'm just staring at the ceiling. All my memories rise and fizzle. I have no past, no present, and no future. The only thing I know how to do is start playing my guitar. A rhythm will strike me and latch on. "I guess I need to keep going" I tell myself. I'll loop it and just lay there entranced by its perfection. Cross legged. Rocking back and forth. My awareness shifts from hands to strings to image down through the cables into ever expanding territory. Fleeting melodies will sail atop. But those never last. Back to the silence surrounding the original loop. I hear the rest of the song. This piece of wood and steel can't make those sounds. Nothing can make those sounds. The notes are just the door to walk through.

How I wish I could share this with you

. . . .

Billy Pilgrimage

the love i have for you will never die. it's not you who creates the love in me. the love is within me directed towards you. we never have to touch, kiss, speak, or anything. as a matter of fact, you don't even have to exist. i love you all the same. it is immense. it is beyond whatever i may think i am at any given moment. it is greater than that. it just flows through me. my body is so weak it trembles at times from the intensity.

there is no object for this love.

there is no subject for this love.

it is and it is and i am not and you are not.

these words are but a poor etching. bound to melt away the moment the air escapes my mouth. the moment my fingers hit the key.

i don't even know why i write it.

i suppose it's simply because i love you.

. . .

i remember asking my 4th grade teacher "where do words comes from?" and she was thrilled to answer - "that's a very good question!" she pulled out this etymology book. I couldn't have dreamt to express it at the time, but she totally missed my question - i meant period. "if the definition of every word is constructed on other words, how do i know anything?" is more what i meant. still don't know for sure. but i'm willing to bet perceptions are encoded in neural constructs. abstract neural networks interact with that raw data and form hierarchies of abstraction. sounds, images, bodily sensations, all get interwoven in these concept like

A Vague Notion

multimodal webs and then when we use the written word all those associated neural constructs are evoked. I wonder if my 4th grade teacher could have said that....

. . . .

her worries were spilling out in shards of glass from her eyes. if one looked carefully a portion of a world could be seen - a memory, a smile, a kiss, a friend. He looked at her for a minute and then stood up. without speaking he gestured for her to stand up as well. her confusion and worry spilled over in words a mile a minute. he just put his finger over his lip. raising both arms out she gave him a puzzled look, but before long she caught on. raising her arms to his they stood there. uninterrupted eye contact. he leaned his right arm forward, she moved hers back. then the left. their toes touching. a step forward, her a step back. at first it seemed as if only he were leading. that too vanished. neither was leading, both just reflecting the other. this went on for hours. no breaks. no words. no loss of eye contact. and when it finally did he simply asked "what do we call that?" Mirrors.

. . . .

Seeing through the eyes of another your self, that forlorn trinket gathering dust on the shelf suddenly glistens. As if for the first time you were actually listening to the sound of the silent current of your being. And all of history folds up in your locket, and absolutely everything makes sense.

. . . .

Imagine you have a really detailed painting in your head, no one will see it like you do until it's actually complete. You can explain and describe and whatever until your tongue dries

Billy Pilgrimage

up. And getting others to help you with it is a challenge. Not impossible... But challenging. And then to add to the chaos the image changes as you make it. And the only thing that keeps you sane and motivated is the conviction that this thing is worth it. That it will mean something to others, it's something that others don't know they're looking for but when it's there they'll wonder how they worked without it.

All I have are words and images and faint connections. The work everyday is to bridge them.

And to wrap it all in a nice bow. It doesn't even matter if you get there or not. So the whole thing can't be taken TOO seriously.

It's not a new toy or a new movie. It's the discovery of electricity or the unification of space and time or that energy and matter are equivalent.

The feeling is so intimately bound with love they're hard to distinguish. And the pursuit of it is endless. Nothing will get in the way. In a cell, in a hole, on a plane, in a car, drunk, in a hospital, on crutches, walk, bike, run, swim, bleed.

. . .

it was a single room. matte grey. no furniture except the tatami mat on the floor and a few books opened face down. food was cooked on a collapsible propane stove folded in the corner. it was hardly used, mainly raw vegetables were consumed. he managed the grocery shop on the bottom floor of the building, she worked at the public library on the other side of the city. everyday she'd bring home new books that they'd skim through, any worth reading would be saved until they needed returning, the others would be taken back the next day. there was a giant

A Vague Notion

chalkboard painted on one of the walls. sometimes they didn't feel like speaking so they'd doodle each other messages. they both erased the thought of anyone else ever existing from their mind. occasionally a long lost friend would send a letter; an invitation to a wedding, a death in the family, a plea for some advice. guests were always welcome - it's only that most of them found the place deplorable. "where do you guys do dishes?" "where are your clothes?" "you don't have a television?" "how do you cook food?"

"why don't you just leave?"

on stormy nights they'd both perch up on the windowsill and count the rain drops or watch the droplets scurry across the glass. sometimes he'd come home with lots of cardboard boxes and they'd call out of work the next day and just build - cities, bridges, planes, houses, trees, domes, everything!

some days the only thing that'd be said was "I will certainly miss you when you're gone."

. . .

Zero is so beautiful

It's such a beautiful idea

It's hardly discussed

You learn zero is special

But you never learn why

Some are even raised to think zero is nothing

Is nobody

Billy Pilgrimage

Is worthless

Oh how wrong you are my dear

Zero is nonexistence

Yet has existence

Zero is ambiguity

Zero is infinity's brother

You must have heard the mantra "you mustn't
divide by zero"

"You can't divide by zero"

It leads to infinity

Calculus is built on zeros and infinities

Rates of change

Areas of surfaces

Volumes and change

Zero is perfect

It's not merely an integer

The integers may be nice

Real numbers may be nice

But zero is at once real and not

It's paradoxical

It flirts

A Vague Notion

Without it the rest would collapse

Take Home Test

1. Combine general relativity and quantum mechanics
2. Resolve the problems in the foundations of quantum mechanics, either by making sense of the theory as it stands or by inventing a new theory that does make sense.
3. Determine whether or not the various particles and forces can be unified in a theory that explains them all as manifestations of a single, fundamental entity.
4. Explain how the values of free constants in the standard model of particle physics are chosen in nature.
5. Explain dark matter and dark energy. Or, if they don't exist, determine how and why gravity is modified on large scales. More generally, explain why the constants of the standard model of cosmology, including the dark energy, have the values they do.

Billy Pilgrimage

The year was 30k ao (after omar)

Humanity survived to reach the thermodynamic
death of the universe

Everything began eroding

The stars ceased exploding

Temperature dropped

Molecules dissolved

Nose bleeds

High heels

Broken deals

Retro vinyl collecting

Did I mention every star?

Yup

And so the last remaining humans sat there and
recalling the black plague a trillion years ago
they all said, damn...

they screamed WE DID IT

WE MADE IT TO THE END

HERE IT IS

everything turned into radio static

And I shut my eyes

And fell into the ocean

A Vague Notion

And my body dissolved
And I saw filaments and strands
Of every moment and land
Heard every song and band
It was what I always knew to be true
But never experienced like this
That all that has and will ever been
Is a ripple in the fluid of existence
And nothing is ever erased
Just leaves a faint trace
And ripples and rounds
And now I have drowned
In the static in my ears
And 500 trillion years
Have come to an end
And now I shall return
To the friend

