

RTC February 2022 (nee December 2021):

Nano – bitcoin and associated bollox.

"In the very end, civilizations perish because they listen to their politicians and not to their poets." - Jonas Mekas -- 24 Dec 1922 - 23 Jan 2019

A poet at a business dating dinner

What do you expect of me?

Am I setting the scene?

Sowing seeds for conversations,

sparking debate,

future liaisons initiate?

Or like in the cinema perhaps,

the government, public service health encouragement

or the cartoon before the main event,

and a local curry house advertisement.

Who am I?

The Body: Where am I from?

I am from the aether and the forest mist.

The fancy of a passing cloud, the debris from of an interplanetary tryst.

One mote of every living thing that did exist.

I am the very sum of all of this.

Food chain:

**Everyone is awesome
or so we're told (lead to believe)
just like everyone's a winner
based solely on the coincidence
you've, so far, not ended up
as someone else's dinner.**

(Just throw a couple of topical comments in, see them squirm a bit.)

Be careful how you ask a question, forced submission.

Why didn't you say?

Sorry, sometimes it's hard to say anything.

Why didn't you say?

You open your mouth to speak and your body refuses to breath.

By (the) silence,

emboldened, sets forth the doubt,

the claw that first plucked words from the air,

now tears them from your throat.

Silence taken as consent.

Fear mutates

Metastasised to punishment.

A lifetime's silent punishment.

Interstellar love: My, what a big telescope you have!:

Through my telescope

By chance light from your smile has reached my eye

Your image, such beauty does inspire

My love ignited, fuelled by desire

But alas

The universe, it has conspired

The distances involved, the time required

By now you and your world

must surly have expired.

Nano, bitcoin, promises probability and other bollocks:

Liquidity: (from RTC Aug 2010 I think)

The lake of commerce gives life it's pace.

For on its smooth and shiny face.

Ripples form, surge forth and race.

What do I want, what can I get?

They cross, connect and intersect.

The lives of people who've never met.

Nano the Homeopathy of banking:

Crypto homeopathy

Nano currency

Ever finer granularity

Like drugs, cutting the cake

Money, or the promise of money

Or just the hope of exchange

It's not a promise at all

The meaning of some unknown person's word

The meaning of a word

The simple changing of a perspective

What was real now suddenly absurd.

NFT – non fungible tokens

Take the money, dilute and repackage

**The sum of the probability of all of the parts
still equals the thing that was there at the start.**

Ever and ever diluted between believers

The homeopathy of banking

You'll just have to take my word.