

RTC July 2022

OneCoin and the vanishing crypto queen.

Grace:

Haiku:

Everything must eat.
Chemistry, Entropy, heat.
Nature: Vicious beast.

Remember, we're not naturally at the top of the food chain.

17:h

Diversify, thrive
Or you'll be eaten alive.
Cooperate, live / thrive.

Just 17 in a single line:

Diversify and cooperate to thrive or get eaten alive.

(31..35 sec)

Others:

These molecules and joules
that you're about to eat
turn them into history
not cosmic background heat.

But unfortunately
due basically symmetry and Gibbs free energy.
and the overlap of orbitals and electron spin
that contrive to stop you staying thin.

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.

OneCoin and the vanishing crypto queen.

Lots of new people?

"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

(16)

How did I end up here?

Out to grass:

Sitting in the shade of an apple tree
in my friend's garden, in Milford-on-Sea
writing poems for the RTC
oh, what has become of me?

(+=33)

Then this little Haiku popped out during an exchange with our glorious leader, Dr John, he'd messaged to suggest I pull my finger out and BTW stick to the subject. Pah! We'll have management thinking they can program next.

(+=53)

Predictive text sans AI:

Tech no knowledgy
Predictive stupidity
Automatically.

(+=70)

Things take time, whether it's the prorogation of a cascading marketing scheme, gathering the results, making a decision or executing it, just watching the universe unfold. The data is always old. Two Haiku.

(21)

Entropy is time:

Entropy is time.
Time that's got its fingers burnt.
Lessons' never learnt.

Capturing the moment:

Time and time again.
Time was when. Now is now then.
Now. It's gone again.

(+=45)

Just a mention of Mr. Webb's thingee.

Too late:

Through my telescope
By chance light from your smile has reached my eye
Your image, so entrancing, does inspire
passion 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.

(+=80)

There's a poem busy mutating at the end of this script, past the point where it says "Nothing to see here." This is one verse.

The journey of a ray of light:

As far, as fast as time itself
past nurseries of stars at birth
Your image timeless in my touch-less grasp
The slightest dust you'd breath your last.

(+=105)

The basic flaw with Ponziz' is

If they're too small
with six degrees of separation
you hit the limit of your pool
start seeing intersections of your personal connections
and then it dawns.
the need to exponentially expand the pool
but resources are never infinite
So it's guaranteed to fail
suddenly an urgent need to calculate the tipping point
Select the time to bail.
One moment longer, you'll end in gaol.

(38)

Everyone is so keen to befriend the queen. Like a medieval royal
progression that bankrupts those trying to out welcome each other.

The Queens progress: The visit.

The progression, a distant gathering storm
Then suddenly upon us, she entered, we fawned.
She swanned from room to room.
A wake of maids to follow scavenging what she'd not consumed
stripped bare the house
they left, the royal progress resumed.

(+=80)

How to hide?

Not what you were expecting.

Hiding in plain sight:

Standing out of line of sight
in a virtual corner, hiding in plain sight.
Adopt a stance that at a glance
could be misconstrued as motion, smooth movement, mid-flight.
On an errand moving on
to find another hidden pocket, in shadow-less florescent light.

Hiding in plain sight:

Pretending to have friends
smiling into vacant space
nodding in recognition of an unheard voice
from an unseen face
Or animated mannerisms in place
Shards of conversations stinging my face
My ears longing that embrace
of someone calling my name, a friendly face.

Options:

Just asking is a threat, the observer crashes into the experiment.

Why didn't you say?

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, endless torment (punishment).

(27)

Fifteen years ago would you have predicted now?

The future, a warning:

The future, so long ago we thought would never come.

Has devoured us, and without even breaking step gone on alone.

Leaving us beside the road it's forged.

Without a second, or a single, or any thought at all.

For all of us to it, are inconsequential, as if for naught.

Not even worth a passing thought.

(34)

Sometimes the distance between things is immeasurable, despite appearing to be part of an integrated self they are in fact in separate spaces, orthogonal.

Nothing:

Nothing, not an empty space.

The distance from my being to my heart.

Not immeasurably vast,

Simply non-existent, unfindable, not lost.

Just never was.

(35)
