

These are notes.

Sometime between now and half way through the dinner I will edit, rewrite, rearrange and generally tinker with this material and it will be used as ingredients for whatever happens.

Frequently I will edit poems between reading the line and speaking it.

Andy

RTC June 2022

From atomic clocks to gravity sensors.

Grace:

Haiku:

Everything must eat.

Chemistry, Entropy, heat.

Nature: Vicious beast.

17:h

Diversify, thrive

Or you'll be eaten alive.

Cooperate, live / thrive.

17:

Diversify and cooperate to thrive or get eaten alive.

From atomic clocks to gravity sensors.

How you measure time depends a lot on so many things, most of which are unknown to you at the time.

How time stops still when trying to write or speak:

What to say?

Hesitant fingers hover over keys,
silence,
nothing,
forget to breath.

Check and calibrate your instruments. How and where you ask the question, design, how you become part of the experiment matters. This has much more far reaching implications in all sorts of situations.

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 punishment.

The passing of time:

None of my watches have ever had any digits
it wasn't a conscious plan,
It's not what it will be, was or when.
The time is always now.
A sweep second hand is a must, no perceptible jumps.
Like ever changing waves,
no pause before the next surge sweeps you away.

The future is always a tantalising fraction out of reach:

Watching moonlight skipping from crest to crest of consecutive
waves as it tries to reach the shore
always, that last step is one step too far
imprisoned in the here and now for ever more.

There are a couple of standard measures though:

There's the FiTTT - Fuck! Is That the time.
and its past tense the "Where did it go."

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.

Now:

Now is where we live
Dreams and memories are all that's left
Each minute step a slave to entropy and chance
The causeway walked, rivers, paths
That led you here have long forgotten past. (as in died)
The paths you choose from here
No guarantee, no second chance
Bridges, once crossed or not crossed fast enough are always burnt.
The past cast to the furnace
as soon as time is past
Now is where we live
Dreams and memories are the rest.

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.

**Measuring time, like remembering the past, needs references.
When the references and memories are gone, time's forgotten.**

Each time I walk this path
another memory is gone
the ground supports my weight a little less
my feet sink slowly through the sod
my passage along the path I have so often trod
my footsteps not resting on the grassy ground
but deeper every day a fraction further underground
that is where your memories of me are bound
the vanishing measure of my time

How gravity affects time:

The movements of the celestial masses preside
dictate the time and tide

schools of dolphins, whales, seas and rivers

dance, fall and rise, flow and turn and dive

now is the time

your bathroom scales sends an urgent e-mail to confide

gravity aligned

the best time to weigh yourself is neigh/now.

Time cannot be undone:

In a single step, the path is made.

The decision done, the option to reconsider or retreat is gone.

The past is cast it must remain unchanged.

What might have been still just in view

regret is instant, nothing new.

Almost memories of what should have been about to be,

seared in your vision of the scene,

remain in view.

Stepping back to unsay, undo; impossible to do.

Knowing the right time:

Seen in a flash of starlight:

Two hearts beating the patterns bind

Our lives together for fractions of time

Reach out and touch hold on to this sliver

Of light from the stars that is destined to never

Pass again this way to show us each other.

Strangers Passing:

A flash of starlight in a darkened street

Strangers passing unseen chance to meet

The switch is thrown, the fuse is lit

The time is now, be fleet, be quick.

No time to speak don't dare to breath

But smile, with your heart embrace, believe.

These Hands:

These hands that would softly worship you
Loose their grip on the rope of time (lose or loose – choose)
the rope that is of unknown length
and imposable to climb
the end is coming but never seen
till briefly vanishing from view
all I need to arrest my fall
a whisper, beckoning, from you.

Secret pool:

This secret pool
Hid by an army of trees
Should be perfectly still
Not a breath, not a breeze
Yet on its smooth and shiny face
ripples form, surge forth and race
To cross, collide and intersect
The heartbeats of lovers nearly met
Patterns ignited by shards of light
Hurled through the leaves with overwhelming might
Of the blinding sun in its dying hour
The lovers must meet or the night will devour
The cooling air, the moons icy light
Will becalm the hearts and all that might
shall be lost forever in the darkness of night.

Consumed by doubt and desire:

Our first and last, our only kiss
On outstretched hands, placed on our finger tips.
A sweet goodbye? The hope of bliss?
Was that the beginning or the end of this?
Dear sweet agony of desire, devours me with flame-less fire
No tell-tale smoke, no heat, no reason to retreat
No threat discerned, no breath, no sense of imminent death
I stand, invisible to all but me, and watch my ashes scatter on the
evening breeze.
Then like a whisper, the breeze takes me.

The temptation of Hermes:

How blessed am I, that first finger of a ray of light
that slipped into your curtained room and did alight
to brush through your hair and touch your sleeping face
and lightly kiss to steal your image,
so lovely and sublime - to hold your smile, then turn and race
away, through all the darkest depths of space,
to share you with the gods and command the planets, "Sing."
To tell the universe how could exist such beauty in a mortal being.
To beg them: grant this, my only wish, that with tomorrow's dawn,
I shall return to you as flesh, as man of woman born.
To taste again that first and far too brief a kiss.
Perhaps to win your heart, and one day die of bliss.

Da big cheese, he say: "Haha! That's a funny one - perhaps inappropriate....."

To end. Of all the things to know about time, knowing when it's time
or the best time is perhaps the most important:

Multiple orgasms:

Multiple orgasms are a pain, there's no polite time to stop.
Just keep going, wait for the blood sugar to drop.
Until eventually (then) the essential element starts to get soft.
With a disappointed sigh she slips off.
to return swiftly with tea, and a ration of scoff.
Then, an encouraging kiss, you're under orders again, a-n-d,
you're off.
Again.

Hopefully that only being a poem we can blame the wine if anyone
falls asleep during the talk.

Seeing patterns by chance: (was Climate change:)

Another symphony's begun
A symphony of chance,
coincidence
The illusion of harmony and balance
Every step a slave to chance
Pins balanced head on head
The circumstance dictates
Nature neither cruel or kind or planned
Just a slave to entropy and chance.
The strains discordant, broken syncopation and suddenly has changed
the dance.
Your time has gone, you had your chance.
Can you account for all the time you've spent?
Places where you'd rather not been
or seen
The places where you've rested your head?
Whose breast(s), who's bed.
Every silence when you should've spoken but never said?
been invisible, watched as others bleed
The spaces between platitudes, thoughts actions imprisoned in your
head.
Cast the chains around your heart with which hell will drag you from
your bed.

REWRITE THIS (and HALVE its length).

Stories have a beginning sometimes a middle, always an end
They are invariably about places-things and people
doing things to people somewhere for some good or selfish end
they have to be consistent even when perverse
or the pundits and the pedants will miss the point, or worse

Even flashbacks and delusions cannot hide the fact
time always travels forwards and black is always black
They are bound by your experience, expectation and what is worse
they predictably obey the laws of the universe.

you can read the words at random
consecutive pages, turn straight to the end or just read the precise on
the sleeve
it's just a story, do as you please
the only thing about a story you ever want to know
is how does it end

You read them in your own time
you can stop and start at will
pick pages from the middle, miss bits you don't like
cheat, even leave it unfinished and unread
but the one thing about a story is
everyone asks. "How does it end?"

but the thing about a story is, you ask
How does it end?

but what about a poem
No one ever asks
how a poem ends
it stays alive within your head
it ends when you are dead.

This is a poem

A window within my mind
No physics' laws rule here
No true concept of line and time.
This is a poem
not a story or a child's tale
not a Rom Com with a happy end
saccharin, beyond the pale

This is a poem
Not mapped. No telegraphed turn
Like lightning, sorrow strikes
No warning, no fuse to slowly burn

Stay sharp, one slip or inattention
And you may find
Yourself adrift at sea
Or in my bowels or in my shoe
And who would ever know?
To come to look for you?
I am your demons come to torture you.

This is a poem
Pay attention or you may find
Nothings quite as you would expect, inside this, my tormented mind
(to find)
Scream all you like but no one hears
Trapped with no friend no company
Except my fears.

Trapped behind the fortified walls
Within my mind

A forest of unravelling twisted threads
Each word leads unswerving to the next

There is no chance to pause or rest
No place to shy away and hide your face
No sanctuary for the torment of your heart
The poem reads you, you tremble, breathless least it tare your soul
apart

As life, whichever path it leads,
Unavoidably to death

Simply non-existent, unfindable, not lost.
Just never was.

NOTHING TO SEE HERE

Couple of quotes for reference:

"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

It's a feeling:

"Then he said, leaning forward: 'You're strange animals, you women intellectuals. Tell me: what's it like to be a woman?' I took my rifle from behind my chair and shot him dead. 'It's like that,' I said."

- Joanna Russ, *On Strike Against God* 1980

Infection:

The virus infects

Appropriates a protein,

wears it like a dress.

Welcomed to the cell

Given succour from the breast

Savouring the feast

Arrogant the beast

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.

Meaning has shifted.

Multiple, simultaneous, contradictory perspectives. A fun way to start a fight without saying much. Even if it's only in your head.

'I refuse to participate in a ritual that legitimises an ideology that is hostile to women's boundaries'.

When asked, am I gay
I say. Yes, in a manic theatrical way.

I can report; 'been
practicing my seventeen
syllable retorts.

The audience:

Ah, the audience, bless their kind.

You spend a morning on a metaphoric rhyme.

Just to watch it to drown amid the mucus of their minds.

Kaleidoscopic perspective, not apparently, for human kind.

How long will it take?

I will wait a lifetime for you.

To know the truth.

To see leaves and flowers bloom.

To feel the roots.

To see the stars pass overhead.

Light from the universe from worlds already out of phase

how many heartbeats till your return?

The boundary between

memories and desire

regret, aspire

there is nothing

time, it's just a gone in an instant thing.

End.

Da big cheese, he say: “Haha! That’s a funny one - perhaps inappropriate.....”

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