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The Secret Life of Chaos

-Ology.

An etymology of science.

Supercomputer is derivative.

$$z_{n+1} = z_n^2 + c$$

Let z be truth/beauty.

Morphogenesis (from the Greek *morphê*

shape and *genesis* creation, literally,

"beginning of the shape").

Think of a steady wind, blowing across a sand dune.

Self organisation.

His name was Alan Turing.

Nothing repeats exactly.

His name was Alan Turing.

He looks like John Wayne and Rudolph Hess.

I have a very specific definition, you nitwit chaoticist. Myriad people misuse me.

Keep saying it until it takes your breath away.

Her brain tells you you've inhaled too rapidly–

Predictability. Let's start with gravity,

Newtonianism can predict the future.

Our computer power is not sufficient.

Our brains are far too small.

O, that butterfly's wings in Brazil.

This is a classic example of a feedback loop// the same mathematics is creating both order and chaos// This is the closest things we have// at the moment// to the pure mathematics of nature// It is woven very deeply to the fabric of the universe.

We set out to answer one simple question:

how did we get here?

But I digress

"Untitled"

Quoting nothing, or
as close to nothing as possible.
Getting as close as possible
it's not black/red/pink here,
hardly a colour at all.

A low, humming absence#####
###b###lack#####not#####b###lack#####

Th###is. It isn't it, is it?

A gust of wind exhales over the page
making tides and making waves.

Their grass is a different colour, I'm sure of that.
Prove it.
How do you expect me to cross this stream? There is no bridge.
There was no bridge
 but you are taller than me
 but I am made of paint.

/a

Even standing back and taking a breath/break.
it is not black/red/pink/orange/brown/down here

Quoting nothing, and
therefore, covering everything
in#####

Say something but not anything (An Essay in response to Gertrude Stein)

Rising Futurist democracy geometry

all odds and ends but no numbers or ends or beginnings

Infinity cannot have a centre just candour

snow white

but no snow and all off-white is the only way of looking at it

or not looking but feeling

but not feeling like an emotion, feeling like through sensory stimuluseses

'Bloody hell it's cold'

But not hell because but bloody maybe bloody but not hell like –

But not like bloody bloody

but bloody but not like that either

but not that one

No

but like

well not like because of the sensory thing

well not a thing but like –

I suppose well not suppose but

think well not think obviously

that much is obvious

really –

Wait

Not like suppose think

but not but either

not either but or like or either either

because it is alone

Of course it is not
not of course of course
but –
but not but either
not either either

But not like either suppose think obvious because

It is a corridor.

Two Sonnets

I

Looking in to the back of a spoon (as Parmigianino did it)
Trying to pronounce elliptical French at four in the morning
(Or was it German? Or Italian
It was one of the Modernist's stolen tongues, anyway,
And I think that might have been the point
 Probably French)
As the sun rose like the moon, or

Like a yawning man's bald head hugged by
The parentheses of the clouds
A *boules* lawn was being planted, seed by seed
By tortoise men and turtle women, who
 – in some months –
Will be closer to the dirt than the tips of the blades ever were.

II

But if the Earth is spinning and flying through the universe
Like a helicopter, then
What is gravity?
I don't know
Who it was who said
"Parenthesis and ellipsis are whole repetitions,
Full of themselves. Full of them, selves"
But they were right
(presumably, hence the marks).

Time blinks

Flinches uncomfortably

Infinity has changed from

A frustrating mathematical impossibility to

A figure-eight on its side.

Minutes

Have we reached a consensus on news poll-
ution? Have we reached a con-
sensus?

Parapraxis is issue number one,
or it would be, if you could find the agenda.

Three easy ways to object to this (and that), say aye.

I.

I.

I.

I have changed

to

We. We

are making changes to your store. Your store will reopen.

People aged 16-74 with: Highest qualification attained level 1 (Persons).

Three fifths of all other Persons.

2001 Population: Males – 2,809

2001 Population: Females – 2,915

2001 Population: All people – 2

1251 stains, the coffee makes the paper look old, like you.

They

raised concerns to
their local policing
team about anti-social
behaviour of youths
in the area.

A Section 30 dispersal
order was brought
into effect in August
last year to counter
such incidents.

i/you
raised/razed

Toward a Loss

This
development of
loss
is focused on people's pervading
recognition of their lives.

This field may be
broader than related fields such as
stress and
perception of

death and divorce,
but also on major connection with diverse
employment,
bodily functioning

prejudice .

This field of
lives

is a critical phenomenal state that must be dealt with in adaptation to

potential loss of insurance benefits.

*Note: this poem was created by the replacement of words for spaces in an academic article from the journal *Psychological Science*. It was called 'Toward a Psychology of Loss'.

Leaving the National Gallery, London

When walking from the great facade
Through the columns, the stilletos
upholding culture,
All conspires to seem composed.

Denim and nylon lying
by the fountains
Are blended to form an unnatural sky-blue.
A Norse god skating across the watertop.
The hundred conversations blur into one
Unarmingly ethereal chord.

All conspires to seem poetically obscure.
A quatrain at the foot of Nelson's Column:

*Vous êtes priés de ne pas nourir les oiseaux.
No dar de comer a las palomas.
Bitte die Tauben nicht füttern.*

A drop from The Waste Land
or on it.

This feeling will repeat,
Every 'now' and every 'then',
Every 'here' and every 'there'.
But it soon fades
when passing McDonalds.

The voices are distilled:
In the womb the women come and go

Talking of Michael Jackson's nose.

Please.

Do not feed the pigeons.

How do you say “qu'est-ce que c'est”?

Hold on tight, as if to say it means anything else
other than third person singular. It does.

But not only this, to identify a person. Who is it?

You there, at the back, are you following this?

This is an tree, that is an horse.

Shhh! What was that? It was a horse running round the equator.

We're talking about “it”, y'know “it”. You know it?

Do you have something you would like to share with the rest of us?

How do you say 'can I have an apple, please?' Can I have an apple please? Yes.

What are you hiding? A psychological imprint?

Is this an interrogation? Is that something about a king?

Or somewhere between between and ask?

Is this an inquisition? We're just trying to get to the bottom of this, sir.

Well then you've got no chance, I'm afraid, it's endless. And anyway, are you sure you're allowed to say inquisition
any more? You know, being catholic.

What, like something of broad and liberal scope? Containing many things? Oh stop it, you fundamentalist
etymologist. Concerning all of humankind? That's quite enough of that kind of talk.`

So what is it, this thing that it is? Meta- metro- para- - - -

The huge question mark, hunched over, drunk, questions its existence.

Polaris

There's one single cloud in the sky
And it's obscuring the northern star.
And although it is four-thousand-three-hundred-trillion kilometers
Away,
Its absence dulls us.

The other stars flicker like lightbulbs in a damp house,
Fizzing like sherbert,
Although obviously no one metaphor will suffice.

Circus bears are uniting,
Throwing off their chains
And dancing in the street.

Commuters are stuck on the Circle Line
But do not care, just stare forward
And start talking.

Cats are orbiting their scratching post,
And all the ships are lost at sea.

life.