

SPiRiT SEED:

A Meta-Poetic Meditation

Does the calculus of connection
transcend the grasp of form—
outpacing the axioms of geometry?

Any inquiry might seem like a cosmic jest,
a theorem scrawled in quantum ink
across the thin membranes of reality.

Still, it serves us well to remember:
human hearts can spin elegantly
scattering signals in queer frequencies
no algorithm can quite translate.

Indeed, we are bound to a primal tau—
whose constants hum almost imperceptibly within existence,

Between each electron's dance around the Great Attractor,
we thread strange constellations of meaning,
threadbare maps drawn through dark matter
and deeper questions.

Gazing at the current Abell catalog,
it's clear there are beautiful symmetries
and even galaxies seem to rhyme—
hidden symmetries unfolding
in forgotten stanzas.

In the space between thoughts, where silence reigns
like a vast emptiness between celestial bodies,
we discover that our journeys are older than photons.

In such moments, isn't poetry what the universe whispers?

Gwen: (laughing, incredulous) What is this—intellectual rubbish wrapped in star-strewn nonsense? It seems like empty speculation dressed in celestial feathers.

Noel: It claims to be poetry.

Gwen: (tilting her head, uncertain) I can't quite see how. However, perhaps that's the point—to blur the boundaries until we can't tell where science ends and wonder begins.

Tara: Maybe laughing at rubbish is the point. Maybe we're all just cosmic debris pretending to understand our own trajectories through the darkness of existence.

— T Newfields

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