

STATUS REPORT OF A SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE WITHIN FORKING AND FORKED UNIVERSES, EMPHASIZING THOSE OUTSIDE OF SETI DOMAINS

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So many vibrations, so many patterns of movement on so many scales in so many bifurcating systems, but at last a (temporary) match to the pattern of movement (and its associated audible and inaudible, on human scales, music) of a search for signs of intelligent life.

This status report describes the finding of a feather in a forking universe system in which the feather led to hypnosis at a bird factory presumed to be the source of the feather as no other intelligent-life constructions were observed though their unavailability for observation does not preclude the existence of other intelligent life constructions in this particular universe system. The feather itself was alive with possibilities, but as forker girl had prior knowledge of birds, vibrations of that knowledge imposed limiting factors on those possibilities, resulting in a bounded infinity, as infinite as any other, though of a different size.

An inability to find other intelligent life constructions doesn't mean they aren't there and indeed could indicate that parameters of the search itself do not support finding evidence that forks so far from the parameters, the parameters cannot detect or measure presences outside detectable thresholds.

It is difficult at best to report on a reality based on hypnotic evolutions when such behaviors in many western depictions of Earth realities tend both to lack and to be unable to acquire scientific credence despite the existence of terminology for the mystical and supernatural, terms that refer to something, including, though not limited to, the substance of various forms of delusion, the mind being able to generate and sustain realities that do not require confirmation of existence from outside the mind's imagined authority, real within the imaginary realm that (at this time) is difficult to measure though its roots are tethered to an organic and electrical human body nervous system relied upon by both objectivity and subjectivity, the empirical and the aesthetic.

The following is taken directly from the notebook of vibration studies:

(there is)

A parade of accidents.
A war is over
so a smokestack chokes

(indicating presence of)

an unstable reservoir of pressure

(that)

forces relief: a release of manufactured birds

(upon release)

dark density flies

(these releases are also outbreaks; released, they become)

winged epidemics

(which when slightly magnified, are revealed to be, on this magnified scale)

festivals of beaks

(easily connected to)

synchronized hungers

(that)

feed little avian shops of horrors

(that)

feed little avian shops of delight

(shifting the gaze to other angles available from the observer's location, it is possible to notice)

a similar address of leaf storm feathers

(part of which is Gabriel Garcia Marquez' short story, "Leaf Storm," as the title of the novella is usually translated in English, yet something else, in all likelihood, when translated into other languages from an English translation and not directly from Spanish, which is a translation anyway, of an idea and all of its components, a translation [vibration] very much a form of transformation, allowing what is called magical realism to be a factual accounting system of empirical and aesthetic events, imagination available to process any empirical evidence. This phrase, examined before extending the consideration to include what follows the phrase, is able to [more easily] function as both or either noun and/or verb, either function consistent with easy-to-construct literal [though these literalities may be experienced only in the mind] understandings of behavior of [likely a group or pile of leaves so as to simultaneously construct a context in which both leaf and storm contribute

to the group identity of the phrase, as evidenced by the use of address to denote a form of shared occupancy. As a contextual community modified by a shared practice of limiting [and extending] what is possible for group meanings to only what can be constructed that intersects all three, on some scale, leaf storm feathers can easily encourage mental constructions of raggedness, uneven edges easily associated with feathers which resemble, in this language grouping, a system of veins in a generalized understanding of leaf structure. Some form of storm [weather system or insect system — such as locust swarm— for instance] may have damaged leaf edges, effectively increasing a basic resemblance)

(taking this language group as a compiled noun or modular compound conceptual object exposes a strategy for identifying similar compiled noun populations or more of the leaf-storm-feathers neighborhood:)

a rain of softened fish bones
as if from deep within the blueprint of a halibut

(where on a deep or cellular or molecular level, iconic forms of three-dimensional existences seem essential to supporting forms that have grown, often through aggregating, from iconic form foundation; something that can support the complexity by being what is repeated and mutated so as to have the complexity)

a bone contract

(once a contract is in place, concern can be diverted to areas less reliable [though the contract is not with infallibility], so a larger area of consideration emerges, one that still, further from a leaf-storm-feather bone

contract direct impact, ground-zero center, still encapsulates it from that distance, as any single atom in some part of a body may be a central point from which to navigate out to broader understandings)

a wide morning forms a sling

(everything connected, part of, held together by, united by being part of existence, vibrating with existence, sling to emphasize the temporary status of any conceptual coalition that forms meanings that can change through regroupings, reshufflings that characterize basic understandings of how what exists has contact with other things that exist; emphasizing consequences of movement, of vibration, of existence being something in motion)

around the world

the morning wings it

(existence itself is inexperienced at being existence when that word is used to suggest an uninterrupted presence in progress since there's been any substance at all)

a prism shreds light

(separation into components even if such separation seemingly means destruction of integrity of a larger structure in order to encounter components on other scales)

into blazing garnish

(a feathering [vibrating] process dealing with perceiving light as its strands of visible and invisible spectra, understandings outside of what is observable via most unaided human perceptual systems, so is like a garnish, is part of what can extend what is beautiful by linking to it, opening it, locating counterparts. Part of the garnish is knowledge placed on top, what we think we know, practical

and aesthetic knowledge, either or both of which could be placed on the same thing under the garnish that can modify perceptual function and value of the garnish-enhanced plate, in this case transforming leaf, visible spectrum, and feathers into decorative fringe whose basic pattern is linked to the essential as are the molecules and atoms of the fringe's underlying supportive structure; aesthetic attributes are as much a part of mind as what is considered objective information)

fringe of burning shawl

(the visible spectrum as fringe, light as radiant, the chromatic rainbow as a form of light-shawl)

out of the west window, out of the east

(a shawl that wraps and unwraps all continental shoulders and hemispheres)

aerodynamic fire

(linked to movement of the jet stream around the world, the changing distribution and configuration of shadows as light travels in and participates in patterns, some of which depend of the earth moving in patterns that interact with light and with light's sources)

the house is a rocket

(light enters and exists human dwellings places, natural and synthetic forms, including fire, by controlled invitation, and also by other means, a house fire suggestive of the fuel burn in the launching of spacecraft; a conversion that garnishes the house fire with humanity's searches for meaning throughout the universe)

the kitchen sink cockpit soars

(achievement, negative and positive)

Though air is displaced, there is immediate atmospheric recovery

(air is torn through, but not torn up; it re-knits as we walk through it, as we

—more impressive than flight is this
occupied model of forgiveness

A nest of splinters and embers
Shack soup

the teacher's wings are two blackboards
strapped over his shoulders

feathery lines of chalk

move objects)

(the re-knitting linked to not keeping
a tally of what can be on a grudge to-do
list)

(though we rocket away, explore the
largest scales of existence of which
we are part, so do not have to rocket
away to study part of what is in space:
us, our world, our moon, our sun;
though we soar and stretch and
achieve, there is some gravity in the
situation, and this aftermath of a house
fire is part of what the universe offers.
part of what we make, helped by the
universe, the universe make; we learn
this; we learn so much from so much
do not complete the task of irrefutable
understandings and conclusions; what
does science do with the realities of
what can't be proven yet science knows.
somehow, exists —an inability to prove
some core aspects of science's own
imagination; how humbling. and how
this urges continuation, tenacity, longing,
curiosity —it's right here, can be felt,
can be intuited, and yet)

(literally Kurdish teachers in Iran
taking schools to mountain villages,
portable learning spaces, the intensity
of the drive to know, and to help others
find ways to explore what is knowable
within the parameters of the situations
in which they exist, the situations they
visit; learning can occur anywhere,
the most challenging situations are also
situations in which we construct ideas
about identity and purpose and
compensation)

(even without magnification, though of

course also with it, the raggedness of a chalk line is visible, the transfer of chalkiness from chalk to hand is easy, a generosity of shedding, of feathering, each chalk flake can be magnified to reveal structure, a feathered structure, where the coastline or boundary is irregular, looped, notched, and not straight without defect and deviation and diversion, little bifurcations)

say: this
is a wing

(that movement of blackboard-laden teachers, the flying of knowledge, curiosity is an aviator)

this is a wing

(it is an examination; the answer is that experience is our wings; we navigate and fly through meanings and possibilities, the impact of what we encounter part of experience, impact translated into facts of fantasy and empirical facts and facts of error; just to say it is snowing will be true somewhere including the mindscape that can see snow no matter where the physical body is; so a literal snowfall, and aggregations of feathery landscapes that emerge when the perfectly smooth and straight are magnified; the snow falls, some feathering occurs when the scale of thinking opens its enhanced, its extended eye)

when it snows, frozen
avian cloud masses swan the sky
cold strips their feathers

(plucks swans made of snow clouds and drops the plucked snow feathers, feather by feather, cell by cell)

from an altitude of ice age
spews tips of miniature Himalayas

(a scale shrink so that such promise and possibility is a tool in your own hand)

Hands cup what becomes liquid

(a story of transformation, of which

science is a part, of which everything is a part, to be said to exist is a translation of perceptual presence; we are, there are stories, empirical, invented, aesthetic stories of dreams of understanding and understandings of dreams)

(and after typing all this, I looked up and saw a large grid of golden light on my wall, a grid that covered the entirety of what had been, till the grid arrived, uncovered wall, a mural of sunset [while tornadoes rage to the west in Tazewell county] that wrapped the interior of a corner, a radiant mural not there at the outset of writing and thinking my way through something illuminating something in my own mind,



a mural that would not have been as apparent had I not been so involved, so located in the world of this idea that was sufficiently bright to not require me to seek the nearby lamps, the time it would have taken to turn on external

lighting probably would have dimmed the light kindled inside, but having reached a spot where I could tell a story, I looked up, maybe to see the story better, to project out of myself so that it could reside with what inspired it, and grabbed my camera phone to capture the radiant mural that is gone now, the grainy [feathered] two megapixel image of the feathered edges of light, even more textured by uneven, feathered [when magnified] painted plaster; that image the bones, the remains of the mural, what survives it, survival a translation of so much, of everything with presence —so some of Obama’s audacity of hope and dreams, his own radiant mural of biracial presidency a reality he constructed for himself in order to have something that could be projected outside himself to land on walls that really can be done down [I am so happy to be mixed, part plaster, part feather, part golden grid, golden ratio, mathematically divine]: perfect, feathered bridge that is also story of a bridge, Mid-Hudson singing bridge, many others, many forms, many



[temporary] connectors

A man dies praying

His hands cannot be pried apart

Roots and veins intertwine
and sew his hands
into eternal gratefulness

for this moment
(over which he has no power)

A tomato seed in his hands sprouts
(what luck that it's there)

so that
his heirloom heart
his hothouse brain
can ripen