

Few drops of consciousness

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Foreword

Part 1 – Metapoetry

Kata

Words mirror emotions,
like shadows mimic objects

They both supervene, like
mathematics and reality.

Reality has a dual form,
one physical and one mental norm.

Former is mathematical
and easily explainable.

Latter is self-contradictory
in the world of imaginary.

Poetry supervenes imaginary universe
in the form of a prose or a verse.

Verse is the old tradition which
blooms in the limits of cognition:
couplets, rhyming, pattern, alliteration.

Such limits on poetry
glows up its beauty.

Subtle words and aphorisms,
acting like metaphysical prisms,

split emotions and feelings into
a spectrum of different meanings –

each specific to the readers' life:
his secrets, ambitions, and his strife.

These meanings are alive
they walk, talk, and thrive,

They look like a continuum,
existing on a spectrum.

They hold each other, walk, talk
and find purpose of their flock.
These meanings create entities:
thoughts, habits, cultures, and races.

As time goes by, their strengths augment
like water draining from sink to the vent.

Streams are slow at the start
beliefs are singular at the start,

as streams come together
they become faster and faster,

like the beliefs which are merging:
polarising, intensifying, and strengthening.

Imagine that this flow time scale
is same as humanity time scale.

Imagine that the flow streamlines
represent races, cultures, and thoughts.

You would expect them to conflate
as newer generations descend
the way streams assimilate
as they swirl down the vent

and they come out
haphazard, strong, loud:
converging at a spot
like a singleton thought.

Ana

May I propose this singleton concept,
to you dear readers,
as a hypothetical state,
where our emotions are heading,
where poetry is heading,
where our minds are heading.

To explain more clearly,
I see thoughts and beliefs separately:
thoughts are fluid; beliefs are solid,
let's make each of these terms more lucid.

Thoughts are the ideas and concepts
you acquire from surroundings -
they evolve, grow, die, modify
and they spread like virus,
they intensify on integration of cultures:
closer the people are,
closer the cultures are,
closer the minds are,
thoughts sync together,
their strength amplifies in unison —
to reach towards the singleton stage.

(In these times of internet, this is highly likely to occur, owing to social networks, capitalism and notions of herd intelligence.)

Beliefs are predilections of an individual whose sources could be genetic or childhood experiences: we mimic our childhood as we grow old.

As time goes by, these beliefs will get superseded by singleton thoughts, highly likely, and influence all aspects of humanity: arts, politics, science, economy, and poetry.

Poetry resides in limits. It grows virally within clutches of word sequences, styles, and tones — at least this has been the trend in the past.

I suspect that in future many poets will get clutched in the chains of singleton thoughts.

But poetry is an individual art, to express your personal beliefs

in an aesthetic and contagious form.

Poetry is the mirror of your beliefs.

Amidst this fight between beliefs and thoughts, most poets in future will get attracted to singleton thoughts since it's globally tempting and rewarding.

A conscientious poet, realising this conflict, will try to find a way out. In an attempt to express beliefs, poet will realise how difficult it is to not think of singleton thoughts and how blurry is this boundary.

Dark clouds of thoughts will hide these shiny droplets of personal beliefs which used to be the building pillars of poetry in the past.

As times goes by, as these shiny
droplets become difficult to
retrieve and boundaries difficult
to perceive, a potential way out is
likely to use the sunrays of
silence, to vanish the clouds way,
vanish the droplets away, detach
your mind away from clutches of
thoughts and instead of
excavating beliefs, you find an
empty space where you don't feel
to express anything you don't feel
to think anything —

when poets go silent,
when poetry achieves silence.

A search in the stellar

The other side of the window

Gleaming star
through the window,
there comes a
reminder of past -
a past we never witnessed
and the past we all caress.

The one we never witnessed
is ablaze and morbid.
Burning gases, explosions,
galactic events, black holes,
and things swirling around.
Galaxies forming, ageing,
traveling, merging, and dying.

Life and death were in unity.

After million years, we evolved -
moved, conquered, and thought.
We thought, spoke, and debated -

ideas of life and death were created.
We shaped meanings for life -
study well, get job, and find a wife.
A universe was bred to give life a worth -
we embraced and abused our mother Earth.
We even made-up cycles of life and death-
soul, God, to not be afraid of holding our breath.

That star teases you
and tells you all this.
It says to you to accept
unity of life and death.
You reject it outright.
But you won't stop
glancing fondly over it.
You look at it
to see another past-
a past that's true
within realms of life
yet parochial since
all it has is life.

This past, we all caress,
is wistful and recurring.
Big dreams, hard efforts,
buses, taxis, trains, flights
to go somewhere you belong.

These journeys set you fleeting,
maturing, finishing, and repeating.

All journeys share a common thing: a window.

A window, beside you, made of glass
which you didn't open to listen to star.
You saw something else in that star -
your dreams, greed, and your scar.
You fancied success while touring in cars-
you abused trees, animals, and flowers.
O Lord! Now you want to travel galaxies-
find and start living with alien species.
Some of you might travel across space-
age slower, become star, and an advanced race.

Now you as a star will
tease us.

You will ask us
to sit beside window.

We will reject it outright.
But we will not stop
glancing fondly over you.
We will look at you
to see a past-
a past that's true
in realms of spacetime

not parochial since
it's beyond life.

We were all stars,
morbid and ablaze.
We got life
and we traveled space.
We became stars
and we shall always remain.

Tangled

Aimlessly walking, treading pointlessly.
Randomised turns, roads returned.
Loops formed, garbled loops.
I know the junctions we met.

We explored, walked the city.
You laughed, jested along.
I agreed, disagreed along.

I know the junctions we kissed.

What's special in those junctions?
Is life a story of junctions?
Do junctions tell you something?

(Junctions put label on relationships:
every anniversary is a milestone,
not every moment is a milestone).

Some moments die after taking birth,
some places are empty for you,
each memory is a star in stardust,
each junction is a point in space.

Can you create stardust from stars?
Can you create space from points?

You can't and you don't bother.

Roads were tangled and will remain.
We were tangled and will remain.
We created junctions when we met.
We cherish junctions till our death.

Words and puzzles

Moon is the rock
in which I find her
talking to me
through an echo.

Clouds of oblivion,
come, stay, and go.

Dog barks at me
as if I am a ghost.

Driver honks at me
when I walk in middle
of this road.

A force is pulling me,
too mild, but I feel
that it can lift me off.

Moon, clouds, dog, driver, force
is a short story like those
pieces of puzzles.

They can never connect
unless you know their contexts.

Even if you know contexts,
they are mine not yours.

They can be yours if you trust me.
Find me, talk to me,
ignore dogs, ignore drivers.
Lift up, sail through clouds,
come to me, come to me.

A love story of two stars

Two stars,
light-years apart,
glimmer and glance
at each other to ask
some eternal questions:
why they exist,
why they met,
and why they are apart.

Humans, the God of logic,
told them the story of accumulation
of gas clouds of dense concentration
ultimately creating and rearing them.

Happy to know this,
now they ask
why they are close
yet miles apart.

Humans, the God of rationality,
bashed them at their stupid question:
in an ocean of billion stars,
lots of stars are near or far.

Sad to know this,
now they ask
when will they meet
as they seem
to like each other.

Humans, the God of predictability,
told them that after millions of years,
gravity will bring them closer and closer
until they clash, mash, and perish together.

Dancing in this hope,
they relish this moment
of glancing at each other
knowing their destiny.

Meditation

Meditation and spring

Each and every attempt
to pedal this tinted bike
feels like an attempt
to drive through florid airstrike.

Each airstrike has an old thought,
buried deep down inside brain,
and it randomly emerges out
while cycling in this springy rain.

Each rain blooms these flowers
of neurons falling down on tree.
The wind spreads hues from flowers
and brain toils for another spree.

Each spree focuses on fresh breath
going in and out of the nose.
The goal is to paint brief death
to flowers when the air flows.

Each flow repeats the cycle
of cycling, wind, and breath.
The whole idea is to be idle,
to not fail is to grant death.

Each death is an entry to a world:
where hues and tints fills the space,
they are present but not unfurled,
each sec is an idle spring of solace.

Sans ideas, sans emotions, sans desires

Ideas thrive us,
Emotions drive us,
Desires connive us.

Can you imagine a world
without them?

Ideas fix our hearts,
Emotions fuel our hearts,
Desires fool our hearts.

Imagine a world
without them.

A world where:
you don't let other ideas
sway your creativity;
you don't let your emotions
set your destiny;
you don't let your desires
steer your psyche.

To create a world
without them,
you should:
forgo your memory,
to shun other ideas;
evade the transiency,
to shun your emotions;
know your biology
to shun your desires.

A world without them
is a world of:
an erased history
and memory of its specie,
an everlasting permanency
of state which certainly
puts uncertainty on duality
of your mind and body.

If you accept duality,
you should use mind
to control your body.
If you reject duality,
then you should bind
this unity with everybody
around you.

The first proposition,
of controlling your body
has to do with externality,
i.e., desires imprinted by
things around you
which is logically
equal to
the second proposition.

This whole quest for
everlasting permanency
finally boils down to
bringing a unity.

A unity between your
mind-body unity
and the externality.

It seems there is only
one way to bring this unity
which is to:

forgo the literal sense of “I”,
sky is you, you are sky,
fly is you, you are fly,
There is no you,
There is no “I”
There is no fly

There is no sky
Everything is,
simply,
a unity.

On love

Love is an art

The ring she wears to be on cloud nine
is an art - baffling, pleasing, and divine.

Flying high on red hills of sloppy snow
she's an art - wilful, blushing, and zero.

Untitled

On this sailing smooth river
the sailing wind makes me shiver.
The shiver is not that of cold
but because I am growing old.
Old and few hours to die
still sailing on this life's high.
These highs push me for another high
and some downs at times, make me cry.
Cries remind me of your face
which is still so full of grace.
A grace I can't see now with poor eyes,
and you're hidden somewhere in disguise.
Disguised is still not my pounding heartbeat
which I hear, and now I fasten my fleet.
This fleet flows faster and faster
as our lives become fainter and fainter.
Faintly, I can see you writing something
as I reach by your spot, fainting.
Faintly, I try to say but I couldn't say
I stand up, fall on water, drowning away.
Away at a distance, you see me and jump by
We both meet and drown in river;
now our souls fly.

Death

My chilly plant withers away.
In this cold, she shivers away -
with disdain look at her father,
for I forgot to sprinkle some water.

She used to love me a lot -
a gift I never shove a thought.
And now it's too late to repent,
for she is falling down a descent.

She's gone.

Alone in this dark night,
I miss her stark sight.
Now, I feel dis-enchanted
never take a gift for granted.

She rises above horizon

As she rises above the horizon -
cigarette smoke, scorching sun,
burning leaves, flaming wind,
nothing heals her more than
the lightness of her hairs.

Graffiti, murals, paintings, sculptures,
hundreds of clouds telling stories,
of pain, love, loss, and death,
this world fades away when
she faces the camera.

Each puff, each song, is a train,
that goes to streets of senselessness,
but she rejects seriousness of this situation,
as if she had a choice - but she hasn't,
she lives in the scarf
which flew through the wind
to grace her existence.

What is love?

Defining or labelling something
means restraining it
or not allowing it to express itself.

You call a cat, a "cat",
which creates a boundary:
a cat can never be you
and you can never be cat;
the cat might express itself freely,
but for you, it's the "cat" who is doing it,
not someone like you or not even a part of you.

Love transcends these boundaries -
boundaries of labels, boundaries of naming,
syntaxes of rules and humour of blaming.

Love sets myself out from the current context
where I am supposed to act on rules -
love allows myself to be, to be creative
and to feel free.

On top of that, love sets me on a journey:
on a boat without a roar,

sailing on an ocean - warm yet rough.
Each second brings me more warmth,
and more struggle to feel more warmth.
This warmth comforts me
yet asks me something in return -
myself, my whole self
to submerge into the moment that is now,
to know tricks, details, concepts,
knowns of the equation,
that I love more than anything else;
an unknown is what is hidden there in the ocean,
it's there but hidden.
I am not a discoverer but a hunter.
Maths is not a discovery, but an invention.
You hunt for the tools while feeling warmth.
You use them then to invent something,
only to realise that that invention might mean
something else to someone,
but for you it doesn't mean anything -
it lies there, open, alone and afresh,
waiting for someone to come by and just see it.

Origami

Are we two sides of the same page
folding into one another?

No tapes, no glues.

Filling the voids along the creases,
effortlessly;

drawing one another,

closer and closer...

Until we broke each other apart,

by tearing the page into pieces

just like ending our bodies.

With a tactful strategy,

we join the ends of pieces

to form the Möbius strip

which brings us on the same page -

though after death,

when we no longer have breath.

Part 2 – Metapoetry

A thunderbolt of thought,
so striking yet years apart
gave me a piece to write -
something that you might call "poetry".

A poem is what your brain is,
you can't predict, you can't describe.
The moment you describe,
it slips away from you -
like the slippery something you want to say,
but it slips,
or the rational thought you want to stick on,
but it slips.

Each thunderbolt comes in and goes away,
you've but few seconds to see it, say it.
Why is the first fiery thought the special one?
If you really forget it, is it really the special one?

It seems like special as it excites you at glance -
the way, I met her, dated her,
and got excited at glance.

After a while, as that thought get stagnant
and stale,
the love gets boring and the relationships start
to fail.

Is there something which is special and keeps
you ON,
or the notion that to be on is to be afraid of
loving all.

Loving all is to not restrict yourself to rationality,
to not be with ONE and but to be ONE with
everything.

That is to be open for everything alive and
around,
waiting for it to strike you and poetise you
down.

Philosophy, science, and love

Utopia

That moon or that equation,
submerged me into it,
like a dead body sinking down -
bones, earth, bacteria, and consonance.

A consonance with the universe -
stars, galaxies, or the stardust infinite.
Are you really conscious?
Or your thought is the thought of stars.

The stars might not think but still,
they are close to other stars so they don't care -
they act the way you can't describe,
the way you can't describe how she loves me?

She loves me the way I don't know-
her smile, her gesture is so spiral and secret.
Secret are those movements of stars,
they yearn to submerge deep into those stars.

Submerge as in they kiss her -
make love and destroy what they truly are.
To destroy what you really are
is to love someone and to not be who you are.

Are we really someone or are we "love"?
Do we really exist outside your heart?
Imagine walking around with no heart.
Feeling nothing but knowing all,
and still knowing nothing what you feeling are.

Alien intelligence and human minds

A question keeps recurring again and again,
across all cultures and systems of thought:
where's the core of consciousness in brain -
within the universe or in hands of God?

They told me that God is the answer.
I said, no, you created it.
Okay, then science is the answer.
No, you created it.
Ah, then maths is surely the answer.
No, you created it.
“Uff, seems like I’m caught in myself -
what’s the way out of it? ”.

Centuries of debates happened
over mind and matter,
philosophers were in trouble
when their ideas were shattered.
Until the night Turing arrived
and imagined a new dawn
of creating computations -
alien intelligence artificially spawn.

Smart move that was, now I am more keen -
How's our brain different from a machine?
What's this secret behind the scene?

Machines are designed with rules to follow.
Humans make rules which they hardly follow.
'Human with a machine brain' seems like the new
theorem -

where a cyborg vacillates between freedom and
decorum.

Humans and machines seem like striking their
chords,
transmuting into an army of cyborgs:
chips in brains, sensors in eyes,
to keep track of calories and time.

Wow! A cyborg standing on this slippery interface

-

what will be more worthy for his solace -
some objective rules or his subjective space?

Looking at history of humanity it seems,
we attach value to our dreams -
Not the parcel delivered to your doorstep
but that soul-searching you begin after.

Not the person you meet on web,
but that magical real encounter.

The world in future will have a society -
not built on our rules, but on our autonomy.
The song that you create,
the painting that you make.
The pun that you quip and
the laugh that we all share.

A social structure built on pillars of arts -
will set everyone equal on charts.
No new rules to make,
no old rules to break.

Though as we become more algorithmic,
your heart will strive to stay rhythmic.
Rules will feed a dead life in you,
so you'll yearn for a life in you.
There might be times of depression -
of less free will and maybe oppression.
The mantra is: to breathe and meditate,
to be able to love and to create.

Wow!

This world is so full of excitement and tension.
I guess I have found hints to my old question -

that part of my consciousness is in the machine,
and the valuable part is working behind the scene.

Thought, grave, and entropy

A grave once said to a thought,
"why do you look so engrossed:
a heart troubles a head when in misery,
are you trying to solve some mystery?"

The thought said in a grim tone,
"I've power, money but I feel alone.
My pillars of thoughts attract flocks,
who admire it, climb it, to get flopped.
Some still manage to reach the top,
and they end up voracious or in doubt."

The grave quipped with a fossil tone,
"You were the one to call stone a throne.
Then, everyone started running after it.
Those who got it, they got contented.
Others polished it hard, to glow it more.
But very few asked the episteme of throne.
Those who asked it, got depressed,
and stopped this quest and fell dead."

The thought froze on hearing this,
awaiting to fall into this vast abyss -
of galaxies, stars, stellar gas and clouds,
with sign of nothing but his own thoughts.
As grave opened its arms to embrace him,
a sudden idea like a thunderbolt struck him,

"What if there's something beyond you and me?"

Grave replied as if he saw this coming,
"To not exist is beyond all. To be nothing".
Building up his epiphany, the thought explained,
"A man dismantles into atoms when dead.
These atoms exist beyond all our senses,
this simple fact can have lots of inferences.
I'm life because I'm thought,
but it doesn't mean life is all thought.
A bunch of packed atoms is what is life,
just see that mold on you, living with strife.
For me, life is a restriction with less entropy
than death which is a state of maximum entropy.
Entropy is an uncertainty in our lives,
a cycle of love and quarrel with our wives.
More than that, a life strives to interact with a life,
imagine a specie living light years away in disguise.
It's not a story to sell or a publicity stunt,
a thought chasing that signal is mankind's hunt.
A hunt to increase entropy
without going to grave,
for the joy of elevating entropy,
while alive, is all I crave."

I love you, Wittgenstein

As I say a word,
it reminds me of you -
my world is not yours
and yours can't be mine.

As I surmount this ladder
of trying to say things -
you threw it away as if
you want to see me falling.

As I fall, I start whistling
the things I can't say -
like this crazy you who
said things he can't say.

As I start seeing semblances
a likely bias stops me -
for my intuition and illogic,
but you seem to hold me.

As I am about to touch down
you connect me to forms of life -
of thoughts, habits, and cultures,
of being able to love and loved by.

As I think of love, I think of you
and the moment expands to eternity -

my heart glazes intensely on imagining
your passion, profundity, and intensity.

It's cerebral

Agony of a cyborg

Hours and days spent,
countlessly on Netflix,
rain, moon, stars all left behind,
this world heading to behind the screens.

Food at doorstep, lust at one swipe,
all things getting sorted, except the one -
the emotion that you, a robot, is lacking now.

Without heart, with money,
you can buy what you want
on expense of poor, sufferers,
you can be racist and curse
when you want,
kick anyone out,
cancel anything one says.

Even if you understand all this,
you have no heart now,

as you live on facts and truths,
where and how matters to you the most.
Emotion that you have
is all for 20 folks you love the most
and for the one that keeps changing a lot.
This heart is a plastic, never gets broken,
it breaks, moulds, reforms and loves the one,
afraid of actually feeling everything,
this heart can't read emotions of a cry,
it's all caught in that fake virtual world,
where concepts lie and not the actuality.

What's outside is gone now, we're all inside,
sitting, lamenting, trying to cry, but we can't.
Life doesn't excite you; love doesn't move you.
You are still, angry at yourself - the creator,
waiting for it to kill you and your dead heart.

To create

A vast arid land of no space,
no time and no sense of self,
all black holes burnt out
and no light exists -
is where it all began.

A man in love with her
doesn't care about all this,
the cycle that he loops in -
sex, money, and agony,
is everything that he seeks.

A man do sometimes seek,
more than love or gain,
a place from where to start with,
and to create something
that makes him feel alive.

Why does he want to create at first place?
Things could have gone other way round,
and he could never have been born.
It just happened and so here he is,
a passenger of life in the road to reality.

Not sure where the road started,
he got conscious in the middle of it.
This road now tarnished,
repaired by millions now:
what is his role to play here?
Dance, sing, walk, run,
love, hate, envy, distress,
or to sit, sense and see it all.

He sees the road not from exterior
but with a cultural context around.
Billion years into formation,
million years of life,
thousand years of civilisations,
hundreds years of science,
and few years of machines.
It's all in that road,
delved and merged deeply into it,
it's all in there.

A man with nothing to take away,
or nothing to imprint on the road,
realises how useless it is,
to fight, snatch, boast or impose.

But how does he live, if not do these all?

A man still knows the history of reality,
illusion of self and illusion of truth,
burdens from past and hopes of future,
architecting problems and finding solutions.

What he doesn't know is where he is going?

He knows that every answer has a reason.
for every flame of desire has a fuel.
Since this fuel is all in his brain,
still standing on this road
and watching the spectral space
has something special to it.

This space is the canvas where you can paint
or scrutinise the things you love in this world,
or develop string theory for the higher dimensions
you're sure you can never observe in this world,
or to keep asking such questions
and finding different answers every time.

A man with all such pursuits,
of having and still craving,
of knowing and still asking,
of finally knowing and forgetting,
is the man we all can be.

Feel the other question

Centuries of asking questions
and pursuit of finding answers,
brought bafflement in every quest
of finding answers around a pocket nest.

The nest with safety and less entropy -
a Mom kiss-feeding food to her baby,
is where it knows answers to some questions.
But does it really care, where the nest stands?

It stands on a tree with:
sharp branches,
like a knife brain that tears you apart;
or the roots ingrained deep inside,
like the sap of bias which binds us all.

But

Can we sit safely on those branches
and build pockets of less-entropy love?
Can we ever replace sap of biases
with the sap of universal love?

Firstly, Branches

Branches are self-similar like fractals, where:
every small scale is a new moment;
every answer is another question -
like the way "I love you" in the first moment,
but not really sure about that,
but in the next moment I'm pretty sure "I (used to)
love you",
but not really sure in this very moment, and so on..

That is to say that,
I can build a pocket on this sharp branch
and still love you,
just don't ask me if I really do,
because then I will move to the next moment -
build a pocket and then answer you back,
hoping that you won't ask me again.

Secondly, Roots

Roots feed sap to the whole tree,
yet some nests stock more sap than others
and thus, the bias varies a lot
across the whole tree.

The idea is to not stay in a pocket nest
and build a sap different from others.
Rather to sit on those sharp branches,
and just sense the sap,
which binds all those moments together.

That is to say that,
"I love you" can be a nested proposal
with several moments of surity and perplexity.
Yet, the sap of "love" binds those moments
together.
(The bias of emotion binds your time together).

What you need to do is to:
look beyond your forms of life,
and find those sharp branches,
which looks like can tear you apart,
yet, you attempt
to feel some moments,
of universal love in them,
till infinity and beyond.

On this sunken soul
I stand firm, with feet of brain -
each moment sinks me down,
as I palpitate like my heartbeat.

To the land of logic, I stand,
deciding each event of the future.
What's next: drives me, haunts me,
she pulls me or she pushes me - I'm torn.
With no flesh and no blood, still I stand,
brain engulfs me, yet I am sinking down.

Submerging into the abyss of my soul,
my brain diminishes and droops down.

But what's soul all about?

Soul is a vast grave of logico-emotions -
silence, gaze, eyes, tears, and poems.

But the question still remains,
What's the next step?
Where are you heading?
Is this a place where
a brain is no more, before it sinks down the soul,
or a brain still working but in this grave new
world.

The next step

On this sunken soul
I stand firm, with feet of brain -
each moment sinks me down,
as I palpitate like my heartbeat.

To the land of logic, I stand,
deciding each event of the future.
What's next: drives me, haunts me,
she pulls me or she pushes me - I'm torn.
With no flesh and no blood, still I stand,
brain engulfs me, yet I am sinking down.

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a brain is no more, before it sinks down the soul,
or a brain still working but in this grave new
world.

This world is different

This world is different.
Not consonant to one
I imagined to be like:
where Wittgenstein is losing his mind
over the origins of mind and language;
where Ramanujan is writing equations
that appeared magically in his dreams;
where Turing created computers
only to answer Hilbert's decision problem;

Instead, this world is the result of all of this.

Starting with Turing,
Turing machines led to logic,
logic of computations,
machines, simple and complex machines,
machines which we call "computers" now.
Computers which were just an experiment,
a new way to see the world -
a simple and effective way to seek reality,
for reality was and will remain complex,
so why not accept a new way to see it?

But a long-tail of snake,
in that snake-ladder game you played in 90s
could be devastating,
same is I believe the case is with
science now.

With enormous magnification level in
experiments,
loads of data and plenty of hi-tech machines,
reality is posing less challenges to machines.
Even if it poses some,
a black-box model,
neural networks -
the thrill of today,
is solving problems no could have imagined
before.

But science cares about how you solve them,
every step matter more than the end result.

Science was built on pillars of progressiveness,
problems were left unsolved, for they were really
difficult.

Difficult to grasp both visually and mathematically.

But now, visual part is handled by hi-tech
cameras,
and mathematical part by neural networks,
and what not!

Science was an enterprise of riches before -
who devoted on intellectual pursuits, for it was
noble and niche.

Now science is next door -
everyone can learn it, use it and do it.

There still are lot of problems to solve, in science,
but there is competition, so quality is going down.

Philosophy of science is long-lost
in the heaps of data.

Future of science is shadowed with the dark
carbon clouds that machines emit.

Spirit of science is sold to funders and companies
for loads of money.

Seeing all this, makes me question:

Is there any limit to this bloating bubble?
And if it bursts one day,
how will the new world be like?

Discrete or continuum

Is the reality discrete or continuum?

This question troubles everyone,
every day, every moment
for it depends on the mood and the brain
how one perceives reality
and how one deals with it?

Calculus operates on continuum
so physicists try best possible ways
to maintain this assumption -
be like through Planck's length scale
or through continuum limit in fluids.

Below such limits, nature is discrete
randomness of atoms create havoc,
complexity of tiny particles mess things up.

Even the mathematics describing continuum
world fails.

At one point, the equations yield bizarre solutions
or simply fail to yield or tell anything.

Computers come to rescue as they work
discretely, discreetly.
On numbers, on bits and bytes,
on flips and flops.
They can treat this enormous world with their
enormous potential.
Aid our brains to quantify, solve, and simulate
everything.

But computers are engineered neurons
which work on some rules,
those rules which are built on the fabric of
mathematics -
of axioms, lemmas, theorems, and their proofs.
Mathematics encompass everything and anything,
it can be made discrete or be made continuum.

Minds which delve into mathematical world
are not escaping out of reality,
for reality can be mathematics - who knows?
Reality can be your hands,
my hands - who knows?
Reality can be your experiences,
my experiences - who knows?
It can be all these three or maybe even more.
No one knows.

Immortality

Does it bother you,
what will you be left with,
when you die?

Do you want something to leave here,
or to take away to heavens with you,
or you simply don't care?

Some of us want something to leave
as evolution designed us to do so.
Some leave babies, some leave ideas,
some leave assets, some leave books.
Many of us want to give
something to this world,
in generous and kind way -
for life was an unexpected gift to us,
so why not return the favour to nature,
why not remain alive in the hearts of others?

Some of us want to take things to heavens,
those who believe in heavens,
in good deeds and bad deeds,
in a world before and after life,
in a single cosmos of souls -

they want to take good vibes to heavens
and be born again with a better life.

There are, but, a few people
who don't care about their mortal nature,
in that they are detached
from pleasures and pains,
from material and immaterial,
from emotions and objects.

A mind that's detached yet penetrating
the fabric of reality as is,
asking about its whereabouts and
still knowing that there is no answer,
yet asking this question repeatedly,
throughout life,
feeding itself through simple pleasures -
pleasures of science, pleasures of poetry,
pleasures of arts, pleasures of philosophy,
that mind is liable to explode when exhausted,
just stop functioning
or get damaged at one stage,
that mind will probably be
the most closest mirror
to the fabric of reality -
this is what I'd call immortality.

Scientific mind

A mind so sharp like an edge of a sword,
it pierces the fabric of reality
and opens it, like a door to heaven.

What's heaven or what's hell?
Nothing matters to it,
for it has nowhere to go
and nowhere it belongs.

It belongs to the place
where it breathes now,
where it senses now
and where it meditates now.

It finds mathematical underpinnings
and simple postulates
that defies all criticisms.
Any experiments which disproves it,
just disembellishes the whole theory.

There is no fundamental truth that mind knows,
theories do work, but work under restraints.
You relax restraints, the theory falls apart

like a machine collapse when its bolts loosen,
or a body falls down when its joints lose their grip.

Hence, what's mightier is the reality, not the mind.
Impossible is the mind which conquers or mimics
reality.

A mind is bound to provide abstractions,
imagination that feel close to reality.
It might work really well or not at all -
it doesn't matter.

What matters the most
is a never-ending quest
of a limited mind
to appreciate the reality as is.
To stay open and get surprised
every second
of this only life that you've got.

Ouroboros

A machine which talks about itself,
a statement that predicates itself,
a brain asking origin of itself,
a problem checking its consistency,
a snake evading to eat its own tail -
what commonality all these problems have?

It is the notion of 'itself',
that of its own self,
on whether its essence is
meaningful or meaningless.

Questions with such binary answers,
can be encoded in a Turing machine.
All answers, always are right or not.
Or their hierarchies are right or not.

Does it ever stop?
Is there a limit after which
determinism prevails?
The answer, when, settles,
and no hierarchy exists?

These rare events seem difficult to find,
but maybe these exist, for example when,
the problem inverts itself as it
proceeds to predicate itself -
why would self-referencing
be a sudden, digital process?
A program changing itself,
inverting itself, to not eat its tail
is indeed an awareness that it has.
A consciousness of not falling
into trap of indeterminacy, puzzles,
or that of "philosophical black hole".
Consciousness (anthropomorphically) emerges off
from such programs and paradoxes,
from the Navier-Stokes problem,
quantum-spectral-gap problem,
quantum gravity, and what not?

Something is exploding

What's developing?

Something is exploding?
An affair is happening..

Amidst frenzied war,
fear of deaths, lives,
and of mortality, AGI,
explosions of neural nets,
chimeric beings all around,
debates on consciousness,
blurred gaps of science and heresy,
self-promoting burdened beings,
to snatch what's on the plate,
physical space reduced to 0s, 1s,
a new 'theory of everything' every month,
philosophy of biology more needed than before,
geo-political crimes, identities at risk..

why would someone write?
Is a printer, keyboard, screen more than enough?

Why would someone spend hours in desire
to advance a product of hundreds of years
of humanity's rational spirit?

Why would a problem, as niche as Clay problem,
seem exciting and not anything else?
Welcome to the 21st century.

The century that starts now with the end very far
and any singularity someone might predict
might occur, or maybe not at all
there are no rules here
no predictions
no laws
0s,1s.

Forms and functions

Biological *forms*,
are they angels or are they not?
their designs and geometries -
are these the nature's best creation
or are these not?

Countless questions like these exist,
but what's most profound to me is
how *form* and *function* exist together -
since
no *form* exists without a *function*,
and no *function* exists without a *cause*.

It is often the case that
"why" questions in biology are hard,
much harder than black holes or quantum gravity,
or the most notorious unsolved conjecture in
maths -
not because they are harder to address
but rather that
myriad of answers can exist
and yet remain incomplete.

For example,
why are two budding lovers attracted to one
another?

how do these life *forms* flex and mold in each other's ways?

The *function* is obvious but what drives the attraction?

Does physiological synchrony drives the "gut feeling" or the other way round?

The answer can be convoluted and complex, or even inaccessible.

Consider the case of a white-spotted male pufferfish

which carves complex and perfect geometric circles on a seabed

to attract female fish as part of courtship rituals.

How has this genius mathematical ability evolved to its current form -

never would the greatest artist of the sea tell us -

perhaps it's futile to ask an artist about root of their creations.

Many questions of growth (*function*) and *forms* dazzled Darcy Thompson, the pioneer of mathematical biology,

who took diverse living forms - tissues, trees, animals, plants,

and expressed their beauty in geometry

conforming to their *forms*,

and explained their *function* with physics - just Newtonian physics.

And yet we are nowhere near understanding
nature's intelligent design -
perhaps we never will be, because of confines of
our cognition -
similar to how we can't "orchestrate" a feeling for
a person,
maybe we can't "orchestrate" (enhance) our
intelligence.

All we can do is live within our cognitive confines,
and instead of duplicating or engineering
artificial *forms*,
just revel in nature's magnificent and geometrical
perfections -
as to why elegant equations exist atop an abstract
arena - no one would ever know.

All about me

Hill of wisdom

He got born in this world,
started gazing and listening,
yet not speaking a word.

He learnt from his architect,
speech, style, and sermon,
to utter ideas and then reflect.

He started climbing a hill,
made by sages of the past,
to view the world at his will.

He learnt mounting from masters -
learning, failing, trying, repeating,
and building the path as he wanders.

He matured as he moved places -
new milieu, masters, and mantras,
his thoughts felt like zillion spaces.

He chose to do an abstract hiking -
of logic, philosophy, and poetry,
he didn't feel climbing but flying.

He spirited high to find hilltop
to sit, sense, and solve the world,
but failed to find any such top.

He grew old and forgot his goal,
still soaring in his spectral space,
now, he adores his untold hope.

Pockets of playgrounds

Glow in the eyes,
fire in the brain,
what have you got,
what have I got -
it all doesn't matter to me.

I play in my place
where I envision a world
where social justice,
bureaucracy, meetings
don't bother me.

My ideas are not selfish,
names, labels, take them all away,
give me just a corner where I can sit,
delve into deepest pleasures,
dig small pockets and dive into it,
away from noise, away from fears,
from prison of money,
from heresy, from jealousy -
just a small pocket to live and play.

I want to play with ideas from physics,
glue them with fancy mathematics
and sometimes logic and computations.

If you like this pocket, you're invited,
free to enter or leave anytime -
it's neither about me or you,
nor about the world we've created,
I live in my mind, you live in your mind,
can't we just take a small pause
and live in it forever?

Words, images, and confusions

All I recall is what I see,
what I see from
what you say (that you see) -
your words do not mean mean anything to me,
just the image your words create in my mind
is all that I recall now and is "truth" to me.
Oh, God! So where do confusions stem from?
Why do sometimes I remember some phrases
more than others?

It's just that what I can't create in images, I
remember through words.
Those words might fade away, might not - with
time.

But creating an image relaxes most tension in
brain.

Fair point, but do we think using words or images?
Both, I believe. With words, thinking is laborious,
more options, more details, more-to-discard-yet-
not-discarded stuff.

With images, thinking is less heavy on brain,
unclear, fuzzy, vague, light memory
requirement, and probably deep in some sense.

Both ways are important and part of life.

Does the shape matter or the details?

Does my words matter or the image?

I don't know. But all I know is to lighten the mind,

it's good to get rid of words,
hear something fuzzy rubbish to ignore it,
undo wirings, undo connections, undo words,
embrace images.
Images that connect haphazard, random, and
chaotic patterns.
Everything to everything, as if all nothing.
Just as you see now these words do not mean
anything,
try not remembering my words but just imagine a
dot,
a dot getting bigger and producing another dot,
that dot gives rise to another dot,
birth of a dot from a dot,
until the whole screen becomes fuzzy and
becomes "all dots",
dots that have some pattern that is yet to be
discovered.
And that is probably where the fun starts.

The next pillar

To create a pillar that shines light
and becomes the "monumental" truth - |
is not a "volition-based" task,
nor it is a "reserved-for-genius" task either.
So, what is it then?
What distinguishes Perelman's proof
from countless other proofs?
What distinguishes a big story
from countless other stories?
What distinguishes a 2-page worth of wisdom
from numerous pages of BS and blabbering?

The question. The precise question that
captures the complexity that needs to be resolved.

Those universal questions, like Halting problem,
or that of determinacy versus randomness that
confuses everyone.

The philosophical questions that trouble every
mind.

There certainly are more questions to find,
that the questions left unanswered.
To frame a "great" question and to attempt to
answer it is difficult.

To find "conjectures" and to attempt to answer them is difficult.

There's more in science than to answer questions.
It is to imagine a new realm of ideas,
ask questions that fall in those realm,
and then attempt to answer them.

The next challenge

A challenge posed by you
excited me -
for the problem that you framed,
kept me ON, running, in loops,
days and nights of endless mind-fight,
thanks to the problem that you framed -
I was on it, the whole night!

But now, I am all alone
that problem practically inaccessible to me,
all I am left with is a yearning for the feeling
that I got from your problem -
oh God, I don't believe in God, what do I believe
in?
I believe in nothing now - I am numb, my nerves
are wrecking,
I am falling apart, my eyes in tears, my body falling
apart,
as if something is lying hidden somewhere, I am in
search of 'you' -
what is you, if not a problem posed by someone?
I am beyond the intellectual systems now -
I do not subscribe to prize problems that you
frame -

there are ideas that excite me - but they are transient.

I am in a state, where all I have is feeling of what I felt before.

I can not describe it here, nor I can pass it on to someone else.

The feeling is hard to describe now, for I do not have it now.

All I can do now is to create - create that feeling again.

Find a problem, as convoluted as Navier-Stokes, and feel alive again.

Creating problems is more godly than worshipping an already created problem.

Oh God, if there is a God, then I have lost my feeling of faith in you -

all I have now is a constant yearning to create my own God -

a problem that I can worship, ruminate upon, trust entirely my systems in,

something that keeps me ON for my entire life!

Randomness jelly

The biological world is not black and white,
it's full of colors, it's very bright!
Bright because of proteins that reflect light,
green, red, yellow - if not then it's just white.
These colors are complex products
of underlying simple sequences of proteins -
gosh, if you know them,
do you think you have explained everything?
The basic tenets are not everything
to explain complexity at larger scale,
simple rules yield complex things,
and that's what we call the randomness.
Randomness needs to have a pattern,
else you can say nothing about it.
To find a pattern is to glorify it,
celebrate it, beautify it, respect it!
Less randomness might look bad,
for it makes things less thrill,
imagine a tennis player playing shots
by employing the same, old skill.
But, randomness is like a jelly,
you reduce it somewhere, you create elsewhere.
If not in places, it could be in paper.
If not in paper, it could be in interpretation.
If not in interpretation, it could be in meta-
interpretation.

The point is randomness exists at all scales,
and a decrease in randomness doesn't mean
permanent decrease,
it's a beginning of a new world -
a world where thrill happens,
where wind is as chaotic as before,
where ideas come, conquer, and stay -
you stay, I stay, we all stay.

Let's get social

Privileges

Being born was never a choice,
so we lament over it,
we curse over it:
wish my parents were more rich,
my parents were more educated,
and what not!

Indeed, our actions are constrained
by the things we experience
and the things we can imagine.

But whatever you have
is a privilege to someone else.
So one can assume that everyone of us,
I repeat, all of us, are privileged in some sense.
Some have got cars, which many can't afford.
Some can buy books, which many can't afford.
Not only individuals, but organisations as well..
Some exploit daily workers by paying less,
ads make money by hackings our brains,

cigarettes kill people, but are everywhere,
newly 18 turned enter sex industry out of despair,
yet we hide behind our curtains and watch them.
Countries looted centuries ago, now are looked
down upon-
their poverty is a classroom problem to someone
else.

Shutting eyes is easy, as even privileged ones
suffer.
Someone is more privileged than us, so we all
suffer.
What's important is to act and not just lament,
do something instead of writing a poem (like me) -
small acts that remind you of how privileged are
you,
to not support companies which exploit their
workers,
to not buy products whose sources are morally
corrupt,
to donate more than you save; if you're financially
secure,
to act rather than sit; if you're free enough.

An emotion is something, that can make you
socially conscious.
An emotion of forgetting your suffering for once,
and hate your privilege can do much good for

humanity.

Don't feel coward to be emotional about such things.

It still is a privilege to be emotional about your romantic feelings,

and feel rock solid, stolid, for other things.

To afford a partner sticking around you is a privilege.

To be emotionless, as you walk by and see someone shivering in cold,
is a privilege!

Meaningless-ness

Desires, needs, wants, dreams, ambitions -
these words are as vague as their meaning -
if their meaning is subjective to everyone,
are these then subjective classes?

If so, where they do stem from (if at all!)
or if not, are these just free-floating terms
like lyrical lines in a poem?

They can stem from somewhere,
if there is a basis thread they binds them,
and grows them from a ground -
a ground which is platonic and physical -
a firm falsifiable ground of some sort.

And if they are free-floating terms,
then just let them be as such,
for folks theories start with a sip of coffee
and end with an unfinished movie.

What is beyond art and beyond science?
If desires seem like none of them.

By current standards, it all consists meaning-lessness.

Determinism and non-determinism

What is an ideal project, I do not know?
Perhaps, the question itself has an answer -
to work towards an ideal problem,
which needs an ideal answer - rigid answer.

Philosophies differ, I agree, in the approaches.
Complex systems are too vaguely put up -
an attractor numerically evolves - its real within
screen.
Outside screen, does it exist? Perhaps, no.

What exists outside computer?
Some unresolved questions, I think.
Questions that need to be pondered again and
again.
Navier-Stokes regularity problem is one of them
for it is unresolved mathematically. This is the
depth of human pursuits.

Other problems - how about quantum gravity?
Uniting two theories is to accept flaws with both
of them.

Turns out relativity is flawless more than quantum mechanics.

Quantum mechanics is a philosophical position - on what exists before measurement - something or nothing?

But isn't this question itself part of constructing universe?

Within these hypotheses, people would always differ.

But accepting hypotheses as part of the program allows one to get over one's preferences and interests.

Not just that, but - simple theories or construction are attractive

than deterministic theories which are wide, tedious, and on everything.

Simple laws are beautiful, simple relations are easy to understand -

something like the hypercomputation relation - very simple, very beautiful.

The question is not about within screen or outside screen,

but that of simplicity yet powerfulness, in a model.

And still connection to fundamentals in some sense.

Chaotic shift maps, though poetic, map what they

intend to -
there is no need to question their trustworthiness -
just accept their beauty and move forward.

There is no “great” idea

Some ideas are "great",
but just culturally great -
not great in a pure sense.

Every mind is unique,
for every life trajectory is unique,
but there are less puzzles in this world
than the number of minds,
so can't we say that most of the ideas
will emerge out together, culturally -
in a friendly fashion ?

Small ideas together might make a big story,
only that is something very important.
Because everyone learns in the process,
every new creation is the product of many minds.

There is no great person,
there is no great mind,
there is no great idea,
there is no great science.

Every learning endeavour
is a collaborative task,
that amuses everyone,

and makes the task
fun and fulfilling.

Emotions and social dynamics

It's about how emotions drive humans,
romantic feelings bring two bodies together -
a tug of war, push and pull, push and pull.
What's in control? What's not in control?
No one is sure.

But such a transcendental feeling drives humans
marriages, kids, families do happen.
Networks form, of friends and of families -
all arising from this 2-body feeling problem,
if you want to call this a problem.

It surely is a problem,
if it connects to the bigger picture
and presents one the whole picture.

The soul of George Floyd
is not at a peace yet.
Like a tornado, it's a void:
it's not just a protest.

This void viralling the world,
swaying all of us mentally,
leaves a question yet unfurled -
what exactly is an identity ?

To use this viral void,
to distill nature of identity,
we fill it with three traits:
an eye, a brain, and a heart.
An eye of child with wonder:
looking at dog and humans alike.
A brain with sheer scientific saber:
grappling with facts, trials, and testing.
A heart of a profound philosopher:
feeling deep expanse of epistemology.

This void, first, goes to ants
to gape at a distance
and finds a smooth trail -
identity looks fuzzy.
As it peeks closer,
each ant is palpable

an ant is the ant -
identity is distinctive.
Over a scale of years,
worker ants die within one to three
and queen ant lives upto thirty -
identity could be short or long lived.
Queen ants outlive workers,
thanks to their gene expression
which repairs DNA damage -
identity stays with (genetic) power.

Then the void goes to grass to find
few communal or solitary bunches,
flourishing in Sun or hidden in soil -
identity stays with those who are exposed.

Then the void goes to air to find
air molecules shaking the bridges away,
or spreading the scent of your beloved -
identity is mapping of an entity to another.

Aliens don't exist unless they map on us.
When something maps on us, it has identity.
If something has identity, it is an identity.
This identity is singular, special, venerable.

Identities of entities are same, when entities are
same.

Ascribing one's identity to another is as illogical as
ascribing shape of clouds to horses and humans.
Mistaking one with another is as stupid as
mistaking a fire in burner with nuclear explosion.

May Floyd's soul rest in peace,
and this void teaches a lesson
to identify everyone uniquely,
to believe that humanity is
a necklace of billion pearls
all threaded through this void:
unique yet sharing a common soul,
to retrieve emotions without words,
and share this message for entirety!

Transitions to adulthood

What stable and consistent life is?
I don't know.

I know there is something which it is
but I don't know.

Is it when things around you -
as in ideas, beliefs, wisdom -
around you don't change much?

Is it when experiences just enhance
what you already know and understand well?

Is it when a new idea is difficult
to cognitively assimilate with your old hypotheses?

Well, the truth is that your hypotheses are merely
situational.
It's just that they happened to be like this and not
something else.

They became part of you before adulthood -when
some random events created some belief
structures.

Now, why it becomes difficult to create another
structure again?

It's because a brain is limited to hop in between
different structures.

Every structure has its own network of life.
And living multiple lives is an insanely mentally
difficult task.

Hence, adulthood doesn't mean a point
where one is stable, rigid, and informed.

But just that one's capability
to live multiple lives,
to imagine new worlds,
to create new networks,
to see the unseen,
to yearn for something new,
to unlearn and relearn,
to forget and think afresh,
is gone forever.

Despairs, doubts, and desires

Can not afford to be shallow: part 1

There was a time
when flowing water meant million things to me -
fluids, neural circuits, poetry, love and what not!

But now, I am shallow. I see it as nothing but
"flowing water".

There was a time
when layers of clouds meant million things to me -
diffraction, stories, faces and what not!

But now, I am shallow. I see it as nothing but "just
clouds".

At that time, I had nothing, so I was living my true
self.

A philosophically-troubled thinker who is deep
into things.

Sleepless nights, countless dreams, infinite plans

and no fears.

No setbacks, no expectations and no burden.

I was true. I was into myself.

As I deal more with real world - grants, funds, jobs
and "reaching out".

I lose my inner self.

I do remember vestiges of my inner self -
it comes out once in a while and lays dormant for
rest of the time.

I don't live in my abstract world anymore.

On top of all that, I can afford to be shallow.

But how long this will last?

A time will come, when world will challenge me.

Punch me into my face and ask me to face it
upfront.

I still might work hard and continue to afford to
be shallow.

But is this what I want?

Not really.

Can not afford to be shallow: part 2

The world that pulls me
is somewhere between:
predictability and unpredictability,
rigid and loose,
defined and undefined,
right and wrong.

I am inconsistent with myself,
hence the inconsistency pulls me;
the dilemma of what's right and what's not.

Is the solution consistent or not?
Is the solution absurd or not?

When Turing machine halts, it amazes me.
Because one can embed an equation into it,
and the equation stops yielding anything.

When Constantin proves finite-time singularity
of 4th order PDE, it amazes me.

Because it was numerically shown,
but never before rigorously proved.

The world between YES and NO, is fascinating
as it keeps me ON,
it keeps me going.

Imagine everything being solvable,
everything being predictable,
everything just a next-step you need to do,
without thrill, without sense of awe,
without depression, without thought of suicide,
without angst, without ounces of self-hate and
self-love,
how insipid that world would be?

My world should never be predictable,
it should be chaotic as like ocean waves -
you can never predict
what I will say,
what I will behave like,
what I will offer,
what I will decline -
a love that's fulfilled is a burden for ages to come.

Mansions, travels, vacations and perks -
they are just means, not necessary,
a way to reach those places where I can dare to not
be shallow.

All I want is an empty place,
where I can afford to not be shallow.
Where I settle some issues (or create new ones).
Where I create a thought that opens a series of
bewilderments.
Where the shaky ground that I stand in,
doesn't become solid or too loose,
instead just allow me to create new grounds
where people come and visit me -
talk to me and leave me,
visit the place when I am not there,
feel shaky in that ground and feel the same
that I feel now, here...
wish to do the same,
that I wish to do now, here...
and the process keeps on repeating...
forever.

On budding love

5 mins or 50?

Time destroys everything, for the randomness
needs to increase,
arrangement of things has to increase, possibilities
has to increase,
but what stops these options when I am with you?
As if everything else is static, stopped, not moving,
dead,
and there is a life in between us - a thrill of change
and possibilities.

A constant high, an array of adventures, a sense of
careful carelessness,
a sense of thrill that is hard to point out explicitly
at.

Is this a result of some emotions that exists at
some space?
or is this some evolutionary game that everyone
else also plays?

I do not know. And I do not wish to know
answers to these.

What I am more interested in is - what can we
create?

Creation is important. Conjectures and criticisms
live long.

A refined idea, built out of years of debates and
hardwork, passes on.

New generation likes refinement.

Noise is meaningless and rubbish.

All I know is noise reduces when I am with you.

A clarity comes, a purpose comes, life comes,
enlightenment comes.

Darbar and Stansted

A series of events, some photography and
badminton,
what I capture is not reality but you,
you with a mask, or with the blue jacket,
or with me, telling me what to capture.
A blue shade in the sky? O yes, let's capture it.
Let's beat them in the foosball game,
jump when they are beating us,
let's collaborate or let them get some points,
and we procrastinate for a bit and come back to
win.

Listen to my poem, for its only for you,
and definitely one of out of many to come.
You drunk? Yes, I am, and you are too.
Can't think what to speak, so let's not speak.
Night is over, maybe not, why not take a train to
Stansted?

And fly somewhere in the UK (my visa doesn't
allow me beyond).
Places? Edinburgh, London, Bristol, or Cotswold.
Let's go somewhere for the weekend. O crap, the
trains are canceled.
Let's take a bus. O crap, the seats are filled in.
A young lady, 19ish, in same situation. Let's liaise
with her and take a taxi.
Here we are, on a shady taxi, driving to Stansted,

driver scares me.

Why he doesn't scare you? Why? You are a relaxed soul. A beautiful soul.

I think I find refuge in you.

Here we are, in the airport - crowded with hustle and bustle.

Tickets to Edinburgh damn expensive. 700£ round trip.

Let's just go and sit in there. You sleepy, I am not, listen to me.

Listen to me, when I try to sleep. Let me caress your hairs, your hands.

Let's go back home, take train, reach Cambridge.

You sleep please - I can't sleep.

Say bye to me, and then I go. Oh wow, let's eat noodles later and take a walk to west Cam.

Some photoshoots, some harmonica, and some love! And more to come.

Noodles and machines

Two minds and two bodies,
heavy scovilles burning their tongues,
let's not focus there, the TV is on!
What's intense and what's not -
are they getting intense or are they not?
It's a young night,
cold enough to bring them together,
warm enough to cause repulsion.
Nonlinear as their trajectories might be,
it's the confused state of mind of one
that captivates other,
it's the recurrent questions that other asks
that captivates the first,
why not make something, and not do philosophy?
Why do people find refuge in God with
ontological arguments?
How do smart people span across fields?
Who is smart and who is not?
Let's not talk about difficult questions,
and just drink some tea.
Let's drink some nice flavored tea.
And let's keep on drinking tea,
and work on interesting problems.

till death do us apart. (sorry for a big jump).

Author

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