

# Cognitive Patterns Somewhere on the Borders of Dark Matter and Dark Energy

*by strannikov*

Sympathy? Empathy? —for human beings? Any of them? Why? They talk and chatter and are so voluble they don't see what's in front of them or hear what's all around them: and then they think they occupy the center of existence! (They don't even reside in the center of the baryonic appendix of reality, and still they regard themselves as the cream of creation, as if everything revolves around them! Them and their centripetal relativism! I'd be vomiting if I weren't laughing so hard!)

Turds float to the top just as well as cream does. (Even better, as they so plainly demonstrate.)

No no no no no: human beings are fit for extermination, and it's just as well that we leave them to perform the task for the rest of us: no need for us to intervene, no need for us to assist. Apex predation entails its own logic. (Maybe some few of them possessing actual insight and talent will manage to fade into existence! I have a crucible right here just waiting to capture one!)

“The only reality that matters is baryonic existence!” —oh really? You putrid little shits don't even thrive in the realm of self-actualized being: your woefully contingent ontology barely gives you a crutch and you claim to possess the powers of Almighty God. What putrid little shits and sour little farts all of you are! (Kill yourselves, see if we care. We refuse to stay your filthy, grubby little hands, no matter how cute your chiralities might be.)

What sad accidents to've occurred, though: capable of discerning their own ontology without being capable of discerning extrinsic transcendent ontology. (Just not enough imagination to make their paltry efforts worthwhile, tsk and tut. And then they exempt themselves even from aspirations to participate in self-actualized ontology!)

At least the cephalopods on their planet manage to comport themselves with some dignity, as well as demonstrating some actual intellectual acumen. (Frankly, I find their chiralities more appealing, chiefly for the layout of their neuronal networks, plus their speculations concerning alternate ontology may make a return visit worthwhile once their galaxy spins at least twice more, if those idiot humans haven't trashed the entire planet during the next spin—weren't we warned once about the advent of bipedal vertebrates? Intrinsically suicidal for some structural reason that I don't now recall.)

Someone a few membranes over claims to have a flask full of self-actualized cephalopods . . . . (Some few have been released already: utterly charming beings!)

**-END-**

= = = = =

**only next words**

cold weather holds us captive now  
as ever much as did our plague—  
all sound inert, all silence vague:  
death might have took the entire town.

the avenue two blocks away—  
no traffic up the hill or down,  
no dogs abark in yards around—  
the silence of this evening's day.

no neighbors can be heard through walls,  
not one broadcast of music, voice,  
no manufactured social noise—  
no sirens answer any calls.

—as if the silence grew from ground,  
spread 'cross all skies unto all stars  
whose distant silence lightens far—  
the cosmos empty of all sound.

deepening silence grips all worlds  
—no clamors, words, or laughs beyond,  
consoling musics—all sound gone,  
the universe speaks not one word.

our noises strive to mute the grip  
that cosmic silence holds us in—  
we could, with quiet words, begin  
to speak what's only worth the lip.

