

The Collected SF Poems
of Ken Goudsward
-Volume One-

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walker #2

thin light of a red sun
dimly cast stark shadows
gravel rises steeply
beneath the walker's boots
as if each step were
the very edge of the world
down through yellow tinted mask
disconnected feet respond
in autonomic march
they hear the spirit of the stone and soil

the convertor on Parhoul

the cold black of space
is the cold grey ruin
towering above and around
with great curves of massive and ancient machinery
once the growing heart of a world
moved farthathoming energy
held uncomprehended power
long forgotten
in the mythological city

Age Of Sphinxes

back, back I go
five thousand, ten, twenty
sand retreating
rivers flow bountiful
rivulets and rain

lions' original faces replaced
limbs stretch out
sheltering global knowledge
from the elements
but how to shelter from intent?

staring at the sun

hard to find the right key after
staring at the sun

small green light looks orange after
staring at the sun

reflective geometry still not making sense
burning through the hole that's in my lens

entering a dark room after
staring at the sun

got to get my game on after
staring at the sun

::OKAI::

floating freely toward
the dark depths
impenetrable
yet inevitable
you shimmer
all around
sparkling upon
hands ears
formless shapes of
selfless self
were i indeed
mechanical as you suppose
this memory would sustain
me
through ageless
unmeasurable
rhythms

as she shatters

my mind becomes frozen
like my leg
unable to move
perhaps forever as useless
as the shards now
scattering across the chilling air
and searing my flesh with
cold pain
as they enter
blinding me
joining perhaps orphaned remnants
of biological history
which i have carried
for her
and which will remain ()
when the shards have been removed
the wounds
cleaned and dressed
my sight restored
)
with branded moments
still linking us
 (like those remnants)
especially these latest
revisions
new chapters

amended footnotes
planting hope trust fitting
compassion
letting my self change move grow expand
Into anew
creature, world, species, universe

how white holes work

.

one

/

two is a divider
positive/negative
yet attractive
i charge toward you
you become a magnet
even this is a division
a dimension
our planarity enables vectors
so then, is this space (point.)
here too are waves
thus, time
and there was light

∠

three
steps into the space
wraps the two
defines size
adds two more
+/-
becoming three and also four
proposing perspective
scalar ambiguity
strong/weak
strong + weak
provides a pivot
a core
an identity

the ten thousand things
and an anchor

*

three and four unfold
creating another (generality)
enveloping all (specifics)
the identicals
and the differents
now all together
or eventually
and indistinguishable from a certain point
rolling all back into one

walker #5

three thousand miles of sand
black and blinding light becoming as
indistinguishable as the moments
which separate them
plodding
dragging crawling
tumbling
face in the dust
unendingly immortal
unable to weep
unable to live
unable to die

cloud dweller

i live within the cloud
that covers this fine town
an omnipresent sense
white noise of another world
i embrace it as it enfolds me
and it shows me this morning
the intrinsic purity
of a heart as white as a cloud

staring at the sea

easy to hear the right note
staring at the sea

whitecap craters like waves
whose crash has long subsided
into tranquility

settling into a cool hum
a pale but revealing light

speaks to me of mortality and peace
even if it is all just dust

forbidden pictures – chapter one

the forbidden pictures
drawn incoherently
by subconscious
distant future sight
form words
too powerful to utter
not for you to know
infer enforced silence
impede their very meaning
centralized but forgotten
scratched by a thousand sticks
caressed by a thousand lips
into the saline wall

walker #1

unscented and silent I glide
treading briskly upon a thin layer of impossibility
though none else, the streetlights
detect me, casting a haunting
shadow
disregarded,
abandon my inaudible voice

looking into paper

from a cubit
somewhat textured
though thought of as flat and smooth
slight variations in
the reflectivity of white light
reveal its objectivity
bearing further investigation
the ripples in its plane
remind me of unnoticed
rise and fall of prairie soil
they seem random yet somehow
organized
I pick out vague rhombi
like a loosely laid out chain link fence
in the direction I call up
then I notice more
rounded rhombi
smaller
aligned perpendicular
to the others
covering the surface
in diagonal arrays
like a regular mesh
and a general graininess
I need to get closer...

from a fingerlength or so
the grey hills gone
the array difficult to detect
now seen singly
they lose shape
patches of greater smoothness or compression
in the fibres that have emerged
from the graininess
and they hurt my eyes
the phrases
down the left
are little spots
all run together
but they penetrate
even through two layers
four surfaces
and what's between
held before the light
more inconsistencies appear
variations in thickness or density
let through more or less...

from within
molecularly dimensioned
greatly opened up
and explained
I stand in the spaces
too small for air
I must hold my breath
light abounds though
and water would fit in
I would like to live here
among the spaces and
shivering spheres
but I can only imagine
never having been there

Test

```
import EverythingIKnowAboutYou as what
import EverythingYouKnowAboutMe!selectRandomSubset
as that
```

```
private class Test{

  Test // default constructor
  {
    format me
    do
      reorder(what.list)
      test until false what
    while not what.end

    if what
      try
        set that
      catch response
        smile
      end try
    endif
  }
}
```

80%

the ambient energy level
has dropped to 80% of normal operating conditions
the crawling things protest
stretch time
erase their passage with large white clouds
these attempts meet with only moderate success
some die
some subsystems fail
attempts to thwart such behaviour
may result in loss of feeling
burns to exposed areas
dehydration
prolonged exposure may be fatal
if possible, disregard all such abnormalities
if not, some regulatory agencies may be lenient
toward unusual behaviour

i have lost the power to adhere
i turn inward
doubling energy
my usefulness vector is altered
try stuffing me into the crack
i will try to act as a wedge
not of separation
but of closure

How can light be torn

How can light be torn?

There are 5 ways

1 the torn path

2 the torn stream

3 the torn spectrum

4 the torn particle

5 the torn duality

The torn path removes the light from its destiny. It is deflected, reflected, redirected.

The torn stream interrupts the continuity of the light. It is fragmented, digitized, packetized, bite-sized.

The torn spectrum disrupts the breadth of light. It is narrowed, named, defined, analyzed, dis-integrated, and removed from community.

The torn particle represses the individuality of light. It is homogenized, prepackaged, sterilized, and molded into a line.

The torn duality leverages a decision from light. It is tricked into a false dichotomy, brainwashed, guilt-tripped, henpecked, and forced to choose sides.

forbidden pictures - chapter two

starman
with bright belt
and clear goggles
lets loose his fierce arrow
spear
pierces sky
back along a straight line
his neighbors speak of seasons
reach into the distance
the future far
where none hear

response to an unclaimed letter

what you may have failed to consider
in your explanation
was that to reach
the speed of light
the imaginary portion of the velocity vector
or rather the vector of the power required
approaches infinity
what is bigger than infinity?
and what is imaginary power?
perhaps there is room for disagreement here
however
let's presume you are correct
falling inward within the black
hole
its mass ever increasing
with those falling before you
(or faster than you)
its gravity ever stronger
you fall faster
acceleration accelerating
time slowing
turning inside out
at the time horizon
then speeding up backwards
negative acceleration in a negative direction
you pass invisibly
through time inverted
but unseen
you may observe only
faster heavier travelers
who have entered after you

but will emerge before you
at the beginning of time
as it turns inside out a second (uncountable) time
at the singularity
the beginning is simply the addition
of all endings
(all openings to the one ending)
a causal action is no longer required
it becomes a causal system
also an effectual system
there is only the one
possibility
(the infinite possibility?)
this is the eternal system
ending and beginning
since the invention of time
it expanded into every concept
grew from each idea

...as a way of instantiating and beautifying an ability to sense

I

key true, let, while, for, contain, bind, alter, observe

II

let charge

III

let space[, ,] contain charge

IV

```
while true {  
    alter(charge, space)  
}
```

V

```
let polarity  
let number  
let strong  
let A bind(  
    number(  
        bind(polarity, strong)  
    ),  
    number(charge)  
)  
let B bind(number(A, charge))
```

VI

```
observe(  
  for{  
    number(  
      apply(  
        IV(true),  
        for{  
          number(  
            V(B)  
          )  
        }  
      )  
    }  
  )  
)
```

VII

let joy

walker #3

determined
by single almost hopeless goal
continues against all odds
inching through severity
each step closer to life
leaves a mark
slowly unfocused
like his heat and life

death drops

how gently they must
fall drop drip
-ing at first
before any realization dawns

then blending with screams
then making no sound

for the listeners
have ceased to exist
broken down
fibre by cell
molecule by element
eaten by your compound
then drunk
by your pursed lips

crater

the crater
ancient
but fresh
monument
with me within
stirs from long sleep
tries to digest me
to comprehend my existence
my origin
my placement
in its belly

i am indigestible
too frail
too temporal

i am gone
as soon as i am noticed

walker #10

sucking swamp
sticky
stickier even than the 1.6 gee
deadly stink
kept out by seals
helmet, airlock
yet somehow penetrates
why did we ever come here?

Cornel tiles - three solutions

Three solutions of the classic Cornel tile set will be examined.

- A) A simple unconstrained tabletop sliding process is used to attempt proper arrangement/alignment. Upon explosion, tiles are shattered into shards of moderate size on first iteration. Alignment becomes greatly obstructed by non-geometric shard shape. Successive iterations exponentially approach impossibility.

- B) A simple pickup and discard process is employed, with the addition of a discard box of adequate size to accommodate generational growth. Explosion is redefined as puffing into third dimension with semi-randomized geometries. Generational iteration tends toward natural irregular space filling algorithms, rather than successive vertical expansion. Speed of pickup becomes limiting factor during successive iterations.

- C) Initial iterations may be disregarded. Sharding occurs as in solution A). Several iterations are suggested in order to obtain sufficient fracturing to ensure adequate shard caliber similitude. Remnants can now be swept up with a dry cloth and discarded.

4 creatures

****process initiation****

name: theory of everything

abstract: >to investigate the nature of the universe by relating all fundamental physical forces and their intrinsic properties, with special consideration to original singularity point conditions<

workspace: M-B94EKR2

priority: pending data

****process report****

name: theory of everything

summary: relate all fundamental physical forces

status: completed

result: link=M-B94EKR2-D2JP

processor time: 2L7Q

real time: S7R39T2

In the faintness of the buzz which seems always to follow a major process termination, a single thought danced prevalently across the vertices of the four-fold mind. The Answer, the ancient haunt of all intelligence... It was here in our very circuits. There was now only one thing to do...

...and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind. And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, LORD God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come...