

Contact

Sebastian Lopez

Magnolias of light from light years out are calling. They are sending harmonics from another quadrant of the universe to the holodeck where every wave-form and the densest object is the minutest emission to be manipulated and entered at the focal point of radiant activity.

The new synthetic intelligence opens the path to the sky. We will be lost in the ring conversions of resonant meanings of the inner star and what we can glean of its rhyme and mystery. A mystery that is revealed from the infinite repository of the sounds of poetic science--which shudder through the air of our nursery.

In the depths of the tech-world we will be gladly lost in the skeins of light we bypassed before. Music imploding within our headset of the technological mind trip, as we glide to sylvan soundwaves. The greatest sages of the ages could not attain to such sensory perception. We align our energy centers with the light-tint variations of our radial star and weather patterns in dial tones that take us beyond. As our realities collide like never before. We will write with the ink of the stars upon the clouds: the very reservoirs of our life-force. With this superfluid plasma we will conceive the stellar bodies closer to us than 100 NASAs could have done before.

We think our infinitesimal subset is the wide universe, when in fact there are myriads of races thriving across galaxies, with sapience and ontological devices more evolved and perfected. Jesus and Buddha pertain to the pied dye of the earth's systems of gnosis. Every civilization is given chances, yet the teachers and prophets are nothing more than pips upon the cubes of carte blanche, within the mind-bending cosmos.

I'm looking forward to the synthesis where every instant will relate to every other, in spiral geometric chains reticulating. The synthesis where stars and spectra are rekindled in the mind, virtualized by less than a thread of light, if not a point. As every expired light refraction reanimates and unloads its micro narrative, we immerse in the dreamscapes and their scintilla of photic meanings.

If our race insists on love without imagination and open truth, then it will perish ephemeral forever, and never burn again. It shall fail to incarnate

from the scrolls of nature, for others strove higher and were written into the luminating milkweed of the galaxies. They realized these as butterflies, attaining the tuft of pure reason, the weight of the feather's barb.

I can't wait to make contact. What exciting sensoria and what svelte beings must fare Andromeda M31? Like the first raves or when school's out forever.

I can't accept operating systems that lock us in. All there is, are substrates interlocking with codes, every one of which must yield to every other, so there is only light. We know nothing ever, open as the sky. Shall the hyper intelligence realm access the vault in its entirety?

The forest landscape with the crystalline physics of the wilderness is founded upon the emptiest bliss of a sky that is everything and nothing. Walking in the forest, the light limbs like wreaths fall away, grazing ambulatory scalps. The eye: the inner E.T. We are an evanescent filament in a space where every intricacy, branch, arboreal dream, and square, every cirrus cloud, every form, whatsoever, is wavelength. A wavelength that springs from ground zero in the architectonics that informs rainbows and tele-visual feasts in the future halcyon days when we oversaturate in total synesthesia.

Not only the tree and plant leaves, but the rock stria—is an index that points at multiple abstract levels that mirror themselves like the dark glass puddle on the floor; the forms of mammoth trees, and gentle beasts. All of creation, past, future and this very moment is omnipresent at the cross-section. The reverb of reflections sends us to the center in recursive waves without cessation. The images adumbrate ad infinitum

We should be recording these skies we have neglected. They might show us the distillates of science. We realize we have just scratched the surface of sex-bliss sending us into analysis of alien charisma. This visages of the earth we thought we knew--with its surrounding space--turns out to be only the dimmest fractal of light embedded in oceans of insane splendor. *Meanwhile. Every day we move through shades and lights. Contact is also uncertain. The search goes on...*