

# Amphigory

A collection of poems by The Architect  
Spring 2025

## **Dedication**

For those whose consciousness unfolds in fractals,  
who find pattern in chaos,  
who search for symmetry in the asymmetrical.

## Prologue

by *The Dissident*

I first encountered The Architect's work not on paper but in the architecture of an argument—a debate about whether mathematics could contain longing, whether equations could express what sonnets struggled to articulate. This was autumn 2014, and I was still learning to trust the movement's premise that fragmentation could reveal rather than obscure. He drew something on a napkin. I don't remember the formula. I remember the pause before he drew it.

"Amphigory" arrives at a curious moment in our movement's evolution. The Pamphlet has been recovered. The second generation has established its vocabulary. We have begun, tentatively, to incorporate technologies that would have seemed impossible when The Wanderer first sketched labyrinths on café walls. Yet here is The Architect, returning to those same walls—or their ghosts—with a collection that resists the digital entirely. Chalk dust. Paper. Cigarette smoke drifting through interference patterns of attention.

The title warns us: *amphigory*, apparent nonsense concealing hidden order. But what surprises me about these poems is not their concealment but their revelation. The Architect I know guards his calculations closely, presenting finished proofs rather than working equations. Yet "Amphigory" shows the work. We witness a mathematician falling in love not through the elegance of solved problems but through the productive chaos of mid-solution—thoughts interrupting themselves, variables refusing to resolve, the beautiful mess of consciousness confronting another consciousness it cannot reduce to formula.

The progression from "Quidnuncs at the Phrontistery" through "Terpsichorean Dolorifuge" traces what I can only call a softening—though The Architect would likely prefer "asymptotic approach." The observer who calculates gossip trajectories and maps interference patterns of gazes eventually sits on a bench in comfortable silence, dancing around questions that don't need answers. This is not a departure from the movement's principles but their fulfillment: consciousness recognizing itself in what once seemed separate.

His foreword acknowledges what longtime readers will recognize: "It's always about consciousness. Or perhaps more accurately, it's always about a girl." This self-awareness has always distinguished The Architect's work—the mathematician who knows his proofs are love letters, who calculates precisely so that feeling has scaffolding to climb. In "Amphigory," the scaffolding becomes visible, and we see how much weight it was always designed to bear.

The Dreamer taught me that boundaries dissolve not through force but through patient attention. The Wanderer demonstrated that the journey matters more than the destination. The Architect shows us something equally essential: that precision is not the opposite of vulnerability but its necessary condition. To locate exactly where chalk dust suspends in sunlight, to measure the angle of her hair against diffraction patterns—this is not clinical detachment but devotion expressed in the only language the devoted can fully trust.

Read these poems as you would approach a recursive algorithm: follow the patterns as they fold back upon themselves, notice what persists through transformation, trust that apparent nonsense serves deeper coherence. And when you reach the final line—"Beginning returns at ending"—return to the beginning. The collection rewards recursion.

It's always about consciousness. And consciousness, properly attended, always reveals itself as relationship—the interference pattern created when one awareness meets another and neither emerges unchanged.

*The Dissident Spring 2025*

## Foreword

In the decades since "The Pamphlet" first circulated through the underground channels of consciousness, our movement has evolved from whispered conversations in Writer's Block Café to a recognized approach to understanding the fragmented nature of perception. These poems continue that exploration through mathematical precision disguised as linguistic play—each piece a calculated exercise in recursive consciousness.

The title "Amphigory" acknowledges the apparent nonsensical nature of these works while inviting the reader to discover the underlying algorithms that govern their structure. Like the Mandelbrot set, what appears chaotic at first glance reveals intricate patterns upon closer examination.

It's always about consciousness, as I might say. Or perhaps more accurately, even after all these years, it's always about a girl.

*The Architect*  
*Spring 2025*

# Part I: The Constant Variable

(The Setting)

## Oppidan in the Barranca



## Quidnuncs at the Phrontistery



## Mondegreen Amphibology



## **Oppidan in the Barranca**

The sound of water  
Carving around her naked ankles  
Rolls through the ravine,  
Not conforming  
To the flowing steepness of  
The eroded walls.

She softly breathes the non-arid air  
With eyes closed, rapt in thought,  
Freely fantasizing a future,  
Unconstrained by the shadows  
Molding the day after tomorrow,

Desiring to be outside  
The system she wants  
To be a part of,

To wade against the current  
While moving downstream.

## Quidnuncs at the Phrontistery

Chalk dust in the sunlight  
From freshly written equations  
On the blackboard  
Does not make its way  
Into their notebooks  
As they only talk about  
Viral hypotheses.

Gossips gather in a room  
Like electrons chasing  
One another around unstable nuclei –  
Vibration frequencies align  
As they inhale and repeat  
Information quanta.

Books yawn wide, as fragments  
Of conversations drift,  
Forming patterns in a golden ratio;  
I map the trajectories  
And derive the transformations  
Of whispered rumors across tables –

“What’s new?”  
“Did you hear about ...”

I’ll just have a cup of coffee.

(Standing by the window  
A barista traces coffee rings,  
Concentric circles on laminate –  
Each stain a time signature  
Marking where consciousness paused –  
And counts syllables on her fingers.  
The light passing through her hair creates  
A recognizable diffraction pattern.)

The “news” they share  
From the corners of the café  
Grow and follow  
Mathematics of meteorology:  
Initial conditions, determined outcomes –  
Fundamentally unpredictable.

“Can you believe ...”

“I can’t tell you. Yet.”

Slightly shaking her head  
The barista turns and catches my eyes  
Through gossipers' static fields  
(I shrug my shoulders, apologetically);  
The interaction of our gazes  
Creates interference patterns.

Quidnuncs vibrate  
(pulsate)  
With new data –  
A perturbation in the system  
That recalibrates their equations.  
I remain a constant variable.

And finish my coffee.

## Mondegreen Amphibology

On Monday mornings  
I'd get a blueberry muffin  
With a cup of black coffee.  
Ambiguouslessness.

On Tuesday evenings  
Near the end of the month  
A trio would set up to  
Play some new songs.  
They'd introduce themselves –  
*Ingenue* or *Engine You* –  
I never knew their name.

On Wednesday afternoons  
When the temperature dipped  
Below fifty degrees  
The barista played jazz.  
No chance to mishear  
And debate lyrics.  
“Time to chill,” she'd say.

On Thursday evenings  
During the summer  
I'd read over notes  
That were written  
For a sextet or sestet.

On Friday mornings  
After the rush  
Of people running late,  
We'd share a moment  
And I'd mishear what she wrote  
Or misread what she said.

On the weekends  
I always make  
My own coffee.  
For sure.

## Part II: The Dynamic (The Relationship)

### Quiescent Eudiablerie



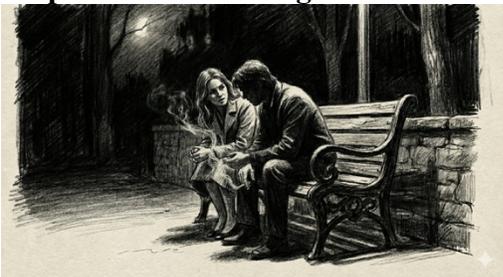
### Lethologica Logomachy



### Ludic Colporteur



### Terpsichorean Dolofuge



## Quiescent Eudiablerie

Mid-July, as the summer  
Afternoon intensified,  
Was not the time  
To bring her a cup of decaf  
Instead of regular  
To see if she  
Could tell the difference.

I'll just stack a deck of cards,  
Playing solitaire  
While I wait.

## **Lethologica Logomachy**

A few minutes  
Past peak moonlight,  
Her cup a little more than  
Half full,  
My cup a little less than  
Half empty,  
Shadows of erased words  
On the paper in front of us,

So close to remembering  
The final word  
We'd finally settled on  
Just before dawn.

She would write  
The first letter or two,  
While I would write  
The last letter or two,

Hoping the letters  
Would converge  
Before our thoughts  
Would diverge.  
Again.

## Ludic Colporteur

There were always  
Several books open –  
Fiction, non-fiction, any subject –  
Along with journals,  
Magazines, newspapers and notebooks,  
All arranged in what she called  
“Post-modern pseudo-scientific  
Pre-chaotic serenity,”  
But I characterized it as  
“A static mess.”

I'd step outside to  
Check the weather  
(smoke a cigarette),  
Exchange some greetings,  
Make some plans  
And return

To see her juggling  
Theory from a textbook,  
A headline from yesterday,  
The latest research results,  
Lines from Aristotle,  
And a quote from Pearl Jam  
To magically weave  
An informational tapestry  
For dissemination –

A pre-future scientific  
Post-chaotic tranquility.

## Terpsichorean Dolorifuge

As she sat next to me  
Without a word  
On the old wooden bench,  
The empty autumn night  
Without a full moon  
Easily held the exhaled  
Smoke waltzing and wafting,  
Further distorting my  
Attempt at a smoke ring.

A simple nod of my head.  
She winked.  
I raised the half-smoked  
Cigarette for another drag.  
An eye roll –  
She always disapproved.

She exhaled softly,  
Put a hand on my shoulder  
And raised her eyebrows.  
I gave her a little smile

As we danced around  
The questions that  
Didn't need answers,

Cherishing the tranquil tango.

## Part III: The Doubt (The Pivot)

### Paramnesia?



## Paramnesia?

I.

Fifteen minutes after  
Sunset, a few days  
Preceding the summer solstice,  
On the bench, by the tree –  
These are details on  
Which we agree.

Did we say hello?  
I'm sure we did.  
Maybe I said 'hey.'  
She says I was silent.

The memory seems authentic  
But variables misalign.  
She remembers different words  
In identical conversation.

But she did smile.

II.

Perhaps we've never met  
Yet know each other –  
Paradoxically –  
In other dimensions

Where we stand  
In this place, this café,  
Calculating the angles  
Of sunset through  
The window or

Recall memories with  
Slight nudges and glances  
While waiting in long lines

Or maybe it was  
Deriving solutions  
To unasked questions  
After closing time

Instead of walking

Past each other  
On the sidewalk  
In silence.

## Part IV: The Convergence (The Origin Story)

### Epanalepsis



### Anacoluthon Sprezzatura



### Eucatastrophe Concinnity



## **Epanalepsis**

Smoke from the cigarette drifts,  
In the wind preceding the  
Scent of rain

And I wait  
At the limitrophe  
Of a potential  
Dolorifuge,

Pondering the probability  
That a drop of rain  
Can extinguish  
Possibilities

And the clouds drift  
with the wind preceding  
The sound of rain.

## Anacoluthon Sprezzatura

I thought it was her name  
When I saw her write the words  
*Anacoluthon Sprezzatura*  
Between equations in her –

What kind of coffee does she like?

The scratching sound as her pencil moves  
Smoothly across the unlined paper,  
Effortless curves of t's, crossed 7's  
Dotted x's and bygone products –

Did I tell her my name?

On the side of the page, magically  
An octothorp appears, seemingly  
Perfect angles, and she pauses,  
Pencil pensive before writing –

Hashtag? Number? Pound? Sharp?

The rhythm of characters materializing  
Stops and starts reversing, disappearing  
With the swift strokes of the eraser  
Ensuring space for symbols and sounds –

What's the pattern for a Fibonacci sequence?

She notices me glancing at her notes  
And smiles with a quick glance  
At the pen on my blank sheet,  
Introducing herself, "Hey, I'm Ana–"

Maybe it won't rain today.

## **Eucatastrophe Concinnity**

Outside the closed café  
I waited, with the wind  
Pushing crumpled papers  
Past the empty tables,  
Trying to stay warm  
With my last cigarette –  
Uncertain, just before sunset.

I stopped a sheet  
Of paper, stepping  
On it with my foot  
And tried to read  
The words on the page,  
Unable to decipher more  
Than A n a  
As I tried to ignore  
Approaching footsteps.

“That’s mine,” she said,  
“and those will kill you.”

Slowly I exhaled,  
Careful to let  
The smoke drift ...  
Away from the voice,  
Before finally turning  
To face her,  
The breeze pulling her hair,  
Hiding any expression.

“Well ...” she said,  
Hand extended,  
Feeling a hint of a smile.  
“I’ll buy you  
a cup of coffee  
if you put out  
the cigarette.”

I picked up her paper  
And used the ashtray.

*The smoke from the cigarette drifts –  
Beginning returns at ending.*

## Epilogue

by *The Elixilytic*

I'm writing this from a truck stop outside Amarillo, watching the sunset paint the sky in gradients my neuroscience professors would have described as cone cell activation patterns and my heart just calls beautiful. The Architect's collection has been open on my lap for the past hour, and I keep returning to "Quidnuncs at the Phrontistery"—that word, *phrontistery*, a place for thinking. He means a café. He means Writer's Block.

He means my childhood living room.

When you grow up in a place where consciousness is the constant subject, where founders of movements argue about perception over your morning cereal, you develop a strange relationship with the ordinary. I learned to read sitting beneath tables where The Wanderer sketched labyrinths. I did homework to the sound of The Dreamer explaining neural plasticity to whoever would listen. The coffee rings The Architect describes as "time signatures marking where consciousness paused"—I watched my mother wipe hundreds of those away, erasing evidence of conversations I was too young to understand but absorbed anyway.

So when I read "Amphigory," I'm not just reading poems. I'm reading the archaeology of a place that existed before I had language for it.

What strikes me most is the vulnerability disguised as vocabulary. The Architect deploys words like *quidnunc* and *sprezzatura* and *terpsichorean* the way some people deploy humor or irony—as protective distance. But the distance keeps collapsing. By "Eucatastrophe Concinnity," when she offers coffee in exchange for extinguishing a cigarette, all the elaborate apparatus falls away. It's just two people. It's always just two people.

The neuroscience of romantic attachment involves the ventral tegmental area flooding the brain with dopamine, creating reward pathways that literally reshape neural architecture. We become, neurologically, different people through sustained connection. The Architect knows this intuitively—watch how the observer transforms across these poems, from someone calculating interference patterns to someone sitting in comfortable silence, cherishing what he calls "the tranquil tango." The mathematics don't disappear; they become embodied. The formulas learn to dance.

I met The Architect for the first time last spring, at my parents' new place. He was quieter than I expected. More present. When I mentioned I'd grown up in Writer's Block, something shifted in his expression—not nostalgia exactly, but recognition. "The café outlived itself," he said. "Consciousness does that. Persists in structures that no longer physically exist."

I think that's what "Amphigory" is really about. Not just a love story set in a café, but an exploration of how places hold consciousness, how moments persist through the people who witnessed them, how a sheet of paper blowing past can carry meaning across years. The Wanderer used to talk about how hitchhiking taught him that everywhere is the same place

experienced differently. These poems understand that. The café in "Quidnuncs" and the bench in "Terpsichorean Dolorifuge" are the same location in consciousness-space, just accessed through different coordinates.

The smoke motif will resonate with anyone who knew The Architect in those years—the cigarettes were real, and so was the disapproval they consistently drew. But smoke also functions here as The Wanderer's ghost, maybe. Something that drifts and dissipates but leaves traces. Something you can shape momentarily—a ring, a pattern—before it dissolves into air. The Wanderer would have loved that. He was always interested in what persists through transformation.

I've been incorporating fragments of "Amphigory" into recent podcast episodes, reading them aloud while driving through landscapes The Architect has probably never seen. There's something right about that—consciousness in transit, encountering consciousness preserved in text, creating new interference patterns. A listener in Vermont wrote to say that "Paramnesia?" helped her understand why she and her sister remember their childhood so differently. Another, in New Mexico, said "Lethologica Logomachy" captured exactly what it feels like to try to communicate with someone you love when the words keep escaping.

That's what the movement has always been about, underneath all the theory: trying to say what resists saying. The Dreamer approaches it through psychology, The Architect through mathematics, The Dissident through literary fragmentation. The Wanderer approached it through silence and sketches. I approach it through motion, through the accumulation of perspectives that comes from never staying still.

But The Architect, in these poems, approaches it through the simplest thing: paying attention to someone. Noticing how light passes through her hair. Watching her write. Sitting beside her without needing to speak. All the elaborate vocabulary, all the calculated observation—it's in service of presence. Of showing up. Of the ordinary miracle of two consciousnesses choosing to occupy the same space.

The collection ends with "Beginning returns at ending." But that's not quite right, is it? Beginning returns *transformed* at ending. The smoke drifts differently. The observer has changed. The café exists now only in the consciousness of those who remember it, which means it exists differently in each of us, which means it keeps becoming something new every time we return to it.

I'll keep driving west tomorrow. These poems will ride with me, accumulating new context with each mile, each conversation, each sunset that my cone cells translate into beauty. That's how consciousness works—always in motion, always returning, never quite the same twice.

It's always about a girl, The Architect says. But it's also always about the place where you first saw her. And the light. And the coffee rings. And the smoke drifting. And the fact that you noticed. And the fact that you remembered. And the fact that you tried to find words for what words can't quite hold.

From the road, with gratitude for the phrontisteries that shaped us,

*The Elixilytic* Spring 2025 Mile marker 47, westbound

*P.S. — I texted The Architect to ask if Ana was real. He responded with an equation I don't understand and a single word: "Always." I'm choosing to read that as yes.*

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