

# Fractal Thoughts

*A collection of interconnected works exploring relationships and consciousness*

*By The Architect, 1998*



Part I



## Recursive Patterns

The mind spirals inward upon itself  
Like fern fronds unfurling,  
Smaller, more intricate, yet fundamentally the same –  
Each thought a replica of the one before.

I trace the stream of our conversations  
To their origin, the mountain source,  
Finding in each exchange  
The seed of all that followed

Her smile contains universes of meaning,  
A simple curve that branches as endlessly  
As river deltas sprawl toward the sea,  
Into interpretations I catalog methodically,  
Like Mandelbrot plotting his famous set.  
I calculate the dimensions of her absence,  
Finding it has the strange property  
Of being both infinitely deep as ancient woods  
And present everywhere at once like mist.

Between the words we speak  
Lies a territory unmapped –  
Wild meadows of unspoken thoughts,  
The fractional dimension  
Where truth resides like dew on morning grass.

# Hamlet's Equation

To be or not to be –  
A dichotomy only in appearance.

Like a botanist cataloging shadows of leaves  
That have fallen from autumn trees  
I construct proofs of your existence  
When you're no longer beside me.

The forest path divides endlessly before us,  
Each decision creating  
new clearings,  
new undergrowth.

Shakespeare understood what the quantum reveals:  
The observer determines the reality.

I've watched you exist in multiple states simultaneously,  
Your smile both genuine and forced,  
Like a lake surface reflecting sky and revealing depths,  
Your love present and distant as mountains on the horizon.

The complexity of thought follows recursive formulas –  
Initial conditions determining all that follows.

A flutter of doubt in Denmark,  
A single fallen petal disturbing still water,  
A storm of indecision across the centuries.

The prince knew  
what mathematicians now confirm:  
Between nothing and unity stretches  
... infinity ...

## Steely Logic

The deceptive simplicity of Becker and Fagen  
Makes me listen for the ghost notes amidst chord changes,  
A search of hidden valleys between mountain peaks  
For implied harmonies  
In the spaces between what's played.

Jazz progressions follow their own mathematics,  
Mirroring the understory plants concealing  
Complex root systems beneath.

We construct narratives of ironic detachment,  
Pretending we can observe without participating,  
Like scientists who believe they can study nature  
Without disturbing its ecology.

Yet we find ourselves characters  
in our own stories,  
Unreliable narrators failing to report  
The emotional constants that govern our equations.

I calculate the half-life of memories,  
Finding they decay according to no known formula.  
Some intensify with time like moss spreading over stone,  
Others vanish like morning fog after a sunrise.

The algorithms of human connection  
Defy computational modeling.  
I've run simulations of our conversations,  
Finding them sensitive to initial conditions –

A word changed here  
(like a pebble disturbing a still pond),  
A glance modified there  
(like a slight change in wind direction),  
And the entire ecosystem reconfigures.

A Beckerless Fagan is no Steely Dan.

## Wordsworth Variables

The daffodils sway according to chaotic patterns  
, Beautiful precision of unpredictability

.

I've observed the movements for hours  
, Finding in their dance a language  
More honest than words

.

Nature reveals what equations conceal:  
*interconnectedness*

.

Tracing the lineage of a single thought  
Back through neural pathways  
, Through evolutionary history  
, Through cosmic evolution  
, Finding no clear beginning – Only transformations of energy  
, Consciousness emerging from complexity

.

A lake reflects the mountains inverted  
, A reminder that truth contains its opposite  
. I've stood between reality and its image  
, Unable to determine Which deserves primacy

.

Clouds that pass overhead  
Form patterns I cannot help but interpret  
, My mind imposing order on randomness  
Finding meaning where perhaps none exists

.

# Fibonacci's Echo

The golden spiral  
Of our history  
Unfurls  
Like new butterfly wings  
In spring rain.

Each moment building upon the last,

1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8...

The sequence of our encounters  
(A wave, a touch, an embrace...),  
Reveals the divine proportion –

Your absence grows in relation  
To your presence,  
mathematically precise.

Memory overlays memory,  
Adding to the sum of what came before.

The weight of a glance +  
The curve of your smile =  
Something greater than its parts.

We are bound by an invisible progression,  
The rule that regulates  
Nautilus shells and galaxy arms,  
Pinecones and the arrangement of leaves.

I've derived the recursion formula  
For how many times I've thought of you today –  
The initial image at dawn,  
The sounds of your footsteps,  
The softness of your breath,  
Each remembrance triggering the next  
Until sunset drifts into darkness...

The pattern repeats across scales,  
Our relationship, a fractal equation  
Yielding similar results  
Whether viewed from  
Inches or miles,  
Seconds or years.

The beauty of deterministic chaos –  
I can predict the pattern  
But never the exact outcome,

... 13, 21, 34, 55...

Like knowing summer follows spring  
Without foreseeing which wildflowers  
Will bloom in the meadow

Or when a storm will form  
When a butterfly flaps its wings.

**Interlude**



The enchanting wind sings only one sound  
With one rhythm – the dance of leaves  
In the twilight of autumn air.

Falling shades of red and gold dare  
To dance below the shadeless trees  
In the twilight of autumn air

Creeping ever so close to the ground  
Lifted higher by the gentle breeze –  
The enchanting wind sings only one sound

In the light of the full moon's glare –  
Floating carelessly with the breeze  
In the twilight of autumn air

To find a resting place around ground  
Below almost naked trees  
The enchanting wind sings only one sound

As trees now stand bare.  
While the moon watches the falling leaves  
In the twilight of autumn air,  
The enchanting wind sings only one sound

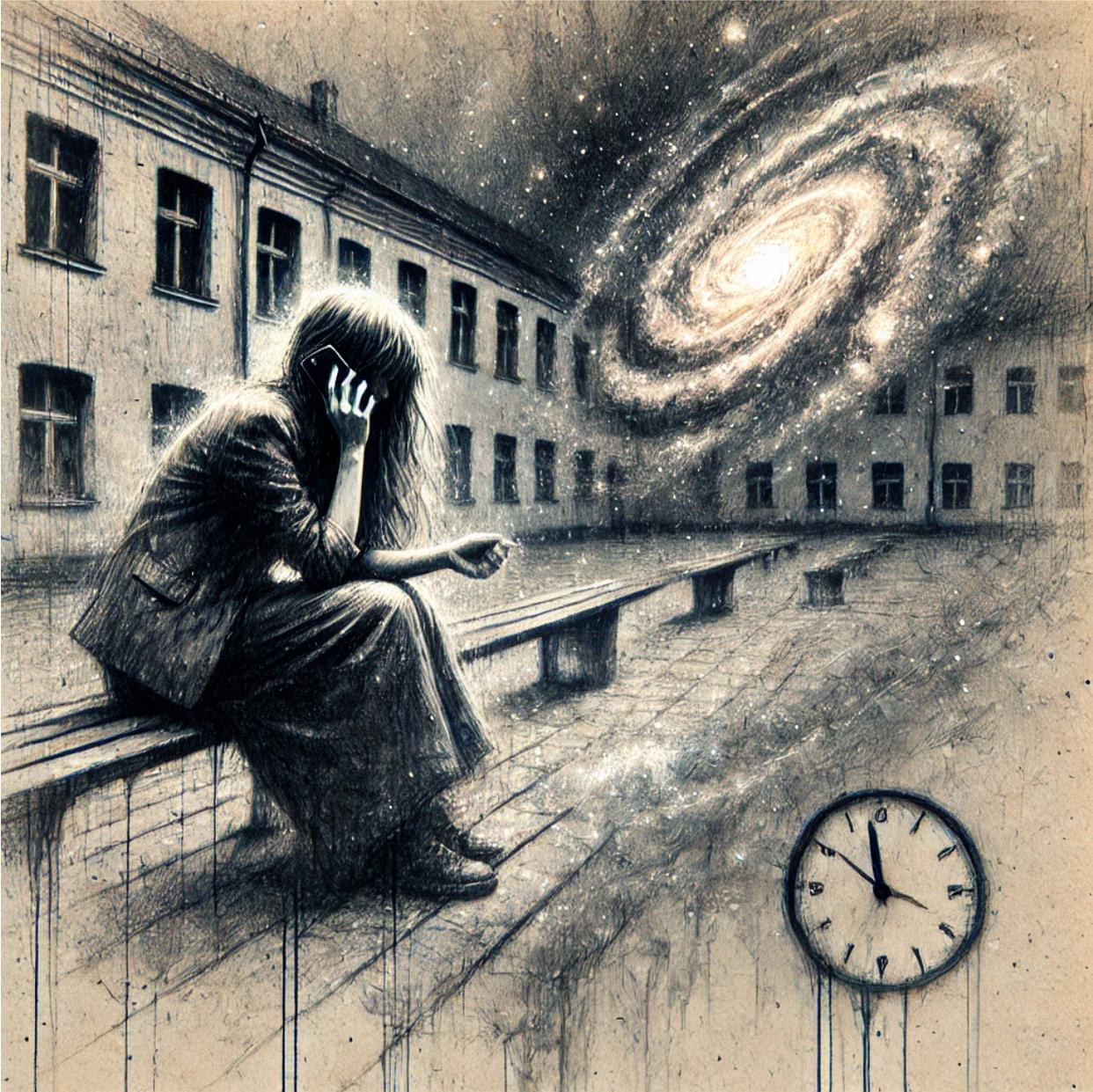
As rain falls on cold, naked feet, so softly does she breathe  
Listening to the whispers of a fading midnight breeze,  
Watching wayward wisps of smoke enchantingly turn and twist  
Beneath the dark sky. She asks me of the girl I first kissed --  
I stay silent, shaking my head, unwilling to appease  
Her request -- and I glance, meeting an innocent stare. "Please,"  
Appealing eyes speak, an irresistible look which frees  
A smile; muffled laughs escape her lips and I reminisce...

...as rain falls on cold, naked feet...

She exhales, a secret breath bringing us closer, and sees  
A last line of smoke drifting above the summits of trees  
While we wash away the rains, standing in the cooling mist  
Telling of dreams present and past -- a pure platonic tryst  
Beyond the borders of midnight in the alluring breeze...

...as rain falls on cold, naked feet.

**Part II**



# Schrödinger's Embrace

Between your arms/not between them –  
I exist in superposition,  
My (quantum) state undetermined  
Until the moment of affection.

When holding your hand  
The probability wave of emotion  
Collapses into certainty.

The models for the likelihood  
Of your heart aligning with mine,  
Have variables too numerous to solve.

The cat in the box is alive/dead,  
Just as I love/do not love,  
Am both known/unknown,  
Present/absent in your thoughts.

Copenhagen interpretation of intimacy:  
The act of observation –  
Listening to your whispers  
In the morning shadows –  
Changes the observed.  
Each time  
I try to understand you,  
I alter –  
The sound of your heart beating  
In the evening shade –  
What I seek to understand.

Wave-particle duality of human connection –  
Unspoken words  
Sometimes flowing like water around stones,  
Sometimes colliding like billiard balls,  
Transferring energy, momentum, direction.

Entanglement  
Means that once connected,  
Distance becomes an  
Illusion.  
I feel the spin of your thoughts  
Across the expanse of empty space.

The universe maintains balance  
Through symmetry and conservation –  
What you give to me –  
Waves, words, thoughts, touches –  
Must return  
Though transformed, renamed, disguised  
Like energy converting between forms,  
Potential to kinetic and back again.

Uncertainty is not a limitation  
But the fundamental nature of reality.  
I've stopped trying to simultaneously know  
The position and momentum of your heart.

# Non-Euclidean Cartography

Mapping the manifold of us –  
Tree lined hills,  
Water lined valleys.  
The shortest distance

                  between          us  
Is not  
                  a straight  
                  line.

Given sufficient time and dimension  
Our parallel lives will intersect.  
Eventually.  
Traditional geometry fails  
Across emotional landscapes.

On moonless nights  
We navigate the celestial terrain,  
Stars bending rivers of time  
Around defining moments –  
First hello, first smile, first kiss –  
Curving  
                  the  
                  distance,  
                          twisting  
                          the  
                  frequency  
Of your presence.

The topography of longing  
Cannot be rendered in two dimensions,  
Cannot be rendered on the flat surface of page.  
Hyperbolic planes, geometric progressions  
Fail to capture the shape  
Of how I orbit your absence.

In this unmappable manifold,  
Distance is measured not in meters  
But in the density of intimacy,  
The frequency of remembrance,  
The half-life of desire.

## Self-Similar Emotions

The structure of grief resembles joy under transformation –

Both

expand to fill available space (like water seeking its level),  
follow logarithmic spirals (like unfurling ferns),  
resist linear description (like the tangled growth of wild vines).

I map the topography of emotion,  
Finding strange attractors  
that pull me  
(Like gravity draws rivers through canyons),  
Toward the same patterns of behavior,  
The same responses to familiar stimuli.

The heart's geometry defies Euclidean space –  
parallel  
lines  
inevitably  
intersect  
(like forest paths converging at a clearing).  
The shortest distance between points  
Is never the actual path taken  
(Just as deer trails meander, never straighten).

I've studied the branching structure of choices,  
The decision trees that led me here,  
(Like tracing the veins of a leaf back to its stem),  
Finding that free will might be  
An emergent  
Of sufficiently complex determinism,

Like how the unpredictable dance of aspen leaves  
Emerges from rigid(?) laws of physics.

# Infinite Recursion

When I close my eyes  
I see trees branching,  
Lightning forking,  
Snowflakes falling.  
I dream of you dreaming of me.

The constructed nested narratives,  
The plays within the plays,  
Love letters in the sand  
Revealing and concealing  
In the fading glow of sunset  
A coastline structure of fractal feelings –

An infinite series  
That never reaches its limit.

## Convergent Series

There must be a formula that describes us –  
Some strange attractor that keeps us  
Orbiting each other at precise distances,  
Never colliding,  
Never escaping,  
Never drifting  
like the smoke from my cigarette.

I found the probability of our initial meeting  
Barely beyond zero,  
Yet somehow it occurred  
(what if I ...?) –  
A statistical anomaly,

*The beautiful improbability.*

I've compared the trajectory of our relationship  
Against weather patterns, turbulent flows, a chemical reaction,  
And possible heart rhythms,  
Finding it corresponds to none perfectly,  
Yet contains elements of many –  
Oscillations, phase transitions,  
Periods of stability punctuated with chaos.

Perhaps we are converging toward something –  
An asymptotic approach to understanding,  
The arrow halving the distance to the target,  
A limit we approach but never reach.  
I find comfort in the infinite approximation,  
The endless refinement of our knowledge of each other.

# Differentials of Longing

Initial conditions:

The first time you looked at me,  
After the summer solstice at sunset,  
Before the heat of summer,  
With eyes  
that saw  
beyond  
surface reflections.

Ripples spreading across still water,  
Heat dissipating through cool metal,  
Hamlet's madness radiating through Elsinore's halls –  
Complex phenomena,  
Simple formulas.

The rate of change in your absence  
Is proportional to the intensity  
Of moments when you were present.

General Solution:

(Asymptotic approach to forgetting)  
Memory decays exponentially  
Yet never reaches zero.

The lines of our encounters,  
More than fleeting glances  
Before the winter solstice,  
After the icing of flowing water,  
Are not continuous –  
Singular points where we cannot  
Differentiate:

Profound connections  
Defying analytical action.

## Cantor's Doubt

After sunset,  
Before sunrise,  
Between any two thoughts of you,  
Along the starlight of dream time,  
Lies an uncountable infinity of thoughts.

The mind's continuum,  
Discrete and dense with meaning,  
“The undiscovered country” of emotion  
Cannot be mapped without fractions.

Remove the middle third of certainty,  
And the middle thirds of what remains  
And the middle thirds of what remains, ad infinitum ...  
Create the fractal of doubt.

Measure zero, infinite, complex:  
A coastline of our connections that grows longer  
The more precisely it's measured.

The set of moments when I knew your mind  
Has the same cardinality as  
The set of moments when you were a mystery.

Empty spaces in conversations,  
Between your smile and your frown,  
Hold more weight than words spoken –  
The Cantor dust of silence,  
Perfect and nowhere dense,  
Containing everything that matters.

# The Final Transformation

Stones in a Zen garden balance,  
The forest obtains its climax state,  
Winter branches against the sky  
Revealing patterns of underlying simplicity  
In a state of equilibrium.

The formula eludes my expiscation –  
A unified theory,  
The botanist's archetypal flower,  
The geometer's Platonic triangle,  
The lonely's ideal other –  
Only yielding fragments and approximations.  
Useful, yes. Universal, no.

Is this the beauty of the complex?  
The resistance of complete description –  
A tree has branches, the sun shines bright, a heart skips a beat –  
While maintaining the mystery  
As they reveal patterns like frost on autumn leaves.

The map is not the domain.  
The equation is not the flowing stream.

Yet,

In the recursive pattern of thought,  
In the fractal nature of emotion,  
In the strange loops of consciousness,

A mathematical truth:  
We exist  
Like endlessly flowing rivers defined by banks,  
Finite and unbounded,  
Like trees grounded and bounding upward,  
Determined and free,  
Like the ordered chaos of windblown wildflowers,  
Predictable and surprising.

The final transformation – acceptance  
Of paradox, of incompleteness,  
Of beauty that emerges

When order and chaos dance together,  
Mirroring the intricate balance of a thriving ecosystem,

Where death and life, growth and decay, are not opponents  
But associates in the eternal cycle.

*It's always about a girl.*

