

Whispers in Static

A Poetry Collection by The Dreamer



Introduction

By The Architect

In the quiet moments between thoughts, when consciousness teeters at the edge of perception, there exists a realm of whispers—faint impressions that drift like smoke through the static of everyday existence. It is this liminal space that The Dreamer has not merely visited but mapped with extraordinary precision in her debut collection, "Whispers in Static."

As one of the developers of Psychosurrealromanticism, I find myself in the unusual position of introducing a work that simultaneously honors and transcends the principles underlying the spirit of "The Pamphlet." The Dreamer has accomplished something remarkable here—she has combined her formidable understanding of psychological theory with the raw emotional honesty that has always been central to the movement.

What moves me most about these works is their ability to render the invisible. The Dreamer's background as a musical prodigy manifests in the musicality of her language; each line vibrates with harmonics that continue to resonate long after reading. Yet unlike music, which must unfold in time, these poems create temporal disruptions—moments expand, contract, and occasionally shatter completely, leaving the reader to reassemble meaning from carefully arranged fragments.

There is a mathematical precision to The Dreamer's fragmentation that I particularly admire.

Where my own work often wanders through introspective labyrinths, her psychological insights cut through the noise with clinical sharpness before dissolving into something more ethereal.

This interplay between structure and dissolution, between academic rigor and emotional vulnerability, embodies the dialectic at the heart of our movement.

The collection you hold represents a significant evolution in Psychosurrealromanticism. While "The Pamphlet" established our foundation, "Whispers in Static" demonstrates the movement's potential to grow beyond its origins while remaining true to its essential nature. In these pages, you will find echoes of The Wanderer's spiritual questioning alongside rigorous examinations of consciousness that could only come from The Dreamer's unique perspective.

As with all works of Psychosurrealromanticism, these poems resist conventional interpretation. They are not puzzles to be solved but experiences to be inhabited. Read them as you would listen to a piece of music—with attention not only to what is expressed but to the spaces between expressions, where meaning often resides.

It's always about a girl, as I often say of my own work. But in The Dreamer's hands, even this most fundamental human connection becomes a lens through which to examine something larger: the nature of consciousness itself, and how we construct meaning from the static that surrounds us.

The Architect
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I. Threshold States

Between sleep and waking,
I catch fragments of your voice,
dispersed like radio waves
across the ionosphere.

Each syllable a star
in a constellation
I've been mapping
since childhood.

This is how we speak now:
in partial transmissions,
in signals degraded by distance,
in the spaces between intentions.

I adjust the dial,
searching for clarity
in the white noise
of consciousness.

Sometimes,
for just a moment,
the static clears –

and I hear you
as you were,
before time
made ghosts
of us all.

II. Neural Pathways

The brain creates shortcuts
through repeated use.
Neuroplasticity, they call it.
The science of worn paths.

How many times have I traced
the thought of you
across the landscape of my mind?

Ten thousand steps
carve a canyon
through bedrock.

Your absence is my most
practiced neural pathway.

III. Between Frequencies

Pearl Jam plays on the radio
static cuts
through Eddie's voice
interrupting thoughts I
can't finish

The signal strength fades
mountains between us
interference from
steel towers
electrical storms

Your voice somewhere behind
the static
if I
tune the
dial just
right.

IV. The Observer Effect

The moment you observe a particle
you change its behavior.
Uncertainty collapses into position.
Possibility becomes history.

I never told you this,
but I watched you sleeping once,
when your consciousness had dissolved
into delta waves and dream states.

You shifted, as if sensing
the weight of my attention,
and I wondered if my watching
had changed something essential about you.

Science says: nothing can be observed
without being fundamentally altered.

What did my gaze take from you?
What versions of you existed
only in the moments when
I looked away?

V. Symphony No. 4 in E Minor

Listen:

the viola speaks in the register of human longing.

Middle voice. Neither highest nor lowest.

The instrument I've pressed to my body since childhood.

The space between notes
is where the composition breathes.

Rests are not absence
but another form of presence.

My professor once said:

"You play each note
as if it's the last sound
you'll ever make."

Is that a compliment
or criticism?

I never asked.

Instead, I drew the bow
across four strings
and felt how vibration
travels through wood,
through bone,
through air molecules
arranged in perfect mathematical sequence,
until the sound reaches you,
seated in the last row,
eyes closed,
breathing in time
with a melody
I shaped with my hands.

This is the closest
I've come to prayer.

VI. Fractured

The mind
fragments
under
pressure

Like glass
spiderwebbed
with
cracks

Still holding
its shape
until
touched

I collect
the pieces
in careful
hands

Rearranging
shards
into
patterns

That reflect
light
differently
now.

VII. Waves and Particles

Your laughter exists as both
wave and particle,
a quantum contradiction
that physicists still debate.

When I try to measure its frequency,
I lose track of its location.
When I locate its source,
I can no longer determine its duration.

Heisenberg would understand
this uncertainty between us.

Some nights I dream in equations,
trying to solve for the variables
that would make you constant.

But even in sleep,
my unconscious knows
what my waking mind resists:

You were never meant
to be captured
by mathematics.

VIII. Dissonance Theory

When two cognitions contradict,
the mind creates justifications—
psychological bridges across
incompatible realities.

Example:

I believe I am perceptive.
I did not see you were leaving.

The dissonance requires resolution.

Therefore:

You must have hidden the signs.
Or: I chose not to see them.
Or: My perception operates selectively.

The mind is a machine
for manufacturing coherence
from fundamentally incoherent experience.

My dissertation explored this.
Three hundred pages of academic prose.
Charts, graphs, statistical analyses.

None of which explain
why I still set two plates for dinner
when I know you won't be coming home.

IX. Writer's Block

At the café corner table
where we first met
The Wanderer,
I trace my finger through
sugar spilled across
laminated.

The barista knows me now.
Brings viola tea without asking.
Chamomile with honey.
Good for the nerves,
she says.

The sugar forms patterns
like neurons connecting,
like stars in unfamiliar
constellations.

I try to write about consciousness
but keep writing about you instead.

The Wanderer would say
these are the same subject,
viewed from different angles.

I drink my tea.
Watch the sugar dissolve.
Begin again.

X. Whispers

Sometimes I hear voices in the static
between stations on the radio.
Not hallucinations – I've studied the literature.
Just pattern recognition gone slightly feral.

The brain abhors randomness,
imposes order on chaos,
finds faces in wood grain,
messages in white noise.

I know this.

Still,
when I hear whispers
in the electromagnetic hum
of the refrigerator at 3 AM,
I can't help but listen for your voice
among them.

Science offers explanations
but no comfort.
I turn the radio's volume higher.
Let the static fill the room.
Close my eyes.

Listen.

XI. Transmission

What percentage of a thought
actually transfers from one mind to another?

We package concepts in language –
compress, encode, transmit –
but meaning degrades in transit.

No perfect receivers exist.

You hear the words I say
filtered through your own experience,
reconstructed by your neurons
into something that resembles
but never quite matches
my original intention.

And yet, sometimes,
across the static of misunderstanding,
a moment of perfect clarity:

Your hand finds mine in the dark.
Neither of us speaks.
No interference.
No translation needed.

Signal to noise ratio: optimal.
Bandwidth: complete.

These rare moments of unmediated connection
are what we live for.
What we compose symphonies about.
What we form movements around.

Remember this
the next time words fail us.

XII. Persistence of Memory

The mind preserves what matters
in strange configurations—

not chronologically,
but by emotional valence,
by sensory detail,
by patterns I'm still learning to decode.

I remember:

The weight of your head on my shoulder
during a concert at the university.
Beethoven's Seventh.
Your breathing synchronized with the allegretto.

The specific blue of the coffee mug
you left on my desk.
(Still there, unwashed,
preserving the lipstick mark on its rim.)

The mathematical equation you wrote
on my wrist in black ink.
Something about probability and time.
It faded after three showers.

But I cannot remember:

The last words you said to me.
The date you moved your books from my shelves.
Whether you took your winter coat
or left it hanging in the closet.

Memory is selective,
self-protective,
sometimes merciful.

The static between remembering and forgetting
is where I've learned to live now.

Where I write these poems.
Where I place my bow against strings.
Where I find you,
still present
in the negative space
of all that refuses
to be forgotten.

XIII. Grunge Cathedral

The distortion pedal transforms
clear notes into something feral,
like thoughts that refuse
academic categorization.

Pearl Jam plays from speakers
mounted in the lecture hall
after everyone has gone.
Just me and Eddie's voice,

A congregation of one
in this cathedral of grunge,
where feedback becomes prayer
and amplifiers, altars.

My viola case open on the desk,
instrument untouched today.
Some emotions require
a different frequency response.

The music builds like pressure
behind my eyes.
I write equations on the blackboard
that have nothing to do
with the lecture I gave hours ago:

consciousness = perception + distortion
memory = experience × emotion

Vedder howls about
oceans and evolution,
about being alive
when all you want is to disappear.

I add a new variable to my equation,
something to account for
the way music bypasses
all theoretical frameworks
and speaks directly to the body.

The janitor finds me later,
sitting cross-legged on the floor,
surrounded by chalk dust
and phantom chord progressions.

He doesn't ask questions.
Just nods like he understands
this unorthodox research method.
Leaves the lights on for me.

In the morning, I'll erase the equations,
return to proper academic language.
But tonight, in this makeshift
sanctuary of sound,

I'm collecting data
on how a perfect crescendo
can break you apart
and reassemble you
into something truer.

XIV. The Tenure Committee

They sit across polished mahogany,
seven gatekeepers to academic immortality,
reviewing the last eight years of my existence
compressed into a portfolio three inches thick.

My publications stacked like vertebrae,
a spine of evidence that I belong
in these hallowed corridors.

The committee chair speaks first:
"Your work on consciousness is... unconventional."

I wonder if they've found the poems
hidden between journal articles,
or noticed how my research questions
spiral toward the same obsessions
that fuel my art.

"Your methodologies cross disciplines
in ways we find difficult to categorize."

Is that praise or criticism?
The ambiguity hangs between us
like static on an untuned frequency.

I think of The Wanderer,
who would laugh at this ceremony,
this quest for institutional validation.
The Architect, who creates outside
these structured systems.

But I have chosen to exist
in both worlds simultaneously:
the academic and the artistic,
the empirical and the intuitive.

"We've noticed your students display
unusual loyalty to your methods."

In my campus office, after hours,
we discuss more than statistical analyses.
We read Ouspensky alongside neuroscience.
We listen to vinyl records
through vintage vacuum tube amplifiers
to understand how perception
distorts and clarifies simultaneously.

"Your research impact metrics
exceed departmental standards."

Translation: I bring in grants.
The universal language of academia.
Currency that transcends philosophical debates.

I sit straighter in the leather chair,
recalling my dissertation defense at twenty-two,
how they underestimated the child prodigy
with viola calluses on her fingers
and equations burning behind her eyes.

"Do you have anything to add
before we deliberate?"

What could I possibly say?
That when I'm not teaching about neural pathways,
I'm writing poems about the static between thoughts?
That our movement is growing beyond
these institutional boundaries?

"I believe my work speaks for itself,"
I say instead, the perfect academic non-answer.

Later, champagne at Writer's Block Café.
The Architect raises a glass to "Professor Dreamer."
The Wanderer sketches me on a napkin,
tenured and still questioning.

I've secured my place in one reality
while keeping my foothold in another.
This delicate balance –
this is also research of a kind.

XV. Viola Theory

The body of the instrument
curved like a woman's back.
I've held this shape against me
since I was seven years old,
before I understood
the mathematics of music
or the neuroscience of sound.

Four strings, tuned in fifths:
C, G, D, A.
Perfect intervals
in an imperfect world.

The viola speaks in alto voice,
neither soaring soprano
nor grounding bass.
The middle voice.
The human voice.

In orchestras, we sit
between violins and cellos,
bridging brilliance and depth.
Mediators of harmonic transition.

When I play Bach's Cello Suite No. 3
transcribed for viola,
I'm translating between languages,
finding equivalent meaning
in a different register.

Psychology works this way too –
translating internal states
into external expression,
searching for patterns in apparent chaos.

My first psychology professor said:
"The mind is an orchestra
without a conductor."

I disagreed then.
I disagree now.

The mind conducts itself.
Sets its own tempo.
Chooses which sections to highlight,
which to subdue.

When I place bow to string,
the friction creates vibration.
The vibration creates sound.
The sound creates emotion.

A perfect causal chain,
yet the sum is greater
than its physical parts.

In the practice room at midnight,
I play the same passage
seventy-three times,
seeking not technical perfection
but the precise emotional frequency
that resonates with memory.

This is also research.
This is also science.
This is also prayer.

The viola knows things
my conscious mind does not.
When I let my fingers find their way
without intellectual interference,
they often lead me
to the answers I've been seeking
in journal articles and data sets.

Academic colleagues would call this
confirmation bias.
The Architect calls it another path to knowledge.

I call it home.

