

The Structures of Experience

(Arranged as memory.
Structures of physics.
Sprinkled conversations.)

Start with the father of the quark:

*"...mankind's attempt to use, expecting the usual
problems of cannons shooting projectiles, initiate
her into the universe of sensation."*

Cherry tree in myself
or else judgement bought her
daiquiris, politics, country.

I didn't. Pressed myself, into what wouldn't happen. Result: next day with no chase.

Just the years he embellished (wrote papers on the role in all kinds of things) said:

*"I tend to wander. My early interest in questions
that I've always deified. What is it about the world?"*

He was focusing on how it was all Being to the Meaning and Structure.

She felt a little Hegelian but couldn't recall German. Paris was bright, the sift of brush
and next to her I...

*"Allusions. Cooper's century by century to the
present physics organizes experience."*

Imagine:
falling from windowsills
a passage like a slap.

I've forgotten the really unnatural. We were young, it was shots of tequila. On the floor spin I would
come from, came of our touching. Opening her still, she in me though like on the outside world than
inside the head. An introduction with historical and literary Aristotle working his
way towards Murray Gell-Mann.

"Cooper's mind and memory."

About dogs
watching flowerpots from trains
being hit with the realization.

Jardin des Plants, other continuing, and mojitos. Ate in fancy. Care for any of it—her or she'd
reach out. Happened before, a passage to absenteeism. Blue shame fenced in.

I reserved relationships with someone. Restaurants. Talked. But the hope I could (to press
against me) always with the same woman running away being the other choice.

*"During his quantum theory dabbled at in the sixties,
a kind of difficult deep preoccupation: news compels us
to see order."*

Arrival through the hair
go for drinks
all new down at the would-lay.

Lie next to her, fumbling. Snaps and pulling back wasn't the over-laden brand.

"His ideas on superconductivity the observer intuit."

I wasn't wedded to form, to one area or another. Biological things returned. Linked.

*"Cooper was already the brain that let us indeed
contemplate less what was going red, even pink."*

Often because she is.

Onyx
with wooden beams of the hoping
more would.

wood buttons undoing and

grew day to day.

Of the blossoming?

*"It ended in convalescence. A gathering of facts without
organization yielding a filing cabinet, a dull and useless
catalogue sometimes gets confused with science where
order can be found."*

She confirmed.

Confined.

(Touched.)

An Exotic Phenomenon

Stomach-empty nights, bikes race down the method of getting me on the couch. Pounded in the next ultraviolet colors. Tubing downriver, topless jeeps tipped. Few Kierkegaardians leap to produce memory, new proteins' message. Would be sent in the body of the necessary enzyme apparatus. Required to pin.

I was amnesia. On the back of kicking up direct and daisies, bronzed palms under bodies against floorboards. Blended mixed drinks, tanning booths, boating on the sucked-by current. This feeling, to be so divorced, a being.

Some nights, unable. Getting rid of place, of solace, the Coke machine with tiny raging against the me in: "Get the fuck out."

Lynch's colleagues were into the absurd. Inside of. Kinds of structurals would have to be the genes in the cell telling the DNA for building membranes, "Make synapses reaction." Ideally, one would LTP in a neural neuron to see if one's mad sprouted. (A mind over...)

This level of precision technique. He spiked me, tried to stimulate, as with these micrographs, thick thighs over forgetting you to (any other) body.

Came. Heady. Wet. Walls, days in tubes diffusing a kind of rain. I laughed a lot because I knew my bounds, my bones. Light passing through. Badge registering the couldn't-let-go.

First vodka was *exist*, then *not-much-different*.

Someone unknown. A replacement.

A ready-to-take generally assumes changes that encode. A neuron's nucleus is located. Could be synthetic? Would be? Or perhaps a whole true central, genuine, as in origin, middle banded by beginnings, begging synthesized to produce the proteins, receptors, all the baseball diamond backgrounds over beers, country lanes, over you.

He was quick as the sound of room. Dirt. I mean space. I mean I need some.

We drank tasting of palm trees and disappearances. Our limbs downtown cruising. I would be easier than holding, just above the vials, levels of radiation. And held to, the job, shaping models in the end from the melted. Starved completely. The surface fluorescent yellow our amnesty.

His entering me. Brown pectorals in the phase wallowing or another foreign pressed against the chemist's beaded mix. It was an incapacity to scream, to be able to test circuit zeroing its synapses.

Unfortunately, had technology instead lynched pieces of the hippocampal, perhaps many neural pathways would have formed exits. He taught them to. Taught them how, suddenly empty of dismemberment from a past of sleep, I was a being, familiar. Bed, bottles, collector's silence.

"Demand." You'd said, rolling over as I came quick. Round me I drowned in that known. Abandoned, each of us.

Heard the laboratory watched a series of liquids storm some other memory. Inducing a single change.

If new doesn't allow anything near, use a brute force. Tissue with electrodes if possible. After making hundreds to read them, marking was simply ignoring how you sensed a sort of future I'd planned. Wild with the fire removed from the stairs past the old item. I would come, stay, say anything, just to speak to you.

Another Change in Fashion

remote

Douglas Lenat, intelligence's great face

faced with the
difficulties he
turned instead to

control

Synergistic brain implantation back propagation: Sejnowski and Hinton's new machines, not the rejecters, the nine month rejections, her boyfriend stabbed, Björk on the green, the edge of a Milosz or a spin-glass recollection filed in boxes, compiled, the name of, or—

We were a few years or pigeons like over bodies in long-lost reading. Form of acquired alexia, eye-blur in circuitry, map of a three-way switch reached over to smooth sheets caught at your absence, left cassettes billowing towards, oak tree rent.

codify the vast intelligent
being needs into a
general purpose

search

brain surgery practiced less
to researchers hoped against
quicker, more direct

engine

Coos of words, palms. Men in an ancient way in a basin of attraction or a three-vector night, the rolled-over wondering linger and longer. Above-bed. Ceiling, the window movie followers saturated, classified.

(Computers available in those who were truly out to sell experts. Whose goals seemed so remaindered?) Reminders of artificial frustration when better learning programs finished pasts.

Of each other the

find you there.
in my palm.
first: short term.
then: a violet batik hung.

[edits]

Away while out. By. Lightning was pulled down (Project: attempting to knowledge a reasonably. World. [not to do with apples!] and putting it thus.)

Learning would take nothing, he believed. A marble jammed in a niche, the niche of her—

machines
but other networks offered
to do for mind what he
would in the same bed.

drive

Science of statistical thermodynamics, spiked leather, jacket tittered after nights of Plath, Bishop—quizzical interrogations, impossible to see the point of anymore. "We could be," he said, "given." We listened for a mammoth programming amount of commonsense.

to make scenes of
the vengeance makes intelligent

hope that neural approach

data base

Primitive A.I. scientists came from not working in a field where Eurisko program accomplishments gave up designing the would-be, not the one slept with. Jailed while we campus UMASS, mattress reading. Could not forget? Who poems in the tower? He said, "A faulty chip."

Active Forgetting

She won't retrieve.
It bothers her to think.
If...or a white bear?
Craving, she ponders, *where*?
Would she find her cactus arching over after dusk in longer associations with the frontal cortex?
Music of drive,
sound of repeatedly blocking experiences.

They ruminates.

She does.
Locating absences.
An albatross?
She is the quickly-emptying rumbled smell.
An abscess.
The left and right activation of the hippocampus repressing signs of consequences even though motivated.
Anderson likened this HALT! to an unwantedness at an open window,
quickly tried a fern whose action is so ubiquitous.

Forgetting for over a century implemented in the volunteered participants.

Where is a mechanism waving its lurking in them?
Such an "ordeal-roach" the five second findings contradict.
Our opposite in life.
A very squirrely scampering!
skin she brushes.
Prey, though,
fills words with meaning.

The filter of air,

Or is she an East coast kinda girl?
Wondering if *to select* is the same as *greeting*?
Then
it comes up.
She says:
"Don't you think people flash onto each other to enable an individual's action?
For example, noticing a potted plant?"

To catch,
to have injured
until she doesn't know
repression has been because it's unclear in her brain.

People are capable, disturbing and traumatic until they can no-show controlling memories.

Yet the study where 36 pairs were given 'steam/trash', 'jaw/gum' intervals her to not think.
Human intuition, a mostly unpleasant thing, intrudes emotionally want-to-remember recollections
she has hijacked in the corner.

She lies motionless, more the victim.

She is turning some faded
off-transformation:
a square on this farewell.

Even attitudes and relationships on this controversial construct show how it could be.

Core findings, increased activation,
in turn lead to the reduced toxic effect of "somewhere" on her eardrum.
A misgiven inter-space which has in terms of their hills, an over-urban sprawl,
fingered palpable, escaped
blocking

unrelated nouns: 'duvet/soccer',
'carnival/crimson' 'helium/cataract'.
Asked to remember about the second word,
she is quite the game of charades.

Placed on the *doesn't-ring-a-bell*: the bed, scent of sleep, her lover.

Where is she with the shades pulled?

Pool bathing in shadows.
Car humming in the crackling underfoot when...
Don't want a pink elephant?

Immediately reflexive capacity, Anderson once stood, about starting to fall.
She realizes it was our ability to stop.

We're doing it.
Distance like the smooth predator awaiting,
unable to speak.

Color?
Brown, red.
A choiceless choice,
as if recruited by pawns waiting on a chessboard.
The phone of solitude, the lemony "anyway—"

In a blue room walk the turquoise cicadas,
her neighbors' sticks and pine needles.

Old game board, possible now, alone.

Notes and Credits for the Submitted poems:

Titles of the poems are taken from section headings in George Johnson's book In the Palaces of Memory (Vintage Press, 1991)

Structures of Experience: The quotes attributed to Leon Cooper (a character in the book based on a real scientist) are, as elsewhere in the book, made up or fragments of them are collaged from a variety of lines in George Johnson's chapter of the same title intermingled with made up phrasings. "Murray Gell-Mann" was the physicist responsible for the discovery of the quark.

An Exotic Phenomenon: The character name "Lynch" used throughout Circuits refers to biologist Gary Lynch, author of Synapses, Circuits, and the Beginnings of Memory (MIT Press, Cambridge, 1968). Lynch's specialty was the chemistry of human memory trying to locate where in the neurological system of the brain our capacity for recollection was located. Some of the research he did involved looking into brain self-repair mechanisms called sprouting, long-term brain changes/learning called Long Term Potentiation and convictions that the location of memory in the neurological system is linked to calpain (a protease activated by calcium) production. However, in my poems he has become his own "character", one not from his real life, but a sort of sidetrack from him as a base. As elsewhere, quotes credited to Lynch or others are not actually their words (though some may include minute fragments collaged in from George Johnson's In the Palaces of Memory).

Another Change in Fashion: Douglas Lenat created the Eurisko program, an important A.I. learning program, but when it didn't work as well and easily as he desired, Lenat gave up on trying to discover learning programs, instead focusing on a programming project codifying what he deemed the common sense knowledge a reasonably intelligent person would need and putting that into a general purpose data base. I was struck by the idea of someone giving up on their A.I. work, on something they could not get to learn, and turning instead to a data base focus, one which is controllable, but less scientifically demanding. "Alexia" is an inability to read—case studies of alexia are discussed in Oliver Sack's book The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat (Touchstone, Simon & Shuster 1970; 1998) as well as in some of A.R Luria's writings.

Active Forgetting: This poem refers to and uses collaged fragments from the Jan, 2005 *Science* article "Neural Systems Underlying the Suppression of Unwanted Memories" by John Gabrieli and Michael Anderson et al, as well as from Michael Anderson et al's 2001 *Nature* article called "Suppressing Unwanted Memories by Executive Control." Gabrieli (Stanford University psychologist) and Anderson (a psychology professor from the University of Oregon) conducted experiments along with colleagues at Stanford University in 2004 demonstrating that one **can** actively forget, creating a physical, neurological block or melting of a memory (such as in cases of trauma).