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and transport them cost-effectively across millions of miles, then transfer them to new vessels or elevators and deliver them from Earth orbit into maintainable subterranean storage prior to refining—to say nothing of the difficulty of lunar mining, the perils of interplanetary flight and close Jovian encounter, the risks of terrorism, *et al.*—but were the entire feat to be executed successfully (and repeatedly), all we would succeed in doing is cooking the Earth and turning it into a sun.

How is that different from what the industrialization of China and India presently portend?



Under a veneer of substance voltaic moons dart in bottomless spools. Science scrapes away curtains to reveal electric-like charges, fields approaching vacuums, beacons at the brim of existence. In order to distinguish photons from light, modern man has blinded himself to the single reality that shapes his destiny, and has placed himself in darkness. Albert Einstein warned, “Once you can accept the universe—as matter expanding into nothing that is something—wearing stripes with plaid comes easy.”

At the basis of everything lie apparently indivisible sub-integers, sizeless quantum dots of no internal structure, superstrings of pure energy hundreds of billions of times smaller than the nucleus of an atom.

Matter is naught but penchants given dispositions, forerunners and fragments of number systems. The materiality of the world is a step above that of a dream—dross of stuff penetrating enchantment of mindedness. Energy and substance are the same thing, substance being simply a mode of concentrat-

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ing energy that produces illusory palpability of objects. But things are not solidities; they are denser energy bundles, snarls of radiation.

Life is pure space habituated to design, currents kineticized into shapefields. Patterns of energy, porous enough for other patterns to flow through them, rabbits are just thick enough to hold light and color and sensation and the thump of embodiment.

Nature is all keyholes, no keys. Creation does indeed fall off the back of a turtle into a void unimaginable to those who piloted mere threadbare vessels of wood and sails across the Chelonian girth, fearful of a legendary but less dire abyss.



A place is an illusion of objects in a continuity of space/time—a road running from conception to erasure. But—and *this is the key to everything*—the illusion is not itself illusory. While conditional, it is not expendable, cannot be cancelled, because it is driven by the destiny of mindedness and has vested its cocoon in exquisite spreading molecularity. The world's stuff is not hallucination, but a different sort of thing: a karma-driven projection.

Atoms are artifacts and attributes of the same luminosity that, by default, gives us minds. They project secondary reality seamlessly and ingenuously, which provides “being” a domain for its unconscious flow, an outlet for its intrinsic radiance. Otherwise, there would not be a pebble.

It may all be a dream but, once you start to believe, once you join a group dreaming, you are investing in it, building interest every moment. You can't then summarily declare,

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“Enough, I don’t want to do it anymore. I’ve read my Buddhist texts. Make my mind stop creating phenomena. Have reality less bright and hard. Show me the bullets are not real. Get me outta here! Wake me up!”

There is no actual dream, so there can be no awakening. Stated differently: once you commit to a landscape, once karma begins to ripen, you can no longer switch from one dream to another. As you experience the scenery as scenery, it becomes scenery. Viewing reality as “unreal” does not cause it to bend a nanometer. You can’t push away this sort of specter unless you have something to insert immediately—*immediately*—in its place, an equally viable phenomenology to keep rocks and shadows from sliding right back to where they were.

Why do men and women repair to monasteries as monks and nuns and spend their lives celibate, praying and meditating? Idle question asked by suburbanites, rock stars, bankers, runway models, *et al.*

To try to wake up from the dream. (It is a full-time job.)

To help others awake.

Buddhist meditation is a method of breathing a different scenery, moment by moment, from the mind’s innate characteristics, to infiltrate the monopoly of group dreaming. A tiny investment at first, by comparison with the bull-rush of reality, it spreads infinitesimally: another place, another time, another self, a longing for something that has known about us forever, that cannot be fathomed, fleeting before its landscape can be figured or grasped.



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Spider, tuning his web, lies at its node, appreciates the silent music of insects drawn by the porch light. Caught by tensility of his lyre, they struggle only to get more entangled and, by then, the arachnid is upon them, its intrinsic absolute mind wrapping them in pellets, extinguishing the billows of their energy fields. Threads are the creature's expression of self, abdominal not cerebral, a motif comprising a history of proto-spiders, archaeo-spiders, and spiders on this planet.

The spider mind is not a separate mind, not a mind separate from its body, though it expresses only one spider's will.

What does not know it exists is (by definition) beyond time and size, invents landscapes of such vastness we could not imagine them. Radiating outward from its unseen center toward its inextricable nature, the spider spells out destiny.



Plants and animals are original entities of electrically active plasm, cohesive in all planes and dimensions, renderable and un. Each is a shell around an eddy, a neuralized configured storm driven by a pump, assembled atop a spout more indelible than thousand-kilometer-deep Jovian cyclones. The character of life is as ineradicable as it is ineffable.



A cell is an intelligent system, as is the transcellular medium it encompasses; so is a frog's kidney; so is Seal Cove Pond, churning up bottom-layer nutrients as autumn chills toward winter, layer by descending layer, currents incrementally sorting and distributing molecules, into October's frost, keeping itself vital,

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the industrious entities in it alive.

Intelligence does not require ganglia or neural nets, does not even require bodily location. Intelligence is a meta-system that operates as an ocean, a sun, or intergalactically.



A duck floats on Somes Pond, a feathered brown mass.

It is dead. Head and most of a neck hang, skeleton gnawed to a bony string.

When we look to a Martian landscape for life—or even a body of water—we see the dormant turgor of rock, afloat only in our imagination.



Every dog, from the Aztec chihuahua and Euro-dachshund to the eclectic collie, poodle, Great Dane, husky, terrier, spaniel to rottweiler, carries near-identical DNA. Any mutt can smell this from across the street.

How, without a mallet and anvil, have subvisible beads been set along divergent tracks, have breeders altered the topography of mineral itself?



Competition and commensalism are stories we fabricate for a drama that, under microscopy, reveals itself as submolecular motion conducted into cells. The truer principle is not perceptible insofar as our stories are dense enough to blot it out even as they provide its foolproof, irrefutable excuse.

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Existence is bare and sheer and doesn't need a story.

While everyone stares into Darwin's populations and their carrying capacities, what they don't see is nature (*gnasciri*)—open-ended motifs of matter under sourceless edict.



The feeling is not reducible to the chemistry of jasmine or the molecules of a breeze.

What began as a trance will end in a trance someday.



Rock is a species of being. The mica-feldspar boulders that rest on the glacial apron of Mount Desert Island, tens if not hundreds of thousands of years, are creatures of another order, cogitating at an unwonted frequency. Their patience makes their motives and movements impalpable to us. Sacred geographer Chris Kaiser named the most inscrutable of these zoids “Wolfie’s Rock” in honor of his son.

WR is a complex being, a petrified dinosaur tortoise of so many dimensions that its armatures mesh into separate conclusive (and inconclusive) polygons: trapezoidal segments and warped dodecahedral spheres.

It is difficult for humans to address WR. His face and eyes are everywhere—and nowhere. Fissures in him house roots of spruces that rustle in breezes. Black moss oozes over one of his foreheads. Lichens crusting his skin feed from his mica-ceous base.

Where he has perched for epochs, a dank cave gestates under one of his haunches, a crypt dripping rootlets and mud.

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This creature is neither smiling nor frowning; it is healing, which includes both frowning and smiling. It is medicinal, but only in the absolute sense.

WR gives up heart-shaped fragments and other arrowhead-like chips not to would-be Mohawk or Passamaquoddy shamans, not to hippie vision-questers who lay chi-sensitive hands on him and petition axial flow, but to chain-smoking, alcoholic penitents whose minds are unclouded by spiritual ambition. Sectors of hide that seem solidly riveted to the core come off like flint in their hands.

Grasped in fingertips, these rock daughters feel vibratory, as they jell faster than the speed of light. While maintaining the hardened shape of their granite stratum, they keep no actual shape at all, simultaneously stone and feather, their qualis shifting as if one were holding very wet clay or tachyonized water.

Like the noncombustion motor of a UFO, Wolfie's Rock bears a slow, weak, but infinitely profound electrical charge.

Too protracted for humans to hear, using neither Indo-European nor Penobscot, the stone speaks its name: Bblllbbb-dddggg. I add our vowels for intonation: Blibdog.



For "world" status, atmosphere is necessary, a cobalt heavens twinkling. Airless rocks like Iapetus and Sedna are not worlds. Mercury, Pluto, even fair Luna are large asteroids. Io is an orbiting volcano.

Callisto and Europa are worlds that harbor oceans under glaciers, habitats for which ice is sky. Titan is a dark town: smoggy, stillborn, tenebrous, and wintry. Neptune, Uranus, Saturn—and other Jovian bodies throughout the universe—

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are little more than nitrogen-methane holding tanks.

Climatologists deduce that Venus was formerly temperate; though closer to the Sun, a wet planet. Now a taiga of acidic metal rivers, it draws gases a hundred times more thickly at its surface than Earth—so every breeze is a hurricane. In 900-degree-Fahrenheit nights, rocks glow—solar energy burnishes them by day.

Why something rather than nothing? That haunting seven-teenth-century conundrum, even less answerable now, introduces modern philosophy, yet shipwrecks on the reefs of twentieth-century astronomy.

Venus is something—yes—but it has no trees to fall where no one hears them, nor even the bleat of one mouse, a riddle that postpones Leibniz's only by posing another.

Without worlds, stellar wind would roar through a void-less void, shapeless and silent, forever.



Science fails to distinguish between mindedness and a stream of molecules synapsing into gray matter that gives consciousness its proxy and installs consensus reality. The mammalian brain has antecedents in nerve nets of flatworms, ganglia of octopi; these are the streets and boulevards of a future city.

The complexity of wiring in the eye—optic synapse, chiasma, dura, ocular cortex—speaks to the visionary act, a micro-architecture of how the universe torques through substance, deriving form from feedback. As networks emerge out of layered stacks, nodes fabricate functions.

But the eye arises likewise from phenomenology itself. Either way, a brain is flooded with worlds.

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Beyond sight is an unexplored thicket, suffused with blobs, sparks, depression waves, spirals, shafts, flashing asterisms, and fading vestiges of after-images, plus the raw material of neural tissue—an onrushing inner sky of immeasurable depth and density.

The eye is joined to the optic cortex as a bulb cultured on it, smack against and *in* it. The cerebral field dances and changes but does not move as the eye moves.

For a moment it falls away entirely. There is a statue of a wooden dog. It is descending toward you, the background unpeeling. The dog comes alive and acts. It changes size and shape; it is a denizen of the brainstem.



Body is not separate from soul, spirit, or psyche. Each is a subtle vibration. Body, while *less* subtle, consolidates psyche and spirit in its timbre. Soul is too subtle for scientists to detect. They do not discern even that it exists, nor do they espy spirit, notwithstanding its footprints all over matter.

Modernism uses the algorithm as its single denominator, the algorithm which is merely the current face of the Oracle that sits at Delphi.



Disincarnate intelligence is the glue of matter, cogent enough not only to conduct molecules but to do so in a way that makes it seem that gravity, heat, and random events exclusively are gov-

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erning them. Without spirit, gravity would not stick, heat not rouse; the whole cosmodynamic enterprise would fail. Mind is the furnace of matter.

To most indigenous peoples, reality is sustained by ancestors and totems. Objects exist because ghosts impel them.



Subatomic crystalloids mingle into crystals. Clouds, trees, sun, soil are elaborate rubies cultivated on gravity's watch. Rock tempered under his breath, a pagan mage pumps his bellows, exhorting quantum states of hydrogen until carbon and oxygen bubble forth and animalcules slither onto worlds, calculate necessity, spin and soar.

As protein sheets swathe and twist, great rodents and bears shudder to life, adhesion by adhesion, knotting tendrils back and forth around one another and through gaps in buckling layers, placing the without within and out again. In fractal corridors, shear forces squeeze out gazelles, wrens, and other raku that pop free of their matrices. Animals run with a pulsing continuity we recognize as life. Their metabolic engines are non-mechanical. Even in a dream we can tell a bird from a wind-up toy or the shadow of a tumbling leaf.

Alphabets of ginkgo and horseshoe crab pour from boundaries of water and wind; feathered designs become stacks of onyxes and emeralds cascading in Boolean sets. Huddled in tribes, they make networks by which to manage crystalline technologies. They mine oils and ions.

Culture is a creation, flint by flint, bead by bead, pot by pot, growl by vowel.

Life is not an operating system. Life is dimensionless strings

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of incipient designs realized as progenitors of other ceaselessly differentiating, equally elegant strings—nonlinear algebra of an inherent domain. Where information is lost by chance, enough remains to complete and even enlarge the plan, or another sufficiently beastlike to keep the enterprise going, the wart-hog wheezing.

Our cells are singularly obedient to self-replicating studs that hold meaning together only because there is nothing strong enough yet and persistent enough to prevent it from happening or, once annealed, tear it promptly apart (Picasso: “It’s a wonder we don’t all melt in our bath”). Vortices maintain lizards and moose, lassoing fey molecules and assembling them in hierarchies, keeping lugubrious stacks from toppling downhill and dispersing in the next breeze. Compact chipmunks squeal and chase each other in and out of the base of a cottage.

Corpses are interrupted states of prior systems. Without a vortex, the cadaver of the woodchuck immediately begins devolving under assault from tiny operating flies and bacteria that steal its molecules and convert them into their own.



A match is struck between oblivion and eternity. That is the only explanation, your one task: follow its light.



Mars’ natural geography is interrupted at spots by strutted glassy tubes, translucent tunnels winding and interlocking just beneath the sand, plunging and swerving to avoid each other,

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casting shadows that follow their shapes, clustering maplike and departmentally around canyons, their riblike bands collapsed here and there catastrophically by massive boulders, their “artificial” surfaces polished enough to beam crisp specular reflections of the sun onto *Mars Global Surveyor*.

Forget Percival Lowell’s *canali* mirages bearing water from polar caps to inhabitants of parched cities on a dying world; these are the true Martian pipelines—underpasses, monorails, waterways, septic systems, either a geophysical mirage or a figment of an antediluvian civilization.



There is no gap kinetically between moonlit froth in atmospheres, cream in coffee, and the opacity of immense transplanetary nebulae.

Come morning, mercurial liquors (of a proximal star) drench clouds; a world drinks into grasses, eels, bumper-to-bumper traffic. Orbital velocities meet at the arcs of eggs, uncoiling as chytrid-like, myxozoa-like things.

A disembodied squid, more nuclear than atoms or their nuclei, greater above galaxies than galaxies are above planets, is the single mind that both flatworms and meanings crawl along.

What cannot be probed are the “w’s,” “q’s,” and “x’s” of this text.



Life has been constructed by signals, gathered as scuzz in pools, then (over a billion or so years of hydraulic stasis) federated,

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synopsized, and transduced into nonlinear networks. The cell is a machine assembled through hundreds of millions of years of system refinement whereby everything in its entropic mechanism has been mitigated, streamlined to less than zero in order to elude nature's ubiquitous drag. It is such a perfect engine, so much deeper than an algorithm, that not even the most advanced cybernetic technology could have concocted it in less time. Every cumbersome cable and gear has been trimmed and interpolated so tightly that nothing—nothing linear, that is—is left.

That is why entities develop so rapidly, confidently, and seamlessly despite their disruptions of gravity and mass. All the real switches, circuits, and controls have been buried far beneath genetic and enzymatic levels, beyond the speed of light.

A cell does not employ an ordinary generator nor array in morphogenetic clumps by queued formula or contingent instructions. Its instrumentality fuses primal radiations of electrons, uncertainty states of molecules, quantal discharges of organelles, syndications that have no name, no cause and no effect yet furrowlessly weave fabric such that tissues coalesce into creatures inexplicably and outside time.

Chromosomes are articles embodying termless chains of which they are neither the magistrate nor agency. They are marks on a drum, bells in a melody. Perhaps the drum is the skin of time, beating out cacomistle and snail.

Ravenous subcellular mites, while attempting to devour each other, instead fuse into aggregate structures swelling with winsome gametes. They not only invent membranes and sex by their entanglements but spin the fairy tale inside which we find ourselves today, immersed as flesh. Desire *does* have a finite and meticulous beginning.

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Modern technology, insofar as it deals only with links that are extant, ignores hundreds of millions of years of microtubule organizing centers and RNA aliases, emerging mitochondria and Golgi bodies, bent micro-rods and looped threadlets, macromolecular amalgamation, subcellular lysis and fusion—system depth and intelligence, system profundity and danger.



The shadow eclipsing the world is fundamentalism—vacuous yet passionate convictions: Islamic fundamentalism proclaiming martial theocracy, Christian fundamentalism launching crusades, Jewish fundamentalism demoting God to real-estate agent, scientific fundamentalism prostrating before a revealed flow of molecules.

Don't be fooled. Science is jihad in another form, issuing its fatwa to subdue the planet and subject it to an idol.

We are in the grips of faux pious factions, each laying claim to a liturgy inscribed in some holy book, each convinced the others are infidels, puddin'-heads, or worse, each willing to excoriate reality, to destroy nature, to make its point.



It should not be long before evangelical Christians, self-proclaimed “born agains,” and other conservative cults and white supremacists formally revise their religion, removing Christ from it. The life of the savior is becoming more and more an embarrassment to them. To all appearances he taught humility, forgiveness, peace, renunciation of wealth, and the clarity of personal vision. He drove money changers out of the temple

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and turned the other cheek; he advised those in glass houses not to cast stones; his method was to find the Kingdom of God within.

None of these are on current evangelical agendas, which are distinguished more by intolerance, self-righteousness, accumulation of goods and power, emotional bullying, institutionalized bigotry, drilled cold-heartedness, and replacement of true visioning by sanctioned revelations. How could anyone think that Christ instructed his disciples to blow up abortion clinics and steal from the poorest people on Earth? How could anyone believe that Christ modeled judging and controlling the behavior of others in lieu of engaging the demons in one's own soul?

He didn't say to build churches and papacies; he didn't found ministries or select pomp, vestments, and passwords. No gospel has him preaching that eros between members of the same sex is abomination. He said plenty about unconditional love, the miracle of faith, and rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's, but nothing about prayer in the schools, property rights, the sacred prerogative to bear weapons, or national patriotism. He lived the ultimate sacrifice, the crazy wisdom of the Resurrection. His eucharist was alchemical transfiguration and spiritual communion with divinity, not their consecrated reenactment in bread and wine.

In truth, neoconservative Christians have already expunged Christ from their church and launched a new theology without him. They have sent their petition directly to the primitive god of war, ancestor of Yahweh and Zeus, and asked him to anoint and exalt them and to slay their enemies. They no longer need Jesus of Nazareth or Christ the Lord and would no more welcome his return or the appearance of a true messiah than the

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Romans did.* We have come full circle to the babe in the manger as an unknown thing, a wonder yet to happen, much-needed good news for a sinful world.



As we adhere to eroding scenery, the eye of attention the Egyptians knew as Horus (hawk) tracks.

Our lives are not things or substances; they are views, access points on creation.

The lynchpin is inserted at an obliquity that cannot be plumbed.



The central thing holding back the human race is a failure to recognize where we are, where this all is taking place. No wonder blind battalions clash by night. We come into being mysteriously, cloned as electrified dolls inside gourds clasped to a stormy spheroid, its alembic of rare and solidified gases spinning centripetally, orbiting a naked star at runaway speed we do not even feel. We inhabit, in fact have arisen from, layers of magnetized mud in this flask.

*Is it not ironical that First Lady Laura Bush's favorite piece of fiction is Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" episode from *The Brothers K*? In the Russian narrative, Christ, returning to a troubled Earth, is taken into custody by the authorities and chided for interfering in religious matters. His Inquisitor explains that the Church functions far better without him. His presence is messing things up, and he should go back to where he came from. The mark of great literature is that it can be read backwards or upside-down and still retain its conviction and power.

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Throughout just about all of humankind's tenure, belief in a divine plan rescued us and inspired beneficent institutions. Our ancestors collaborated in remembrance and continuity. Newton and Darwin still presumed such a blueprint and sought the clews of its maker.

Our presence, indemnified by its own miracle, used to be nature's central event. Now the study of nature has become man's pretext for religious inquiry, his feckless quest for a reason to exist—an investigation that has gotten more and more frantic and desperate by generation.

With the refinement of physics and astronomy into elemental biology, a divine order has been shattered, its particles minced into ever finer nothings. Now, evolving complexes get cleverer only as they accrue synapses to win the war of predation. We are conscious not to ponder but because ganglia run more effective eating machines. Some, in fact, educe that metabolism has nothing to do with it; the animal body is mere encasement for competing genes.

Chemicals go where gravity and heat draw them; they are happier that way. The lynx, like the mouse, like the gypsy moth, seeks comfort and protection outside and inside its body-suit. Once hunger is assuaged and shelter gainsayed, whims and amusements rule. The corollary is that consciousness is a chemico-cinematic illusion, conducting rootless impulses along trunklines of protoplasm.

Materialism leaves us devoid of any reason to exist, except that we are. And scurry and primp like spiders in cosmic dust. . . .

Science has the tiger by the tail, not the heart, not the brain, not even the throat. The scavenger hunt of the best and brightest for the latch to the Western paradigm rummages through

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the mortar of our situation, a brilliantly mad civilization tearing apart its own fabric as it dissects cells, atomic nuclei, their particles—the physical forces holding together matter and space—cannibalizing the ship that is carrying us through the darkest of seas. We have become, all of us, ritual cleansers, magisters of superstition, idiot savants, repeating the same mantras over and over. We have no idea what to do with our pathetic one-act, except to convert it to sales, class warfare, recreation—and finally debauchery.

There are no ethics (how can there be ethics in entropy?), so we elevate profit and greed to the only possible motives (plus a scintilla of curiosity about how much worse, more exploited, and mega-corporate, in the absence of rectitude, this can become). We pretend not to have real lives, not to have meanings, so there is no reason to halt the butchery. Ducks and chickens are just protein machines for consumption.

Science as a mesmerizing sermon is driving history, enveloping the archetype of the planet, grasping all objects and species of experience in its gaze.

In our haste not to fail science we sacrifice what is innocent and beautiful everywhere, every butterfly, every iris and toad. We ignore our selves while searching for other things—so-called concrete ones—as though to validate, by deconstructing, the ground on which we stand. Yet that ground *is* our being. Tallying bottomless parameters, tending a crypt of dying stars, we turn away from not only God but our own existence.

We have entered Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *1984* simultaneously, the worst of all imaginable conjunctions, the terrorists of Frank Herbert's *Dune* massing in deserts and slums: a trifecta once oxymoronic. Billboards soliciting our bodies for neurosurgery clog the foreground with the naked

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blue pod she will receive in return. Police forces of the Patriot Act patrol what is left of the background.

Where will the children of the next millennium play? Why are their uncles bulldozing clover to make way for universal Wal-Mart?



Matter is all and only energy. That is truistic. What then is mind? Mind is an effect of metabolic action on carbon chemistries deciphered in ganglia to prompt agencies and actions of creatures. Yet, at the same time, mind has no existence in matter or energy. It is off the chart, meaning not that it is above the calibrations of the chart but that it is not measurable at all.

Mind is a molecular, or meta-molecular, force, acutely so in acts of hexing, healing, and battle. Unconsciousness transforms everything else while becoming conscious. The witch doctor and voodoun rule the fog of war. Not commissioned armies, not weaponry as such, and certainly not policy strategized and sent down the chain of command.



If lives were the same length or people knew exactly when they were going to die, existence would lose its edge. The uncertainty of death's moment is the single thing that keeps us real.

If we dwelled here forever, this would not be heaven but hell.

The emptiness of death gives life its fullness. Only love—innocent, unrequitable, meadowlark love—transcends mortality.

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After the Indian Ocean earthquake and tsunami of December '04, the Tamil Tigers of Sri Lanka and Islamic rebels of Sumatra called truces and joined forces with their central governments and international workers to provide relief for the homeless and bereaved.

These wars are affectations. Human beings carry them out because they have nothing better to do, nothing else that holds their interest.

They train for battle because nothing more audacious challenges them; they attack in the absence of deeds nobler, more sincere, more real. They are ready for something better.

The ocean gave them something better to do.



In drought-stricken zones across the cosmos, rivers dwindle to ponds, then pools. Packed with all manner of reptiles and the biomass of local river horses and their young, these oases are death traps for the impala-like, baboonoid, and plovery creatures who dare to sip there, to wet their coats and feathers and bathe their cells. Bodies are dragged underwater; troglodytes battle for bloodied viscera and tear them from one another's grasp; skirmishes escalate and spread onshore. A spasm of ego, greed, savagery, and dominion, it is a sorry commentary on the birth of consciousness. But absolutely necessary.

At the end of its life cycle the water hole is a mud puddle from which the last hippopotamus and all except one crocodile flee, each to be fried in the microwave of a star before it can reach new water. The final king crocodile is baked into the