

Future Wish: Self-referential tautology...an "onto-logic" antidote: from wish to world

Greetings! I have constructed something beautiful and sweet, something true and right for you. You will soon see why I take such a warm tone. Whatever your thinking style, this will work. I will explain some human physics by way of logic, and then, an answer. I believe this will show you, all of you, the "feeling types" and the "thinking types," exactly what I mean. The problem of human misery, and the answer, are but a wish. Here...I will show you...just listen, and what you need will adhere.

Please, let the words run over you...and listen...

Consider the idea of a logic as Chris Langan supposes, and a great many others as well...a circular logic of absolute necessity in its truth: absolute and self-referential. What on earth is the meaning of all that? A good question. I will provide an example. Think of the familiar picture of the big bang...and understand that the space in which the expanding singularity is contained, does not yet exist! There is as of yet, no space. The space which contains the expansion, is itself created as a function of the very expansion it contains! That, is a logically consistent, necessary, circular self-referential tautology. Things must start out from somewhere...no?

This is the logical basis of linear reality. So, you can see from this narrow vantage, the result, appears built in from the start. The foundation, supposes the result as logical necessity, and there at first appears no way out.

Now consider the effect as human history in the context of quantum unconscious theory: our wishes, stemming from deep unconscious sources, define the very future in which they are represented. That is logically necessary. We may then deduce as a necessary conclusion: *we as a race, have to some great extent, wished for, the state of human misery and abuse we see before us.* There can be no other conclusion.

However, we must but recall the definition of a logical tautology to understand the answer. That definition is: "A law that can be shown on the basis of certain rules to exclude no logical possibility."

That is a definition of quantum potential: absolute possibility, superposition, from which is selected linear reality. The means of selectivity is cognition. Here is the way the esteemed Italian physicist Elio Conte put it in his paper: "What is The Reason to Use Clifford Algebra in Quantum Cognition? Part I: "It from Qubit" On The Possibility That the Amino Acids Can Discern Between Two Quantum Spin States:"

". . . there are stages of our reality in which it is impossible to unconditionally define the truth. Logic, language and thus cognition have a fundamental role in quantum mechanics because there are levels of our reality in which the fundamental features of cognition and thus of logic and language, and thus conceptual entities, acquire the same importance as

the features of what is being described. At this level of reality we may no longer separate the features of matter per se from the features of cognition, of logic and of the language that we use to describe it." [phrasing slightly altered]

That cognition, without question, is unconscious. Please review the Orch OR, the many studies on Predictive Anticipatory Activity, and, the meta-analyses demonstrating that repetition/practice does not increase performance in psycho-physical interactivity experiments with random number and event generators (implying a wish expending its energies), indicating in all cases, from various perspectives, unconscious mentation. Here we see not will, but unconscious activity: Wish, unconscious/quantum connectivity and genesis of linear reality.

This, is hope, for the "*self-referent*" in our self-referential tautology, can be altered: The selective foundation, the tautological basis, the unconscious wish itself. The foundational self-referent...is but a wish. As broken and ill children, we over and over again, have called the whip upon ourselves...now a death wish a mile wide...nuclear devastation, a craving, a wish...for ending. This, can be changed. We, can change the future, as a necessary consequence, of free will, as unconsciously sourced...in wish. Will serves wish. Ne'er the reverse! We wish, for the future we have received...*just as we wish it*. It is therefore possible...to change this thing. We, can wish, for each other.

Future Wish.

All present designs are but past wishes unfolded.

Result demonstrates intention.

To understand this, is to see what is clear...we suffer, because we wish it so.

Humanity, is a broken memory: recast.

Let us create...anew. Can you desire...this thing?...can you see it is the future, and know, another wish? A wish, other, than my ending? For you, and I, have wanted nothing else...for look at the result! Yes, only this wish has filled time...the wish, for death. For the result, is born of but craving, made real.

Can you forgive me, can you forgive—Time?

I will.

I will forgive her...everything. Then, we may wish again. Please, let me show you...my wish.

Time has left her unsullied and warm
Laughing and prankish, teasing and bright
The brook sheds bubbles and silver breath

...lapping against smooth stone
So are you but running brook and stream
Shedding breath beneath a shaded sky
Amongst silver sun and tangled hints of bloom
Tasted and real...too delicate to hold
So gentle, is the kiss, I will place
Upon the lips
...of time.

Oh, how full is your breast, to know this thing
Oh, how I do wish it, oh how I do so wish it!

For the result, is but hammer sure
Future, is but wish, unfolded.

So, is our pain.

Can you admit this thing, and do the unthinkable?

Can you wish, for other than my ending?

Can you fill your chest
as I do mine
With new hope?

I will cut my veins for you, and nourish the world for you
—thick with my blood
Then, you may see, that there is hope.
I will be the fool
I will love you.

Here you may use me...and see yourself in it.
Does the sight, sicken you?

I forgive you
...even that.

For I am no better. So, I draw the blood of my vein, and write, the future, for I wish it for
you, dear one, I confess unto time itself...

Oh, how full is your breast, to know this thing
Oh, how I do wish it, oh how I do so wish it!

For against your ending, I crave but light, and do give unto you, my foolish wish, in
hopes, that as time does unfold her chest of treasures, you, and I, will wish it so.

Amongst quiet places
Between ripples
Of sight
pulse
Gathers
Unto its heart
The first drops
...of light.

It is of this
Which you are cast.

Each moment, ever richer and more warm
Round and sweet, as glass pooled, drawn warm and thick
in golden sun, bronze and full, so do I wish it
Thick and filled with sweet light and warmth
Spilled back over the green wood
Now warm and full
The arch of dawn poured full
And thick
With light and tender bounty
Oh, so perfect are you
Oh, so very well, strong
Full and sweet are you!

Oh, how full is your breast, to know this thing
Oh, how I do wish it, oh how I do so wish it!

And of the glad arch
Tender palm does cup and hold you
Warm and sacred in my brimming eye
Is sight
...to know you.

Oh, I do so love you!

Here, as rain is my feeling, as salt and rain for you, I am a cloud, torn and beating for
you...did you know that? ...for it is true.

I am but the spray which remains, past the thought of you...I am nothing...only a
wish...so is the future, before you, and I, may yet gather, and wish it so:

Can you feel it, are you within me? For you, are within...all things.

Oh, how glad the sight
Emerald and rich in golden sprays of frost and silver prism

Sun crackling as diamond
Cut and laughing
Shimmering and split into singing shards
—silver tears of frost
Crushed under our footfall
Shining and perfect as crushed ice
Is laughter, spent in frozen sun
Jeweled and pure
Here, beneath shaded wing, and brittle sun
Shattered into silver song
Oh, how beautiful you are!

Look upon the valley
Pure and distant—ice and peaked granite
Now but warmed and sweet, so you may taste it
So do I care for you.

Oh, how full is your breast, to know this thing
Oh, how I do wish it, oh how I do so wish it!

As the sun warms each new hint of promise
So gentle is the kiss, I place upon the lips of time
...waiting.

Each drop gathers
Filling, of warmth
unto warmth
Sweet and glowing
pulse, gathers.

Look, into the arch
Light, thick with warmth
Sweet as the smooth soul I have wanted
and wished real...
How magnificent and pure is the sight
the sight of you!
Oh, so sweet are you
Full and warm,
The arch of the horizon but a cup to hold you
Light filling the sunken places
Now spilling and rich with treasure
Bounty, careless and rich, returned and spilling
Back from whence
...it matters not.

Only, that we wish it so.

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