

rabbits & the pre-cog

i hate to shower, never quite awaken from my dream.  
my brain is soft & lazy so i think it with a baby-  
wish, i mythify a bubble in the soap dish and skip  
the new routine.

i lack a mental math to see they weren't  
synchronicities - what are synchronicities?!  
- but plain old ESP.

reading Wargo's **Time Loops** in late 2020 was  
distressing, i concede. here was one who'd  
shouldered thru the woolly stories, cut thru all  
the **whoa & woo** to sketch a new Psychology.

here was one who'd nailed it to confirmable  
phenomena: to info from my own future brainstates.

info flooding back - is some of it **intentional**?  
is some of it **divine**? a dream could offer guidance  
from the **god** whom i'll evolve to by the end of time.

if from me, the ding could never kill me: mssg is  
**consistent with** the Sender's actuality. can't be  
sending blueprint for a Nuke that i'll mistake as  
helpful circuitry!

is all cosmic history but a message from the End  
- implying It who sent it?

is every thing the Telos saying I **AM**?

or, more ominous: I'M COMING!

my pinky-size screw is fitting NICE in Wargo's dreambox: he had NADA on my rabbits, had a rabbit-size hole in his Theory, he conceded when he shook it upside down to show me See? nada bunny.

my screw a rusty-gold: the average hue of nommy's black & oranges.

rusty thus a post-mortem entropy, an equilibric unity.

i love his Rabbit Planet dream!<sup>1</sup> admittedly am miffed he's so reductive of my Entities. it's not ALL pre-cog! it's also live dialogue with rabbits & the City, and the City is a servant of an Info-sys deity - i speculate a bit.

my fast association: rabbit is a synchronous anomaly that joyfully repeats. rabbits are the magic in the hat that Eric Wargo would reduce to one trick: human precog.

water still dripping thru the day at my feet when i'm chilling on Clyde. a soggy spot, bunny-size, darkens in the plush.

Wargo might respond [tho he won't return my

emails]: a soggy dent in rug could be a curled up rabbit, but the rabbit is a human brain, same shape & massing. my own dream is telling me: my Magic Rabbit fits in his Amazing Brain, his theory of the pre-cog.

yet drip could be a rabbit's own Mind leaking in: a Bunny i'm conversant with, a world-wide Warren but condensing to my single-brain Receiver.

drip could be the Uni's own consciousness, a calling to her attic i'd pop into from the portal-top of Y's perfumy closet.

drip could be a Kundalini come-on; a waterclock; a water torture leading to satori or the drip is just a tarring job i'm putting off.

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<sup>1</sup> Eric Wargo, Dreamwork and the Long Self, 2021

if rusty screw's a rabbit but it fits in Wargo's dream-box; and soggy spot a rabbit but it fits a human brain - then Uni & the Warren Mind are welcome in his Theory - Uni & the Warren Mind themselves are a Pre-cog Tesseract Machine - a superbeing dripping from a level up, down into my day.

many of my synchs - i admit it - fit a small-paul, Wargo-standard pre-cog. thanks owed to Wargo, tho he won't return my calls! **the ringing black phone:** a random blip i saw ahead and worked into my lecture most rewardingly. that Mill/Hume lecture i could do "in my sleep" i.e. while dreaming autonomic. i knew the spiel clean enough to improvise, to work in local detail for a Demo to remember - thus a Demo i'd pre-cognize. the ringing phone rewarded me, awoke me from my Analytic Parson trip, my Parrot act and thus i saw it coming.

our Dey Familiares: Byao-byao & Bub-bub. our two-headed Guardian, brother rabbits born among a hundred hissing snakes. couldn't tell one from the other, when we got them. now it's just Bubs and they can't be told apart, again. the one became the two, in-womb, then one, then two, now one again - "the Twin" i say, our Janus of the doorway.



