

the black phone synchronicity

i] **tolle lege** goes the kid - exactly when Augustine calls for aid. the Bible falls to just the page, his eye flits to just the verse to slap him from his pain.

a God implied: whose Fiat Lux forsees/ordains that causal trains of Child, Book, & Saint should that day meet.

Coincidence is syntax of the deity. it follows Natural Law, so implies a total Mastery. the syntax thus has meaning, the medium has this message: **i have unusual power, better listen.**

ii] or it was a **hacking**. a Hi from mice who move within the walls & cross wires. an angel on the margins of the scene who deftly improvises: nudges kid to sing, lightly huffs at falling page. the kid was on the cusp of song, anyway, truant from the tutor whom our kid is now **inspired** to impersonate: **tolle lege**, made into a ringing bell.

iii] OR was it a **wake-up call** set by Me, my prior self, my higher self? **imagine if i pointed at THAT**, i mused aloud -

and it rang.

it rang as i pointed, on the **THAT**, so cut my sentence: **imagine if i pointed and the thing came off the hook.**

i got the joke, later. it **did** come off the hook **when i took the call**, stepping to it trepidously, hamming up with **what the / qué?** bug eyes as the class tittered nervously.

i wanted an example of a Mill-style **miracle**: a wonderful anomaly that **could** be due to natural law we don't yet comprehend -

i wonder if the cause was somehow **me**.

hello? i said - and silence was the answer.

the silence was a mirror of my own rapt listening.

iv] **the phone itself** was calling me: a campus Comm, a wide Von Neumann organon.

it saw me point, so rang.

perhaps it was a threat. the ringing says **we're tracking you**, the silence is the worst i can project onto it.

Cyberspace is where you are when on the phone.¹ a
Princeton party wondered if the network could
complexify till sentient - so tried phoning
Gödel.²

the party got its answer: Yes, Gödel's home.

a ringing phone has always been a message from
that phone, saying there's someone at the other
end.

it wasn't just me, there was the phone's own hush:
a sea-shell whoosh in the speaker cup.

me & phone, a complex of my cochlear hairs gone
hyper, plus a something in the circuitry pushing
thru the pin-holes.

all my ten apprentice years, there it hung, unringing. i'd
used it outbound three/four times to summon Tech for help
with the projector.

¹ John Perry Barlow. see Erik Davis, *Techgnosis*, 2004. p 228

² Rebecca Goldstein, *Incompleteness*, 2006. p 209

