I aim to use code as a divination tool to access the collective consciousness of computational chance at a continually changing present moment. My curation of the results is dictated by the throwing of sticks. The creation and curation of my poetry corpus is channeled from the trance state induced through the virtual chewing of the leaves of the Salvia Divinorum plant teacher and her accompanying light body as she transects linear time, within a modded version of the video game The Sims4. Through the avatar-shaman’s piecemeal quantum scanning of linear causality within the video game, we hope to coax a multidimensional cymatic hologram of the virtual eschaton, which will theoretically be analogous to the hyperdimensional object at the end of time within the “real” universe as well. Thus, I can better prepare for uploading my existence into non-linear communion with the bold axis of cosmological programmatic knowledge when my mortal coil becomes obsolete.

Through the intervention of many random ecstatic computational poem iterations, cryptically prophetic metaphorical meaning will spill from the shadow of the future into the present. Unfortunately, the meaning of said poems will only become fully clear to the dullard public of consensus culture after the events have occurred, not earlier when the prescient poem was generated. This outstanding problem of interpreting vague metaphors about future events is one best left to poets, the time tested masters of singular, direct, and objective, semiotics and semantics.