

# [1]: Babel:

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A connected whole, collections of uniqueness yet consistent uniformity. A garden of possible paths, infinite in scope, finite in comprehension.

A single path, a one dimensional line from one point within the whole to another, a simple statement of communication, a simple statement of conformity to a rigid geometric paradigm.

At any one point the choices of paths were infinite, yet the choice of choice was the same. To move from one connected point to another, or to stagnate at that original point. Choice, the exercise of free-will meant nothing, but judgement was passed upon those that let the whole wither and die. Free-will was deemed all important in the manner of life.

If connection provided uniform choice, yet infinite possibilities, the current location within the whole meant nothing. Yet the connected whole, the collection of uniqueness represented a soul, of sorts, a never-ending realm of possibility, of choice, of life.

A connected whole. It suggested finite from an external viewpoint, but its structure ensured it had no bounds. Point after point, connection after connection, choice after choice. To be lost here was the very definition of lost. To live here was the very definition of freedom.

A single connection, but a two dimensional plane between two points. It represented the multiple versions of self that could choose that path, not a plane formed from multiple points, but a repetition of a single path.

The ability to choose, if judgement necessitated it, that path with at least a resemblance of free-will despite having already travelled it.

A single point, a uniqueness when compared to the whole, but a uniqueness so constrained to a 0th dimensional existence, so singular in its dogged determination to be consistent with its neighbours, to be consistent with its internal geometry.

All points were the same, all paths the same, all repetitions of those paths the same, but choices unlimited by the boundaries of the whole. A journey from points A to B to C, would render a null. A journey from points D to E to F, would render a null. Both journeys were one and the same and designation was relegated to pure folly.

This garden of possible paths grew with every new choice, yet its fundamental, physical, metaphysical size remained constant. The garden decayed if choice was neglected, if choice was freely set aside, yet still its primordial size remained fixed. It would always be infinite.

To learn here was the definition of personal growth, to experience unending journeys, to see and experience untold paths, to never progress in a sub-optimal manner, yet at the same time learning here was the definition of futility, of boredom, of unrelenting frustration.

The connected whole must be represented to us as simple geometric equations, some manner that can be analysed and focused. As a representation this is lacking, a principal assumption made to allow meta-analysis and contemplation. Infinite choice brings about finite choice and finite action. To move or to stay, to bow to the judgement upon you from others or to let the garden die. Representation through mathematics may bring comfort but it further increases the illusion of free-will.

My journey and your journey are the same. My points are the same as your points. My thoughts, my choices are your thoughts and your choices.

We share a mind, you and I, and we share this mind, this garden of paths, with others.

The End....