I'm strung out,
And extended,
In the fullness of time…

Embedded in cotton,
Like swimming,
In warm Jello.

So far,
This has gone on,
Forever,
Punctuated only,
By brief glimpses,
Of reality.

The sheer comfort,
And familiarity of,
Ignorance.

April 24, 2013

So much for the poetry, and now for a note about recent solar activity:

Yesterday, we had some spikes of solar activity, flares in the C-Class (a number of them), with the largest at C8.

One thing I have learned about observing the internal and psychological effects of solar flares is that, although really large flares are dramatic, this is not the only factor to consider.

It is not so much the size of the solar flare, but the flare’s very occurrence and the change of status that we register when they come. As the stable (constant) sun is interrupted by more intense solar activity (however mild), such as yesterday, even at low levels, we register it internally.

In other words, as important as the size of the flare, is the change it brings in our continuum from even a small one. This is what we notice, change itself. Without change, how would we know there is change? It is this that we respond to.

And change it is, the awareness of change, however subtle, and the new information each change can bring us. Our deck gets reshuffled, however gently, and this mean increased creativity.

Creativity is the assimilation of change.