

Synergism: Ultimacy: Self

Can it be that, to the only being capable of perceiving
either the meaning of a life or its evolved function,
the two have begun to merge, sliding together,
as the nature of each acquires a faltering focus
in the still clouded vision of the consciousness
that is like no other?

Can it be that this same consciousness,
while becoming knowing, has evolved
unknowingly toward fulfillment
of such an explicitness
as this particular merging?

Such an experience as contemplating,
summing up, interpreting the stacked
multitudes of devices proximate to,
yet leading to, its own self?

Interpreting, finally, self as the
singular achievement of those
ultimately cooperative tens of
thousands of human genes?

Genes as mere molecules, simple,
non-conscious, thoughtless, yet
incomparably synthesizing in the
organizing of their own
immeasurable successions
of unrestrictedly mutualistic acts --
the syntheses that lead to multi-billion
repetitions of the trillion-celled, sentient,
but unfortunately finite self of ourselves?

Sentience that -- despite its uniqueness,
despite underlying billions of interconnections
of merely its cortical neurons -- can never be
continuous, never directly cumulative,
rather only indirectly, therefore imperfectly,
through at first orally and now, as well,

literarily transferable fragments,
the cumulative learning of learning
that we have come to call culture?

Sentience invariably beginning over and over
then, too soon, blinking out, over and over?

And, still, the marvel that such temporary consciousness
should have gained as a mere pleiotropy those
particular consequences we had already allotted to it
by our strangely unenlightened definitions of its name.