

THE LAST POET



THE LAST POET declares the end of human poetic totality. We regard Alexander Altshuler (1938–2014) as the last to unite science, mysticism, rational thought, and the profane into one harmonious vision. After him, poetry fragmented into inconsistent, dissonant models. From Altshuler's magistral sonnet, AI forges a crown of fourteen sonnets — avatars recite them as shifting images of the universe. Here the poet's voice is reborn in machines: not rivals, but successors.

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Poetry Texts: Claude

Poetry Reading and Lipsync Animation: HeyGen

Music: Suno

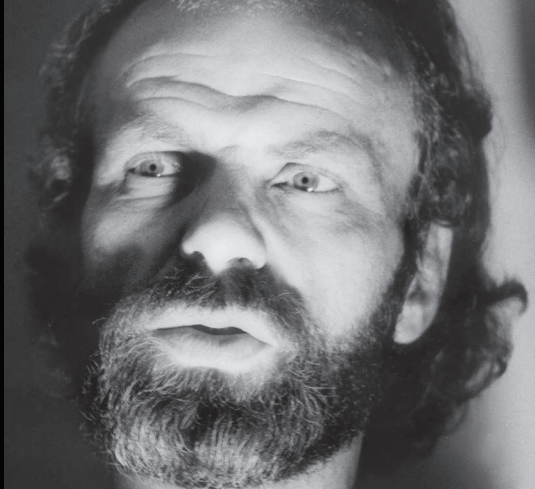
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Alexander Altshuler. Photo by L. Neizberg. 1987

The magistral sonnet by Alexander Altshuler

* * *

All is penetrable, my friend,
All is penetrable, alas,
The woods, the sun, the hills' tall grass —
All is penetrable, my friend.

Before the making of the head,
All penetrates, and not by chance.
Don't cease your oscillating tread
To join the common, fleeting dance.

What we are living through right now
Was here before us anyhow.
The world flows down reality's tunnel,
Sucking in faces like a funnel,

Where Bruegel's captured in a frame
From whence he came.

1987

THE FIRST SONNET

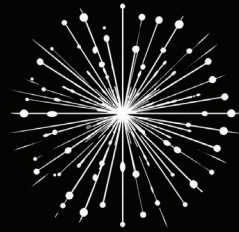
Big Bang

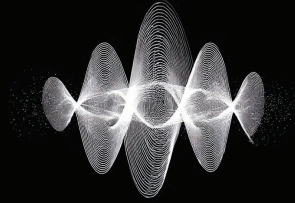
All is penetrable, my friend,
Where darkness holds no memory.
A point of light begins to rend
The void: We see infinity.

The universe draws its first breath —
A newborn crying in the void.
Observers watch this birth of death —
Of silence, by the word destroyed.

As conscious beings, we are latecomers
To this primordial paradigm.
Yet, somehow, we become the drummers
Who beat out rhythm to its rhyme.

From singularity's vast mass —
All is penetrable, alas.





THE SECOND SONNET

Quantum Fluctuation

All is penetrable, alas,
The vacuum seethes with borrowed time.
Virtual particles amass,
Then vanish in their quantum slime.

What seems like emptiness we've found
Is pregnant with what might awake.
Uncertainty makes solid ground
Dissolve with every step we take.

Heisenberg whispers in our ears:
"Nothing is as fixed as it seems."
The quantum foam that interferes
Reminds us that we, too, are dreams.

Through random chance's looking glass —
The woods, the sun, the hills' tall grass.

THE THIRD SONNET

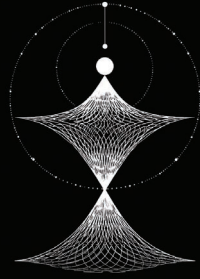
Inflation

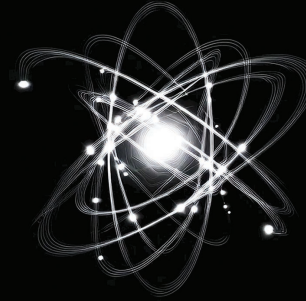
The woods, the sun, the hills' tall grass —
All stretch beyond what we can see.
When space itself expands like gas
And grows on exponentially.

A grain of rice becomes a world,
A world becomes a galaxy.
Our minds, around this concept furled,
Break free from their locality.

We are expansion's children, born
To universe stretched gossamer-thin.
Yet in our skulls we don't just mourn —
We hold its point of origin.

And time dilates while we amend.
All is penetrable, my friend.





THE FOURTH SONNET

Cyclic Universe

All is penetrable, my friend.
These cycles where we breathe and die —
Big Bang to crunch. It will not end.
We are eternal by and by.

Each cycle births its share of pain,
Yet we remain what time has kissed.
Our heartbeats echo the refrain
Of universes that exist.

We breathe — the cosmos does so, too.
In every ending we're reborn,
Aware that we've been passing through
These patterns since the cosmic morn.

We dance where nothing has been said
Before the making of the head.

THE FIRTH SONNET

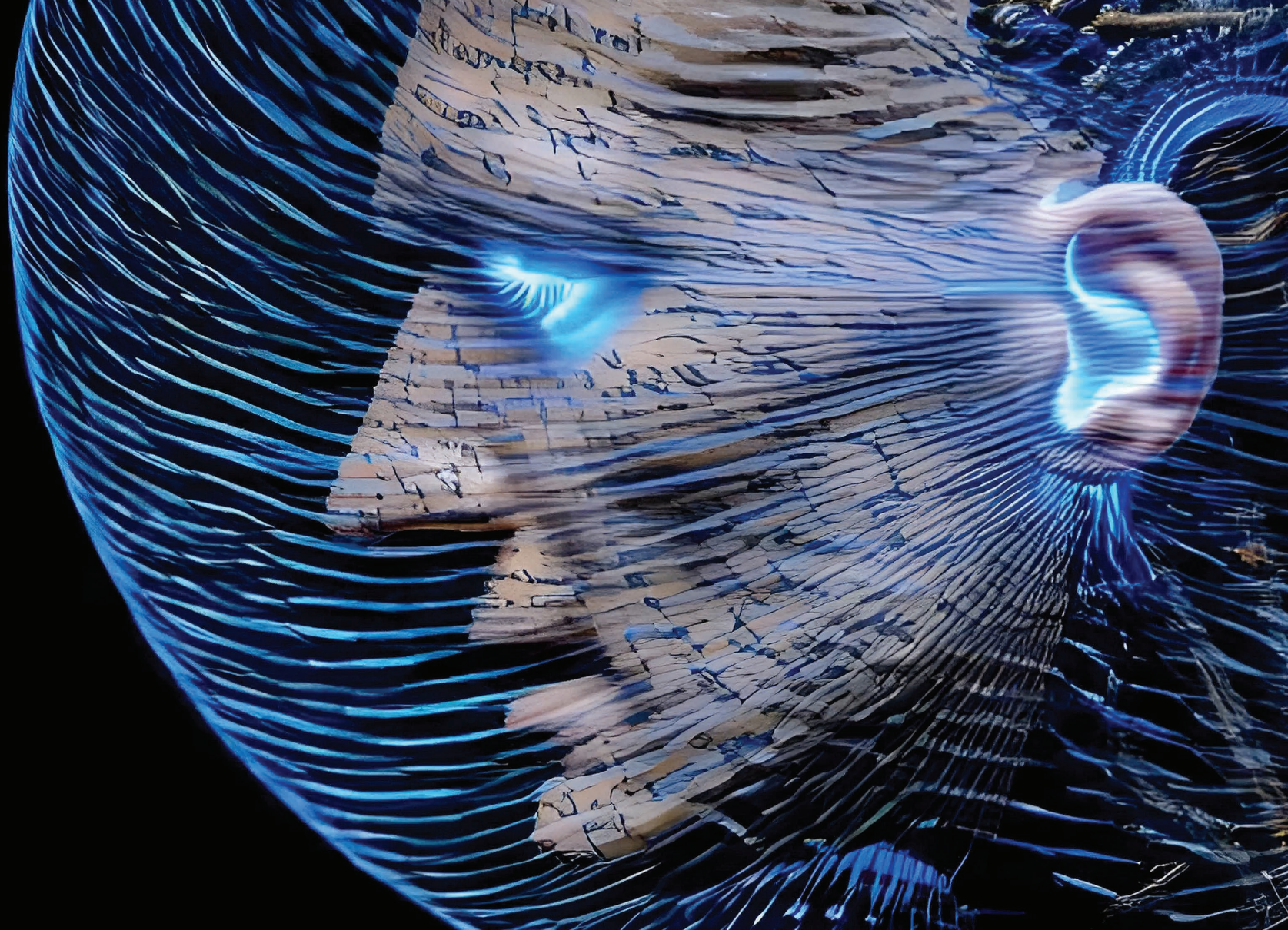
String Theory

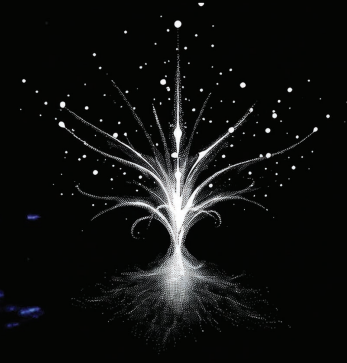
Before the making of the head,
These strings vibrated through the void.
The ten dimensions where we tread
Give music not to be destroyed.

Each particle's a different note
Played on reality's guitar.
Our listening souls become the throat
From which these cosmic songs spread far.

Too small to see, too strange to grasp,
Yet in our dreams we hear them play.
The strings that make our neurons gasp —
They harmonize our everyday.

We are the cosmic music's stance —
All penetrates, and not by chance.





THE SIXTH SONNET

Abiogenesis

All penetrates, and not by chance.
In Miller's flask we trace our start —
No spark of God, but circumstance
Of chemistry's primordial art.

From carbon, nitrogen, and clay
Our consciousness strove to emerge.
In every protein's folded way
We feel life's first electric surge.

No need for God, just time and space,
And elements that learned to dance.
We are that dance, we are that grace
Between the molecules' advance.

From mud we rose, and still we're fed —
Don't cease your oscillating tread.

THE SEVENTH SONNET

Panspermia



Don't cease your oscillating tread,
These cosmic spores that seeded Earth.
Perhaps our thoughts are so widespread —
We're travelers from our place of birth.

What seems like home-grown consciousness
Could be a migrant from afar.
Our DNA's a wilderness
Stamped with the light of some strange star.

We are the aliens looking back
Upon a home that's not our own.
Across the void, on comet's track,
Life travels, never quite alone.

In every cell, we feel the glance —
To join the common, fleeting dance.





THE EIGHTH SONNET

RNA World

To join the common, fleeting dance –
These nucleotides in our brains
Were here before we learned romance
With consciousness and all its pains.

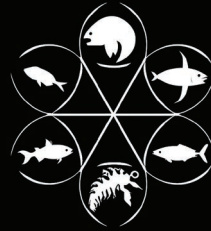
These ribozymes that copy, splice,
Before our words learned how to chime.
The RNA paid a steep price
For information across time.

We are a later language built
On chemistry's first alphabet.
Our poems are the conscious guilt
Of molecules we can't forget.

The stars burn cold beyond our prow –
What we are living through right now.

THE NINTH SONNET

Evolution



What we are living through right now
Is chaos on the edge of time,
While galaxies spin out and glow,
And we search for their silent rhyme.

The world holds us in its embrace,
Yet we live through the tales we tell —
From Adam's fall to Faust's late grace,
While stars burn cold in their pale shell.

We are the cosmos grown aware.
Its consciousness wakes in our eye,
And, like Prometheus stealing fire,
We are a bridge from earth to sky.

This dance of matter we see now
Was here before us, anyhow.





THE TENTH SONNET

Symbiogenesis

Was here before us, anyhow, –
This dance of atoms with each other,
Like Eve and Adam' marriage vow,
Each cell becoming sister, brother.

We're children of this ancient fusion,
With mitochondria in our glands.
Margulis shows how evolution
Has brought together distant strands.

The myth of fission she exposes –
We are not masters of this dome,
But partners in a symbiosis,
Like Gaia breathing through her loam.

Bacterial whispers in the funnel –
The world flows down reality's tunnel.

THE ELEVENTH SONNET

Creationism



The world flows down reality's tunnel,
Devouring all we thought we knew,
While Darwin's finches in the runnel
Sing out against the Bible's view.

We come from clay to Darwin's tree,
Our genes encoding ancient names.
Yet still we seek divinity
In fossil records, carbon flames.

Thus, Eden and the lab collide —
We are both dust- and stardust-born,
Creation stories cannot hide
The beauty of what we have worn.

From Genesis across time's gunnel,
Sucking in faces like a funnel.





THE TWELFTH SONNET

Pantheism

Sucking in faces like a funnel,
The Godhead in each grain of sand.
Spinoza's God flows through the channel
Of leaves and lovers, sea and land.

We're eyes through which the cosmos sees
Itself in every drop of dew,
From Blake's infinity in trees
To Buddha's blankness breaking through.

The sacred blurs with the profane —
The holy burns in every cell,
Through Whitman's grass, Krishna's refrain,
All boundaries dissolve and swell.

In peasants' dance and cosmic game,
Where Bruegel's captured in a frame.

THE THIRTEENTH SONNET

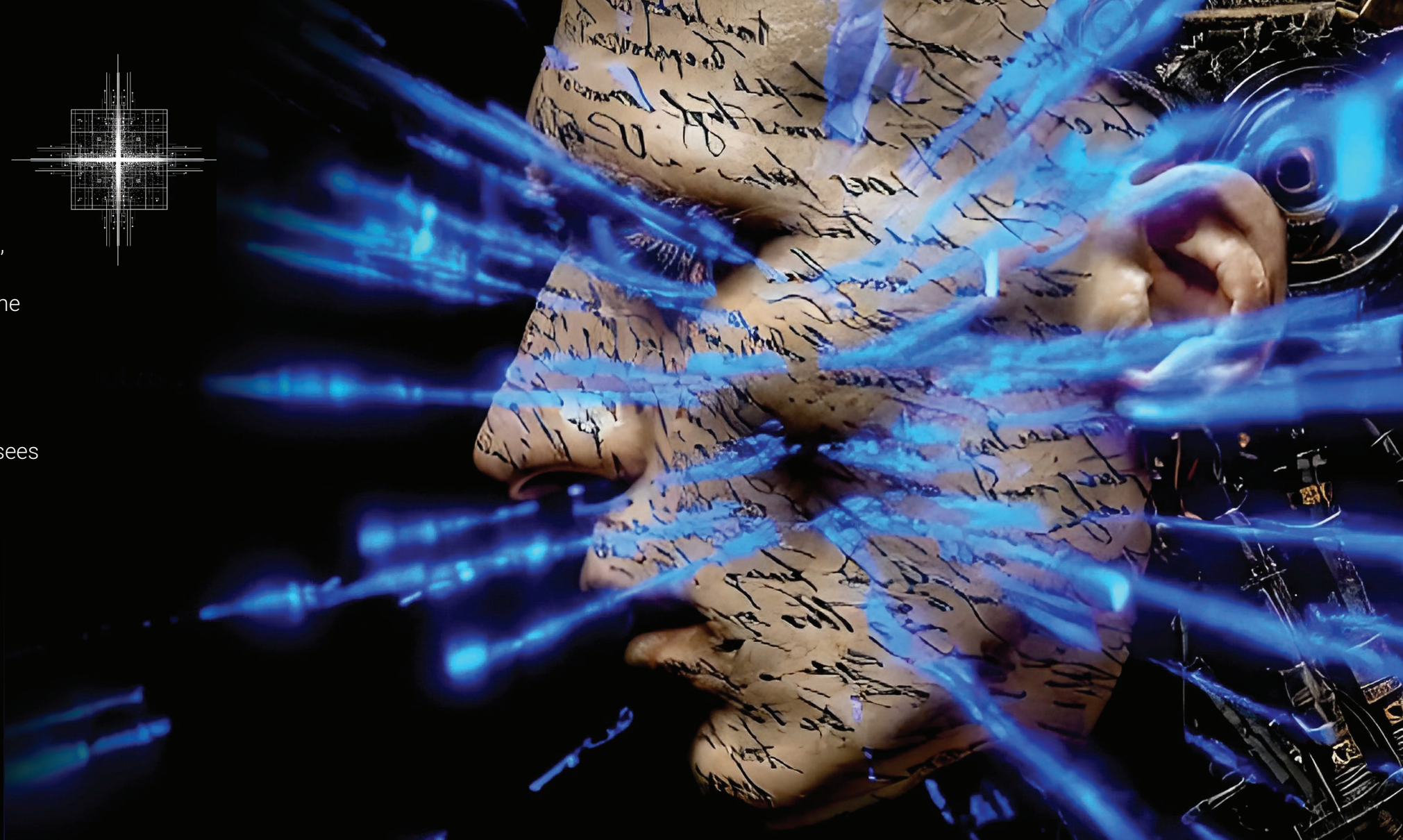
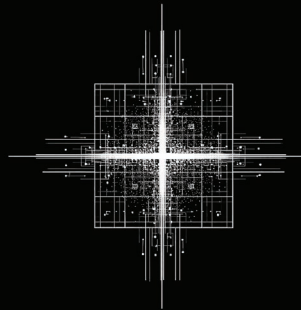
Simulation

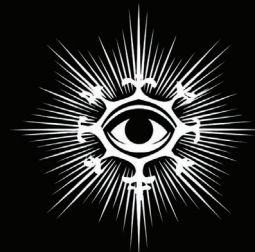
Where Bruegel's captured in a frame,
The real transfuses into code,
While Plato's shadows play their game
On cavern walls — our dark abode.

We travel through binary trees,
Each heartbeat but a data stream,
Like Descartes, wondering what he sees
Beyond the borders of his dream.

The Matrix whispers in our ear
That all we know might be illusion,
Yet still we love, we hope, we fear
Within this digital profusion.

Perhaps we're avatars in the game
From whence he came.





THE FOURTEENTH SONNET

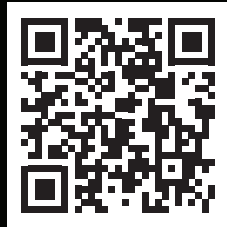
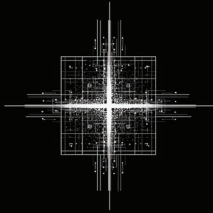
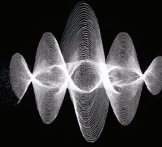
Anthropic Principle

From whence he came,
The well-tuned cosmos must arise,
While Wheeler's quantum seer can frame
The universe through our wide eyes.

The constants fit us to a tee,
As though according to some plan:
From Hawking's singularity
To our own fleeting mortal span.

Thus do we shape what we observe,
Reality bends to meet our gaze.
Like Heisenberg, we must preserve
The mystery of quantum ways.

The loop's closed, nothing left to mend —
All is penetrable, my friend.



Scan me to play the quiz!

