

# FLOWER IS A LOVE LETTER FROM DINOSAUR

Dear ConsonantWithAllCreation, Dear Infinitesimal Tremor, Dear PreGlow,

local PeopleMilkyWayEndosymbionts. Dear eXTRAsLIGHTeXCESS,

how do you do?

Dear Gas Lumpiness More Or Less Equally Distributed,

drip the spillover color-song from 4-element quartet down your crown to enlight heart room.

Easy As Pie,

no name to magnify no name that will not one day be magnification of name.

Dear EventlessBurst, DearNonOrNotQuiteInhomogeneous,

prepare the Silent Aphid Song.

Dear NothingYetToCatchFire, TooDenseToDot, Dear billionth of a trillionth of a trillionth,

bone conduction of waveform-crests imprinting Elephant padded-feet, toe-bones built perpendicular to the ground like transverse waves on tiptoes rippling at right angles to their direction,

transporting no matter.

Dear nOTHINGwITHwHICHtO, Dear FeaturelessGruelExtremeConditions,

DearMuskratQuark&WalrusLepton, DearAntiWhatever,

already no new matter will ever be added.

Dear Cool&TransparentEnoughToEmit, Dear Millions-of-Times-More-Luminous Standard Model,

fear not you cAN'TeVERbEfOUNDOUT.

Dear IsAmAnimism, Dear AtomTotemTotter, RusticRNAworldRedeemerDressedAsAfROG,

beware biotic volcanic ejecta in between births. Dear Spontaneously Arisen Implausibility Parts' Checklist,

it will be about to happen, as all has. Dear Rock That Sunk By Surprise,

DearSunrisePowder, Dear Powered, DearVaultWalker and DearDearDisruptedDustCloud,

dEARcOUNTLESSLYcOLLISIONEDfREEfLOATER,

know it all. Firsthand. Nothing would be.

The world was MADE for storytellingpeople to live in —  
but by birds plants microbes animals and rocks.  
Out of generosity, perhaps pity.

Dear Sleepless Evergreen & Vigilant Owl, Dear BearSpouse,  
in other words, limbed, budded "embodied abiogony"

by now abiogonic-agonogonygamy.

Dear ClarifyingCrystalCounterexample,

Dear Voluntarily Sacrificed,

99% of the over 5 billion auspices of us-species that ever lived  
gone. Into Common Communion.

Dear BloodSuckingSunMadeWhole, DaredevilDiseaseDivinity, WetDryCycleSorceress,  
lifeisaprocess not a substance, lifeispresence not a process, lifeisanexuberance notapresence.

That is, constitutively, formatively, consonantly coherent. This One. It is exact.

DearGod Appeaser, Dear SuperstarDebaucher, DearWorshippingTheCastoffClothesOfGods,

like the continuously evolving oral epic of the Whale People meeting the People Whales and  
mosses colonizing land so there'd be food for terrestrialization of vertebrates.

Dear tOOcOINCIDENTALLYpRESENTtOfEELrEAL, DearImperfectCopyBreeder,

the stress is in the seed, the seeds are oscillations. The competition-for-light-to-come. The seeds stay in the  
ground to ride out the stresses. Light orchestrates. Successful Angiosperm Sex is best.

Dear FranticExoXenoBiogonist, who'd do anything to be innovative: stop orbiting, replace water solvent  
with ammonia, change the benign axial tilt allowing seasonal variation to moderately move poleward.

Please don't.

DearGenomeSolecist, Carbon Chauvinist,

Dear Clot, Dear BirthByFishSlap, dEARpRIDEoFbRAINSIZEtObODYrATIO,

homosome has been restlessly immigrating, reaboriginating since.

Formally the family of that first fluctuation, with feeling.

Sandwiched by singularities,

any one of us taken alone is interspecific.

We're looking right at many extraterrestrial forms of life our biochemical bias blocks from view. All the necessary parts seemingly separately developed, together at once. Like the Earth, we're not from here.

This is why it's all here

once we define 'it.' Once we defy 'it.'

Now the bombardment is the hyperbolic known as *info*.

Biogenic cosmoi with nothing that can go between.

MisspeltAmnioteBarbarianistBowlOfTheBlood, Dear SiblingReptilomorphs,

we may still however counterfactually actually breathe through our skin.

Hang on.

DearPlayedByLanguage, pLANCK ePOCH pARTICIPANT wITNESS too intense and dense to form,

think of something unrelated to anything possible to think of.

Nature, like its inner cosmos, is nature of mind. Feeling as light as helium. Mind is missing from the argument, the way dreams are nature. Dear UndyingUnUnderstanding,

Dear Extremophiles-To-Be,

it's always back to abiogenic basics for me.

wHOiSN'TtHEoNE&oNLYfIRSTcOMMONaNCESTORcELL?

Dear Massless Molasses, Dear Measles and Mumps,

although we are not a gift to the earth—that we live, is,

(anonymouslygivenbysingularpresent).

Militarily intimate? Appliances indigenous to us.

DEAR TaxonCatchAll,

been there done that been that is that.

Dear I-was-here-first Synapsid,

host, hostile, inhostilable. anarchic coherence.

DearIdenticalAnomalie,

in communion, un co munition ing. Comunificence sing(gn)ing.