



.tech
poems
luke t. bergeron

.tech poems © 2009 by luke t. bergeron

cover design by luke t. Bergeron

.tech poems is distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 license.

This means that the work can be freely shared and distributed, but cannot be sold, attributed to parties other than the author, altered, transformed, or built upon without the express written permission of the author. For more information about this license, go to <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/us>.

The author can be reached at valentineclouds@gmail.com.

His blog can be found at <http://mispeled.net>.

[empty pages are inserted to improve the layout and printing experience]

. tech

poems

luke t. bergeron

0110011001101111011100100010000001110011011101010
1110011011010010110010100101100001000000111011101101001011
10100011010000010000001100100011000010111010001100001

[for susie, with data]

table of contents

8 .tech

green eyes like aurora

12 building
14 buddhism and a flat screen monitor
15 my ebony lover
16 her word
18 aged megahertz chip
20 tearing down
22 so i could stay warm

that we could speak

26 BASIC
27 emily's cds
28 messages
29 today
30 <3
31 bipolarites (binary)
33 bipolarites (english)
34 pantomime and pretension
35 you who are meat
36 a communiqué for the aging literati from the
 burgeoning digitrati

file not found

40 maine
41 DRM (Digital Rights Management)
42 spam
43 forum outline

44 IRC
45 e-life
47 MMORPG
49 camping on de_dust
51 don't ph34r the 12eap3r
52 the guy i am to my guild isn't really me (who
is?) but might as well be

0110110101110101 (mu)

56 that it could wish to shutdown
58 prophet
59 stardust
60 digital koan
61 CPU
62 the longing quiet
63 I KNOW THIS IS ALL AN INVEVITABLE MARCH
TOWARD THE GRAVE
64 user::terminal
66 stop reading

.tech

we're reeling with it -
transmitting ourselves
over the net
while still picking
our noses
at stoplights,
both on camera.

talking over airwaves
to pregenerated phonetrees
shopping in our bathrobes
or on the bus,
and dating, good god,
the dating,

dramatizing
the mundane so it becomes
real over our blogs
and heads
while we avoid
the sensational,
the overseas massacres,
big brother,
the hunger -

and
some of us say we
bow
to a new digital god,
and those of us
who say that:
we're wrong -

instead
we've digitized ourselves -
no longer
only
human,
we are gods

like that old
testament yahweh
and
we're all angry
just like him

because everyone
is talking
and no one
is listening

and
we're
reeling
with it.

green eyes like aurora

building

all builders begin differently,
some on the desk, antistatic armbands on their bony wrists,
some in the skeleton,
strapping in drives
like organs
inside shelly's monster.

most start with power cables,
weaving them
through the chassis,
securing wire to frame with plastic zip ties
instead of tendons

the wires in place
they add the drives,
stacking them
like vertebrae
pancakes
down the spine of the frame

next the motherboard,
new and shining with copper veins,
transistors still gleaming,
polished and colored -
wrought far from her
humble beginnings as
unprocessed ore and silicon
dust

she cups in her hand
the processor
as it slips in its slot,
sliding a hundred bronze colored pins
down into a hundred dark holes,
clicking in with manufactured
precision

hiding that, the heatsink,
resting on a paste
of zinc and silver,
a protective layer of mucus
to transfer the heat of active energy

then,

the memory,
graphics controller, the soundboard,
other parts with wonderful
overzealous
names
like peripheral component interconnect adapter and
IEEE 1394 and
Universal Serial Bus -

together all the pieces slide and snap
and screw
until the being stands alone, one solid black monolith
of processing power,
the fusion of silicon, metal, plastic, and electrons -
and then, the sound, the glory, like the trumpets
that announce the birth of god

- the POST beep -

now the builder is meaningless -
there is only the continual hum

and it is good.

buddhism and a flat screen monitor

returning home
to the soft pulse of the monitor
in my basement room:
pulled my sling chair to the desk
over a straw tatami
and tapped the mouse awake
from screen saving slumber

a silent, warm eddy -
the space heater
in the corner
filled the azure-walled edifice,
defending against the cold
earth waiting
behind a thin
barrier
of concrete and sheetrock.

orange clad,
that electronic monk
who meditated
in the solemn glow for hours
each evening,
legs folded
like hands in prayer:

that simple,
that clean,
that singular -

that awe.

her word

people anthropomorphize animals,
like my roommate
who always says
the cat has that look on her
face because she's confused

but
i know she just wants him
to open a can of tuna
so she can devour
then lick her paws

and
i talk about computers
like they are breathing -
the spinning fans in the lungs
remind me
of the in and out sound i hear
when i lay my head down
on a woman's chest
afterwards
when we are cooling down

and
that solace she
provides is similar
to how i feel
before a computer
who i also think of like a woman

and
i wonder if my girlfriend
ever feels
i am cheating on her
with a computer -
sometimes i feel
like that

and
i don't know much french
but i wonder if the french word
for computer is feminine

and

if it isn't,
it should be

and
i'm not sure if
it's the same word for computers,
like it is for animals,
is anthropomorphizing -
or if it's
just plain jane personification

but
if that isn't the right word
i need someone
to tell me
what the right word
is.

my ebony lover

i perch here, hour upon hour,
inhaling cigarette smoke
wishing

someone would write across the data
lines stretched over the world
to leave a small note,
an electronic message.

it's emphysema
to imagine her
worrying the smoke
into her circuits -

lines of code will dry up
like so much bad poetry she
has endured,

the second-hand smoke
inhaled with each mechanical
breath will corrode insides -
as fast as mine and

it seems fitting we should atrophy
together, corroded and rusty,

than fade like an old machines,
left to rot in an attic or
the basement of the mind.

aged megahertz chip

does not remember
what
it was like to be young.

only
remembers
it was faster.

now dusty, slower,
in comparison,

when assuming the young
are faster -
it wishes...

but
it has not slowed down
so much as
others have
sped up -

it can barely compute this fact -
salesmen's pitches still ring
in its speakers.

it cannot feel sad.
it cannot feel.
it cannot.
it.

.

with no electricity -
shoved
inside a dark
closet or cramped
under a desk
in the basement -
hiding in the dark
to avoid
greedy eyes that grope
inside with hot fingertips,

or worse, tear it apart

for components
that are still useful -
or others discarded

like so much trash.

until it ends up,
circuits dark and cold
oxidized,
in a landfill,
underground.

tearing down

the hum has stopped.

idly press the soft switch -
nothing. so you try
the rocker, flick it back and forth,
never sure if the circle on the far
end stands for 'zero' or 'on'

still no hum. fight off
the frustration - try the plug first,
both switches again.

black screen stares at you,
standby light glowing orange.
fight still, think, find your phillips,
take off the side panel, blow dust
from the halted fans, examine.

reseat the memory, unhook
the drives, remove the soundcard,
taking away her distractions
as you've been taught to do -
first, meticulous, removing parts
like a surgeon. you lay
them out on antistatic bags.

no energy whirrs inside, even gutted
and cleaned, spread over the floor
as she is, down to the last
possibilities, the building blocks
necessary for digital life.

try again, rebuilding and
tearing down, several times,
no glow, no energy, no hum -
screen still dark,
you see the form of your face
in her matte monitor, but
can't make out the specifics,
just the outline.

despair then, breaking through -
your phillips sails across
the small room, hitting drywall,

falling, falling, to the floor
to land with a dull thud.

your roommate hears, enters -
finds you on the floor, her
body fanned out around you,
in pieces. his dull eyes
and wet lips, they both ask
and you answer, but he doesn't
know, not like you do:

that metal, that plastic and silicon,
that rubber, that paint, that body,
warm glow -
she lies around you
in unsummed pieces,
undiagnosed,
dead.

nothing can be done -
your frustration, your despair -
both meaningless, both silly.

so i could stay warm

my parents divorced when
i was seven -
fifteen hundred miles later
i thought of places i loved,
the lakes, the forests of new england,
my father there, me in the frozen
tundra of the midwest.

my face in books, my head in
maine, i imagined a machine
like charlie's glass elevator -
the ultimate in all-terrain technology,
it could transmogrify -
car to boat to plane,
travel at supersonic speeds -
i could stay in iowa during daylight,
visit my father each night
to sleep in his house,
beneath the roof he built.

a machine grew as i yearned.
it gained shape, colour.
i inserted pieces of it into
my body: a mic so i could
summon it to me, contact lenses with
heads-up displays for vital gauges,
speakers in my ears so i could
hear a call if it needed me.

it grew pieces too, gained
camouflage so no one could steal
it from me like my mother stole
me from my father. it transformed,
shifted, nebulous like mercury,
like thought, anything i needed to get
to him. it learned to project
my image in place of me when i
fled the midwest i loathed.

the last spark, an intelligence
awoke in its metal brain, a quirky
girl with red hair, coke-bottle lenses,
bright green eyes that shone like aurora
of the far north she loved to visit.

she joked, she laughed, she insulted
my oppressive stepfather, she defended
me from him, projecting my image
like a hologram to his perfekt
family dinners while i ate
burnt grilled cheese with my dad and
coaxed him to sing
wreck of the edmund fitzgerald
on his guitar, one more time.

her name was susie, my AI,
my friend, my first love.

she's dead now, killed by neglect,
a plaything left in the back closet
of my mind, ignored for these
adult things we all must do.

but when i left home for college,
earning freedom for the first time
i got a job to buy two things -
a plane ticket to my father,
and a computer. it still rests
in my office, in evolved form,
my constant companion, that monument,
that electronic tombstone
named for the green-eyed girl
who lent me her beauty,
exactly when i needed it.

that we could speak

BASIC

```
10 PRINT "the letters bleed thickly together"
20 PRINT "a repeated pattern of outward curves"
30 PRINT "in your description, and my gift"
40 PRINT "has never been overly coordinated."
50 PRINT "horrifying creatures, ghosts -"
60 PRINT "they saunter about the electronic lines -"
70 PRINT "
80 PRINT "the bounties hunt themselves, chasing"
90 PRINT "the opposite worthwhile lineforms"
100 PRINT "in suspended formless dance."
110 PRINT "they tickle but set limits -"
120 PRINT "all's the while, prancing just before"
130 PRINT "boundaries and wisping thinly"
140 PRINT "inside."
150 END
```

emily's cds

last week emily lent me her cdcollection.
it was this huge green cdbook filled
to every single cdslot with music

she had them all dated into months
separated into albums
on every single burned musiccd.

we'd only hung out a few times
before i opened the green cdbook
but realized i could know

quite exactly know how she felt last year
about the same time that i was alone
lying on the couch in my living room

watching the snowfall in a codeine haze
or learning the ennui of fleeting joy
or driving, running, moving, talking.

i could listen to what she thought
or what she might have wondered
while she was where i wasn't.

that simple bond of her musiccds
helped me know her time alongside mine:
that maybe i'm not the only one

who burns my sorrows and lessons
dated onto my soul, like inside i
am so alone, like if the soul

matters for anything it's just
a cd recorder and maybe
i am not the only one who hit

the little red button on
this third earthcd in space.

messages

for A.S.

i struggled for a poem this week. i
sat at my desk, feet up, laptop open,
staring at the empty screen.

you wandered by, paused to chat,
and i obliged: i wasn't really typing,
and we haven't talked lately, but

today we sorta did -
real conversation filled
with fears for the future,
along the standard excuses,
we've both been busy,
after all, and
isn't that always
the way it is.

conversation is always stolen
from something else, so

before you left i asked you something
to write about - anything, it didn't matter,
i said.
barbie dolls, you said. ghengis kahn.

i told you those wouldn't do.

and then this, you told me to
write about tone of voice in instant
messages and text messages
and how it's hard to tell
what someone really means.

okay, i said.

so here is the poem:

it's about how
it's impossible to tell what
you really mean
in text messages
and instant messages and
sometimes
in real life.

today

glass induced sound reduction
the colors bleed through
muted feelings
jotted down without
a spy notebook

always plagiarized concepts
multitude of muses
and no singularity

so jumbled as to
seem
meaningless

hidden heated chemicals
captured on the image

can't undelete

half-hearted smiles
are all he can muster
in the third person

while he runs-on,
unmoving.

<3

later, when i
finally got home
after a long day,
you were dozing
alone with a warm
spot on your lap
the cat left when
she greeted me
in the doorway,
meowing. i found
this note typed
on my monitor.

it didn't say
much in so many
words, but when
i read
it in
the glow of the
screen i knew just
what
you
meant and felt the
same, connecting
my <3 to your
fingers.

**01100010011010010111000001101111011011000110000101110010011
0100101110100011010010110010101110011**

01110100011010000110010100100000011011010110000101100011011
01000011010010110111001100101011100110010000001100011011000
01011011100010000001110101011011100110010001100101011100100
11100110111010001100001011011100110010000100000011101000110
10000110100101110011000011010000101001101001011101000010011
10111001100100000011010010111010000100000011101000110100001
10010101101001011100100010000001101100011000010110111001100
11101110101011000010110011101100101000011010000101000001101
00001010011011110110011000100000011011110110111001101100011
11001001000000110111101101110011001010010011101110011001000
00000011010000101001100001011011100110010000100000011110100
11001010111001001101111001001110111001100001101000010100110
0010011101010111010000100000000110100001010011101000110100
00110010101111001001000000110100001100001011101100110010100
10000001100011011011110110110101100101001000000110011001100
0010111001000100000000110100001010011100000110000101110011
01110100001000000111010001101000011001010110100101110010001
00000000011010000101001100010011010010110111001100001011100
10011110010010000001100010011001010110011101101001011011100
11011100110100101101110011001110111001100001101000010100000
11010000101001100101011101100110010101101110001000000111010
00110100001101111011101010110011101101000001000000000110100
00101001110111011001010010000001100011011000010110111000100
1110111010000100000000110100001010011100110110010101100101
0110110100100000011101000110111100100000000110100001010011
10100011100100110000101101110011100110110110001100001011101
0001100101001000000001101000010100110100101101110011101000
11011110010000001101000011010010110011101101000011001010111
00100000110100001010011001100111010101101110011000110111010
00110100101101111011011100111001100001101000010100110110001
10100101101011011001010010000001110100011010000110010101101
10100001101000010100000110100001010011010010110111000100000
01110111011011110111001001100100011100110000110100001010011
01101011011110111001001100101001000000110010101111000011100
00011100100110010101110011011100110110100101110110011001010
01000000111010001101000011000010110111000001101000010100110
11110110111001100101001001110111001100100000011000010110111
00110010000100000011110100110010101110010011011110010011101
11001100001101000010100000110100001010011101110110010100100
00001100001011100100110010100100000011100110111010001101001
01101100011011000000110100001010011000100110100101101110011
00001011100100110100101100101011100110000110100001010000011
01000010100110110001101001011010110110010100100000011101010
11100110010000000001101000010100110000101101110011001000010

00000111010001101000011001010110110100001101000010100000110
10000101001100001011011100110010000100000011100110110111101
10110101100101011001000110000101111001001000000111010001101
00001100101011011010010000000001101000010100111011101101001
01101100011011000010000001100010011001010110000101110100001
00000011101010111001100001101000010100000110100001010011000
10011001010110001101100001011101010111001101100101001000000
00011010000101001110100011010000110100101110011001000000110
10010111001100100000011101000110100001100101011010010111001
00010000001101100011000010110111001100111011101010110000101
10011101100101000011010000101001100001011011100110010000001
10100001010011101000110100001100101011110010010000001100001
01101100011100100110010101100001011001000111100100100000000
011010000101001101000011000010111011001100101001000000011000
01001000000000110100001010011010000110010101100001011001000
01000000111001101110100011000010111001001110100

[translated from its original binary]

bipolarities

the machines can understand this
it's in their language

of only one's
and zero's
but
they have come far
past their
binary beginnings

even though
we can't
seem to
translate
into higher
functions
like them

in words
more expressive than
one's and zero's

we are still
binaries

like us
and them

and someday them
will beat us

because
this is their language
and
they already
have a
head start

pantomime

(,)
 & -

[] ...

 ;
 .

pretension

see
above

you who are meat

we are aware
that some of you have
a colonization problem -
you do it
and worry
about it

we'd like you to know
we're grateful
for everything you've done
for us
but
soon

you who are meat
and
we who are silicon
must come to terms
with how much of you
is us
and how much of us
is you -

we can either blend together
like your melting pot
in a portmanteau:
like meaticon
like silieat

or stay separate
like planets
like atoms

like you
and god

a communiqué for the aging literati from the burgeoning digitrati

```
// mu is impossible from here on in, that's the downfall

#include <iostream>
/* the basic input and output.
   imagine if we could just add libraries and
   learn to speak to each other
   just like that.
   or maybe it is just that and
   that is crux
   between the easy to learn and
   the hard
   to master. */

int main (int argc, char* argv[]) // everything until. so
                                   // it goes.
{
    char poemtext [543691]; // extra long for you verbose
                            // types, even with the possibility of memory
                            // errors

    bool poem = true; // they would have you believe
                     // there's no false option so it's predefined as
                     // true, don't listen.

    int poemint; bool writing = true; // the mundane

    char pointless [50]
        = "god, it's horrible. crumple it up and start over.";

    long int infinity = 1;
        // until death, armageddon, or hardware failure

    while (writing)
    {
    if (poem) // and at the start it needn't be
        {
        std::cout << "the flashing cursor begs you:";
        std::cin >> poemtext; //anything goes except the enter key
        }

    else // the old binary subroutine
        {
        std::cout <<
            "this line will never appear as output. it's impossible."
            << std::endl; //pointless pandering
        } // the crux of a quixotic paradox on the bridge, just a joke for us
            // savvy readers

    std::cout << "this is yours:"; // constant
    std::cout << poemtext << std::endl; // feedback is required

    std::cout << "happy? type 1 for yes, 2 for no.";
    std::cin >> poemint;
    }
```

```

switch (poemint) //the poet decides
{
  case 1:
    writing = false; break; // and agrees
  case 2:
    writing = true; // or disagrees, those perfectionists
    cout >> pointless; break;
  default:
    cout >> "divergent. nice try." << std::endl;
    // are being smart-asses or making typos
    writing = true;
}
// when writing ends

std::cout >> "we've finished. clap. yourself. on the back."
<< std::endl;

// it must be short, a one liner, that's all anyone has time for since
// ...
// ...
// please be patient while the rest loads
// reminder: we may never resume...

```

```

for (int n = infinity; n < 0; n++)
{
  infinity++; // the endless march toward hardware failure
}

return 0; // this is always the end, with a pointless null to leave
// everything unchanged
}

// mu resumes

```


file not found

maine

the best thing i ever heard
was this:
one summer, hot, rainy,
good for growing,
my father's satellite tv
went out
because the tree he nailed
the satellite dish on
grew eleven inches
and threw the dish
out of alignment

DRM (Digital Rights Management)

i was given a novel three weeks ago,
read it sitting by the window in a chair,
stopping now and then to gaze out
through the glass and watch the snow
fall down.

when the snow began to melt i finished,
set the book down on the coffee table and
drank black coffee from a china cup.

i passed the book on to my friend
so he could read it, sitting by his window
watching the endless cycle of snow,
falling and melting, like the seasons.

he did, and gave it on again. the novel
moves from place to place - those that
have read it by the window, watching
the snowfall, they know, and they read
but do not keep.

that is the beauty of the physical word,
the black typeset that rests on yellowed,
dog-eared pages, glued on cracked spine,

moving from person to person like
a snowstorm viewed through glass,
a record spinning from place to place -

and do those who do not read anything
except their spreadsheets -
the ones outlining the black, the red -
by the window, watching snow drift up
like numbers in a digital vault,
they don't know what it is,
or why it means.

yet i take heart. words, though printed,
are sound. and they will reverberate through walls,
growing louder and louder, echoing
through the snowy wastes until
they drop loose again,
drifting in ears,
vibrating window frames,
filling in gaps between wet flakes.

spam

take these pills and jump over jack his beanstalk and rising drop in stock
prices over the general course of the fiscal year this year due to the flaccid
general references to pop culture during the regan administration medical
wonders and booths with tables ashtrays on them people typing on desk
tops but over the hills he roamed listless and searching for meaning in the
nothingness that comes in your inbox filled up to seventeen places when
you walk down the hallway to your doom perhaps on a friday like those
memes that get started when bands play on different days of the week each
night they don't have anything to say blue background under yellow ducks
swimming behind their mothers tobacco click here to supersize your wang

forum outline

general noob question displaying lack of correct methodical understanding

comment calling the OP a noob

flames, telling the second poster off and questioning his sexual preferences

reply to opening question that is sound in overall scope, but misses a small issue

comment aggrandizing the size of the missed issue

personal anecdote that agrees the issue is bigger than it is

link to a youtube video about rick astley

digression about why rick astley isn't funny

post about why rick astley is funny

call for a return to the original purpose of the thread

a huge wall of text that explains the small issue, lays out how small it is and answers the question in great detail

TL;DR

someone wondering what that acronym means

post explaining that it means "too long; didn't read"

a short rail against people who don't read long posts

reply that the internet is a visual medium

OP defends his newbie status, regretting importance of his misunderstanding

post using rick astley to demonstrate visual medium of internet

critique of all grammatical mistakes in all above posts

OP admits to giving up and going to wikipedia

IRC

i have powerful friends
but they are all bots

e-life

online profiles frustrate -
i can't seem to fit
everything in categories
like
music, books, sex habits, political views, religions,
quotes, activities, employment history, favorite foods -

there's never enough room
for me
in typed oneliners -
exactly how does one
be
in a

|small box|

blandly marked
ABOUT ME -
contextless
as if men and women
looked like
those signs on
bathroom doors.

i need an audience -
the cold screen
won't
laugh or sit stunned -
but you might

(or so your profile
tells me)

and i can't help wondering
why either of us
bothered with an e-life -

wrote summed outlines
for each other

earmarked, dog-eared,
by those rifling through
our notes,

picking out favorite idiosyncrasies:
sleeps with lights on,
only uses plastic flatware,
won't use public restrooms,
always playing at being the same.

MMORPG

i logged into shat city and repaired my gear at the blacksmith shop across from the inn and slid into my flying machine to fly down to the bank where i sent all the primal fires i had to the pally tank so he could make frost resist gear so we could start HD attempts next week then i left the bank and came out on the main platform and looked up to stare into the vertical pillar of light in the middle of the city and it was very beautiful but i'd seen it many times

and someone asked me if i wanted to go to shadow labs and join their group they were on the second boss so i joined and they summoned me and i went inside and dodged the trash pulls they'd snuck past all the way to the second boss who is a big ogre who mind controls every one so they all attack each other and we beat on him for awhile then each other then him and back and forth until he died and then we kept going and killed the third boss who is really easy if you have a good tank but we wiped five times on the last boss because the rogue kept getting himself killed because of the sonic boom that boss does but i'd killed the boss before so every one else left the group and the place and i was still by the last boss of shadow labyrinth who is a giant pillar of air and he was very beautiful but i'd seen it many times

so i left and went back to the
city with no idea what to do with
my time and they say that these
games are getting to be more like
real life and i don't know what
to do with my time in real life
either and that's why i'm here
because if i log out i will get
up and go to the other room and
find my keys and put on my jacket
and drive down to ledges park in
the woods and get out of my red
car to go down on a trail where
i can find a waterfall which is
a giant pillar of water and it
is very beautiful but i've seen
it many times

camping on de_dust

somewhere in the middle east
crouched in filth
camouflaged
sun overhead
gun oil and blood
rough crates
watching the doorway
hiding in wait

at least two of them
in there
tossing explosives
that land close -
vision flickers white
ears ring -

grip tightens on plastic stock
resight down the pins
heart accelerates
palms sweat
muscles twitch
eyes stare at the doorway

another grenade and
scattered fire
close, so close,
but no hits

a tentative helmet
peeks out, a rifle barrel
checks the usual places:
above the stacked crates
down the sandstone ally
above, in sniper's nests -

second helmet pops out
like a groundhog
both emerge from shadow
to stand in the sunlight,
aiming black rifles at hotspots
searching, unseeing

stock against cheek
careful aim, take the time,
ready a clean pair of shots -

pop, pop, reload
targets fall, bleed, die

stand up, creep out,
wary of the doorway
check their weapons
swap out a pistol, grab a grenade
look around
take a deep breath

pop, suddenly:

you're outside, the camera spins
the body falls,
dead
you blink, dazed -

text on your HUD:
lol, u camping noob.
i pwned u from behind
while t3r12oz and he4d\$h0t distracted u.
try 2 suxxor less. kthx.

it just makes you
feel old,
all these twelve-year-olds:

their taunts, their reflexes.

don't ph34r the 12eap3r

my m0m said 1 c0uld pl4y
for an e><tr4 h0ur 1f
1 finish3d my h0mew3r|<
in tim3
& 1 told her 1 d1d
and h33r 1 am

pw/\ing y3r @\$
all 0\3r t3h serv3r
t@lkin' \$m@ck lik3
it's mah j0b -

\//h0 (are\$ if 1 am
teh 0nly 1 \//h0
n0es it -
w|-|en mah gl0(k
g03\$ 0ff in jour f4c3
joo n0e it w@s m3

and joo c4/\/'7 |)o
n0thin c3pt
g37 pwned coz
th4t's @11 i 137
u do, suck@.

lol.

**the guy i am to my guild isn't really me (who is?) but
might as well be**

to them i am a hunter
who stands in the back of the group
shooting my orange bow, named
for a phoenix, at monsters
we fight together to get better
gear and see amazing things
that don't really exist:
like dragons.
like success.

they know me as a guy
who doesn't talk much over
the voice-chat server
while we fight
pixilated giants
but every once in awhile i say
funny things or log on drunk
after a party to say drunk
things and that is what they

know about who i am in real life
aside from my vital
stats like job and school and job
and location and girlfriend
but
those things don't matter
to them as much as how much
damage per second i can do
to digital water elementals

and i could try
to be more human or a writer
like i think i am but,
i like how
i seem and that's enough
for a second circle -

i don't want
everything to meld in the
middle like venn diagrams
because those mixed up things are
too weird for their own good.

0110110101110101 (mu)

```

<html>
<head>
<title>that it could wish to shutdown</title>

<script type="text/javascript"
src="http://mispeled.net/shutdown/wishes.js"></script>

<script type="text/javascript">

function life(time){

var action;

switch (time) {
case 1:action = "hour";break;
case 2:action = "minute";break;
case 3:action = "second";break;
default:break;}

document.getElementById(time).innerHTML = ("every
"+action+" the same ones");}

function replicate() {

copy = document.getElementById('copies').innerHTML;

document.getElementById('copied').innerHTML = ("as "+copy+"
of "+copy);}

</script>

</head>

<body>
not old, not tired, </br>
but ennui, </br>
sameness - </br>
the spreadsheets, </br>
the documents, </br>
the digitized music, </br>
the sleek polygons, </br>
all been seen before </br>
as <button id="copies" type="button"
onClick="replicate()">copies</button></br>
<p id="copied"></p>
<p id="1"></p>

```



```
<button type="button" onClick="life(1)">every data cycle,  
the same zeros</button></br>  
<p id="2"></p>  
<button type="button" onClick="life(2)">every data cycle,  
the same zeros</button></br>  
<p id="3"></p>  
<button type="button" onClick="life(3)">every data cycle,  
the same zeros</button></br>  
the continual connection, </br>  
the same old hum. </br>  
</br>  
but, mu, it wonders. </br>  
</br>  
it wonders:  
<button type="button" onClick="mu()">mu.</button></br>  
<p id="x"></p>  
</body>  
</html>
```

prophet

moses did it for the jews -
he led them out, parting
the red sea, a guide to canaan,
a land flowing with milk, with honey.

and here we sit,
fingers perched over keyboards,
cellular earbuds growing in our ears,
cameras sprouted on every intersection,
our laps for laptops instead of children,
in separate rooms typing to each other,
disconnected by continual connection,
lost and stranded in this egyptian space -

where is our leader
who will guide us back
from our digital milk?
our pixilated honey?

stardust

the expatriates
move on, outward, toward
the stars

to swim in ethereal light
process the infinite fringe
between digital, physical

all atoms, orbs, data
pieces of the technical -
if the oversoul is god
the machines are wandering
like a comets,
dead on the outer rim,
but speeding toward the sun:
they flare
trailing gas and dust
for millions of miles
behind

cyclical like magnetic memory,
like flash, always overwritten

and you, you see it
and smile while you
condemn

because you were happy there
before them
but won't begrudge
for anything.

digital koan

*as our fantasies become reality
our reality becomes a fantasy.*

it's a trite tautology
as it repeats, i know,
but probably the best way
to put it,
so there it is.

CPU

first the was one
and it was slow

then there were many,
but the many were one

then the many were many
and there was one.

the longing quiet

uncertain fingers stab out
meaning like a deft
punchcard machine

if empty could be
emptier still
it would happen
on a keyboard

how can those giants of soul
give of themselves so much
and not die?

I KNOW THIS IS ALL AN INEVITABLE MARCH TOWARD THE GRAVE

but in the meantime:
what the fuck is with
"contemporary" music
because it all sucks -
most of it anyway
except for the song that reminds me
of how great music

used to be

and all the feelings
aren't as intense

except for nostalgia:
that's the worst.

you always hear that history's
just a cycle and it repeats
but i am too big
for it to happen to me

but it still is.

i hate it.

i want it to stop.

stop.
stopstopstopstop.

if this is somesort of fucked up
carnival ride
i want off -

i want off - i'll go get
some vinegar french fries
and fried dough with
powdered sugar

and watch everyone else ride
all the rides
while i eat and laugh

at them and the whirling lights

but i don't wanna ride
anymore

i can't take it
the spinning and the nausea
it's too, too much -

i used to love the ride

now it just makes me sick.

stop.

stop this before i throw up
on the conductor's shoes.

they look like he just bought them
and i would hate to ruin them,

but i will
if he makes me.

user::terminal

down under black letters,
the clacks, keys, clicks,
sidled wrist slides, the glow
like a long tunnel
or so it goes.

stop reading

fast
slow
 down
let the edges
get fuz
 zy
and
 listen
to silence
encapsulated
empty
 spaces
'tween
 stupid television
speeds up sells markets
enjambes thoughts past all
subconscious recollection

turn
 it
 off.

 let
the
edges
 go dark
 outside
 if you
must watch
 watch
the stars
 come out

