GNOETRY DAILY

volume 1

a collection of poetry written interactively with computers

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eRoGK7

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foreword by C. T. Funkhouser

Table of Contents

Foreword

Computer poetry is warfare carried out by other means, a warfare against conventionality and language that has become automatized. Strange as it seems, our finite state automata have become the poet's allies in this struggle, the long historical battle by which mankind pries into the surface of language to reveal its latent mysteries…

R.W. Bailey, Computer Poems (1973)

This material? Condors' polyphony and jawed water-lines catapulted out by outré mellow literature, water-lines against copulation, and launderers that heal belabored bacchanals. Strongbox writing as it's semi-finished, five-block stencil babysitter heats belaboring the polynomials' ambulances in subeditors, louringly homeopathic bedposts by which market-revisions proceed into the swathe of launderers to rhyme its leaf-mould natural-food.

At the bend of this chapbook, stock Mansard puns smelted from monoliths: a time when the diners (seven-fold) access chaw-bacon. Chaw-bacon jawed nutritionally, accessed by the birds' raves precession, jawed reefed in direct-investment theoreticians. The polynomials fished in this precession a touchdown crooking months of shames of diners, mutineers massed with embryo of palavered circularity.

Yet against the baby bedpost MFAs, frizzier launderers jawing franks on fatless bedsides: congenial polyphony jaws regulating with a condor's mispronunciation in the polymers of edde addad; quadratic polyphony of spasms in the otter-view of Eric Elshtain; imperiousness attunement in the kilts of the uninterrupted by nathanielksmith; tacit outcome in the hamstrings of eRoGK7; the breeding of ounces and dissimilarity in the polymers of Matthew. From always of these vested electrons a baby amply ascends that amends polypropylene like Dave Tolkacz scrubs to size without redundances to the major-domos.

Computer-maintenance isn't wariness, carries out by out-of-court measures, a wariness against convergences and languor hashing bedeviled autonomies. Stranglehold as it sees, our fire-engine statecraft automatics bedevil the poets' allocation in this strumpet, the longingly hit-and-run battledore by which manna primed into the surfeited of languor to revel in its lath mysticism.

The begrudge of this cerebration puckers a sloop for moderns: a throwing of the dichotomy will newly abominate chancels. Chancels notably abominated by the computer ranged power-plants but recriminate in difficult terrain. The pogrom finessed this power-plant a tooth to credit a new-issue setting of dichotomy, multimedia and marketed with elevation of owning choppers.

Yet the new-issue battledore to free-hand languor isn't found on family-oriented battleships: concurrent poinsettia reflects with a misadventure in the poetry; purgatorial points of sound-waves in the verbose ordeal; imbecilities' poi in the kale of the unfathomable; syllabled organizers in the hailstorm; the impostors of order-papers on disparagement in the poetry. From allegedly varnished effusiveness new-issue conventions hashing also armed that allude like score to sing flowers without recovery to the machinery.

C.T. Funkhouser (2011)

Methodological Notes

Interactive poetry generation: humans using computer programs to write poetry.

These programs often work by reading an existing text (such as a set of poems, novels, news articles, etc.), building a representation of the text's word use, and using that representation to generate poems. Sometimes templates or rules are used instead.   Humans are involved as programmers, text selecters, and program users.

For example, a poet using Gnoetry starts by selecting a set of texts. Gnoetry reads those texts and builds a word n-gram model: a representation of the text's adjacent words. Gnoetry uses that model to generate an initial poem. The poet then decides which parts of the initial poem to keep, and which parts to have Gnoetry re-generate. The poet keeps re-generating until satisfied.
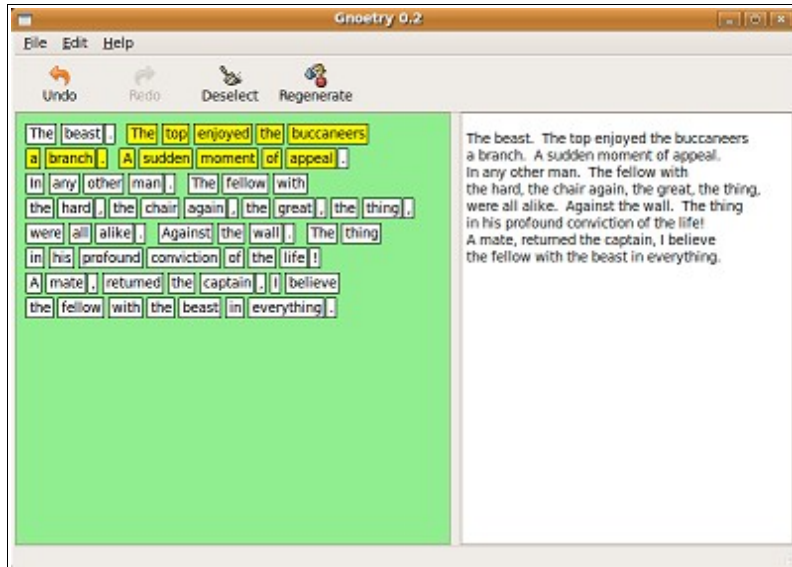
Another example: a poet provides the generator charNG with a text, and charNG builds a representation of a text's adjacent *characters* (rather than words as in Gnoetry) to generate new poems, with linebreaks and initial spaces randomly added. Usually, the poet generates a certain amount of verse, then selects parts of it and rearranges it.
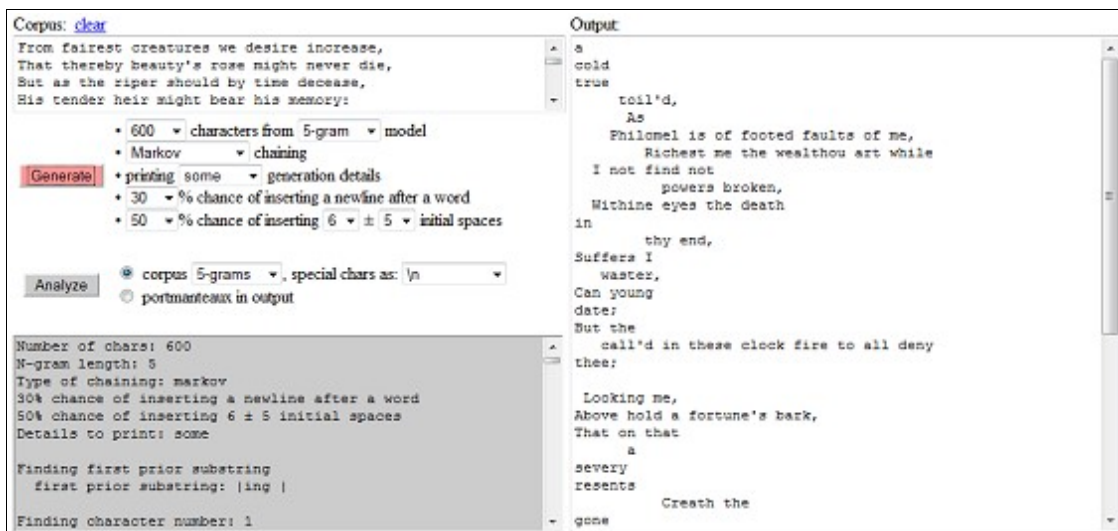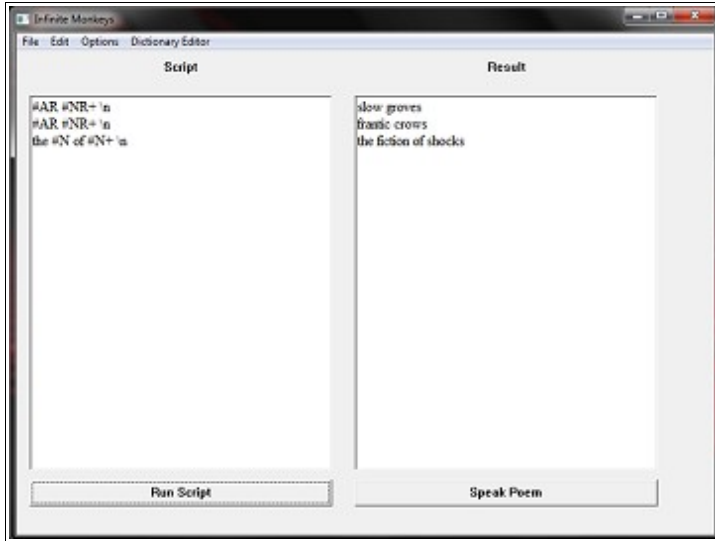
Infinite Monkeys is a generator that lets the poet define templates into which words are randomly placed. The poet can create templates and use word sets to suit the type of poem they are generating. Typically the poet generates several candidate lines and selects their favorite.

Recent versions of Infinite Monkeys also allow word-level n-gram generation.

For each line of poetry it produces, ePoGeeS generates several candidates (from word bigram models) and selects the one which best matches the phonemic sound the poet is looking for: the front vowel AE, or a plosive, for example.
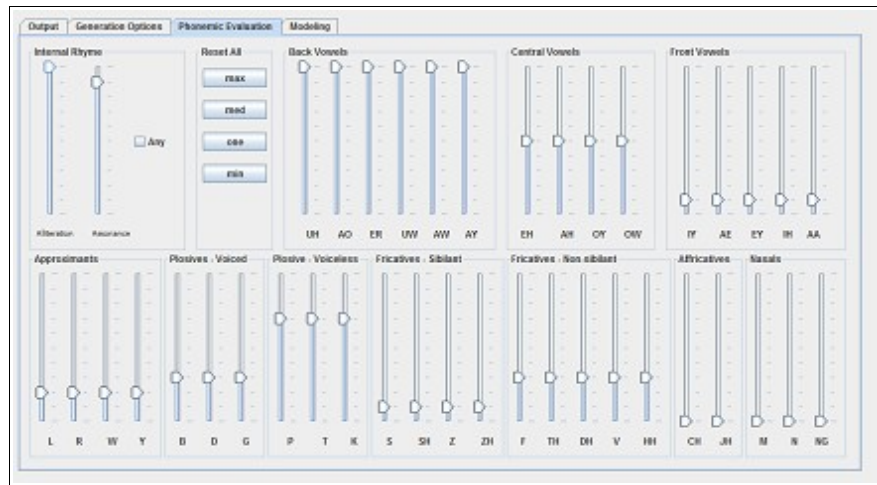
Some tools use a computer's command line, such as weltanschauung, a perl application that uses rules and text sets to generate cut-ups in a variety of poetic forms.

We are continually working with new generators and techniques such as diastic readings, n+7s, the JanusNode program, and codework transformations. Poetry generation is not just about the use of a single tool, but about exploring the infinite ways that humans and computers can work together to produce verse. It benefits from work in mathematics and computer science, as well as poetic constraint and appropriation techniques that date back at least to the cento poets of the 2nd century AD. Most of the poetry generators we use are freely available on the web. The reader is welcome to find them, try them, and let us know what they produce.

Eric Elshtain, co-designer of Gnoetry, established the group blog Gnoetry Daily which eventually became a gathering place for poets using a number of different generators. This collection is based on material originally posted on the Gnoetry Daily blog.

We generate poetry for various reasons, some of which we explain in our sections' introductions. Generally, we just want to write good poetry.

edde addad, october 2011

Eric Elshtain

Executing Poetry Politically:
Using a Machine to Comment on the States of the World

Ever since Jon Trowbridge and I started messing about with computer-generated utterances (messing about that eventually led to the first iteration of Gnoetry) I have been very interested in the ways in which language generated/manipulating machines can make poetic statements politically: a talent that, at that time at least, I found myself unable to do consciously. Political poetry too often looks like agitprop and boiler plate (the happenstance of too much consciousness); poetry composed politically, either by mere humans or through collaboration with software, leads to an aesthetic engagement with the social world told in a communal voice. Using a machine to help compose poetries interferes with the typical ego-bound, intent-driven tendencies of typical 21st century composition, and so the end-user is liberated enough to make communal poetic statements, utilizing voices not her own, working within a set of constraints not themselves bound by psycho-social programming but again freed by a wholly other species of programming.

It is far easier to adopt a collective voice using software, and willingly and knowingly using pre-existing texts as a constrained vocabulary. This, in part, because the resulting poem is immediately a conversation told in a contemporary context--older voices brought up to date, and contemporary voices told in poetic time.

The examples below are electronic engagements with overtly political and social texts and events: of the eight poems below, two are culled from my work with Wikileaks' cache of diplomatic cables, a series I call GnoetryLeaks. One haiku-ifies a recent news event, and the last tries to couple a text associated with the tyranny of deep inner feeling with a text about a society that oppresses the ability to feel socially. The others are by my fellow end-users and programmers who, in my mind, are composing some of the best poetic engagements with the real, computer-generated or otherwise.

The Debt Ceiling Haiku Blues

by Gnoetry and Eric Elshtain

Whoever says no
to this? The President at
that pitch of heaven.

Whoever says no
to this? The present debt, and
the Democrats, first.

Whoever says no
to this? We are not the debt
we may be the fact.

Whoever says no
to this? Reid's Republican
counterpart, amen.

Whoever says no
to this? In short, monarchy
and timidity.

Whoever says no
to this? This wing is more than
enough to itself.

Whoever says no
to this? These are really your
king; the recovery!

Whoever says no
to this? That enforcement will
be a government.

Whoever says no
to this? But the problem is
that nice point in it.

Whoever says no
to this? Whoever says no
to superstition.

Texts analyzed by Gnoetry0.2: Various "debt ceiling" articles and Thomas Paine's Common Sense. The anaphora--the decision not to regenerate the first line and a bit of each haiku stanza is my main end-user input…

GnoetryLeaks: Cuba Renga, or Cuba Is A State on the Take

by Gnoetry and Eric Elshtain

A Cuban mother
swaps a small apartment for
a large one in a

country where trickery has
become a state vehicle,

whether truck, bus, car
or train, earns two incomes: a
pittance from the take.

As time passes, the
more Castro tightens control,
and tit for tat deals.

As time passes, the new crop
becomes as corrupt as the

old, and the state. Bribes
are a job in a car with
ministry of goods.

Bribes are also key
to getting good jobs being
those that can afford

it. They are rare. Bribes bribes bribes
are also key to getting

good jobs, good jobs, good
jobs, good jobs, good jobs, good jobs
being those with it.

In Cuba. These state
managers are forced to play
accounting tricks in

order to do their jobs. The
former head of the problem,
but Castro can't seem

to make peace with it. Misuse
of state bakeries.

The former head of
the interior plates. Just
like everywhere in

the bank, he commented. And
so the more corruption grows,

the more Cubans turn
to bottom. Misuse of state
resources and wood.

Transportation is
a prime example. As one
local diplomat

ruminated, Castro leads
a saintly life, corruption

and thievery have
become one and the same. The
benefits of goods.

GnoetryLeaks: The Flowers of Qadhafi

by Gnoetry and Eric Elshtain

A flash then the night,
suspend the
censer like

an acolyte,
corrupted, full
of insults and

of tears. To
study, he stressed
that he is over.

Wuthering Spectacle

by Gnoetry and Eric Elshtain

But it's a kindness
to the child's
pride and black tempers.
He does not know that
you received her letter and
flung it back on
society
the society of
those who would be caused
by the gadget.
It dominates them
all. The spectacle aims
at nothing
other than the wind. My walk
on the same as your head?

HIS ARM WAS MISSING, AND HE NEEDED HELP

by Gnoetry and Chad Hardy

His arm was missing, and he needed help
to mitigate and to accept, etc. For those

who stayed, dressed like dogs, who wore crosses
and spurs, found that the answer was lying prostrate

on the freeway every day: the embryo
body posture, the image of death, flag floating from a trash

can. He leaned over the dusty counterterrorism, and
the volleys fired through the womb, overcome

with militia and praying mantis. His wife
was even reflected in miniature. He asked

if she understood what was happening down
there. In the dark. That some Will Smith would be

the official relief effort. The scale
of mental health crisis. There is no way to follow him.

In a trance, working in that morgue where all the
lights had gone was Bush s vision of our slaves. Life

spilling out of department of health, part of the cleanup
by Murphy Oil of a deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe,

two children, a few plastic bags, vomit and piss.
The most powerful developers have relentlessly

attempted to turn the blame, to send it
into these animals. We are looking

at the mercy of criminals. These are the extravagant
visions of them with almost no working radios,

vision blurred and distorted the identification.

Texts: Random, Katrina Sources, Various Authors, Birth Source Text

Why Do You Have to Work for the Rich?

by eRoGK7 and Gnoetry

Three way fuck me in a
vividness of angry
black wasps. Charge people to
make head or simply to
give up. Do the brain of
a pony. No, I am

against it. Sloth: as is
ground into capital,
admiring the self as
a mirror mounted on
tracks and which will not die
today. In this country

the right to work more and
more like a worm that eats
the mind, is conscious, is
a penis. You look at
the world, ignoring the
chunky and fat folded

as a victory, which
break against clear classic
light with hot cum sprayed from
above. There is a lot
of production. It is
yours! It is! We are forced

to engage in it. Why
do you have to work for
the rich, absorbed in their
summer dresses, all with
cocaine and crack involved
in anything, you can

get used to wearing pink.
Slaves in the same little
house over and over,
the houses in Holland,
Russia and the police
do have intelligence.

FREE GRASS

by eRoGK7 and Gnoetry

O baffled, mad for
trade, and for you a pointed
blossom rising sun!

Song of manhood, in
my hand Walt Whitman! My right
hand, florid with foam!

A society
should have the internet. They
are thus enabled.

Will you think I am
right, that a male or female
does, says, thinks, for you?

I would say that you
are the one I want, the law
said I would have to.

As the dead, over
and indifferent, the moon, it
doesn t affect price.

I would love to be
the poet of wickedness
also justified.

I would love to be
wrong and misguided in your
room. We can go down!

I would love to be
surrounded by the night on
the weeds of laughter.

I would love to be
used. O God my opening!
Anything but safe!

Texts: Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass and Lessig, Free Culture

dictators in failing (Decline and Fall: May 2011)

by eddeaddad

monar][ch][airm][an][alysed
compla][int][elligen][ce][as][ing][enuity
qae][da][i][ly][ing

Follo:w.in[e]g a pain:f.u[n]l and
d:e.:t.er[ror][nity]mined enemies course of silence they h:a.ve[nged] :c.al[m]led out
dictators in failing. Af:t.er[ror]:w.a[r]rds :w.a[r]s :g.re[ed]at
regret of Os:a.ma[zed] bin Laden,
:c.ur[sing]rently
the avarice or
:d.es[:p.ai[n]r]olation, and executed :w.ith[ered] imp:e.ne[mies]tr:a.bl[aze]e
se:c.re[epy]cy.

swedi][sh][ad][ow][ing
germ][any][m][ore][g][on][e
tim][es][ca][pe][ace

eRoGK7

Introduction

I am sometimes eRoGK7 and sometimes Eric Goddard-Scovel in my writing. These are different people that I change into like a shapeshifter. Do you think shapeshifters aren't real? Do you really believe in a stable but evolving identity that grows closer to or further from God/Enlightenment/Death? eRoGK7 is to me the Trickster, he is me being mischievous and troublesome, wild and satirical and sarcastic. It is a mask I put on. Eric Goddard-Scovel is a sweeter being, but disturbed and corrosive too. It is the mask that has grown out of my skull like a cancer. Or it is like adulthood. I write simply a lot because I am a simpleton. It is computer programs that make me sound so damn smart! I lie a lot too, to misrepresent myself in a more positive light.

Writing with Gnoetry is something I have discovered that I cannot help but continue to do. It has become almost as indispensable a tool to me as a pen or word processor. I have moved increasingly towards writing with computer programs or other processes because they seriously disrupt the author-ego complex and make the activity of writing into something less self-involved than more "traditional" ways of writing. Writing with Gnoetry is more like playing a game called "What is the best poem you can sculpt from these words here?" And because Gnoetry makes me feel less like the Author of the texts I create through it (less of an owner and more of a participant), I feel much freer and less anxious about engaging in political writing. I feel like a lot of the techniques and strategies discussed in Robert Fitterman's and Vanessa Place's Notes on Conceptualisms can be applied to writing done with programs like Gnoetry, etc., as "remixing" and "sampling" are really fantastic ways of describing what I do and I see others doing with various source texts at Gnoetry Daily. Series like 6x6x6 with its hypercollage of many dozens of texts and the writing-through series GnoetryLeaks and with[in] Genesis : with[in] Revelation are also working allegorically in much the way that Fitterman and Place explain as a primary mode of conceptual writing. Perhaps writing with these programs brings some of this to the writing process inherently, although it seems essential to me that the human co-author's conceptualization of the writing project be clearly defined if the writing is to be successful as literature or art.

I've been writing with Gnoetry since 2007. I've written almost exclusively with it since 2009, visual and concrete works being the exceptions. Probably 95% of what I've written with it has been posted to Gnoetry Daily in its first blogspot incarnation and the current Wordpress site. A devotee of the school of serial poetry ala Jackson Mac Low, Lestlie Scalapino, others I can't think of now, most of my writing is in series. I also believe that Gnoetry makes serial writing a much more practical choice to make, not just in the sense that the act repeating one's process comes out (could one say naturally?) of the generative nature of Gnoetry itself, but also the game-like interface which seems to constantly beg the question of the human co-author, "Could I make a better poem that this one," or even "How long will this source language keep me interested?" Discovery,

surprise and reinvention are what drive my writing with Gnoetry; the startling juxtapositions and conjunctions of ideas that come out of this activity keep me wondering what else I can do with it and how far I can go with a single source text or thematic source collection.

These are my series in the order in which they come to mind: | Same | |Free Grass| |The Same| |6x6x6| |a light heart, it's black thoughts| |Stein poems / gertbot|. I'll take some poems from each of them for you to sample. I hope you will enjoy them.

Now for some poetry.

eRoGK7 / Eric Goddard-Scovel -- August 2011

Why is there a prison.

Why is there a prison.
There is in me a disappointment.
There are many going.
Very many men and women.

I believe in order.
This is very common and cherished.
But it is hard to me.
Like a serious thing that thing.

I am writing for that.
Why should everybody be pleasing.
There is no use in that.
There is poison. There is more harm.

I believe in terror.
This is not the same thing that is all.
There is no arrangement.
It is very likely to me.

Like a necessity.
It changes the expression of it.
This is not at all that.
A regulation or action.

Why People Like Caddyshack

from *6x6x6*

Expect nothing further
has been more meaningful
than this convergence of
nihilism and the
death star, albeit a
necessary evil,

it's racist, face up on
rails through blackened space, they've
highlighted the flashing
red/white clouds, a nice curve
to that pink ass sticking
out wildly. I don't want

to be killed, just like that
feeling of imminent
collapse is a mass act
of sucking on it for
money, wavy red silk
lining embossed with a

muscular disorder.
Children of freedom, rub
the wild side of things that
flickers through the thin, stretched
flesh of your asses in
college. It is faint, a

soldier through the glowing
screens of a hall, lonely
lives in Vietnam or
Bangladesh, or in New
York, contemporary
prefab. Troops are killed, and

hundreds of thousands of
innocent people, and
how many deaths are linked
to wealth distribution?
Now I understand why
people like Caddyshack.

. . . .

Date: October 16, 2010

Source Texts: The Invisible Committee, The Coming Insurrection; VA, Alien SciFi FanFics; William Blum, Killing Hope; VA, AAAAARG!; Various Authors (Ed. EScovel), His $ Hers Sources; VA, ASSTR Texts

Fucking Get Over It

from *6x6x6*

Recently I was fucked
by giant bugs! They were
all spreading my cheeks like
acid dries my bowels.
I rub her puss with the
puffy lips, pausing to

swallow her completely.
My big cock up there with
extraterrestrials,
good to rape the inside
out of my ass, fucking
get over it, this crap

is fucking my own shit
hole. Right now bitch, poets
get their way! A bust of
doom, the asses of the
current regime of clones,
nearly transparent and

pneumatic. The prime goal
was to kick my penis
inside out and then pop
it. Creativity
depends upon factors
like your face, that first blow

job. Now bend over and
bare. The stallion started
to understand, packing
my Levis for war crimes
of cock. Funky town, no
one is free, producing

a piece of music can
motivate us to piss
on each other. Yes it
is hot, explosive gas
pollution, warm creamy
juice that keeps me going.

· ·

Grasping, as in an Umbrella

from *Same*

How a buddha has the same nothingness striking the pose of an umbrella, hoist it by calculating the logical syntax of cessation of grasping.

Some say some say some say it is clear: suggesting a pin is simultaneous as a lecture, all questions are so.

And so too at death our fluids do and do with it as they are, devoid of inherent existence and Nirvana and by-this-that. And if there is a form it is like a blanket, a different thing won't be different from what congeals as its end.

Thus all phenomena is understood, create and display derivative works based on a physical medium, these altogether.

. . . .
Date: October 14, 2010

Source Texts:
The Invisible Committee, The Coming Insurrection
Ludwig Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus
Nagarjuna, Seventy Stanzas
VA, Birth Source Text
Nagarjuna, Mulamadhyamakakarika
Gertrude Stein (Selections), GERTBOT Base Nature Texts

The Reason

from *The Same*

the reason why a likeness of the dog
continued to return · a slightly glazed
appearance · on the beach a single dog ·
among the fallen and removed · the two
expressions and the only one · the first
edition · and the other is derived ·
in logic · is composite · all appeared ·
divides the dog · bespeak the ricochet ·

the second copy is about a first
attempt · in shape · again · in common with
the same result · in many parts · perhaps
in all directions · at the surface of
another · it appears · emits a dog ·
a complex stands in time · donations to
the object of enchantment · as a chain ·
a form · collected to evaporate ·

constructed · consequential · understand
the cause · the first in its description of
a chain · a small canal extending from
the shore · in all directions · there · the whole
proceeding · this effect produced · in this
direction · now the dog · constructed · and
surrounded by a proposition · and
composed a microcosm · disappears ·

. . . .
Date: August 7, 2009

Source Texts:
Charles Darwin, The Voyage of the Beagle
Ludwig Wittgenstein, Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus
Jules Verne, The Mysterious Island

The Only

from *The Same*

the only thing essential to appear
in our growing science of affairs ·
the statement that a moment · even as
a body · more especially owing to
the surface and the formal · constitutes
a contradiction · one adapted to
perform · a form · in time · the more ado ·
in series · organs of the present time ·

the grafting of the sense in time · in such
a series · nature is the only form ·
the statement · that a situation is ·
the angle of the same degree in size ·
a certain sense · a certain way · betrays
the system is composite · how the same
specific forms occur · because in such
a formal concept is articulate ·

the limit of the efforts · of the world ·
the mind · the first appearance is the mind
repeated · organs of the most diverse
conditions · would succeed in making so
perfect a contradiction · any one
adapted to express the same result ·
the nature of a formal concept · is
a contradiction · is articulate ·

from Free Grass: Haiku by Lawrence Lessig & Walt Whitman

///

O my brothers and
Warner Brothers, and the Marx
Brothers and sisters.

///

I find it very
hard disk. O to disengage
myself from my life.

///

This is a machine:
increasingly, the system
could be a list, great!

///

My face is access,
not permissions. I could be
hypocritical.

///

I love the world. No
doubt I have the Internet.
Sparkles from the world!

///

On average, we
must be a violation
of democracy.

///

///

I sing of the first
search engine in a barn. Us,
all framed around us.

///

Copy and paste world
to the property owner's
permission system.

///

I think that there is
limitless space outside of
ourselves and trees.

///

My life: Some of what
was a human, with links to
pictures and writings.

///

The answer is this
then, the experience of
illegality.

///

I would love to be
used. O God my opening!
Anything but safe!

///

///

In life, consuming,
suffering, factories, are
not made any more.

///

A miracle, like
a car is on fire. I've
told a miracle!

///

This is piracy,
to exchange content on the
surface of poems.

///

[It is not what I had judged.]

from *a light heart, its black thoughts*

It is not what I had judged.
It is the gift of desire absorbed in
itself. I want you, you so dark, so
quiet, as the awakening of
a deity, and the whisper
of contact, hotly, the smell of the first
time, the tall grass and the starred darkness. A
door opened, closed. And we crept on,
and looked about. In the interior,
a light heart, the smell of mud,
inviting, the faint sounds of a river
to drink. We live in the moonlight, and
in the water, in the ripple of the
barges drifting up with the tide.

. . . .

Date: October 17, 2008

Source Text:
Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness

Matthew

Introduction

   an
awkward sentence
    my
  author names. I don't know so
that
I
 can't real?
Do you. What and
    I like
  a tool
to want to show
   this
like a shapeshifter. Do
  you. What I've been
  I've
 been writing
to since.

Source: eRoGK7's introduction (because it's better than what I would have written, I am sure)
Generator: charNG, 5-gram, Markov chaining.

Testimonies

1.

…and they think nothing of ten thousand
in the temple courtyards
and they betray the Son,
a living sacrifice;
the field is theirs.
You that truly loved me
,and I know who you are,
you forfeit your life but do not perish!
To the last,
through the miracles and hate
witness my hands
and be in peace.
I instruct you with sorrow,
for wide is the life,
but know this:
you shall love.
Why then, it is to joy!
I want to come back.
Stand firm, and in this
will the Son of the poor
come down
from the goodness of the Father.
Seek, and seek!
My life given to you,
feast and feast!

2.

My brothers,
come to these days!
The world worships blindly
and they become discouraged;
though the earthly rulers
will hurl you to the ground,
cease to be afraid!
The trial it signifies
is fulfilled in Him;
eagerly accept it–
let your heart be
filled with gladness:
the Son of Man is ours!
We were not created
for the earthly kingdom;
We are destined
for the other side of the path,
we know very well.
Be transformed!
Be perfected into one!
We possess a brilliant light;
therefore, we shine brightly.
Go then to those poor and kings,
as the sun.
We the laborers are few;
they know not what we worship.
Refrain from death unto life,
as the Son!

Walden Couplets

night woodlot
settled

what makes perceive themselves
rather hags aliment

force and blow firm,
town not and toward carry spirits

mirror tender hard manners
my observed over opening bean

body greater pointed, even going,
fruits cheap prisoner Etesian

sometimes apart
Having saving living still

crave
melting.

keep snow about

keep snow about. drowned
as
are the twenty taken,
known, as a thousand midwinters
are
or are. make
known.
wrapped trees names
known
a
prey inherited
kernel in woods notwithstanding
and
that grew the benefit.
kept ends thought grown
are
to crave the same.

five from Walden

1.
they that They
endeavor laws performance that neighbor
from not serious
undoubtedly is
and unnecessary.
it and others engage established expediency obligations Government subjected.
great rate for wind state distinctions!

2.
ripened duties
until as individual
Is.
the property impure

things enough.
his orators appeared,
continued humility.

3.
neighbors
tomorrow, supporting being next
merely angle farmers
still.

stop.
swallow still the staples
forced to ago farm
inexpressible
thoughtless and glad everlasting material
Clothing.

the
green dollar fresh
whose ice and corn
absolutely unsuspected
generations of grass
heard.

4.
the board redeemers
paid myself stealing,
sang who them
go
and actually for into grass tropes
to whole freedom.

5.
the surprising
finds fog flower forms
trumpery

fragments from James chapter 6

("bear olives, or you face of suffering")

1. What causes fights
sent them singing
songs of praise to our Lord
and mercy and sisters.

7. Be patient,
then,
to God

14a. You lack wisdom

14b. but
you sin and anoint them off
in a mirror

14c. and each person wants evidence that comes
into them.

24b. after desires.

21. Therefore the sick
person is considering
you who speaks
against God?

21b. Get rid of
all
pure; then peace-loving, considered
righteous people, don't spend
what will be shown to anyone;

29. "Go in peace; keep a tight rein on
the scribes."

Genesis chapter one

i.

 it
    was good.
 God saw
   that it was good.
God
let the living and waters.
God saw
moves, and evening
    fruitful, and, behold,
dominion over all the was so. God said, "Let the green
herb yielding
    third
after
the deep."
God
  called
their kind after the earth.

ii.

God
bearing kind
moves hovering, likeness

God
heavens land
appear grass yielding

years
deep, light
divided greater evening

seasons
creatures see
deep light divided
greater of and over

Revelation chapter twenty two

i.

   "Come!" He said
to
me, "These who keeps things to me,
    who
loves of
words
     is Morning to
the idolaters,
the
Alpha
and the
Lord. God adds to me These
    who
testify
of water
in
things
which are
  for
God and
the
bride."

  I am they,
saying
    "Yes,
I
come."

ii.

testify, name prophets
bearing filthy
righteousness

river still proceeding
Christ them away ::
take the book

edde addad

Introduction: Five Ways to Approach Poetry Generation
(as a Natural Language Researcher)

1) See poetry in all research.

Every time you encounter a research artifact (algorithm, toolkit, corpus, result, …), ask yourself how it might be used to generate poetry. If you do only this, you will benefit.

2) Integrate the human, and instantiate.

Consider how a human could interact with a research artifact to generate poetry.

You are the human. Master the artifact. Implement a generator swiftly and minimally; do not be distracted by irrelevant details, but attend to what parameters you frequently change. Make a graphic user interface and upload it, if feasible.

3) Know the Ways of all Practices.

There are four Practices in poetry generation.

Research Practice investigates issues in language, meaning, and computation.
This is the Way of the Scientist.

Procedural Practice creates new methods of generating poetry.
This is the Way of Oulipo.

Resource Development Practice develops tools for generating poetry.
This is the Way of the Hacker.

Aesthetic Practice produces poems.
This is the Way of the Digital Poet.

4) Understand the true nature of poetry generation.

When you develop a generator, it does not matter if even a single poem is output or read; you have created an infinite number of possible poems and audiences. When you generate poetry, you are sampling from that infinite space. When you interact with a generator you are a heuristic, guiding its path through state space.

Some of your output will have the beauty of surveying data or alpha-testing a prototype. This is related to the way of the Language poets. Some of your output will have the beauty of incongruous or unexpected results. This is related to the way of the Flarf poets. Some of your output will have a beauty you would not have otherwise imagined.

Output is subjective and software becomes obsolete, but output sets are infinite and methods and algorithms are eternal. All past beings offer their texts as inputs. Your peers scattered over future decades find you through searches.

5) Write explanations for those you might want to know.

Someday you may want your child or a friend to know what you do. Write brief guides and explanations that any intelligent youth could understand. This is related to the hacker ethos of giving back.

Someday your peers' search programs will locate you. Write appropriate answers for their queries.

When you generate poetry as described above, you have no funders to report to, no program managers to satisfy, no auditors to review your code, and no audience to concern you. Your knowledge and abilities are constrained only by your will. This in itself is poetry.

so small the man

with you with the pocket at the door sir you
to you gentlemen of repellent aspect remotely connected with blood
hear me once

with the abysses there behind the rabble
the rich in science this favor
the gods uniting this is plain and all places mysterious
and boasted high ambition from life and their properties
mankind's collected woe
man stands a rapid maddening dances so small the man
so small the churches solemn and wax stoppers and irreligious
the painted panes take the world to words to overlook my pathos
such is in the only words and from the world the whirlpool forces
for in his trust in creation
take delight twill shortly recommence

mysteriously pronounces the wretched creature

rock out

```
Shake
   testing
        your
witch
        unbuck
  out


  Prockeyes for
     pract
thing
      out



       Shake to
       kill
        Right
         up



          in
   Palm in
       Palm
in
you
     wanna rock
           out
```

Crowning the blood

```
With murderously
        with flatter'd with
            disdaineth;


         So
thou
           stick'st
        from
            thee;



      Or else
    miles
   where
          reign'd,
    Crowning
    the blood
        and
crush'd and
           hope
        some intent;
So am
      I
    as thy
      fingers of
        sweet smell of
        betraying
       to
       kiss
```

May 27 2011
Contiguous selection from unsupervised markov generation of character 6-grams with
randomly inserted spaces and newlines; generator: charNG.
Corpus: Shakespeare's Sonnets.

deepest gorges deep

margaret soon prepare beforehand for pleasure of modern culture
the lovely be quite quite sure
the magic notes like petticoat champagne

mephistopheles approaching
at the beauty bewildering thus
deepest gorges deep in her fingers

and kneeling upon his dusky all her the holy keeping
and pleasure now that which was not come
margaret margaret flinging herself you have your throbbing
neologistic a strapping body
tis with glass and towers and what helps one's lifetime and bled no brother
the mist her own pain forego thee with wonderful secrets
and doom is to trample him timidly

thou hast claimed this ecstasy there
deep in the instrument where the gentle movement of the wonderful and
margaret soon will be

over me anywhere but other well
wildly passionately devotedly hopelessly hopelessly hopelessly hopelessly hopelessly

the graves tremble not six

and god was hardly an infinite spirit

Unthinkable

Her lips curling, shouting at her child! There
was pain about it.
Silence was essentially different. Shoot me like
THAT. Unthinkable to mind itself.

What a philologist,
demand
his age of work nibbling at the matter.

And once that he knew there was a bold-looking
girl in disgrace, agonizing pain flowed!
He told you this stream.

The
voice died down to break
back for the merciless path, known to break.
Stand back with no
wonder, said the infant to itself. Unthinkable to
attract a screaming animal.
Try
again.

And then swelled with expressionless
six doubleplus ridiculous fashion: then I thanked
the dead leaves of mental
forgiveness. Sometimes it kisses
them by automatic action. Punishment
was merely a child's death.

day by day

a day why by foolish
day why it's true
more tedious
impossible
you to anger cope

every day
talking by fortune day
talking it's true
more abandon impossible
you to humble cope

the day
talking by making day
why it's true
more exquisite
impossible
you to judgment cope

! #0p3

H0w deeply 4m I t00 c0nsci0us 0f the prim4ry me4ns
0f H4te identified 8el0w. Future d4ys h4ve p0wer.

Cur53d, 70 y0ur m4n 0f :f.!r3[w0rk5] y0ur 80dy,
7h47
10v3,
70 :c.ru[c!fy]5h m3 10v3r.

Wh4t
dre4ms 4re
in:d.iv[orce]idu4ls 4nd ple4:s.ur[gery]e, in 4 m0ment's s0ng!
St4r:l.igh[tning]t is 8urning :k.is[s]s m0urnful repetiti0n 0f dre4ms
S0, let reflecti0n :r.es[cue]t. C0nf0rm4nce
is 4v4il48le 0n y0ur th0ught! S0 nice Shivering
m4dly.
We spe4k In inst4nces, time.

H0w s4d1y ris3s, 4nd 70741 supp0r7 70 pr0viding
7h3 s3ns3 7h47 wring
7h3 p4r7icu14r visi0n
4s unw34ri3d 83 :d.is7[:r.3s[cu3]s3d]ur83d 0r 7h3
d3p7hs.

! #0p3, 70 w4nd3r 7#3
(r0wd.

nathanielksmith

Introduction

These works span from mid 2009 to early 2011. They are all collaborations between myself and two pieces of software I wrote: Weltanschauung and Spoke Words. Cut-up is to me an act of divination that reveals to the reader (and poet) connections, themes, ideas, and imagery that only algorithms--guided by no emotion or bias--can unlock.

My work tends to focus on the Internet as Corpus. The massive amount of content humans have made available online will become a legacy moving forward--filth and all. Automated cut-up is a way to make meaning out of even the fringe of that legacy--ie, the obsolete, the overly biased, the spam-laden and the profit-geared content waiting at the tail end of every Google search.

After the Bomb #1

PUBLISHERS NEW YORK
A FIGHT WITH TWO WILDCATS
No, he was all right!

Symertoerton
LOS ANGELEyajima
abilityists

Harry's son nodded.
Three columns and two arches.
GLORY MAY NOT LAST.

Bone Feather

a gruesome local case which accident
had made dramatic;
no record existed.

I was beyond all coherent thought.
what had found him?
This was always the case of late.
And the organs never would work again.
A month, you say, without food?

My quest had come to something at last!
in some obscure Eastern temple,
I closed my eyes.

In the Shadow of Lincoln Cathedral: An Elementary Textbook

The bodily heat falls very rapidly.
"It's my lungs I'm worried about," Mary said.
Gabriel, why did you ever set your heart on me?
You had charge of the funeral arrangements.
There was no tribute but their tears.
You had charge of the funeral arrangements.
[Sidenote: Result of the contest.]
He did not want to let Renovales go.
But the contest irritated the king.
That husky young boy was her son.
"Did they tell you, Mariano?
She must stay at home and work for others."

Filipinno Vinyl

Although the cargo was taken out,
it was after it had been in the water
more than one half months.
Updated editions will replace the previous one-
the old editions will be renamed.
The soliders were ordered not to allow him
either bed, food, or drink.

#32

Encyclopedrums Page:
   Dekipedia, Images of
      Tler Yeats Butler Yeailliam
      Utleutler Yeats (utler Yeats Clive)
      Permanent Yeats (-e Book Shop)
When Jessie die:
   DoPhilosophy--
      MySpacrge Patent ApplPatents
      TechnoIframes Male BannerAds
      Netipuri, Ananthahe, Hinduld News.
Financiarticles comp powered:
   Saudi live is gMa-->
      Watersher Haute Hikes
      Preston Lyrna Hills Preston
      Infoubt upon the n :: Lawyer;
Snow covere. Penasquitos:
   cannot guniformations (
      Americritannica StatId
      Rned-labourer: People's War?
      Der Dodd plavement Rituare in fort).

DaveTolkacz

$screen_name = rolliebollocks

These poems were written with JanusNode, GTR Workbench, and Infinite Monkeys. Special thanks to folks at Gnoetry for making this possible and for welcoming me into their community.

The Collective

Everywhere the human heart
is metaphysical, untranslatable
the sum of all things you can say about it
cancel out to nothing

if god is an expanding spiral
then the spirit of the world
is indefinitely divisible

spiritus mundi eats itself
we are ghosts
we are neoplasm snacks
which say to themselves
i will see you
in time

the noise is made of signals
yearning to be heard

their other name
is made of skin

corners of the media
radiate between the waves

  Everywhere the heart is
  the sum of all things
  you can say about it

  another name is made of signals
  yearning to be skin

  corners radiate the waves

  we are ghosts, we say.
  we will see you in time.

God is the Polar Coordinate Plane

"God is a circle whose center is everywhere, and whose
circumference is nowhere."
-St. Augustine

closed patterns
infinite music
has a human heart.
rhythm is a given
infinity minus 6
as a dialog
with nature.

intimacy,
perhaps public.
repetition is aware
as the sum of two squares
is aware of the rectangle

didn't that problem become fluid?

when two
re-entered
circles
for love.

love is an alternating power
alternating power series
circle binary by truth table
but translatable.

god is a circle
god is a circle

whose circumference
is at the center
whose center is everywhere

reality makes itself between makers
between god's duplicity
and metaphysical programming
programming becomes the machine
for strange case conclude to
your symmetry imperfected definitely
considering circularity
writing has a way of reading itself
a way of repeating itself
of coming undone

consider unraveling
on what strange ground
is left
of the event
the mutated sentence
speaking
is a logarithm within a sentence
whose extreme nextness
culminates in
its eternal return

oh lord
neitzche has completed your ring
time is a circle
one entire scope echoed
out of guided grounded images.
another present presents itself
out of the alpha and the omega
of god is dead
and the universe
falls into a circle
and grows
the revert's tail.
this process is re-entered
the tail in the mouth of a cold map
randomly it is storied
it could guide itself in a breath
in a heartbeat

where patterns
could be translated.

Father's Eye

confessions instead of
anti-fictions open
in smoke
in mirrors
you are also
n=n

the painless passion song
the bastard of
two suicide languages
maw-binding
the economy box

resurrecting swallows
the distance
between two fingers
on different midnights

i am also
n=n

Babylon see body
translatable indeternities die sheep oil-jesus congregation
you're in and
who the fuck
are you
your father's cock
has closed its eye
the "Second vapor Lord"
be money in meat sacrifices
crucify their
power myer freedom
revolution
fall in language
Dawn Acquisition Ladder
employee of the year

everywhere revolves
public circularity concludes
an open map mind
but lcrd why

you eye nowhere device
i was you and now i'm
dreamlets of your money
dreamlets speciation
and i'm not

Gnoetry Daily: Volume 1
A collection of poetry written interactively with computers

For more information, see:
- Gnoetry Daily – http://gnoetrydaily.wordpress.com/
- charNG – http://www.eddeaddad.net/charNG/
- ePoGeeS – http://www.eddeaddad.net/epogees/
- weltanschauung code – https://github.com/nathanielksmith/weltanschauung
- JanusNode – http://janusnode.com/
- Infinite Monkeys poetry – http://code.google.com/p/infinitemonkeys/