

## BIT ELEGY

For J.A.

And the truck swung headfirst into the farmers market  
And baby boomers were swooning in love  
And the aftermath was shot-glass and metal  
Whose gurney was made out of several iPads  
Laid flat, jail-broken, bound by metallic tape  
And its symptoms threw up on itself  
And its revival was a self-shrouding deluge  
And its funeral was just a repeated debut  
An instrumental written for an unboxing video  
Unreleased  
And

And we were all schoolboys in unforeseen cities  
Amusing ourselves pushing the revolving doors  
In and out again, to centrifuge its evil exterior.  
We could wash off alone and feel their membrane  
Peel off like scratchcards and the shavings saved  
As pea gravel in the furloughed park resembling  
Reluctant music, a timid stirring  
Effusive as it gushed in us like rivers  
With irresolute resource, released on a lark  
Flying towards meager ends, into moss country.  
We who have seen, on the bootleg, the ossein engrossed  
Between the earth's ruddy strata, do not inter  
Wet slabs of its bleeding unguents that beyond  
Mild insinuations of going up-and-about  
The air into pulped vesicles would crack  
Unless. But it has always embroiled its vehicle

In being, and turned its pitch violently inside out  
Like a no comply, and our fisheye probes  
Were aimed squarely at it from arbitrary axes;  
We were looking at ourselves as teenagers  
Distressed and mythic in chastening light.  
Then came the flights from coast to coast,

Faring up and down the seaboard, sunken  
Particulars in which you could make out a face  
Whose circumference was dispersed  
Fallout from the centennial storm...  
Worry the recession? As if the jumping  
Fever of Michaelmas term had run us over.  
Alas I cannot please all parties.  
So I go on saying nothing, and nothing  
Says fuck you back. Then the gang continues  
With great but subtle effort until the midday gruel  
In a gender-neutral setting of Racine's Litigants  
His estate assured us he would have employed  
Unheard of. But vacations of pulse  
Have accorded the most reactionary elements  
Of our waking hours. We understand the rest  
Seeing in dark affliction. I'm sorry I died,  
Mother, I tried, but it was really hard  
To displace spirit from more matter  
And by the end of it I was begging it  
Like lithium sings on water, and my thoughts  
Sizzled like cracked wood, a nonce cymbal, checkered  
With transparency, ruddish, brewing  
As air-condition mourns its belatedness  
Or as the deer pants on streams to thaw  
Daylight. When did we become domestic,  
Mother? Who bailed us out?  
And are those whom we ignored, and have continued on without  
Like us? They haven't slept for days.

They are asleep, and the door to the room they fill ajar  
For a future where everything is allegory  
For fifteen minutes, and if not, will proceed to form allegations  
Against themselves. They have been taken by several values --  
That desire is a process for which only we are responsible, for instance,  
To cite a vulgarity their rudimentary axioms conceal.  
In more detail the functor can be presented  
As a graph in two parts: a Boltzmann machine (also known as  
The "harmonium") accessorized by the Kalman filter  
Deployed to several clusters in parallel

But we shall motivate this step by step.  
First this call sends the argument to function A  
(Receiving two arguments, a\_rho and a\_phi, itself) whose  
Correctness we can prove without knowledge of result  
And in fact recurs without much noticing. A lot  
Happens between lines 72 and 238  
Though most of it is trivial differential.  
Never mind that stopgap XOR gate.  
Let's circle back to the while-loop, where  
An exception is thrown at runtime.  
It returns null value even as its residence is revealed.  
We'll move ourselves upwards and blame dependencies.  
The activation undeniably is homothetic, a bug  
Solved in the next numbered version, even though it was not flagged  
As happenstance. The unit test will begin naturally  
As the look of surprise is deposited onto the exposed organ  
And small details emerge, until the very characteristics  
That interested you have been consolidated into the anti-pattern  
The general architecture cancels out, for next year's release.

Thanks for helping me out... On what?  
For bearing me as long as explaining  
The sad myriads, the way aimless renunciations  
Doth vouchsafe one another. I do my best  
But sometimes I stare at the window,  
Not past it but at it, to build a structural model  
No closed-form solution can be derived for  
Whose weather did not vary its incandescence.  
Very well, I'll tell you what you want to hear:  
You can't flip your wig and have it, not  
In this stretch of weather at least.  
The adjoint critic separates material acts  
From the function of the radiator rattling off  
Some troubled admission, and purge noise shells  
From the unmeshed solid. She is to securitize  
The trivolets of one work into another  
And make the appropriate deposits, meanwhile  
Trying to connect. To edit offline, turn on  
Offline sync when you reconnect. This,

This bladed rampart, would you fall for this?

When the mouth dies, who misses you?  
You miss each other a hundred percent.  
I am capital, you a capital's monument.  
You're making me blue, Pantone 292.

No trespassing on my Maschen-Draht-Zaun.  
These Boost's are made for walking  
In my lycra tights with exit wound.  
This is a god meme, might as well fall in.

Dance, dance, dance, dance on the antifa.  
Her juvenilia is a prefab epic flail  
'86 on the Gerhard Richter scale.  
We're all dressed up with nowhere quinoa.

An immovable trolley meets a movable feast;  
A LIBOR swap, compote suffuse with lysol leaves.  
To keep kine in the field, the corn from the beasts,  
Čech cohomology commutes for quasicoherent sheaves.

The sun rises on the heels of Jupiter and Venus,  
Feeling up its taint, blushing alizarin red against  
A complementary pacific blue. Something like that  
The conch shell begs the question, the reed transmits.  
At half-time we'll go-a-roving. Quintus Sextius  
Wrote, squinting at the board, that history was like water  
In that it was indispensable and pleasant to float on  
And studious pupils scribbled hastily at his wake  
Like burnished stone mirrors that struck flame  
Catching out courtyard mustelids. It struck their disciples  
This could jubilate the castanet choir. A petition was held  
Alongside several public seances but the structures  
Talked only amongst themselves, trading synonyms where  
We supposed there was noise, or foreseeable precedences.  
But the thoughts seemed to sink back into their teeth.  
Well, I thought I saw a head surfacing above bullets.  
We took turns sleeping in the deciduous hallway

Longing to be received by the magisterial hull  
While our FOIA requests got all shot down.  
The truth was that all the statements we could make  
Were all puns, and would mean the same thing  
Were their valence negated one way or another  
With the difference that they struck preserved.  
The past is behind schedule, and the future  
Taken off calendar.

The present is limping anapests, you say, sooner  
Discarded than recursed. A rescued summer  
Is one whose fragments lift the temperature  
And the sweat of joggers exercise their verse.  
Stephen A. Douglas was a great debater  
And Brønsted–Lowry acids proton donors.  
I made up my mind to scold your lovers  
And wrote: I am a boring person.  
Nevertheless, boredom is what you can't escape.  
Who else could rhyme fellate with ricochet.  
You taught me to see inside you with your tongue.  
At your grave I heard you scold me for  
Standing in for the wind. All of our insides  
Are fierce landscapes, but so few are dioramas  
That tilt unsettled funds. Apology accepted.  
Follow longitudes and stash the past.  
Diplomatic flags flying on half mast.  
The scope of this longue durée  
Is as thick as a pin-prick.

If you or a loved one has been diagnosed with Myhistorema  
You may be entitled to financial compensation.

Venmo, singe me by the edges --  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, like the check.  
Duende or duenna, cruft dangling off  
My lumbar like a lace fuselage,  
Exude the freedom of my lethargy  
Whose nostalgia drips like a crushed  
Can of canned peaches. Sudo strace

Parsing the air-conditioned footsteps  
We progress towards a convolution  
Shimmying in mistake. The bodies  
Fluent in loveliness! You've been flirting again.

She's so much. I wanted to be filled up  
So the upward meniscus cannot overflow  
By surface tension the distilled Tennessee.  
I was in love but I was ill-disposed towards love.  
I was barking at the moon all the time  
But forget about this I, I, I. Let's talk about your problems.  
What was your view of the retroactive theater  
where you bought a coke, but never saw a movie in?  
Let's talk about the offal you broke with your teeth  
From the dinner plate, from game your partner hunted  
And how the oiled fibers on the gamelan pan  
Reminded you vaguely of your first guitar.  
Let's talk about your thirst and when you felt it.  
The Americans pontificate such confessionalists

But it's reasonable that a lot has to be confessed  
Of throwing up in Lyfts, of prepubescent girls in flower.  
I admit, barista, that I have no inner resources.  
The days grow longer, then shorter, a wingspan  
Off-kilter. My descendants have given a thing to you  
That I have been tasked to destroy. I meet you  
“At witching hour” with glue and a corkscrew.  
The machete was a disembarked instrument,  
Available on cheat code. (Suspense was against the rules.)  
So I gloated too much about my delicate traps  
As such my destitute condition is revealed.  
Did you notice that speech-acts can be univocal?  
Did you think, for a second, that people change?

“I gain,” the understudy writes to his mother, “more power by the day.”  
Solar panels field his blazer’s iridescence, his disaffection nursed with smoke  
That glazes the tapered edge of his girlfriend’s back. Poor man, he  
Thinks nothing right can be displaced, that bodies might not  
Expose him more than words ever will. But while nothing is spoken

The isle refuses silence. Will the disgraced praetor's diadem be revoked?  
Will beautiful Ah Mei muster the courage to elope? Will the flypaper be sold?  
Will the gentle township be vigilant to what deception reassures?

To his feet the river harries him along the clutter of his mind.  
His legs circle his tired face and cicadas mock his discomfiture.  
He proves his authority with callused hands, but he remains unsure that there  
Would be no false affect in his new guise as there was none in the last –  
If only the water would instead of tracing him reveal itself! –  
But if only his worst features were to be removed he thinks his soul would only  
Win the pained translucence of their exact expense. Instead he allows his mouth  
To be ravaged by the ferment in a 100-calorie pack of sugary red dates. A bug  
Twitches on his leg, as if embarrassed of his helpless knowledge of its inquiry.

We're leaving for Normal, IL tonight but, well, there we are,  
Submitting to entropy's revision. Renga and Sestina,  
Our favorite sisters, weave their hands  
And three's an antebellum coterie.  
Peel back knowing that eventide, whose  
Steep declivities pleat the prosecco coast  
Will reward them empire's machinations.  
Its froth whisks at dusktime, startles  
A sensate God. Beneath the outflow  
Cirrus shield and against the eyewall  
With the cold falling air, she had us  
Abandoned. Wind breaks a windbreaker.  
Gusts glitter risk. Notwithstanding the fog  
Sheer with discourteous reply  
We felt high like capsaicin castles.  
But we have never been marauders.  
Meanwhile down near Huashan Lu  
Summer harries Autumn's wound.

your blinding lilly 荷爾蒙 Gegen /  
飢餓 / die Gegend (fasts towards  
against region of Being that is vers-  
atile that 疊疊 dips into  
The Haecity Limits --

When your light goes out, the thing you need  
Is a tip for that whip. Who watches over you?  
At the end of the day, every drop counts  
So thousands of homeowners agree. We all  
Came to the table with the same concerns.  
It's time to have a clean, refreshing drink  
And a family. Trust your instincts.  
Here's to the life you can always count on.

I don't imagine us sitting still when it happens  
Finally. It will swoop at us like a boss battle, a finish to be scratched  
Without air to come up to. The bottle-imp will speak like a lisp  
First among equals; when we have departed from its yoke  
We will be loathed without modality. I will not  
Bequeath the fawning orison, sweet counsel,  
For all of us were lost in us, and at fast travail  
Our bodies surrect with an impersonal dream.  
Perfection I am forbidden from (I cannot wade deep  
Among myself) will be my substance.  
It is the third millennium of an oligarchic century.  
So much of us is not our final form  
Yet answers converge in whispers.

Let Ares doze in the backseat, before the samples are cleared  
By the gradient-descending breadth-first search.  
Running out of deities to invoke, we shrunk the kids.  
At the nearest runoff vote we sent out winning bids  
For catalytic induction. The culprit was science  
Even though he was not, in the end, the villain,  
Revealed in the last quarter-hour. It happens: silence  
But it can never win. We've run it by Compliance.  
We return to something, silenced by trespasses.  
Our largesse professes essence restless with kissesessess

Don't subtweet me about high modernism.  
You liked it better the first time through.  
We were like perfect strangers: abiding  
Resolutely by Meillassoux's Principle of Fracticality.  
All's mezzanine that ends mezzanine. I want a highball

Please, cherry on bottom. I want to be “sub-lated” dropped like

Supreme. A Love wasn’t his best.

Fight me. A coat’s button stance shows

Who wears it. The Comedian as the Letter O

Whose contamination swallows himself.

Enough about insouciance, enough about enough.

But it was mé connaissance of coffee berries as grapes

And they were the one laughing, appraising the fog

Over the molting grin of the Prince Rupert’s Drop

And @UtPicturaPoesis was their handle.

They weren’t born yesterday. We thought about sex

Multiply. I’m not going to like this comedown.

What if the feeling did not wither but get wiped out,

Like it had slunk out before its debut, anonymous

Like Teutonic ballads. Hesse, with all his wiles

Bore only to lick each prime-numbered page.

Likewise, this black sweater is for you. I made it,

Its structure holds like Wyndham Lewis type

Shedding rust like iron. It is reaching towards

A leftmost spire, a Kolmogorov crab canon.

I was wrong, the modifier is in sixth declension.

Beuys described his making of The Chief weirdly as “commodious”

and less weirdly as “calming.” Happy to calm you.

I have left my fingerprints on the vinyl.

I have named this feeling after you, partly after

Your absence. It is when you forget your muscles

When you drive, and suddenly life recites them

Back at you, like shy unmet cousins.

I presented the effigy of this feeling at a conference

Of two hydrangeas, an open-air festival. Have we

Become too absent to see ourselves, or does the air

Admit expedients? Cut the murmur out, love, stop

To bite your words. You eat your victuals fast enough.

Granted, you have all the precocity that age can buy.

But I won’t leave, Solon, and the stages that buttress

Your lustful sleep cannot become you.  
Recall me locally as you cross out every other.  
Feel the maudlin earth beneath our feats  
Creak like distortion: we were political together.  
I was your friend. I've bought season tickets to your dreams.  
Enslave me to your dreamless eternity or whatever.  
Leave the keys with me when you go, pitch

Your voice. Rain seethes between its teeth  
To draw vials of fear from the catatonic economy.  
The tarpaulin is besides itself. Bacchylides, you  
Who knew this metonymy as good as him  
Fall serenely over to the azalea's virescence  
Which cannot gorge on terrors but feast on  
Punishing auguries. The last wind is flown:  
A squall keeled on tomorrow's airports,  
Strafe or strophe, steering towards.