

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 transparence, 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 deposed 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 quasicohherent 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 Mythistorema
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 confessionals

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 /
飢饉 / die Gegend (fasts towards
against region of Being that is vers-
atile that 疊疊 dips into
The Haeccity 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 Fractality.
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.