

These are notes.

Sometime between now and half way through the dinner I will edit, rewrite, rearrange and generally tinker with this material and it will be used as ingredients for whatever happens.

Frequently I will edit poems between reading the line and speaking it.

Andy

**These molecules and Jules that you're about to eat
don't let them go to waste as cosmic background heat
with them, together, the future make.**

"In the very end, civilizations perish because they listen to their politicians and not to their poets."

- Jonas Mekas -- 24 Dec 1922 - 23 Jan 2019

In a feeble attempt to get you to pay attention. Tonight's prize quiz:
Spot the embedded haiku.

What are you expecting?

Beware of expectations and memories:

A seaside café had in its bill-o-fare an old classic from my childhood.

Bring me the goblet of the gods

cut crystal glass

a spoon long as my arm, worthy of the task

A tether, least I get lost amongst the glaciers in the glass.

Bring me a knickerbocker glory

so magnificent that should it be my last

it will pass with me as ledged unsurpassed.

It was a disappointment.

Birth of a poet:

There's a fight! There's a fight! Quick, come with me.
Gather 'round, block the view, so the teachers can't see.

There's a big gang of poets want to know who's the best
calling all-comers for a poetry contest.

Now. I'm curious and wary: "A poetry contest?"
That's an English exam? Those I detest.
Nine failed O-levels and one CSE.
Failed that as well, consistent is me.

I'd better revise and do some research.

I've read a few issues of some poetry mags,
got a feel for the stuff that's writ by these hacks.
The first thing I notice, and the next and the next,
Is: It's bollocks, nothing rhymes and it's dreary as heck.

The stuff that I write is nothing like this.
I try to be open, but really, it's shit.
Obscure's the new clever, it's obtuse and "unverse",
Some new form of art with its head up its arse.

Line after line, while it's clearly not prose,
it's a catalogue of counterfeit Emperor's new clothes.

Then suddenly
my musings are halted by a cacophonous roar
and I realise just how far is the stage from the door.

The bully calls out "We've not seen you before"
Makes a grab for my balls, but falls face first to the floor.
(It's a neat little trick that I may've practised before.)

Thrust from the throng further into the ring,
my pen dripping blood and ready to sting.
In the silence that follows I know I will win.
I look straight in his eye.

I begin.

Just who am I?
Well, if by that you mean
This feeling, thinking, whingeing thing.
I am the unexpected adjunct of an artefact
Ain't that a fact!

But perhaps you mean the thing you see
Well, that's not me
That's a repository
A self-refuelling battery
but in a way, it created me.

A consciousness able to control the machine that brought it into being
by dint of physics, chem and electricity
(by courtesy, of physics: chemistry: electricity)
driven on by entropy and the slightest edge in the balance of
probability

Able to imagine and then create its destiny.
That's me.

Or What am I? In physical reality?

What am I?
When my body asked my mind, "Just what am I?"
The mind replied,
"This feeling, thinking, whingeing thing is just the adjunct of an
artefact."
On hearing that the body cracked.
"And when I flick the switch."
"That'll be the end of that."

Ah, but where did I come from?

The Body: Where am I from?

I am from the aether and the forest mist.

The fancy of a passing cloud, the debris from of an interplanetary
tryst.

One mote of every living thing that did exist.

I am the very sum of all of this.

Something that's not about football but entitlement:

Legs hanging, banging broken stable door

salt lick untouched

oats left to sour

half-dressed and running, feet not touched the floor

text from a friend, about a fucking football score.

Cyber warfare:

Whether it's compromising boundary integrity
targeting specific or hidden inbuilt vulnerabilities
subverting infrastructure or strategic capability
or capturing what passes for the imagination
of the great unwashed, bureaucrats or the judiciary
Ideology.

Weaponised stupidity.

You can't disagree.

Any of these will bring a country to its knees.

Cyber warfare, the planting of lies
controlling minds
encoding behavioural responses, bidding your time.
Building colonies from dispersed lives
groups that on command will rise
to do your bidding then subside
to be called again should need arise
The Starpo of the internet, networks of networks of spies.
A compliance of lies.

Cyber warfare:

The name and address game, what's in a name?

You can cause havoc with nothing more than a name and address.
Systems too clever will fill in the rest.

Changing the label on a box what was gander 's now game.

I got my Russian call up conscription papers today.

Interpol came

They took me away.

Failed to present, I'm a deserter apparently

Name and address correct?

Yes.

That's all we need check.

That's all that they'd say.

It has to be you, it's your name
as they dragged me away.

Oh, and ...

We made you a loan, that you've failed to repay.

Your name and address, phone number, birthday.

But how did you check it was me?

Before you gave your money away.

We checked you name, look, the spelling's the same.

Is all they would say.

Other stuff:

Time cannot be undone:

In a single step, the path is made.

The decision done, the option to reconsider or retreat is gone.

The past is cast it must remain unchanged.

What might have been still just in view

regret is instant, nothing new.

Almost memories of what should have been about to be,

seared in your vision of the scene,

remain in view.

Stepping back (to) unsay, undo; impossible to do.