

RTC November

If PO's had memories:

So many times have I done this before
ghosts of internet experts
pretending to know

New ideas being tried,

The same errors, countless millions of times.

Dissinformation circles the globe.

The flowers on the table at the
first dates café:

They've seen it all before

They've seen it all

The burgeoning crest,
the father,
the fell.

The conversation was broken

A tapestry with lances attempting to a point
circling like scorpions, the subject disjoint.

Deadlines:

Characters cower at my pencil's tip

Teasing, caress the paper
Kiss me quick.

(Verga)

Vanishing as verga, words fail to form

Reductant poems refuse to be born.



The poem I wrote after the
Deadline had passed.

The Fight.

RTC November 2021

What happens when you cross a writer with a deadline?
A very clean and tidy house.

Hyp -
w/ mind a blank on this

Deadlines:

Characters cower at my pencil's tip
Teasing, caress the paper, kiss me quick
Vanishing as virga words fail to form
Reluctant poems refuse to be born.

Virga - Rain

Those of you when were hear last time and were paying attention might recognise that was the same as the "I can't draw" poem, just from a different perspective.

Now,
Hypercomputing, I know what that is
It's that non-Church-Turing and then something magic happens.
And something did
I read the notes in the e-mail announcing the dinner
I read the documentation for the first time ever!
Hypercomputing
<sigh>Ah, marketing hype, it's just a new word for bigger.

thing
me, a C programme!

<look at the speaker and smile sweetly> Sorry☺

Note: Church here is the logician Alonzo Church, who came up with another model of computation, the lambda calculus, beloved of lispniks and other night dwelling programmers.

On a good point though it's a handy reminder about assumptions, perspective and mob rule.

Bring your own bias:

bring your own baggage
audience, king and cabbage
perspective carnage
(perspective damage)

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Turing oracles

Church-Turing thesis is often understood to mean that all "proper" computers are equivalent to a Turing machine and so equally puissant. This is a simplification, of course.

Andy

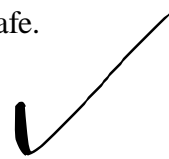
The camp fire of the processors:

Hypercomputing cloud processor communes
Telling stories to their children
must be sick of seeing waves of exactly the same trial and error
like seagulls in pursuit of a trail of shite from an internet buffoon



So many times have I done this before
Ghosts of internet experts, pretending to know
New failed ideas being retried
The same errors, countless millions of times
Waves of disinformation circle the globe.

Much like the feelings of the flowers on the table of the first dates cafe.
They've seen it all before, they've seen it all
The burgeoning crest,
the falter,
the fall.



The conversation was broken
a tapestry by lancers attempting counterpoint
circling like scorpions. The subject, disjoint.

The meanings of words
simultaneously uniquely precise and all fuzzy and blurred
pinpoint precision from the snipers position
and a club to be used by the herd.

Are you <one of these, like me> then you must therefore agree
absolutely and unwaveringly with me. Back to the hilt whatever I say.

*Having established a thread that's got nothing to do with the topic,
I'm minded to follow it.*

*This poem was written long after the deadline for a competition some bloke I knew was
running for his magazine. After weeks of resisting his pestering I wrote it and handed it to
him as a fun aside.*

When I turned up to the magazine launch and prize giving, during the interval he said.

"I've included yours in the issue, would you read it between the also-rans and the winner?"

*Half way through my excuses and protestations, like not having a copy with me, he thrusts a
copy of the magazine into my hand .*

*In the ten minutes that followed before he called me up to read I read it, thought "Struth, I'm
not reading that crap." and more or less re-wrote it.*

This is (more or less) it.

The fight:

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 - (come to see)
calling all-comers for a poetry contest.

Now, I'm curious and wary: "a poetry contest"?
That's an English exam? (and) 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.

(So I went out and bought some of them poetry mags)
I've read a few issues of some poetry mags,
got(get) a feel for the stuff that's writ by these hacks.
(and) 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.

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

Then 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've practised before.)

(Suddenly) 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.

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7 1/4 mins

SWEET CHARITY. Dance Scenes (The Aloof, The Heavyweight, The Big Finish)
Då Som Nu För Alltid
Then as now, forever.

Shouted drown:

Silenced by ceaseless waves of noise, intimidation, personal recrimination
the crowd seems endless from within, surrounded by a veneer so thin, a suffocating skin.
You drown, the shore, a fingertip away,
but hidden on another page.
Adverts, pop-ups, "on message" - prioritized posts,
sponsored weighting reorders the search results.
Your self-devoured by the bile of vitriolic posts.
Alone and lost.

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Group think:

17:
Language sanitized.
Think for yourself, vilified.
Discussion despised.

Comments prioritized
Language sanitized
Non group-think thinkers vilified

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Vanished:

Change the meanings of words
Progress's reversed.
Enforce retrospective referential integrity
You are removed from the future and from history.
No voice, enforced by no identity.
Being a woman is now imaginary.

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Unanimous:

We've swallowed this fashionable gobbledygook.
Make believe science of the woke.
You're questioning.
So now we won't sell your book.
Or host your talk.
Any students sign up for your course, we'll make them walk.
Any hint of descent from a member of staff will get the sack.
Rejoice! Medieval religion is back!

Infection:

The virus infects
Appropriates a protein,
wears it like a dress.

Welcomed to the cell
Given succour from the breast
Savouring the feast

Arrogant the beast
Entitlement at its best!

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— it savours the feast
— missing line.

Dream:

I shall dream a dream for you,
and bat the muffled drum for the oarsmen of the night,
to bring you safely to the morning's light.

She is the future:

She has within the whisper of the wind
The finger of the light of dawn
The might of storms.
The knowledge of the universe
She is where the future's born.

Awake my queen:

Awake my queen and command the full attention of the morning sun.
It worships you, no other, as today you forge the future on the anvil on which the universe
began.

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your pen filled at birth
The placental ink of life
Scribes your life on earth
Path on
return to
with

AT

Who tells you what to do?
Something you decide yourself
Based on what?
Imagine what, where does that come from
What memories spring to view.
What gets to choose
Separate the stream of memories from
consciousness

Veranda - socially acceptable
- word for vagina

"The parts that inspire awe"
Latin version of a Greek word

Anasyrma - deliberately raising skirt to
expose one's womanhood.
(Persian?)