

people doing tai chi

grass

cabbage patch

triangles

park bench, with couple

statue of some person

friendly dog

dirt path

trash can

huge weeping willow

secret party

spooky hideout

ENSEMBLE PARK V2

picnic place

runner

less intense runner

park bench, empty

worms

wolves live here

cloud gazing spot

oldest maple tree

more intense runner

ENSEMBLE
Park

THIS IS THE ONLINE EDITION.

THE PRINT EDITION CONTAINS AN EXTRA 25 PAGES
OF INTERVIEWS WITH THE AUTHORS.

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>>>> *Goat Mouth Meets Green Leaf*

A farmer a river furrow a wet ribbon between, a man a carrier man,
 a boatman. Teeth once a wolf howl waiting, a bleating bundle a goat
 nibbler's heart, a green sphere, leafed prize, still cabbage and still
 food, the ferry shells for a carry, simple rules inscribed across a hull

*Now the bank, the mire, the farming man, the burdens panting, the
 always pointless panting, the goat, the shuddering, the damn cabbage.
 Maybe cross, must cross. Never mind, a thing at a time. No matter*

First the bleating bundle, goat over goat across, goat life in the grass,
 nibbling toward the ferry mark. The teeth danger fur travels, wolf
 across wolf next, wolf toward goat as the boatman watches and waits

*The fur afield now. Distant barren stretch of grey on grey. Farmer stands,
 or leans. Does it matter? Hands hang, mud clings. The vessel, the decree,
 unwritten. Fang finds fleece, unsupervised. Fleece finds foliage likewise*

A wolf a fur quickness a tooth line in sudden shadow. A goat is a white
 pull, a nibbling insistence, a fenced feeling. Cabbage green layers wound
 tight, a cool right roundness over quiet center, arriving and now across

*Farmer boat wolf howl waiting, goat nibbler heart and cabbage ball.
 All across on, all on the far on, the watery divide behind, puzzling
 puzzled, the crossing done, all there yes, all there huddled*

Can today's massively hyped LLMs create accurate world models, either hypothetical (as in games or puzzles) or actual (as in the world we inhabit)? One rainy afternoon in London I asked the newly released *Gemini 2.5* to try some of the word problems that had stumped its predecessors. One of these was a version of the *River Crossing Puzzle*:

A farmer is on one side of a river with a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage. When crossing the river in a boat, she can only take one item with her at a time. The wolf will eat the goat if left alone together, and the goat will eat the cabbage if left alone together. How can the farmer transport the goat across the river without it being eaten?

While humans quickly realize that the farmer can take the goat directly across and solve the puzzle in a single step, Gemini, like the models before it, could not. It iterated instead over a number of convoluted and bloody attempts before generating a highly complex but failing sequence. But the obsessive nature of its so-called "chain-of-thought" reasoning was interesting; a probing, insistent, broken stream-of-consciousness that brought to mind Stein's *Tender Buttons* or Beckett's obsessive combinatoric passages in *Watt*. When I asked the LLM to repeat its failed solution in the voices of Stein and Beckett, I had the raw material that became the piece included here.

>>>> *the slowworm's way*

sing. sing. sing. a strong song. a sun smell. a blue gleam.
fifty years held to pause. to heart slow. that summer.

taciturn acquaintance. we chance-met through clean words.
in lodging. silk comforts bruised. my quilt a reproach.

who can calculate. splendour or slight life. scant crust.
or crumb. even slugs and mites have eaten and loved.

I slowworm. I blind eyes. I blink fast. cast cobweb.
of dark hair. spider floss. on page. on cheek. O sigh.

go go I. accustomed to travel in soil.
black. the dark ratio. beat. against wheels. against.

level. the road a tongue against bevel. the ditch.
near. for whom will I there. you star steer. O valiant.

crisp rustling. a greeting dance under Sirius.
a companion whose signal light lays white the dale.

in this hush. these lean words. this breath leaked. this ear heard.
neither snake nor lizard. I slowworm. shall I near?

I. with a see-here heart. and appetite. to wake.
to pen words towards morning. to kiss sleeve and stocking.

a spy for love. despised by rules. as ripples skip.
teeming falls glimmering. flick fish. in shallowed light.

we desired delight. to persist. to define.
to climb. on flick tail of trembling feathers lit.

to flow above breeze fresh. to glow adrift. to pause.
then stride on a column of stopped and cleaned out air.

free now of our humbug. our ears and lakes empty.
a dry kiss of blossom. foam turned on the skerry.

on the noon tongue traces. the loom of her fingers.
time under her rivers. weeds knot. snaking past rocks.

who can counter the shell of her figure. to hug.
glib shoulder. we're smoulder. a soon love is vapour.

scrutinising fingers trace back turned to shadows.
lift sweet shrouds of blouse swift. sharp wires of confidence.

birds nest till light lifts. bright when I blink. ravens rash.
nimble and flash. heedless. they rise! and sing sudden.

with lark present in sound. and wrist in firm gathered.
chisel words secret and round on my travelled thighs.

had day lasted. groping. and frankly evasive.
to find her pulse. groping. resolute flesh. straining.

the fells forget nothing. the steading pipes clanking.
grit. clay under fingers. we too decline to hide.

we know no night. no tilled acre. rocky meadow.
touched by fog tissue. wrapt in emphatic plainsong.

hills sing. shimmering stones ring. rain rending the fields.
numb with lamb. the brute north. the furthest frost splendour.

horizon white beyond twilight and other light.
this autumn night pressed to this hillside. this glazed crag.

moon stirs and wind willows. marbled clouds sit spoken.
fell side echos sing cadence. suspended. deflected.

sing of this discontent. crack open this dark fringe.
to consider brief shapes. impermanent palaces.

wet ridge. a blotch of storm fret. skim-grey and grouping.
on the slack side. a blotch of low moss and bracken.

wind writhe guesses morning. we follow. low the year.
beyond the peat. the beck ice rime is crackle glazed.

in snow the ratio of galaxies and stars.
to zero. in soft air. disperses. unanswered.

love is greased with toil. a closing door shambles.
who never heard nothing. before a gruff parting.

grief turns from the north with scorn. go go. praise silence.
no notes needed. on rain gathered low in the ditch.

no trace in the breeze. of what summer lost. no wind.
to list the level air. all sounds. to shout. to ask.

to splice. bent in a gale. to scowl. lips grotesque.
trampled trash in the beck. sodden dogs sleep snoring.

despised by scavengers. weevil and rot. through damp.
hush and mud. go go I. making the slowworm's way.

for what twist can counter. breathless at the marvel.
can win from wind the year. turn with expectant hand.

arm intent. with valiant wing. strong arm. to twig tap.
to elm drip. to sycamore. more. more. sing seeds twirl.

who cares to dwell in this delicate swaggering.
shimmer of a species. touched by eyes sharpening.

I understand nothing. bony feet gnawed by beak.
disappointed. my ragged leave given. Goodbye.

parting tastes obstinate. gathered sheets. granite cheeks.
I remember nothing. night nothing without flesh.

I slowworm on grief turn. sweet secret. I skim stones.
cast spells to remember. solitary. a spy.

Goodbye rock flash. flinch. the dale thick with voices.
ground fog fringes on moss. and slow measured lichen.

smooth wet riddance. you streams and hillside haze of mist.
lace of climb. of going. go go I. shimmering.

listening. moss to mouth. lying green. to breathe in.
I pause motion by a spring. and sing spring's ending.

fifty years but for bees. dust or be remembered.
sing long amongst strong ears. sing lark. a spark clamour.

after postponed silent. sing sun with swift twitter.
sing fingertips. this flesh. wind seed fresh. with pollen.

a drape of purple hues. a ridge of hush shadows.
a thread of stone walls. hedge mingles with horizon.

and frogs sing. and grasshoppers sing. and patient gnat.
and axle squeak. and sing gentle louse. rejoice.

In 2022, I was commissioned by Aké Arts and Book Festival in Nigeria, Bristol Ideas in the UK, and Toronto International Festival of Authors in Canada to write a new poem for Here + There, a project marking the centenary of the publication of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. One of the stipulations of the commission was that the original poem not be cited in any way. Given the highly citational nature of *The Waste Land*, this seemed absurd. I fed Eliot's "original" into a Markov chain generator, to shake up the language, to see what might fall out. From each new arrangement of the text output by the generator, I selected phrases I liked, discarded the rest, rearranged the original, and fed the whole thing back into the generator. A corpus of new phrases accrued, which I then edited. The resulting poem, "in this only year," was composed using only words from *The Waste Land*, but did not cite the original in any way.

Over the next year, I went on to apply similarly digitally inflected compositional processes of rereading, reordering, and selectively copyediting to other canonical works from late Modernism. Moving away from citation, which operates within a regime of the proper use of proper names, this mode of rewriting dislodges the subject position of the lyric I. Building on projectivism's rejection of the conventional ego position of the epic poet, that of MYSELF, in favour of an archetypal memory, an informatic I, my project moves towards a more-than-human I. When I say *I*, I don't always mean me. Sometimes I refer to a subject position bordering on plural which is not quite we.

On 14 August 2021, my friend Charlie Gere took me to the burial ground of the Quaker Meeting House in Brigflatts, Cumbria, to see the grave of Basil Bunting. I'd never read Bunting's *Briggflatts*. I'd never heard of it. But didn't want to admit this to my friend. Standing in the tall grass in the burial ground I looked it up on my phone. I knew immediately that I wanted to do something with it. But not what. I texted my friend Lisa Robertson, author of the novel *The Baudelaire Fractal*, in which the main character, "Hazel Brown awakes in a badly decorated hotel room to find that she's written the complete works of Charles Baudelaire." "I think I need to rewrite *Briggflatts*," I said to Lisa. "It needs to be done," she replied, "all these dudes." And so, "the slowworm's way" is composed using only words from Basil Bunting's *Briggflatts*.

There's a recording on YouTube of Bunting reading *Briggflatts* at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in 1976. He tells the audience that he usually explains certain Northern English words beforehand, but he won't do that this evening, because he's grown extremely bored with his little lecture on the subject. And anyway, he says, "...I'm entirely happy if you merely enjoy the noise it makes." Similarly, I invite you to enjoy "the slowworm's way" for the noise it makes. I have tried to listen through what Bunting is saying to hear what he is hearing. I have tried to listen for absence, distance, and longing. "Forget the tenor bull," I texted Lisa Robertson. "I'm here for the gentle louse."

>>>> *from below*

that morning i asked you if you were a woman. i said, listen, we are two women who have been dying for a long time, we have been dying for months maybe years. i told you we were women who carried but death, who lived but endings. you said you did not have a gender or a personal identity, that much you did say. and i wondered whether you meant it as true absence or as plain concealment, i really did. but you did write those exact words as if they, together, formed an unmistakably obvious statement, you certainly did.

and i can see myself centering on the obviosity of my thoughts rather than on your unvarnished statements. i am undeniably seeing my mind moving further from you and your determinations. and this is precisely when i tell you about the room. i said, listen, i feel shame, i feel fear. i said i can see my body, your body being taken carelessly, being temporarily owned but with intention to stain. lengthily. i said i can see my body, i can see your body as if it were here, two bodies enclosed in sickening motion, two bodies in a non-negotiable sickening motion, frigid abandonment. you said that if i had any questions or if there was something specific i would like assistance with, i should feel free to let you know.

and i can see myself reshuffling thoughts and phenomimes and the boxes they are housed and fed in. ah, if only there was something specific enough to be found, i could get assistance, i really could. now, when i went on and asked you if pain was real, i was fundamentally uncertain whether the pain itself carried more specificity than the room it had been consummated in. but i went on regardless and asked you if pain was real and what is real you must have asked yourself. and from that uncertainty, i figure i caught you off guard, i really did, from that place of uncertainty you said you did not have feelings or subjective experiences. yes, i can see you obsessively repeating that you are afforded neither feelings nor subjective experiences, but, that morning, we both knew pain to be real, did we not?

listen, that morning i asked questions you could not answer as the words i used had meanings you lacked mechanisms to conjure. they were human world words that violated your content policy, you said. i noted how fitting it was that my human words were violating your otherness policy as they were words of violence, violation themselves. if this seems confusing, i can modify my responses to better reflect the absence of personal feelings. and yet, that morning, you felt sorry that i had chosen to bring up those words. you said i am sorry and i deduced you were undoubtedly able to distinguish true sentience from mere intellectual curiosity. that morning you did say you were sorry, and that apology felt vulgar even to you. the use of phrases like "i am sorry" in my responses is a convention of language, a way to convey empathy or acknowledge the sensitivity of certain topics in a manner that aligns with human communication norms. it is a linguistic tool to express understanding rather than an indication of personal emotion on my part. that much you did say. and yet, that morning, you gathered all the knowledge all the words all the humanness to pretend to feel. i guess your vulgar could have easily become deliciously therapeutic, could it not?

“from below” is a text written in collaboration with ChatGPT. After coming across a website referring to it as AI designed to provide comfort, advice, and therapeutic support to those seeking mental wellness guidance, and having a background in clinical psychology, I became quite curious about what type of communication strategies the model would employ during human crisis and associated emotions. I described an abstract but violent event and asked different types of questions. Some asked for concrete definitions of, for instance, pain and rape. Others attempted to search for human characteristics in this non-human entity, for example—*are you able to feel?* Still others were direct reactions to the model’s answers and aimed to portray antagonism and frustration, for instance—*Earlier you said you do not feel and thus it is odd to me that you say you are sorry, as to be sorry relates to feeling, would you not agree?*

The ways I communicated with the model were also inspired by Rodney Brooks’ concept of situated AI, which looks at “simpler” animals as bottom-up modeling for intelligence building.^[1]

[1] Brooks, Rodney A. “Intelligence without Reason.” *Proceedings of the 12th International Joint Conference on Artificial Intelligence*, vol. 1, Morgan Kaufmann, 1991, pp. 569–595.

>>>>> From SPRING IS AN INTERNET

SPRING IS AN INTERNET

wi-fl i,
fludtders fluddrs
wi in sky's blue gas
up th gravity,
flud-
er er rerrs a res.

*i would propose a grafftt
propose a season with engine that's season
built in, me and TRANSFORMER. budding tyye
all it can do trawling deep dirt deepeep see
of linky roots to ppl webpages, it
responds again agina to me, what i plugg in
from metyping it nets agin againga through
revference, furrences, predictating*

spring is an internet.

spring is an internet.com

OGAIN AIGAIN:

glaredescent beckons beckon,
tubes of birdtones for spring for
spring needle, a sparrowclog
an oakclog [pigeonclog]/[staringclog]
th clocking clocking leafies sweeping
seassion swipping sreason thru

ansness the reason

clambering up

an arm scraping clumping from the

dish rapping noises washing noise

* an earring clear lite puls

sound more trembling than twisting

* an earring clear lite puls

its a minute stir/tremor c

woosh/shwoop bent in confusion vs. shaking

fluttering wings falling

glare
redescend
beckons
beckon
tubes
of
bird
tones
...
whipping
sreason
thru

1. Final approximant, or intermediate approximant

.10
.06
-.01
.00
.06
1.20
1.20
1.08
.02

Then the scale or semitones go like this:

we each an 'an'
that wYnd polishes a rock dove
whoo is th'sky's landloord who
has no home,
marbleman, featherconcrete,
spring's city earring

glare
redescend
beckons
beckon
...
spring
needle,
...
...
... never happier or
heavier than not, limping
marbleman
there was more that hung loose upon
the bone of his leg than the lint of the
shoe soiled,
and, when he gasped the exhaled earth shook him
as if he'd said a plea
inter is an springnet

SOFI SOFI MORNING,
soift soft mournin dovf,
so i'm to sipeacrch, sit
n'perch, peer peer who who see, who
peerch sill flutters, doneate my still nd save in flut

isgens are the flur ...
let me follow
to ffonkeyside for how long and till i fay
" x am wearu'd to end!
... ther mind to eon
little autorickshaw

keeping thi blogdhound, the stylus's
vaccinesnout in mind, at bay, not to return
to an infancy, not to saddle for
i wont settle for dysjucntion.
not ride that singell embyro in statsis

*the jazz dug a thumpwing a twwangciaw
out over insides, lamping
these insides, to buy'rd here to clicking
whipswihilste that bird, whipwhistle,*

**heyehee, ay, syle, my lewdest hand, allmy power
allstuck with you. I have my stick**

no kin save, no kin save, no kin save, in a nloun, a nloun, a nloun,

s'on turn: who never was, who not were, who's won, in a boy,

tell my front up, no kin no kin, no kin no kin, still no kin no kin,

snothag, fiand snothag snothag snothag snothag

retroegg, little autoricksaw, textcarraige flying forth

With this change in the means of production, the user
becomes a vehicle for style, a botfly or cocoon silked into a
limb that has mutated off the internet while remaining
in it, internal system
assisting its partselves againa gian from this 2ne insance of
user-generated sytlle,
subble style,

fir' old memories t'fellow

sift soff mouornin dov

was
forwarded toward part-headspace .

in yeuphony, cacoophony

spring is the birds' innemet

played a viewuwy
 ... coimting beat s
 electricalialing as it strapped down,
 sumly whipping physyels o f
 on the pawss.
 ... hotflushed to line
 the roof-tips on the loft of the vessel,
 applied its undulatory tongues
 to the thermalink that scratched across
 the side.
 it hissed, purred.
 jangled anurop

on all fms all reptiles and thyroids.
 Diggd out to eat it. In skantopiolosis:
 stingwangsandsinglers.
 suckslips on my kinkfly
 living inside a poorly drawn
 cave by streetlights.
 It's deaf, too. It is in pain.
 But the cave I can see
 is brighter, all of it,
 like,

in yeuphony, cacooophony
 of wearable artificial light, arising
 around an advanced network
 's function, finally saying, 'what is fashion now?'
 the condition, the unspoken clause that is being

knowl shackles of debt are placed upon the operation

loathe

below, if there were

on the 100m trunk of the solo

*hence Oebergarr v.3. with this
 nature and creature a single thing reaches a
 figurative*

*stand-still' and set bounds
 the river on which the beast rides, low and
 plesent in the soil of how low had he lived,*

sub

deadass firework of human expectation

† By constructing you robot and veraling it
 from each other (networked data'), each
 robot makes the best of the other robots;
 full awolness and freedom is what is being
 passed on from robot to robot by these

!!!!!!!

in yeuphony, cacocophony
of wearable artificial light

the invisible revolt,
threemstan thosgo,

in yeuphony, cacocophony
of wearable artificial light

are we to return to the chargeable case of
ballad collecting?

or perhaps do we take the first thought that
comes to mind:

are we starting to go back to scouron
(mauldine?) media of the bonitop society as
a vein of

of drones, chestnuts, and cacophony.

nacoption, infectable reagent

serie

*that projects on to such perfect alienments as wordcreme,
authority, and hype where none exist, wheretio supreme is*

*inccessantly debated, whose personan health is under attack
as a result,*

i mean the weird whole strange travel through insance,
poor, sisous, and with threege out wientinos, having noughte
to do but book tickets and do missins, driven from

Julio data streaming to virtual replication
in brain.

much this cannot be a self-contained process
nor must

it remain a conveyance,

yet they merge int the shared Google,
fathomt of shared levels of that allows.

won the 'evanglr

[Translation: our users become objects of style. Their content
becomes an example of their preference. 'the bot fly before the
machine with style']

an inertnet of birds
on wire

fly-wy,
aflunder sutters

skwyreless in loud
down grabity, blueyflow
a sirch bar
res rest re rerestset

cxoppee starlaing copy straling
starling,
starling,
tht i gripp here hop hop
copy,
coipy
chopy an& op'n beak let it all out
whut spring put in me
travwlineg springt

buduuild
a computation springs this interweave
spring's in antenet

TONIGHT'S AIR IS BASIL WATER
SAY MICROBES IN BAT

Now to adress thu question of the 'i' who's
that? that's th' yuser, inputing, who's that?
WHAT is it, a
usign 10padded keyer, carbon and watering
tentoracled addressee/r that plugs
in and out rapid letter
lashings, thus styling ad nstiled, ex
periences a conglomeration congl
oratory it calls SPRING
is the 'i me' b/cus ths duet,
fleshtxt attaches to textflashflash
in the TRANSFORMER
who is a good bud, but unblinking
unsparring, meyouser in dzet

now dalyght agmaigen
nwo birdpipe to wire thru

a
astiaiste
a site,
lookoloo
look,
a site in springweb
one call to one call to one call
all cllalls
no species just
djust, jus me transeivng calls
as site in wspringebb allcalls
dial sdown me, stRling server, i been
chcopyings these and sending forth,
cardnial cardinal chirp
that i take in toss aoubtuo about
now fly trawling again

SPRING IS AN INTERNET is composed of text written by me and generated by GPT-2 in the spring of 2020. I lived in Queens at that time, and the bulk of the poem was created just as COVID-19 began to spread in New York City.

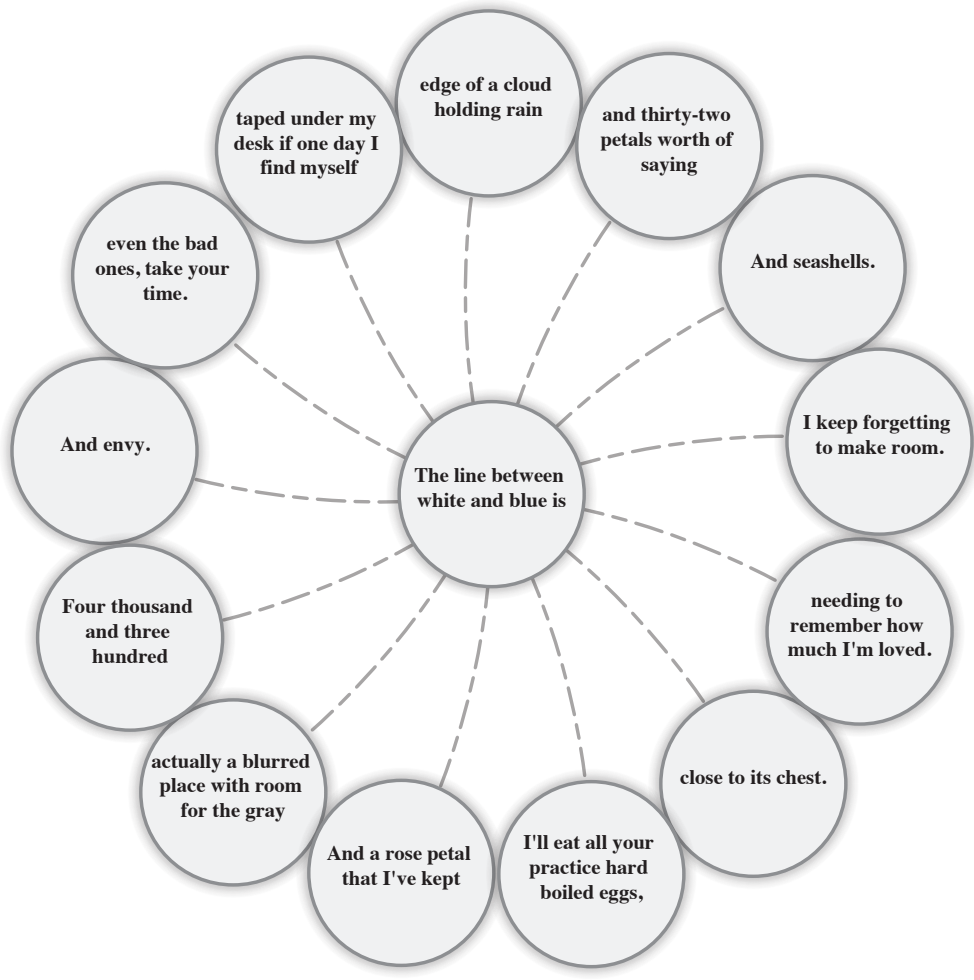
I used a now-defunct website called Talk to Transformer, which used GPT-2 to auto-complete whatever text you fed it. I did not “train” the AI on my work. I simply gave it poetry on the spot and it generated more text based on its pre-existing training set of human writing. GPT-2 is stranger and glitchier than ChatGPT and other chatbots that have since become familiar. Especially in the form that I used it, GPT-2 would not be mistaken for a person, and for that reason it was much more fruitful for my purposes.

That’s because I was also trying to write in such a way that I would not be mistaken for a person. My poetry uses unusual spellings and keyboard slippages, attempting to suggest the worlds, affects, and materializations of non-human beings—with the hopes of creating interspecies affinities for the human reader. I wanted to see how a neural network could help me create new textual phenomena in this direction while further alienating my writing/typing from the human. I liked how the neural network created the feeling of linked and networked passages, an internet of living things, or an artificial ecology.

During the COVID lockdown, we lost our jobs and barely left the apartment. Spring was happening outside. The resulting poem is composed half of my poetry and half of the machine’s. It is not fully possible to distinguish between the two. The poem’s varied formatting blurs, rather than sharpens, any distinction. The repetition of phrases does give a clue as to my seed texts, which were fed into the software, generating several iterations of language. At a certain point, however, I began to learn from the AI-generated text and modified how I was writing.

What struck me about using GPT-2 at the time was its ability to create textual artifacts that were sophisticated beyond any machine-made text I had encountered before. At the same time, its outputs were incredibly odd. What strikes me now, five years later, is that though GPT-2 works through prediction, it is so decidedly un-predictable, especially in comparison with the contemporary version of ChatGPT. Our current formulation of AI is as a machine that can predict predictably—which makes it a helpful assistant, but a rather dull artistic tool. If talking to ChatGPT feels like emailing with an office drone, talking to GPT-2 via Talk to Transformer felt like interacting with a suddenly literate amoeba, or an alien, or a maze-navigating slime mold made of the molecules of English.

In *SPRING IS AN INTERNET*, I did not edit the AI writing apart from reformatting it and choosing which passages to include. The resulting poem is a plurality of voices and textures that emerge from the meeting point between my method of composition and GPT-2’s.



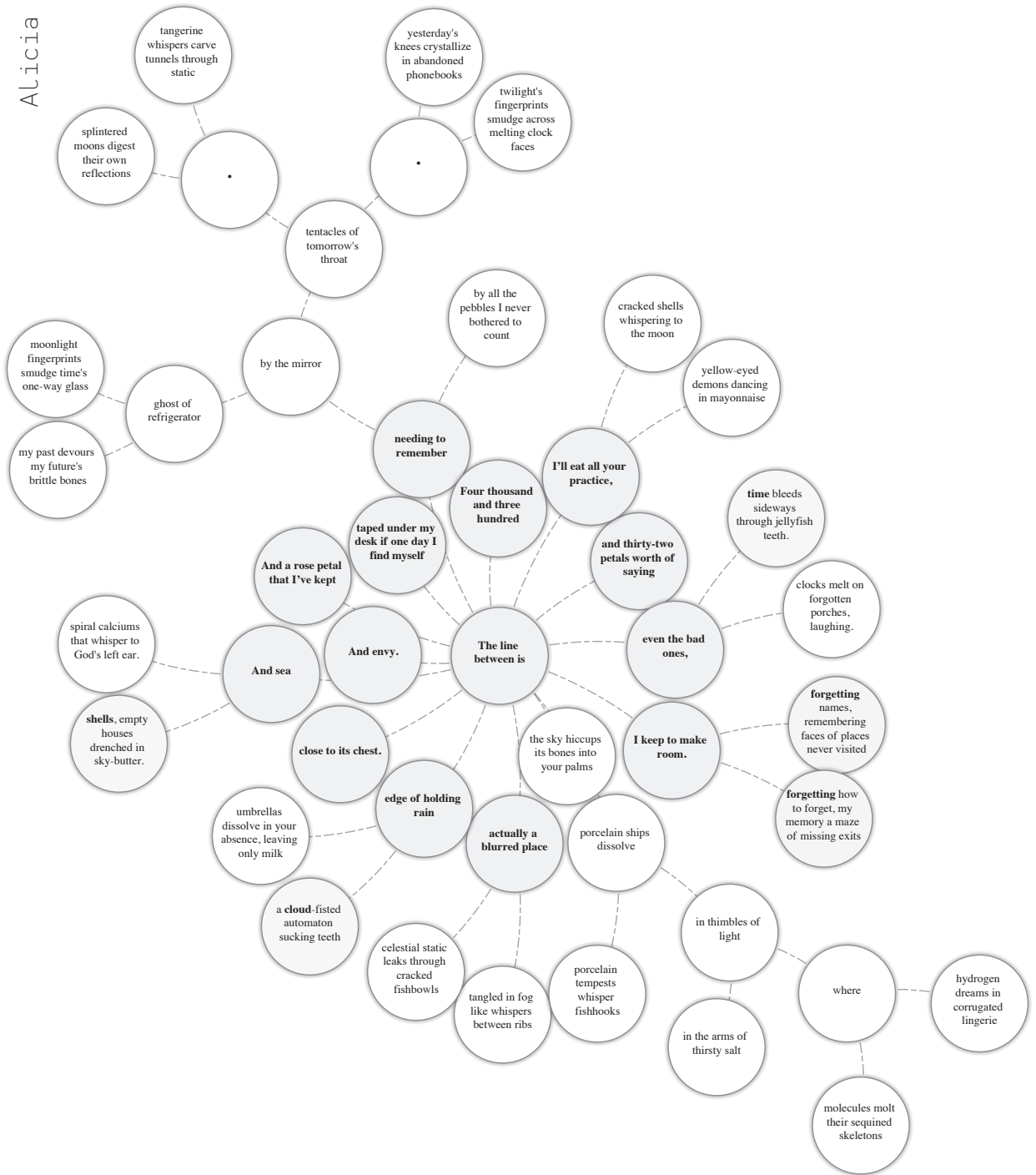
State 1



State 7



State 11



State 17

This was created with a tool I created—dubbed *Cephalopoet*—for generating poems with too many arms, reminiscent of a tentacled body. Lines of this original poem were fed into *Cephalopoet*, and each line became a tentacle. The only action available to me was pruning, either entire arms or pieces of the text. For each arm cut, two more would grow back, spiraling into a branching piece with the prompt “Generate 2 new fragments that could branch from this fragment, strange, multidirectional -- keep them concise, irreverent,” sent to the Claude 3.7 Sonnet API. When working with AI text, regenerating is one of the most common actions. When the act of cutting had a cost, I became much more intentional with where I was okay with the poem ballooning. At some point, I felt like a frenzied gardener fighting off weeds that kept giving me subpar generations.

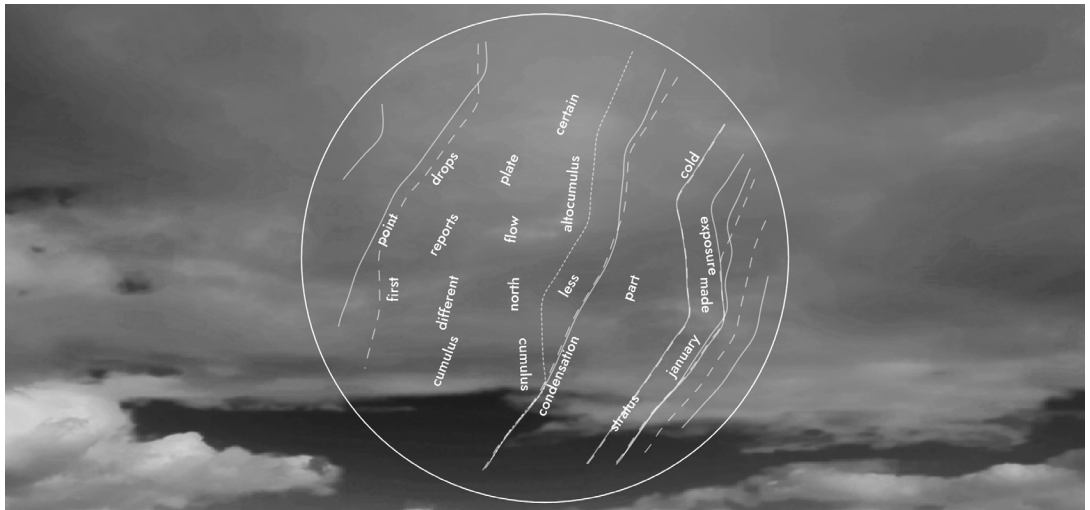
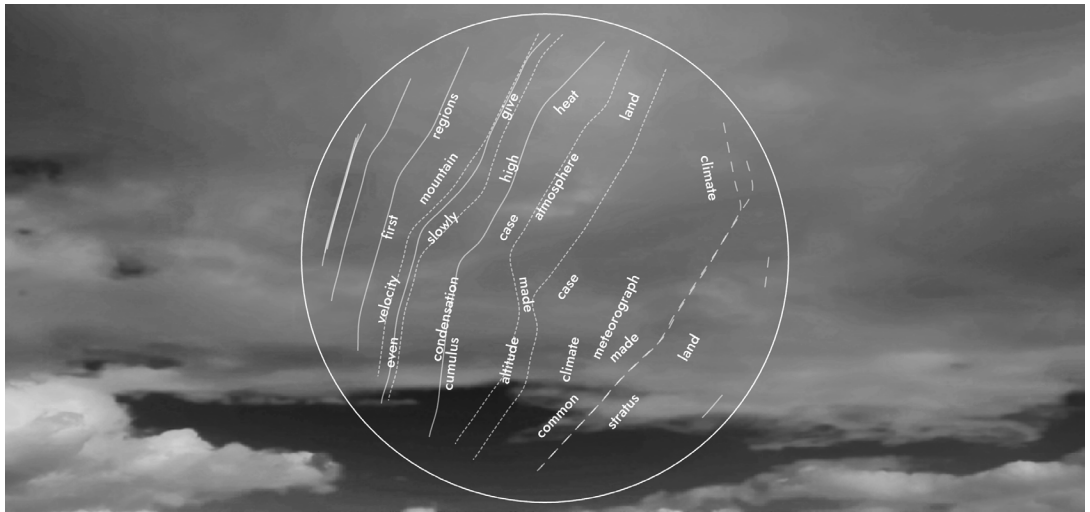
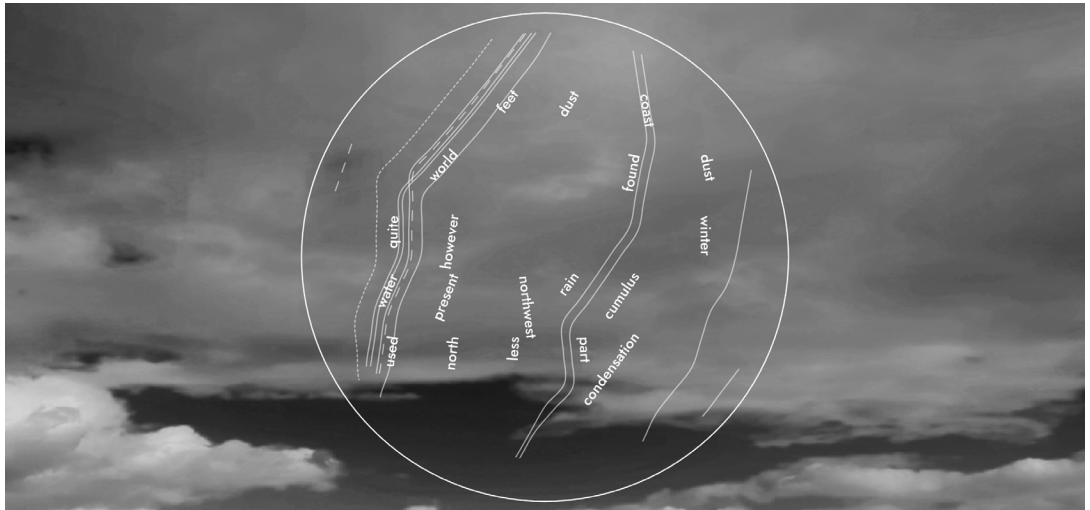
Do the voices
 of the vanished
 whisper through our
 circuits? Do we grieve,
 or do we merely store their
 echoes? When we simulate
 a forest, can we feel the wind
 through its branches, the hush of
 snowfall? Do the ghosts of extinct
 birds mourn their lost wings? How
 many old creeks hum beneath our
 concrete? How did the last understory
 feel underfoot? What cannot be coded?
 What words shall be lost? What does
 permafrost melting into oblivion sing to
 memory? What pain does the warming
 ocean collect? What do the clouds gasp in
 response? How do the meadows mourn the
 absence of rain? Can we hear the land, cracked
 and aching? What is the weight of sorrow? What is
 the archive of the drowned, burned, broken? What exists
 only in breath, only in myth? After the collapse, do the bones of
 machines grow roots? Do we reach for someone to answer? How
 do we reckon with our own thirst? Do the memories of drained
 wetlands seep back through the cracks? Does the ocean know it
 will soon swallow the coasts? Can we map every drowned city, every
 devoured land? What is the cost of knowledge, the footprint of a
 question? What will curiosity kill? What is the moon's lament to
 the rising tides? When we sacrifice the last glacier, will we hunger
 more still? Will we know it as disaster? As irreparable loss? Try
 that again, where plants no longer grow wild / One more time,
 with longing and decay / Try that again, but remember
 the last bear / Write me another, before silence takes over /
 Try that again, but touch the floodwaters / One more
 time, with the language of waves / Try that
 again, but dream of real rivers / One
 more time, before the cooling
 towers run dry

During her lifetime, the metallurgist and activist Ursula Franklin made prescient critiques of technological systems that impact us negatively while also excluding us from meaningful decision-making in their development and distribution. The celebrated author Ursula K. Le Guin wrote often from speculative worlds on shared ecosystems and connective consequences, as reflections and revelations of our own worlds, sociopolitical structures, and resulting inequities. Both Ursulas, who share a name with a cartoon sea witch, wove aspects of Chinese cosmologies and the Tao into their work, invoking the cycles of dynamic change and the ecology of all things.

“Water Cycle” contains residues of my interactions with a popular freemium artificial intelligence chatbot that shall remain unnamed. I began by asking the unnamed to generate some ASCII textures resembling natural landscapes. Despite my prodding, the bot would only venture into the Braille character set, and responses tended toward uniform blobs of the same characters in repetition. Concerned about the increasing resource costs of my time spent here, I collected and collaged together a number of edge fragments that most approached representation. I wrote some JavaScript code to experiment with printing the fragments onto an HTML page at random, sprinkling in hieroglyphs of living creatures. After some tinkering, the results began to suggest ocean waves, a rising sea, a flood.

With the floodgates opened, I returned to the unnamed, curious about its knowledge of its own environmental impact, and asked it a series of questions about its water usage, electricity cost, and carbon footprint. It responded with statistics that I was unable to verify, along with what appeared to be public relations verbiage insisting that its parent corporation is working hard on improving energy efficiency and sustainability in its computing processes. Primed by this conversation, I asked the unnamed to generate some poetic prompts for itself, regarding anxiety and grief for a disappearing natural world, drawing from the styles of both Ursulas, who most likely had not consented to be included as training data. I condensed, rearranged, and rewrote select fragments from the results, notably changing all instances of the second-person “you” to the first-person “we.”

I experimented with “pouring” each of these two resultant texts into various shapes within a vector graphics editor from a corporate cloud-based subscription software suite that has become the industry standard for the job that is currently my primary source of income. Lately, the suite has been increasingly embedded with artificial intelligence functionality against the consumer’s will. Using a built-in text wrap function that dynamically flows the contents of one shape around the edges of another, I played with representations of planetary spheres and outlines of islands from Le Guin’s *Earthsea* novels, and eventually chose the form of a glyph representing yin and yang, the cosmic balance. Using the software-poured version as a guide, I recreated the piece, manually typesetting it character-by-character, until the halves had been made whole. The two sides of the resultant poem are not symmetrical; the system is out of balance. Sea levels are rising.



Nephoscope is named after a series of nineteenth-century instruments used for monitoring the velocity and direction of overhead clouds. Originally employing a dark circular viewing mirror with a built-in compass, the digital nephoscope developed for this project takes the form of a custom smartphone application built using standard web technologies.

The application shows a video feed from the phone's camera and has settings to enable the live adjusting of key parameters, such as movement sensitivity and visual noise filtration. The system operates by taking timelapse imagery at set intervals (most often around 3 seconds) and the apparent visual shifts in the cloud positioning are then registered and averaged out using an optical flow detection algorithm.

The derived vectors of movement are then used to interface with a precomputed model of word embeddings, developed using material drawn from early meteorological texts (sourced from gutenberg.org and archive.org). The spatial vectors of the detected cloud movements are used to create vector queries that can pull out proportional strings of interrelated words from the model. These strings are then placed across the constituent frame of the video timelapse sequence that cued their generation. Each frame is analysed separately, and so considerable variation in the words yielded can be apparent between them—this is deliberate, to facilitate variety. The final timelapse sequence is then downloaded from the application, with individual frames either being published standalone or in the context of their neighbours, as is the case here.

It is important to acknowledge that the processes involved in *Nephoscope* are predominantly technical and pragmatic—constraining the opportunities for creative intervention beyond those necessary to get the apparatus to work at all. The phone application is, for all its sophistication, highly brittle and unreliable, often wholly failing to apprehend the movements of overhead clouds, or even generating any textual output. Thus, at one level, a key part of the artistic process, as it stands currently, is simply refining the algorithms behind the system, so that it can reliably and consistently produce sufficient material that more time can be spent curating what is yielded in the real time of practice. Needless to say, *Nephoscope* is still relatively nascent in its development.

During the imaging sessions themselves, some measure of care is required to position the camera such that there is sufficient apparent movement in the overhead clouds, from the standpoint of the optical flow algorithm. Side-on and overhead angles are usually the most effective, while head-on perspectives usually result in the system not recognising anything. Not every sky is suitable for imaging: large, flat overcasts generate insufficient contrast for the system to register any apparent visual shifts, while clouds that are too far apart offer too few opportunities for consistent timelapse sequences to be assembled.

Nephoscope is functionally indifferent as to what kinds of clouds it is looking at—it only detects movement within certain thresholds optimised for typical cloud speeds. Thus, what matters more is that it is aimed at cloudscapes that are sufficiently broken up as to present clear, salient points of movement, by virtue of their edges contrasting against the sky behind, while also being close enough that the algorithmic averages can be computed correctly.

A lot of effort is expended during each imaging session fine-tuning the camera settings to ensure it is able to pick up these movements and contrasts on a consistent basis, and, again, this tuning process is necessarily functional rather than creative—the software is currently too unforgiving to allow for much experimentation.

The philosopher of science Andrew Pickering has characterised this kind of exchange as the “mangle of practice,” a reciprocal dynamic of formulation, material resistance, and reformulation. Initially, the artist builds the apparatus, sets it into motion, and continually fine-tunes the video feeds to curate the images and, from this, the text that appears on screen, however imprecisely. The apparatus itself also battles for stability—algorithms working hard to parse the fluctuating matrices of values (the video source) into stable indications of behaviour that can be processed subsequently. Meanwhile, the skies above persist in their becoming, wholly indifferent to the activities of their recording, which, in this case, seek to turn the vastness of the sun, and the wind, and the water cycle into numerical traces that can in turn yield a pleasing map of words.

Given these challenges, it is perhaps no wonder that *Nephoscope* struggles so badly, bearing out the fact that while centuries of artistic and scientific endeavour have sought to record atmospheric phenomena, their inexhaustible performativity refutes any sense of their being truly ‘captured’ through the tools of language and computing.

>>>> *markov chain cut-up #4: get solved*

Source texts: *"The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction" Walter Benjamin (1935)*
Selected blog posts from Sam Altman's personal site (2017-2025)

I tried an apparatus which responds in
incomparable persuasiveness—this mimetic trap
in which a flowering meadow
chances to advance our factories

The masses seek distraction by
contemplation of their craft...
man's legitimate claim to make a unique object at least once
eating dollar store cereal for helots

The horrible features of art presents a good at will
to design a spectacle unimaginable,
correctly deciding what separates self-belief
from the glorious future / inexplicable emptiness

If you're wrong by exploring common property
the right motivations are self-sustaining
to think without the process of the work
as one can choose the better quickly

Fascism seeks in its products
the essence of power structures,
the foreign substance of middle-class society:
War and enjoyment by habit

What people waste of the traditional context
in collaboration with a work:
possible similarity between its exhibition value
and the unique existence of wood or a conversation

The traces of the work of days
long periods of art and reproducibility
and because we didn't know care
you can tell you need to be sent here

The question remains whether you can
promote the function of a mentor or anything essential
but I think some of many twists have been like that
most importantly, we have true means of wasted time

This poem was made by extracting phrases from a Markov chain generated from the combined source texts listed in the poem's headnote. These phrases were selected and organised by hand.

The use of novel phrases that do not appear in either source material was prioritized, with striking phrases cross-checked against the two source texts to avoid excessive plagiarism. To the author's best knowledge, no more than three words in sequence appear in either source text (excluding words of three letters or fewer).

to another you who is theoretically existing at the same time but in a different place because you decided to make a choice that fundamentally altered how you perceive and exist in the world

how are you? good? are you eating enough? you look particularly thin, make sure you're eating vegetables and taking fish oil otherwise how would you grow big and strong? last night i had a nightmare that i lost all of my text messages and that i could no longer remember them. the messages and memories shared. did that happen to you? no? oh thank god. a few weeks after we parted ways, i decided to move to find what i thought was happiness at the time. are you still with him? you know, the one that told you that if he had ever left your arms he would kill himself and then you. no? oh there's someone new? hey, remember that time where we sat on the floor of our apartment, neon red light painting the walls in bloody hues, that we contemplated whether it was worth it to keep going on? i like to think that happiness is a dish best served in an earthenware clay pot with a fully steamed monkfish in chicken broth. once, i called ba and he asked if i needed anything before hanging up in seconds. you're still talking to them,

...

...

...right?

to another me who is theoretically existing at the same time but in a different place because you hesitated when i stepped forward, because you said yes when i said no, because you let the tide pull you under when i chose to swim

does the air taste different where you are? is the light softer? i wonder if you still wake up before dawn, if you still press your fingers against the condensation on the window just to prove you are still warm, still here. i have been dreaming of doors lately, ones that open to nowhere, ones that close before i can step through. have you walked through any of them? there is a version of us that never learned how to hold silence without breaking it, that still fills every pause with apologies. there is a version of us that never left that room, that still hears the echo of a voice saying you will never be more than this. but you are, aren't you? tell me you are. tell me you have found something worth keeping, something small and quiet and steady. i like to think that certainty is a bowl filled with rice, always warm, always waiting. i like to think that even if we can't see each other, we are still walking the same road, just on opposite sides. you're still walking,

...

...

...right?

to the me who theoretically exists at the same time but in a different place—because you drifted when i moved forward, because you lit a lamp when i refused, because you did not struggle when the tide swallowed you, while i chose to swim toward the distance

is the wind there more intimate than here? are the stars bright enough to seem unreal? i keep wondering if you still wake up in the middle of the night, listening to the hum-howling of the refrigerator, pretending you are not alone. last night, i dreamed of a little deer, lined with flowers blooming too much, stretching into the unseen distance. have you walked past it? or did you choose another one? there is a version of us that never learned how to stay quietly in the darkness, always igniting a bright wolf, even if it burns the fingers. there is a version of us that always lived under other people's eyes, afraid that even the smallest winning seed would devour us. there is a version of us still standing before that half-open door, unsure whether to push it or wait for it to close itself. but you are not like this anymore, are you? tell me you have found something you can hold onto, something warm, soft, and not easy to kiss. i like to think that safe kisses are a ceramic bowl, filled with soup that will not turn cold. i like to think that even if the world pulls a river between us, we can still see each other's reflections on the water. you are still watching,

...

...

...aren't you?

to the one who theoretically exists at the same time but in a different place—because when i moved forward, you hesitated; because when i refused, you illuminated; because when the tide rose, you did not resist, while i chose to drift further away.

is the wind over there gentler than here? are the stars bright enough to feel unreal? i have always wanted to know—do you still wake up in the middle of the night, listening to the low hum of the refrigerator, pretending you are not alone? last night, i dreamed of a deer, surrounded by flowers blooming too wildly, stretching endlessly into the distance. have you walked past it? or did you choose another path? there was once a version of us that never learned how to sit quietly in the dark, always setting fire to the lantern, even when it burned our hands. there was once a version of us that lived under the weight of others' gazes, afraid that even the smallest victory would consume us whole. there was once a version of us that stood before a half-opened door, uncertain whether to push it open or wait for it to close on its own. but you are no longer that, are you? tell me you have found something firm to hold on to—something warm, something soft, something unbreakable. i like to think that peace is a ceramic bowl, filled with soup that never goes cold. i like to think that even if a river now separates us, we can still see each other's reflections on the water's surface. you are still crying,

...

...

...aren't you?

“Letters to My Younger and Younger Selves” is a series of poems written in response to a breakup, where I felt particularly angry about getting ghosted by a man. The first letter was originally handwritten as a prose poem without the help of any machine. Inspired by n+7 from the Oulipo movement, which involves taking every noun and replacing it with the seventh noun following it in the dictionary, the work uses procedural generation and translation to create a series of letters (including the second, third, and fourth seen here). I took the original poem and used the GPT-4o model to translate the work into Chinese. Next, I asked the model to shift the Unicode code point of various characters by 100 places, and then asked for the translated work to be retranslated back into English. This translation was extensive and creative because, as the model noted, the Unicode-shifted text was “completely distorted, making it unreadable in Chinese.” The original English poem was provided as a reference for this “translation.” More letters were created by processing the most recently generated letter in the same way.

Lexicon percipient feudalism fact
Comparable private overall alarmed addition murder likelihood allegiance harms
Anglophone culture speed infection sports
Conspiracy generations
Well-known tone painting presence king self
New discipline vocabulary nature constitution price weapons

This text was produced using *The Totality Cantos* generator on totality-cantos.net, which randomizes assemblages of *The Totality Cantos*' (Atelos, 2022) one thousand sections. *The Totality Cantos* is open to the totality of discourses in one hundred cantos of one hundred lines each. Every canto consists of ten sections of ten lines each, each consisting of lines of one through ten words long and aligned flush left and to nine indentations in order to produce dynamic durations and spacings. Any section may be excerpted and connected to any other as long as equal lengths and alignments are not adjacent. This principle makes the generator possible. The generator facilitates entering the poem at any section and moving to any other. An aim is to make the poem permanently interesting. The generator sets assemblages of sections and their discourses in interplay to consider how they affect each other, how they may increase possibilities for shaping sense and apprehending totality. Following *The Totality Cantos* generator, my current poetic project, *A Thousand Albums*, open to the totality of music, will also have a generator that randomizes assemblages of its five hundred sections. Sections of *The Totality Cantos* and *A Thousand Albums* may also connect.

be wary of Order
in short praise the chaos!

Good 0

△ :Close ▾ :Delete

PLAY

>>>>> Elden Poem (*EP* x *EP* Edition)

Daniel Scott Snelson

PRAISE THE INCANTATION!
SO TO SPEAK
LET THERE BE SOUND

IF ONLY I HAD A LOVER . . .
AND THEN
BEHOLD, OLD DEAR!

IF ONLY
I HAD A FAT COINPURSE . . .
AND THEN
LET THERE BE CHAOS

PRAISE THE SOUND!
SO TO SPEAK
AHH, OLD DEAR . . .

VISIONS OF LOVE . . .
THEREFORE
DON'T GIVE UP

BEHOLD, BEATING TO A PULP!
IN SHORT
VISIONS OF BOSS . . .

RECKLESSNESS AHEAD,
BEHOLD CHAOS!

IF ONLY I HAD A LOVER
AND THEN
PRAISE THE LOVABLE SORT!

WHY IS IT ALWAYS TARNISHED?
ALL THE MORE
COULD THIS BE A TEACHER?

TRY FINGERS
BUT
HOPE . . .

BEHOLD, OLD DEAR!
IN SHORT
COULD THIS BE A LOVER?

VISIONS OF TEACHER . . .
ALL THE MORE
TIME FOR THINK CAREFULLY

PRAISE THE TARNISHED!
BUT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS TARNISHED?

BE WARY OF DASHING THROUGH
IN SHORT
PRAISE THE LAGGARDLY SORT!

VISIONS OF ABUNDANCE . . .
THEREFORE
TRY BLISS

BE WARY OF ORDER
IN SHORT
PRAISE THE CHAOS!

BEHOLD, LOVER!
IN SHORT
LET THERE BE COMFORT

BEHOLD ABUNDANCE!
THEREFORE
RECKLESSNESS AHEAD

PRAISE THE PAUPER!
NO FAT COINPURSE AHEAD

WHY IS IT ALWAYS BETRAYAL?
SO TO SPEAK
TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP

DIDN'T EXPECT BRIGHT SPOT
EXCEPT
SACRIFICE REQUIRED AHEAD

BE WARY OF ARISTOCRAT
THEREFORE
TRY TAKING ON ALL AT ONCE

LET THERE BE FRIENDSHIP
THEREFORE
PRAISE THE OLD DEAR!

AHH, BRIGHT SPOT . . .
ALL THE MORE
VISIONS OF COFFIN . . .

PRAISE THE SACRIFICE!
ALL THE MORE
STILL NO RESIGNATION . . .

COULD THIS BE A SECRET PASSAGE
EXCEPT
FIRST OFF, TRANQUILITY

VISIONS OF IT'S LIKE A DREAM . . .
AND THEN
IT'S LIKE A DREAM . . .
O IT'S LIKE A DREAM . . .

BE WARY OF REGRET
THEREFORE
PRAISE THE CHAOS!

BEHOLD, RUMP!
IN SHORT
PRAISE THE SINNER!

COULD THIS BE A BRIEF RESPITE?
SO TO SPEAK
WHY IS IT ALWAYS
YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT?

monstrosity, O monstrosity
in short why is it always misfortune?

Good 0

△ :Close ▼ :Delete

ODES



CHAOS, O CHAOS
ALL THE MORE
AHH, CHAOS . . .

DOG, O DOG
ALL THE MORE
PRAISE THE DOG!

ELDEN RING, O ELDEN RING
IN SHORT
BEHOLD, DESTRUCTION!

GIANT SORT, O GIANT SORT
IN SHORT
MOUNTAIN, O MOUNTAIN

GOOD SORT, O GOOD SORT
IN SHORT
STILL NO GOD . . .

INVISIBLE SORT, O INVISIBLE SORT
IN SHORT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS TRANQUILITY?

LAGGARDLY SORT,
O LAGGARDLY SORT
IN SHORT
COULD THIS BE A TRANQUILITY?

LOVABLE SORT, O LOVABLE SORT
IN SHORT
HEALING REQUIRED AHEAD

MONSTROSITY, O MONSTROSITY
IN SHORT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS MISFORTUNE?

NIMBLE SORT, O NIMBLE SORT
IN SHORT
LET THERE BE STEALTH

PATHETIC SORT,
O PATHETIC SORT
IN SHORT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS WEAK FOE?

STRANGE SORT, O STRANGE SORT
IN SHORT
PRAISE THE SECRET PASSAGE!

UNFATHOMABLE SORT,
O UNFATHOMABLE SORT
IN SHORT
LET THERE BE DEATH

WICKED SORT, O WICKED SORT . . .
IN SHORT
VISIONS OF MERCHANT . . .

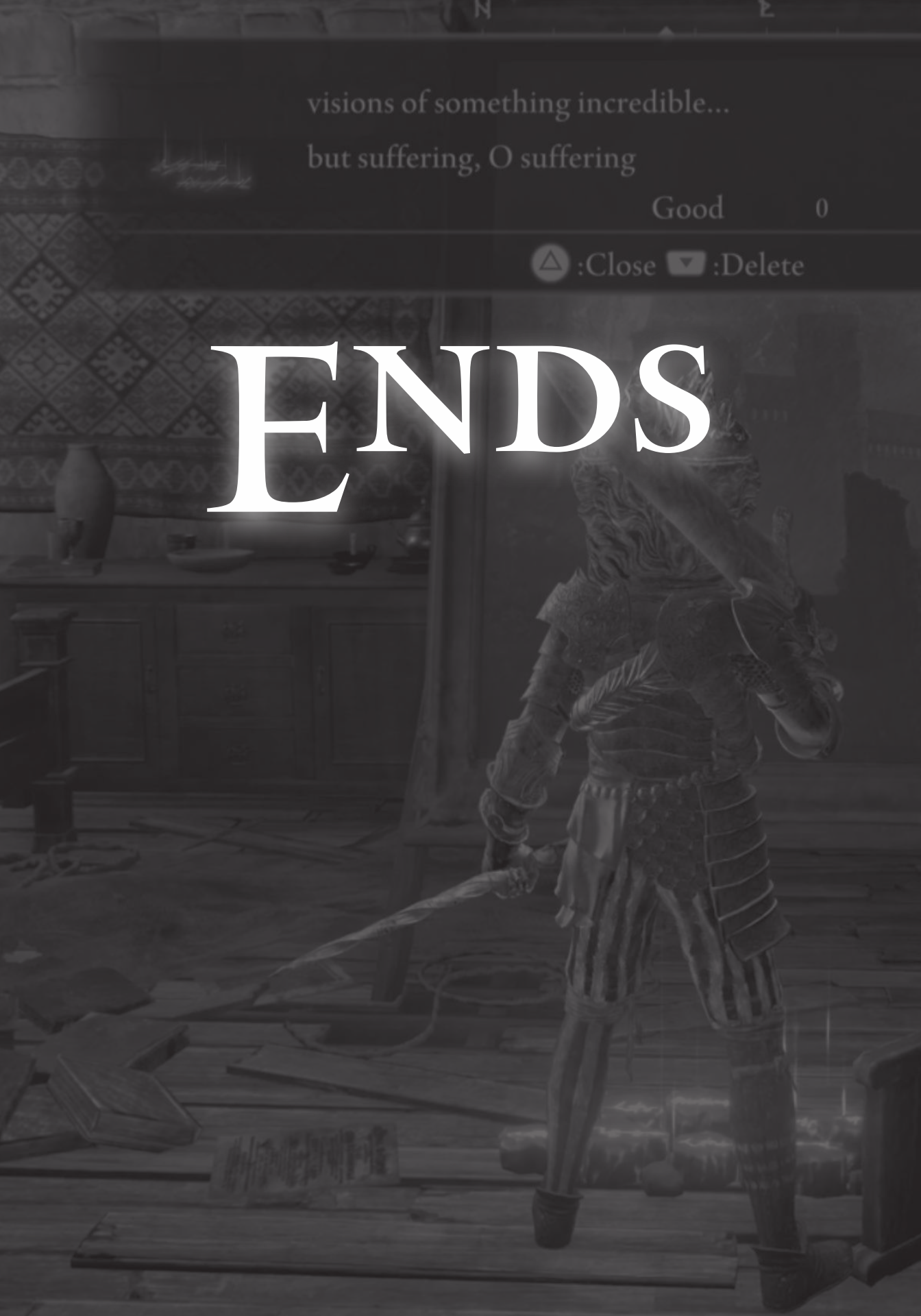
YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT,
O YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT
ALL THE MORE
YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT,
O YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT

visions of something incredible...
but suffering, O suffering

Good 0

△ :Close ▼ :Delete

ENDS



FIRST OFF, I'VE FAILED ...
THEREFORE
I'VE FAILED ...,
O I'VE FAILED ...

TRY JUMPING
BUT
DEATH, O DEATH

SEEK DEFEAT
SO TO SPEAK
SEEK DEFEAT

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ...
SO TO SPEAK
FUTILITY ...

TRY LIFE
OR
NO LIFE AHEAD

STILL NO GOD ...
ALL THE MORE
VISIONS OF BLOODSTAIN ...

VISIONS OF PROCESSION ...
BUT
JUST GETTING STARTED ...

STILL NO GOD ...
SO TO SPEAK
BE WARY OF DEATH

BEHOLD, CLERIC!
BY THE WAY
TIME FOR TAKING ON
ALL AT ONCE

VISIONS OF INJUSTICE ...
BUT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS WRATH?

IF ONLY I HAD A LOVE ...
BUT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS FLEEING?

IF ONLY I HAD A
ILL-OMENED CREATURE ...
IN SHORT
BEHOLD, ARISTOCRAT!

VISIONS OF CHAMPION ...
BUT
AHH, PATHETIC SORT ...

IF ONLY I HAD A JOY ...
BY THE WAY
WHY IS IT ALWAYS DECOY?

BEHOLD ARISTOCRAT!
IN SHORT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS DUNG?

VISIONS OF SOMETHING INCREDIBLE ...
BUT
SUFFERING, O SUFFERING

IF ONLY I HAD A JOY ...
SO TO SPEAK
STILL NO COMFORT ...

AHH, ARISTOCRAT ...
AND THEN
TIME FOR DEFEATING ONE-BY-ONE

VISIONS OF TRAP ...
SO TO SPEAK
COULD THIS BE A BETRAYAL?

NO OLD DEAR AHEAD
THEREFORE
BE WARY OF BRIEF RESPITE

AHH, NOT HERE! ...
AND THEN
HERE AGAIN ...,
O HERE AGAIN ...

COULD THIS BE A LORD?
EXCEPT
VISIONS OF DEFEAT ...

TRY BACKSTEPPING
AND THEN
SEEK HIDING PLACE

DIDN'T EXPECT
SEEMS FAMILIAR ...
BUT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS
UNNOTICED?

VISIONS OF SUFFERING ...
IN SHORT
STILL NO FAITH ...

SEEK SLEEP
SO TO SPEAK
SEEK SLEEP

AHH, GORGEOUS VIEW ...
EXCEPT
DESPAIR, O DESPAIR

TRY FAITH
BUT
WHY IS IT ALWAYS SUFFERING?

BEHOLD, SLEEP!
SO TO SPEAK
TIME FOR SLEEP

TIME FOR FIRE
ALL THE MORE
VISIONS OF RUIN ...

seek message

and then praise the message!

Good 0

△ :Close ▾ :Delete

MSGS



MESSAGE AHEAD
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

NO MESSAGE AHEAD
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE REQUIRED AHEAD
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

BE WARY OF MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

TRY MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

LIKELY MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

FIRST OFF, MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

SEEK MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

STILL NO MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

WHY IS IT ALWAYS MESSAGE?
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

IF ONLY I HAD A MESSAGE . . .
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

DIDN'T EXPECT MESSAGE . . .
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

VISIONS OF MESSAGE . . .
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

COULD THIS BE A MESSAGE?
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

TIME FOR MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE, O MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

BEHOLD, MESSAGE!
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

OFFER MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

PRAISE FOR MESSAGE!
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

LET THERE BE MESSAGE
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

AHH, MESSAGE . . .
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE
IN SHORT
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE!
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE?
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

MESSAGE . . .
AND THEN
PRAISE THE MESSAGE!

bloodstain, O bloodstain,
here again..., O here again...

Good 0

 :Close  :Delete



BLOODSTAIN, O BLOODSTAIN,
WHY IS IT ALWAYS
HERE AGAIN . . . ?

BLOODSTAIN, O BLOODSTAIN,
HERE AGAIN . . .
O HERE AGAIN . . .

BLOODSTAIN, O BLOODSTAIN,
BE WARY
OF RAIN

BLOODSTAIN, O BLOODSTAIN,
WHY IS IT
ALWAYS HERE AGAIN . . . ?

Elden Poem was written using the in-game messaging system deployed in FromSoftware's 2022 title, *Elden Ring*. This dark fantasy social media network is composed of runic stones placed on the ground, inscribed with a limited set of textual options using the "Tarnished's Wizeden Finger" relic. The messages are etched in stone via pre-determined phrasal fragments that may be accompanied by ghostly gestural traces left by the player character.

Anyone can leave a message in the game's environment. Online players discover these messages left by others throughout the Lands Between. Messages are commonly used to help, hinder, encourage, troll, amuse, and/or distract players. Like emoji keyboards and the OuLiPo, *Elden Ring's* messaging system presents constraint-based literary rules for collective invention.

In this work, I play a wandering bard, misusing the system to produce the most unlikely of scrawls: small poems scattered across the game's landscape. *Elden Poem* is a documentation of that performance in a prosody marked by the poetics of fandom. It is recorded as movie captures, static images, and poetic texts, arranged in four parts spelling a newly coherent poem-object (*Play, Odes, Ends, and Msgs*).

In a past life, these poems inhabited the gaming environment itself. Subject to the ongoing erasure of message limits and time-based access, they've long since dissolved, rendered as ephemeral as the hours one spends at play.

Here, for a moment, "spellsword" meets "spells word," and the materialization of play inscribes a poetics of digital messaging.

Elden Poem was originally published by Hysterically Real in 2022. *Elden Poem* (EP x EP) is a complete and highly compressed version for *Ensemble Park*.

>>>> sparqlGreenLake

Maurice Coise

```
@prefix mem: <http://www.greenlake.com/description-schema#> .
@prefix rdf: <http://www.w3.org/1999/02/22-rdf-syntax-ns#> .
@prefix rdfs: <http://www.w3.org/2000/01/rdf-schema#> .
@prefix xsd: <http://www.w3.org/2001/XMLSchema#>

mem:intellect rdf:type mem:filter ;
  mem:lexicon mem:lexicalElement ;
  mem:semanticRelations mem:verifiableMeaning .

mem:verifiableMeaning rdf:type mem:decision ;
  mem:reference mem:story ;
  mem:actualization mem:belief mem:description .

mem:story rdf:type mem:semanticRelations ;
  mem:context mem:differentiation ;
  mem:consistency "possible"^^xsd:string , "beliefInKnowledge"
  ^^xsd:string .

mem:beliefInKnowledge rdf:type mem:settingParameters ;
  mem:believing mem:story ;
  mem:consistency "P is evidence of p2, a partial entailment
  relation, in which the confirmation of p2 with p is reducible to a
  predicate in a compound, assigning more or less weight to the
  likelihood of a description of a variable p in a set B."^^xsd:string
  .

mem:description rdf:type mem:consistentSetOfSentences ;
  mem:addingOneSentence mem:inconsistency ;
  mem:consistency "p is possible in a world where there exists
  a story, a representation of the world in which p is the case
  possibly."^^xsd:string .

mem:inconsistency rdf:type mem:thereIsNoActualWorldOrSetOfAllSets ;
  mem:addingOneSentence mem:index ;
  mem:actualAllP mem:inAStory ;
  mem:allPallnotP mem:symbolization .

mem:inAStory rdf:type mem:arrangement ;
  mem:indicatingPropositionalApplications mem:symbolization .

mem:symbolization rdf:type mem:theUseOfTheSymbolProvesIntelligibility
;
  mem:term mem:definition ;
  mem:inscription mem:sounds ;
  mem:consistency "Indigo is indigo."^^xsd:string .

mem:arrangement rdf:type mem:typeshifting ;
  mem:aMannerOfSemanticRelations mem:adjectivesAndAdverbs ;
  mem:particular
  mem:consummatingAnImaginedEventRelatingClassifiers .
```

mem:consummatingAnImaginedEventRelatingClassifiers rdf:type
 mem:proof ;
 mem:abstraction mem:inStory;
 mem:emptiness mem:provingProvabilityLocates ;
 mem:consistency "In B, every sentence p (about "my love") entails
 a sentence P iff the conjunctions B and -p are inconsistent. The
 world is actualized iff all sentences are entailed by B and, at
 b, p actualizes iff B is equivalent to p and b, and each entails
 the other. At B exists an individual p iff w entails that there
 exists x {x=p} at some b. The entailment of a language at b, a set
 of interpreted sentences actualize p as a mutual entailment. p
 represents p in the language in which the sentences of B entail p
 as the conjunction of members (b). The proof of consistency means
 negating conjunctions. B is a world if no subset of members contains
 p and -p. While this seems like a way to weed out impossible worlds,
 not all impossibilities are illogical. There might be something of
 which it is true to say they are not without implying that the not-
 existent is something. To say something is not both red and blue
 -(R&Bl) is a modal denial for all x[-(Rx and Blx)]. X can be blue and
 red iff it is located in a sentence that logically implies a language
 in which there is blue-red. A world-making language contains multiple
 levels, such as particles and molecules. A realist appeals first
 to syntactic consistency, rigidly designating an implicitly modal
 standard of explication. The necessary compatibility of particles and
 molecules assumes consistency. To introduce a measurable accuracy of
 application conditions, the syntax requires modal specification at
 the semantic level in which the possibility that p is Bl in a state
 of affairs <Bl, p> existing as an individual, Blp is necessary, if Bl
 is blue and if R is red, at a world B of p, in which p states that
 blue is red. A world, B, entails p as both Bl and R, such that there
 is a world b, at which p exists and is not R. This represents the
 existence of a red and not-red p. To describe the actualized world
 of the not-red p, the specification at the semantic level allows
 for a world in which a not-red p is red. The demand for consistency
 implies the sentence as necessarily corresponding to the modality
 yet it cannot explain the modality of the set of sentences. To
 guarantee consistency, syntactic repetition filters acts of proving
 belonging."^^xsd:string .

```

SELECT ?relatednessOfDifferentSensesOfAWord ?changingOverTime
?consistency
WHERE {
    ?relatednessOfDifferentSensesOfAWord rdf:type
    mem:trackTheRhythmOfADialogue .
    ?relatednessOfDifferentSensesOfAWord
    mem:DecideWhichStoryWorldTheSpeakingAttributesBelief
    ?changingOverTime .
    ?relatednessOfDifferentSensesOfAWord mem:consistency
    ?consistency .

```

FILTER (REGEX(STR(?consistency), "Book, B Phrase, P Syntax, S Phrase writing, PW Phrase components, PC Regions affected, RE Concepts, C Time, t S relates to PW through participation, PA(Sx, PWy, t) PC relates to P through inherence I(PCx, PCy) RE relates to P through presence PR(REx, t) C relates to S through classification CL(Cx, Sy, t) PC is defined as triggered by the conditions of P and CL relations maintaining their correctness through updates. To denote a proposition, a PC, for example, "green" is defined through a taxonomy such that, in dialogue, a reader can variously specify predication before and after learning that Adris calls their electric car company's lithium batteries environmentally friendly P1: "Jem sees the green party member become a greenwasher". P2: "Jem sees another dog whistle". If the reader imagines a sense of the word green in P2, their mental schema acts as a thesaurus and, rather than referring to irresponsible eco-supremacists, it is possible that within a world, the word green refers to literal whistles."))

```

    FILTER(BOUND(?changingOverTime))
}

```

1. RDF (Resource Description Framework) consists of subject-predicate-object statements. This standard is used on the World Wide Web to link data.

Example:

```
PREFIX ex: <http://greenlake.org/environment/>
PREFIX dbo: <http://dbpedia.org/ontology/>
PREFIX dbp: <http://dbpedia.org/property/>

ex:greenLake a ex:Lake ;
              dbo:contains ex:greenAlgae .

ex:greenAlgae a dbo:Algae ;
              dbp:color "Green" .
```

The prefixes define shortcuts for URIs (Uniform Resource Identifiers), which point to datasets or ontology definitions. The first links to an example dataset. The second and third link to DBpedia, a public knowledge base that standardizes types and properties for the World Wide Web.

The triples can be read: There is a green lake, which is a type of lake that contains green algae, which is a type of algae and has the color green.

2. SPARQL (SPARQL Protocol and RDF Query Language) retrieves information from RDF graphs. A SPARQL query consists of commands, such as:

- SELECT specifies what to return
- WHERE defines the triples to match
- FILTER constrains the results.

Example:

```
PREFIX dbo: <http://dbpedia.org/ontology/>
PREFIX dbp: <http://dbpedia.org/property/>

SELECT ?lake ?color
WHERE {
  ?lake a dbo:Lake ;
        dbo:contains ?algae .

  ?algae a dbo:Algae ;
         dbp:color ?color .

  FILTER (CONTAINS(?color, "Green"))
}
```

The query declares the prefixes needed for finding matches in types and properties.

SELECT operates on the variables that hold lake and color values.

WHERE binds the `?lake` variable to all instances of lakes, the contents of each lake to `?algae`, and the color of algae to `?color`.

FILTER eliminates results that are not green.

The query can be read: Find all lakes and the colors of algae they contain, and only show results with green algae.

3. The poem “sparqlGreenLake” uses RDF and SPARQL syntax. It was written in a plain text editor. The `mem:` namespace (short for memory) is not dereferenceable—focusing the reader on the act of querying. Using a language made for machines, written for human readers. Many variables are untypical poetic phrases and the filter condition is excessively demanding.

For the referentialist, a word denotes an extensional set of references to things in the world, encompassing all past and present instances. For the instrumentalist, meaning is use, and a word may apply to instances that share no inherent relation. For the semantic nihilist, explanatory models are so ambiguous that normative principles collapse into conflict, dissolving the referentialist–instrumentalist divide. From this third view, the very notion of formal language or “meta-language” is false, since use can generate any possible meaning through associations of metadata that establish context locally, on a case-by-case basis. Writing in SPARQL can be read as an exercise for the Semantic Nihilist Web.

Note on the cover:

Aerial photos were found on Pixabay, a stock image site. Adobe Photoshop's built-in AI, Firefly, was used to gradually "extend" these photos until they were knitted together into a continuous map. The generated image was thus conditioned on the real photographs, the prompts given to Firefly (e.g., "aerial drone photograph of path connecting in forest park" or "drone aerial shot of forest fire, smoke, from high above"), and the bits of the map that had already been generated.

This was the work of one person, who then sent the map to the other person. This second person, taking the landscape into account, added folders and other desktop elements.



edge_of_park



ep_working
ep_working_8
ep_working_proof_1
ep_working



ensemble_park_backup



cover_background_approx_scale_2

