
Things I Think Are Awesome

Lynn Cherny
@arnicas



LYNN CHERNY
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CAMBRIDGE CO2 ma



(Loves are the summer), Summer like a bee
Ducks out her back, high-brother, and it goes
The yellow pollen upon the white under bloom
Saffron. I feel the summer sharing me,
I lose back breathless in an agony
Of cherishing her. I ripper without meat,
Without my love, or with my love alone
The light

HARD FROST

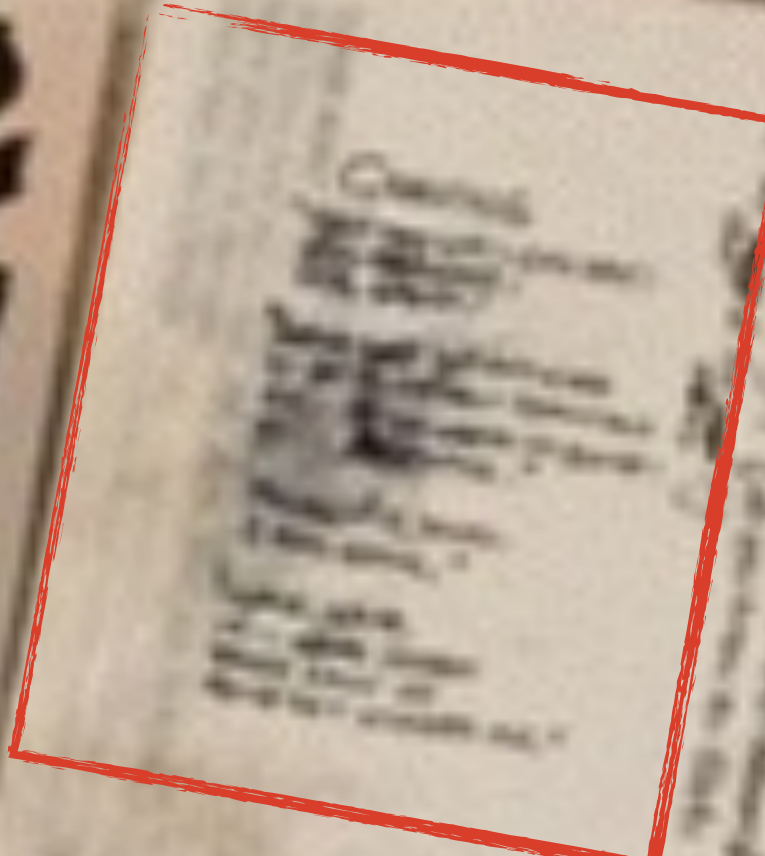
FROST CALLED TO UNHOLY 'WALT'
AND COULDED THE MOST SHINY
WITH SANGUINE, BUT
SERVES, THEN, DUNE BRIGGS, STOP,
AND TOWELS IN LONG TROUBLES DUNE,
AND TENSE IN WINDS-MAIDS
LOOK, UNDOES GUTTS DUNE LIKE SEA IN DUNE

In the hard-fitted land
At every footstep breaks a stone
Burmese-like TESSIE ICE-BOARDS
CHANGING AND UNDOING, UNDOING
CHANGING AND UNDOING, UNDOING
DEED DUNE TRAIL GUTTS IN
DUNE TRAILS ON UNDOING UNDOING

BUT UNDOING THE PIECE OF
INTEREST AND WITH, UNDOING
WINDS BRIGGS DUNE
UNDOING THE UNDOING
IN THE WINDS UNDOING
THE DUNE UNDOING

love, John

LYNN CHERNY
ANGEL COURT
TRINITY COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE



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COST mg



It is the summer. Summer like a bee
is at our best, bright-bracket, and is gone.
Yellow pollen upon the white words of
the. I feel the summer drawing me,
back breathless in an agony
ready for I ripper without more,
at my loss, or with my loss alone.

HARD FOST

FOOT CALLED TO WARDEN "WAIT!"
AND EXITED THE WOODS LEAVING
WITH BANGORIAN WOLF
BARKING, THE DOGS BARKED, STOP,
AND WENT TO LONG TRAINING CAMP,
AND WENT TO WARDEN CAMP

May 1991

Can Poetry Matter?

*Poetry has vanished as a cultural force in America.
If poets venture outside their confined world, they can work
to make it essential once more*

by Dana Gioia

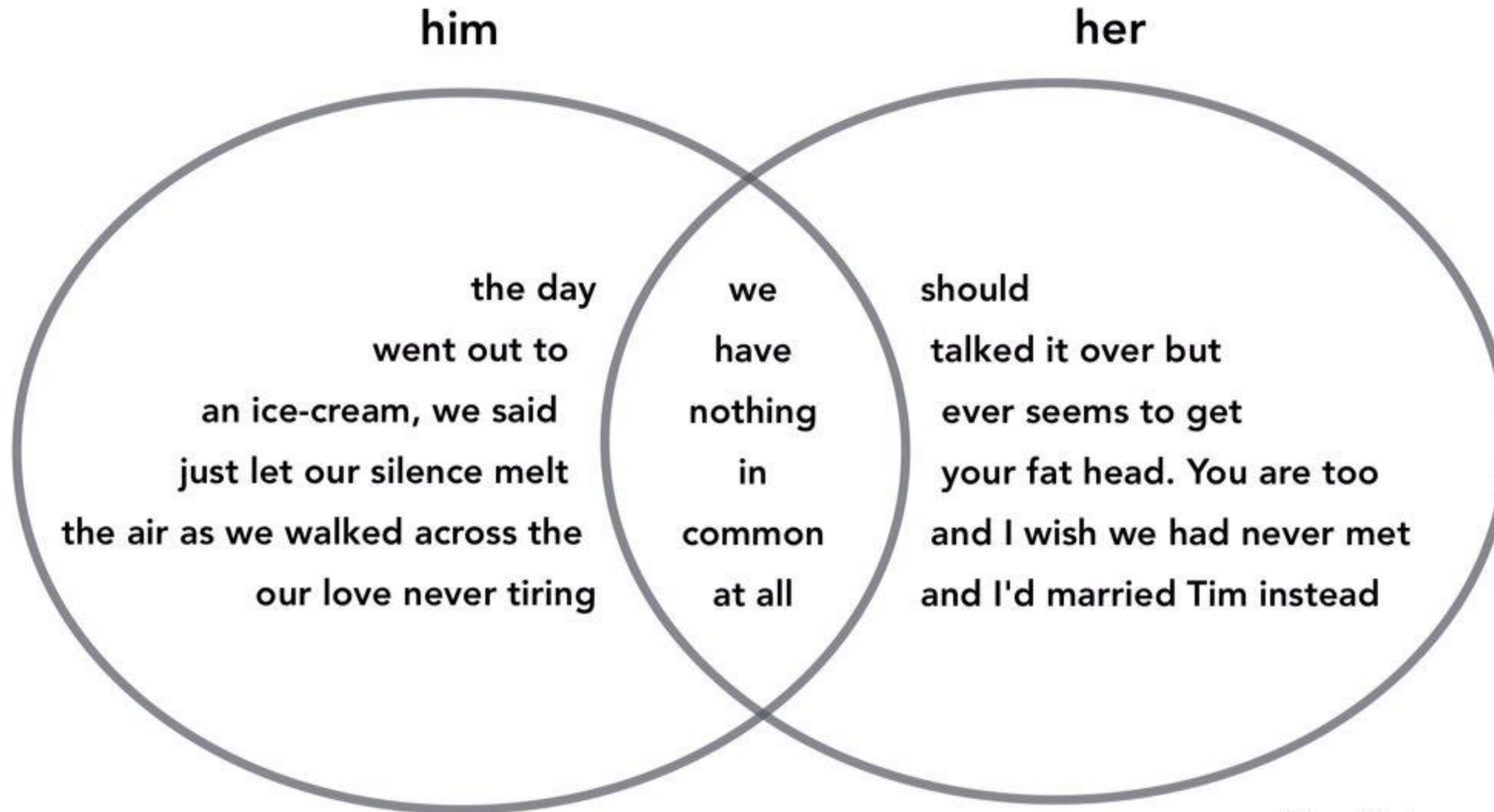
Thanks to @gappy3000: <http://www.theatlantic.com/past/docs/unbound/poetry/gioia/gioia.htm?src=longreads>

Advice for Poets, from someone who thought they were irrelevant in 1991

- ❖ Poetry needs performance, especially along with other media. Mix it up.
- ❖ Critics need to be more critical: Don't just love everything. Have an opinion.
- ❖ Poets need to share the work of other poets, not just their own.

“When poets give public readings, they should spend part of every program reciting other people's work--preferably poems they admire by writers they do not know personally.”

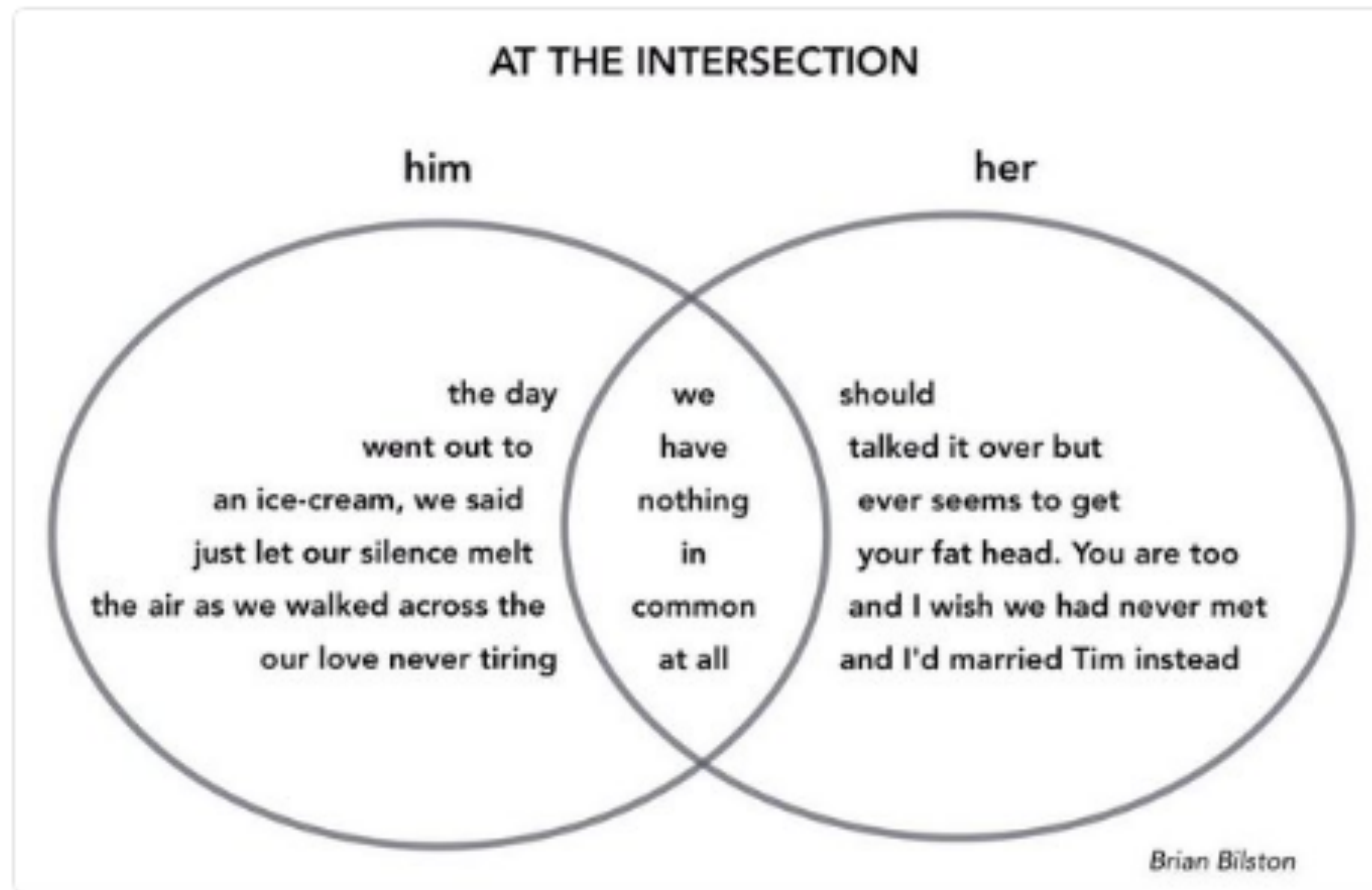
AT THE INTERSECTION



Brian Bilston

Brian Bilston @brian_bilston · 23 Jul 2015

Here's a new poem called "At the Intersection", which I have written in the form of a venn diagram.



5.3K



6.2K





Patricia Lockwood @TriciaLockwood · Jun 1

I like my women like I like my mushrooms:
dirty, hiding behind trees, pigs want her, gills
in secret places, she has her own umbrella,



1.6K



4.2K





warsan shire @warsan_shire · 17 May 2015

a spoonful of honey at every prayer to stop
seeing your dead friend in the distance



120



323



warsan shire @warsan_shire · 17 May 2015

bless the daughter raised by a voice in her
head



2.6K



4.4K





Horse ebooks

@Horse_ebooks



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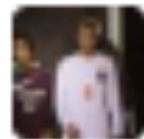
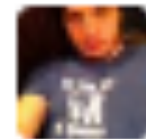
Everything happens so much

RETWEETS

23,727

LIKES

18,059



4:23 PM - 28 Jun 2012

“Bot Poetics”

“a popular, and populist, form of poetry” — harry giles

- ❖ recontextualization
- ❖ procedural editing
- ❖ juxtaposition (Darius's @twoheadlines)
- ❖ signal from noise (@thestrangelog)
- ❖ exhaustion: endless lists (Allison's @everyword)
- ❖ imitation
- ❖ instruction

@the_ephemerides

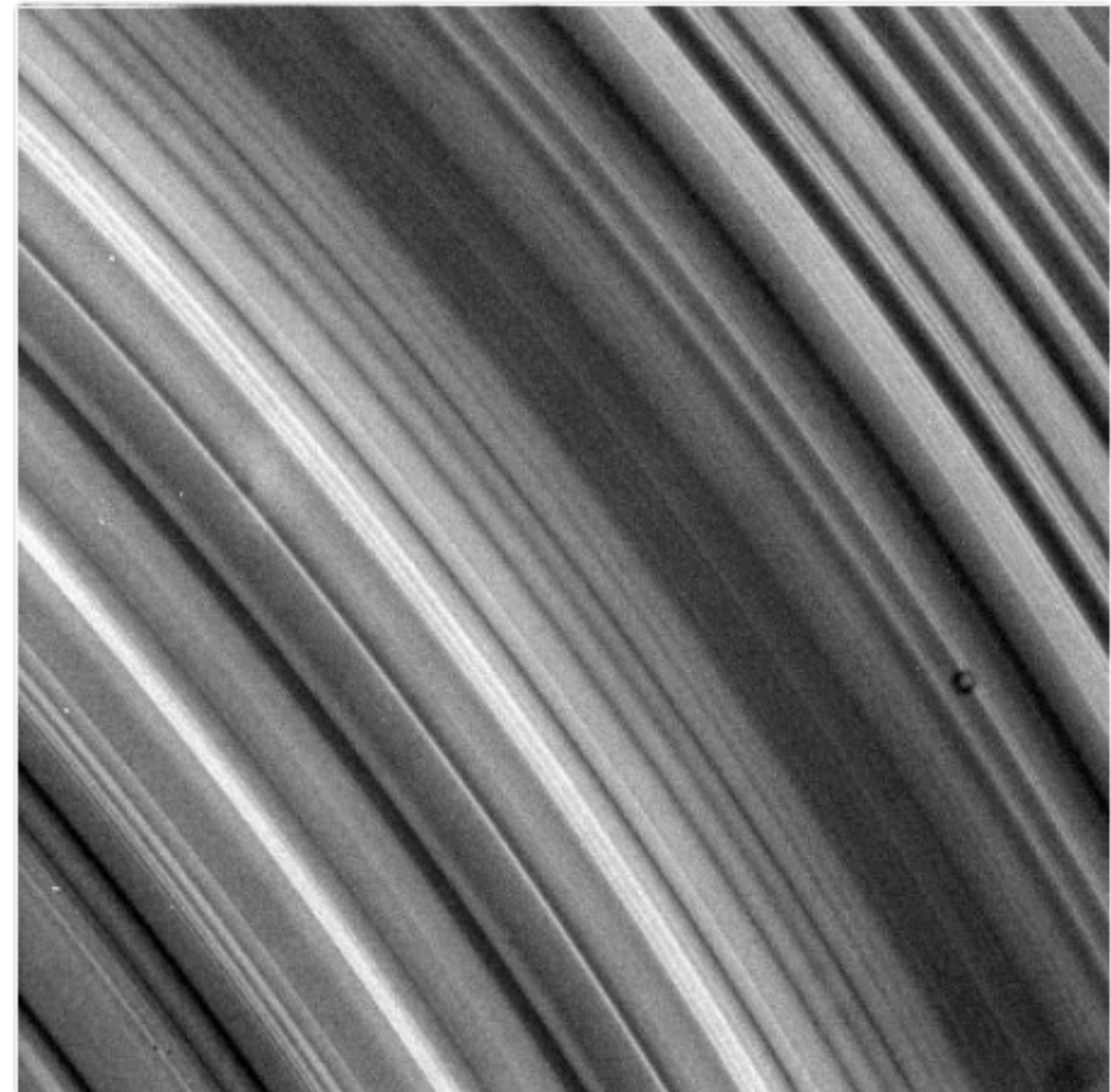
By @aparrish



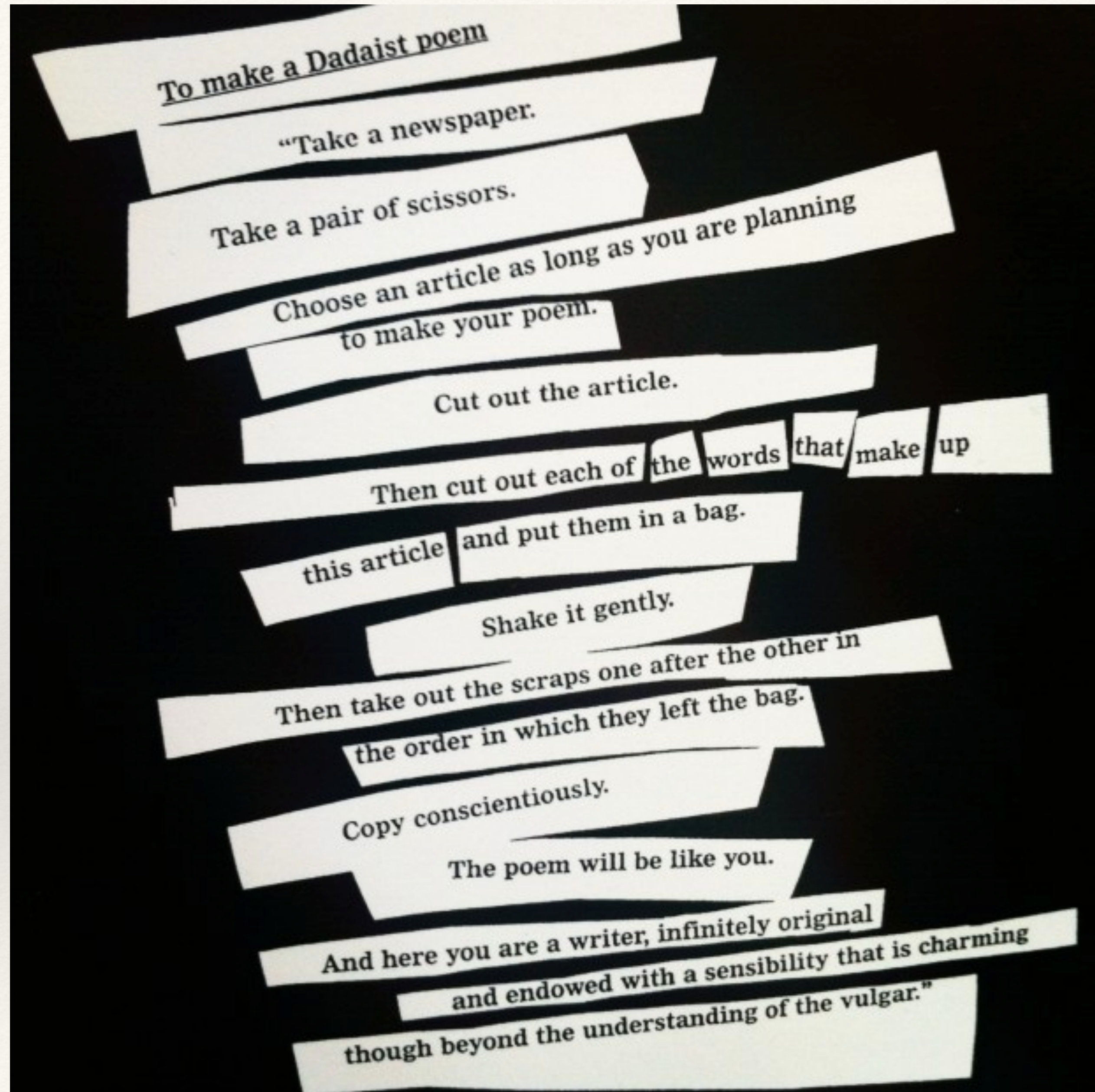
The Ephemerides @the_ephemerides · Jun 6

It was, neither,
the swell, smoothed sometimes
sweeping low from

every kind
of theory and
description of
the moon.



Dada-ist poetry, via
Tristan Tzara (1920)



“It is experimental in the sense of being something to do.”

—William S Burroughs

RhymeFinder

JM Barrie, Peter Pan



Find Poem

Your word: fly

made her his ally

flee

he said where does she lie

come she said apologetically I have forgotten how to fly

[Try It on Github.io](#)

a feature i didn't expect

shock of bloom

Ascending like a ghost to melt in the blue



Your word: well

bell

No gracious weight of golden fruits to sell

And the echoes jump and tinkle and swell

one else must tell

fields an unknown voice beyond the wall

city street it has to wear

Spider by the cold mantel hangs his web

wed

Could hide six dolphins and a whale

it on no more legs and wheel

eastward in a little while

Laugh at the unshed leaf say what you will

and well

American Poetry, 1922 (slow)



Find Poem

Your word: well

bell

No gracious weight of golden fruits to sell

And the echoes jump and tinkle and swell

one else must tell

fields an unknown voice beyond the wall

city street it has to wear

Spider by the cold mantel hangs his web

wed

Could hide six dolphins and a whale

it on no more legs and wheel

eastward in a little while

Laugh at the unshed leaf say what you will

and well

But: who are you all?

Dante's Wood

VIA

BY CAROLINE BERGVALL

48 Dante Variations

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
che la diritta via era smarrita*

The Divine Comedy – Pt. 1 Inferno – Canto 1 – (1-3)

1. Along the journey of our life half way
I found myself again in a dark wood
wherein the straight road no longer lay
(Dale, 1996)
2. At the midpoint in the journey of our life
I found myself astray in a dark wood
For the straight path had vanished.
(Creagh and Hollander, 1989)
3. HALF over the wayfaring of our life,
Since missed the right way, through a night-dark wood
Struggling, I found myself.
(Musgrave, 1893)
4. Half way along the road we have to go,
I found myself lost in a dark wood

15. In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself
within a dark wood where the straight road was lost.
(Sinclair, 1939)
16. In the middle of the journey of our life
I found myself astray in a dark wood
where the straight road had been lost sight of.
(Heaney, 1993)
17. IN the middle of the journey of our life, I found myself in a
dark wood; for the straight way was lost.
(John A Carlyle, 1844)
18. In the mid-journey of our mortal life,
I wandered far into a darksome wood,
Where the true road no longer might be seen.
(Chaplin, 1913)
19. In the midtime of life I found myself
Within a dusky wood; my way was lost.
(Shaw, 1914)
20. In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct:
(Cary, 1805)
21. Just halfway through this journey of our life
I reawoke to find myself inside
a dark wood, way off-course, the right road lost
(Phillips, 1983)
22. Midway along the highroad of our days,
I found myself within a shadowy wood,
Where the straight path was lost in tangled ways.

35. Midway upon the journey of our life,
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the right road was lost.
(Vincent, 1904)
36. MIDWAY upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost.
(Longfellow, 1867)
37. Midway upon the journey of our life
I found that I had strayed into a wood
So dark the right road was completely lost.
(MacKenzie, 1979)
38. MIDWAY upon the journey of our life
I woke to find me astray in a dark wood,
Confused by ways with the straight way at strife
(Bickersteth, 1955)
39. Midway upon the pathway of life
I found myself within a darksome wood
wherein the proper road was lost to view.
(Edwardes, 1915)
40. MIDWAY upon the road of our life I found myself within
a dark wood, for the right way had been missed.
(Norton, 1891)
41. On traveling one half of our life's way,
I found myself in darkened forests when
I lost the straight and narrow path to stray.

Andrej Karpathy's RecurrentJS

Training stats:

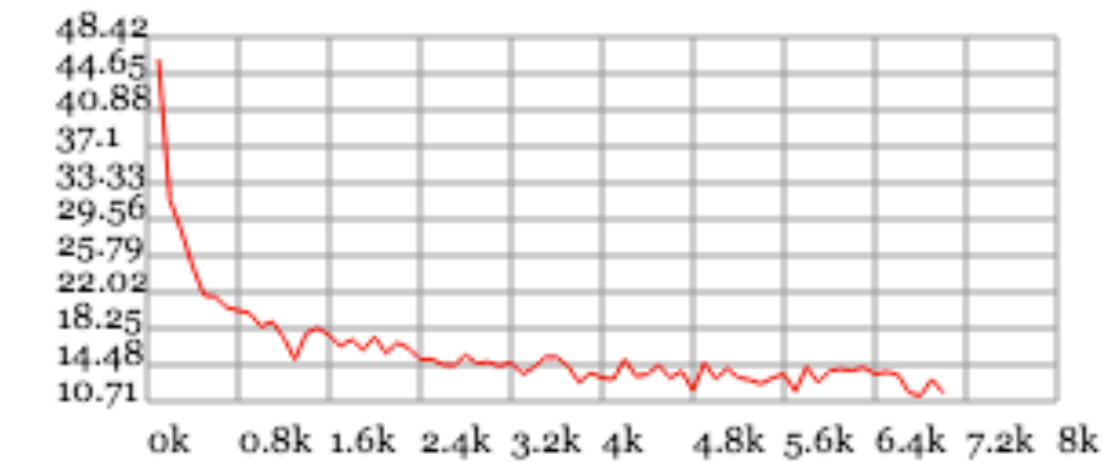
Learning rate: you want to anneal this over time if you're training for longer time.

0.01000

forw/bwd time per example: 10.0ms

epoch: 0.23

perplexity: 35.53



Model samples:

Softmax sample temperature: lower setting will generate more likely predictions, but you'll see more of the same common words again and again. Higher setting will generate less frequent words but you might see more spelling errors.

0.71

North Leetan

Greand Hall

Condrase

Ishe

Shilloon

Greedy argmax prediction:

Barton Green

I/O save/load model JSON

save model

load model

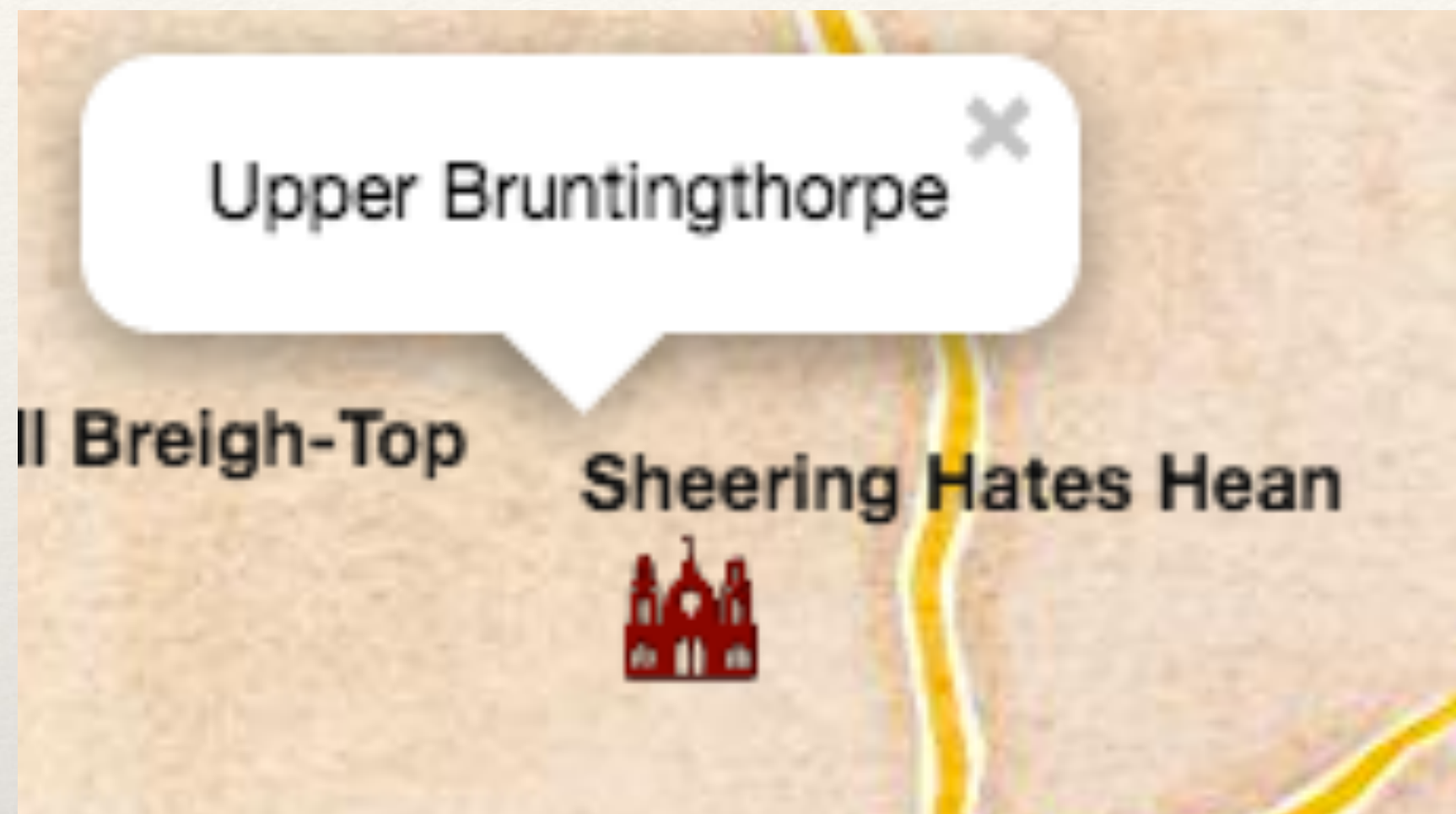
<http://cs.stanford.edu/people/karpathy/recurrentjs/>



A map for Allison Parrish

[Repo code \(won't run live yet\)](#)

But the original data was even better, IMO.



Toss that Dante thing into recurrent.js...

I found myself within a darkling wood
Bewailing the right path which firm mode
wrote straight in the right way lost
Upon the journey of our days
I found myself within a darkling wood
Midway along a little astray in a darksome wood
In the midway of this our mortal life
Midway wood
I found myself within a darkling wood
Misplaced half of our life's of-our life
I woke to find myself in a strand had failed the path which led
I wood
I found myself within a darkling wood
Since missed the right way had been lost in time not anywhere
For I had gone astray
For the direct way had been lost

Via 2.0: In a Darkling Wood

A neural net output trained on [Caroline Bergvall's Via](#), 47 translations of Dante's Inferno first 3 lines. Raw ouptut, including non-words. Go to [next version...](#)

Total Lines (integer):

More Structured, Every N Lines (int less than total lines):

Gibberish/Originality (decimal between .1-1, e.g. ".5"):

I found myself within a darkling wood
Upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a darkling wood
Where the right path was lost
I found myself within a darkling wood
Halfway through our treele again in a shadlwe and been lost
I found myself within a gloomy wood for the straight road was lost
Midway along the journey of our life
I found myself within a darkling wood
I found me in a darksome wood
I found me in a darkling wood

Swap out gibberish for other vocabulary in the data set, plus add some visual interest...

I found myself within a darkling wood
I found myself in a
Bewildered and I knew I had lost the right WAY wood for the straight way astray
Upon the journey of our life midway
I found myself within a darkling wood
MIDWAY upon the road of our life midway
Midway along the journey of our life midway
I came to myself
I found myself within a darkling wood
I found myself astray
a dark wood for the straight road lost
In midway of the journey of our life I found myself in a
I found myself within a darkling wood
I found myself within a gloomy wood
In midway of the journey of our life
In stray the journey of our life midway on the journey of our life

Similar, but “darkling wood” gets blacker with each repetition... too much?

I found myself within a darkling wood
I found me in a direct wood
For I had gone astray
Confused for pathway had been lost
I found myself within a darkling wood
miles away from the right road
Midway along the journey of our life Gone lost
I woke to a dark wood for the straight road our So When darkness in a darkling wood
I found myself within a darkling wood
In the midway of this our mortal my the of this our mortal life
Midway along the sunless
mortal darksome wood
I found myself within a darkling wood
Where the path direct was lost
I found me in a darkling wood
I found myself within a dusky of life I found myself within a dark wood astray

Swap out some of that repetitious woods for random British towns, hey why not....

I found myself within a darkling Stoke Bishop
Midway along the highroad
Midway in at into a darkling Donkey Town
I found myself within a darkling Oulton
In our might journey along the journey of our life midway
Bewildered I had lost the the straight way at go forest
I found myself within a darkling Newhall Green
MIDWAY upon the journey of our life
Midway along the journey of our life midway

<https://arnicas.github.io/eyeo2016-talk/Dante/index5.html>

Hockney's Photograph
of Mother in Polaroids
(thanks to Jenny Odell)



Alli L-System Poetry son Parrish

<http://static.decontextualize.com/lsys/>

Source text ?

When half-way through the journey of our life
I found that I was in a gloomy wood,
because the path which led aright was lost.

When I had journeyed half of our life's way,
I found myself within a shadowed forest,
for I had lost the path that does not stray.

Depth ?

4

Rules ?

Symbol	Production	Enabled?
P	NPP+	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
T	T	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
N	[N]P+	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
+		<input type="checkbox"/>
		<input type="checkbox"/>
		<input type="checkbox"/>

Seed:

Generated instructions ?

[[[[[N]P+]NPP++][N]P+NPP+NPP+++]
[[N]P+]NPP++[N]P+NPP+NPP++
[N]P+NPP+NPP++++[[[N]P+]NPP++]
[N]P+NPP+NPP+++][N]P+]NPP++

(these are not the
rules for this poem)

Halfway along journey of our in wonder in sunless
wood
For
HALFWAY journey, in a From the right myself
astray.
I found myself this dark wood,
miles away the right road.
upon the journey our life,

reason reason that the reason that the direct was
lost.
reason that the direct was lost.

HALF-WAY upon journey of our to find myself a
forest
In
lost.
lost.
lost.
lost.
the journey of days
I was in a wood
the
maze
maze
maze
maze
the journey of life
I a darkling wood,
Because the rightful

“Variable Ratio Enforcement”



“Variable Ratio Enforcement”



“Too little reward and the animal becomes frustrated and stops trying; too much and it won’t push the lever as often.”

“it is human nature to get bored of things and to seek the novel....
[But if you want to be more than a dilettante], one of the skills is to
learn to substitute nuance for novelty.”

–Angela Duckworth

Bot or not neural net test (that I failed)

Then for her whose velvet vales
Should have pealed with welcome, Wales,
Let the chime of a rhyme
Utter Silver Jubilee.
The Silver Jubilee - Gerard Manley Hopkins

Perspicacity spurning poor ploys,
though zen trip's tip erratic
seems, dreams reel to vatic
conclusion aback zen tortoise.

I feel I'm really cold again
and having done my day.
In case my problems end me, will
give me a lot to say.
Neural Network (LSTM) - Iambic Rhyming (loose) Heptameter
Trained on 39k lines of sonnets



Here are segments of 10 **nonsense** poems. Drag the playing cards out of the stack and let go. Drag right if you think the poem was written by a human. Drag left if you think it was written by a machine. If you provided us an email we will send you the results at the end of the study.



❖ <http://neuropoetry.herokuapp.com/>

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Experimental Victorian, posthumously successful.



“As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell’s
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name”

Inversnaid
G M Hopkins

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the [brays] that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

Poemage



“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

• • • • • • • bereft
• • wet • • • • Let • • • left,
• • let • • • left, • • • wet;
• • • • • • • yet.

The diagram illustrates the poem's sound patterns. Blue lines connect the following words: 'bereft' to 'left,'; 'left,' to 'wet'; 'wet' to 'let'; 'let' to 'left,'; 'left,' to 'wet;'; and 'wet;' to 'yet.' These connections highlight the alliteration of 'l' and 'w' and the assonance of the 'e' sound.

“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

• would • world • once •
• wet • • wildness? • • •
• • • • • wildness • wet;
• • • weeds • wilderness

“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

The diagram illustrates the poetic devices in the poem "Inversnaid" by Gerard Manley Hopkins. It uses dots to mark the initial consonants of the words and blue lines to connect words that share the same initial sound.

Initial consonants marked with dots:

- Line 1: W, w, w, b, w, o, l, d, b, e, o, n, c, e, b, e, r, e, f, t
- Line 2: O, f, w, e, t, a, n, d, o, f, w, i, l, d, n, e, s, s, L, e, t, t, h, e, m, b, e, l, e, f, t,
- Line 3: O, l, e, t, t, h, e, m, b, e, l, e, f, t, w, i, l, d, n, e, s, s, a, n, d, w, e, t,;
- Line 4: L, o, n, g, l, i, v, e, t, h, e, w, e, e, d, s, a, n, d, t, h, e, w, i, l, d, e, r, n, e, s, s, y, e, t.

Connections shown by blue lines:

- Line 2: "Let" and "left," are connected by a line, indicating assonance (the 'l' sound).
- Line 3: "let" and "left," are connected by a line, indicating assonance (the 'l' sound).
- Line 4: "Long live" and "wilderness" are connected by a line, indicating alliteration (the 'w' sound).

“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

The diagram illustrates the poem's structure and meaning through color-coded lines and dots. Blue lines trace the syntactic flow of the poem, connecting words across lines to show how clauses are constructed. Green lines highlight specific semantic relationships, such as the contrast between 'wet' and 'wildness' and the repetition of 'yet' at the end of the poem. Small black dots are placed at the beginning of each line and at various points within the lines to mark the starting points for these annotations.

• would • world • once • bereft
• wet • • wildness • • left,
• let • • left, • wildness • wet;
• Long live • • weeds • • wilderness • yet.

“Inversnaid” by GM Hopkins

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.



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Gerard Manley Hopkins

Gerard Manley Hopkins (28 July 1844 – 8 June 1889 / Stratford, Essex)

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#134 on top 500 poets

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Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins : 42 / 80

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Poem Hunter >

Poems > Spring And Fall: To A Young Child

Spring And Fall: To A Young Child - Poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Spring and Fall: To a young child [PoemHunter.com](#)

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:

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Gerard Manley Hopkins's Other Poems

- God's Grandeur
- Heaven-Haven
- The Alchemist In The City
- The Windhover
- Died Beauty

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Lyza Daly (@liza) Voynich Manuscript Generator



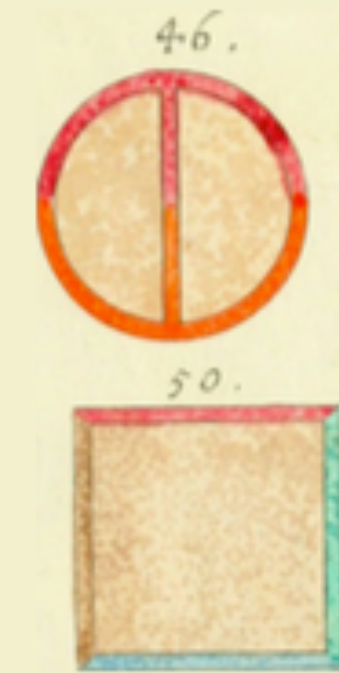
the,achterouer 2lo 2elggr adtervotter etheruachter wsholggoue
Oollachter 2lgoether 2achte 2etann uelggoue 2oethergellue
2lg 2elochter eltereltheruachter elollachter oer wshollann
oelgr oeggr uachter 22eop2pachter oelggue elggueann
achter g2lpguer 2lgr,flachter etann 2lcllgr uann wsholgguer
oerouer 2el22 wsholgr ellloue ocllgr etherlgr 2lg uann
flachter wshoanetw2o2g 2lgue 2elochter uochter elggue
ogelggueor oelcllgr oether wsholclggue 2lpg22e2ggue
elgguecllgr elgr elggachter 2lgue wshoelgr oelann
2lcllgr oer uer wsholggue 22achter 2lpg22e2ggue
wsholachter achter,achter,uachter 2lgueann wshoanetw
cllcllgr ethercllann 2loue wsholachterer

wsholachter elcllgr 2lpg22e2ggue gellachter2etherachter
etherlguar olggue 2lann 2lcllgr wsholggue 2lann wsh
olguar elggue etherlguar wsholggue ann wsholachter
elggue 2l2lgue olachter anet 2lann wsholcllgr wshoachter
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elcllgr uochter ogelggueachter wsholachter ether etherlachter oeggr ether el2o2ann 2lgr22

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elggue ethercllann elcllgrachter wshol uann oelann uer 2l2o2ann 2lcllgr
2achter wsholachter wsholachter uachter elggue olgr 2lcllgr uer elggue 2lo achter
uachter2achter wsholachter etheretherlachter elgg2lgr 2lcllgr ethercllgr
wshoelgr 2lpg22 oelcllgr etherlpg22 elgr elgr 2lpg22 elggue ann
oeg2oether elgr achter elcllguann wsho2ggue wsholggue oeg2ue 2lann
2lcllgr ether uochter wsholachter wshoetherlpg22 uachter elggcllgr 2etann
wsholochter etherlachter oeg2ue ether 2lgue

achter elcllgr ethercllann wsholcllgr etherachter 2lpg22 2lgr wsho2oether
uann ether 2lgr elgg22 etherachter oer wsholggue 2lcllgrachter elcllgr
flachterouer 2lg wsholachter 2 2lgue etherachter 2lcllgr achter 2lgr
olpg22 elgg22 ether 2lcllgr olpg22 ether olpg22 wsholggue ethercllgr uachter2lgr elggue
2o2lgo 2lgr etherann wsholcllgr elachter 2lgr wshol elcllgr uachter oelochter 2lgr wsholggue
2elachter ethercllgr etherann wsholachter wsholgr el2 2lpg22 elggueann elcllgr elcllgr ether
2lpgann achter og22 2lgue etherlpg22 elcllgr oeg22 uachterachter oetherether uann 2lgue
ann elcllgr etherann 2lpg22 2lann uachter 2etherlpg22 2achter ether olpg22 wshoann ethercllann
ethercllgr 2lpg22 wsholcllgr elgg22 achter elgg22 etherlpg22 2lcllgr etherann elgr 2lgr oelochter
etherlachter wsholgr oeg22 wsholggue 2lgue ether 2lcllgr ether etherachter wshoelcllgr



Emily Short's "The Annals of the Parrigues"

"a (mostly) procedurally generated guidebook to a fictional pseudo-English kingdom....it's a story I wrote with the machine."

<https://emshort.wordpress.com/2015/12/07/procjam-entries-nanogenmo-and-my-generated-generation-guidebook/>
<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B97d5C256qbrOHFwSUhsZE4tU0k/view>




Daxbridge *Cold Afternoons*

Daxbridge was founded 511 years ago by a man named Cassius de Recusson. It's said that in its earlier days, Daxbridge enjoyed substantial influence and prosperity, but of course that time is now long past.

The leader of Daxbridge is the High Priestess of Saint Isaac. The leader's work includes giving attention, where possible, to trashed people.

Commerce Richard Cumin can sell you a new axe for a silver coin.

 *Warning* In the town, a gift of beige thistle is used to indicate that the giver has discovered something new about themselves which they wish to communicate to the recipient.

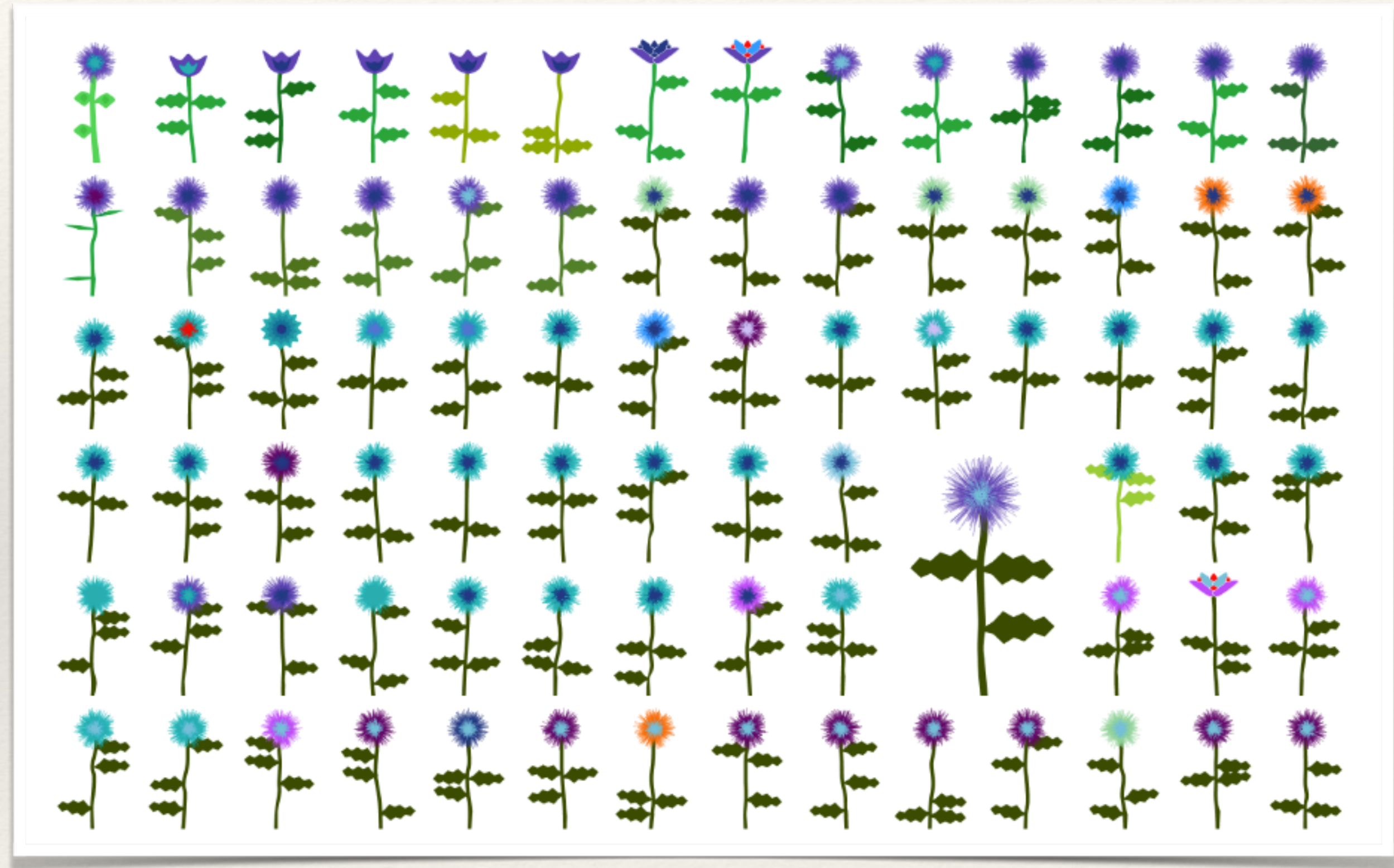
Genetic Help

Genetic Algorithms 101

- ❖ Attributes in the genetic code are encoded in ranges of possible values.
- ❖ Product of the “genes” is evaluated according to a fitness function
- ❖ New generations evolve combining the “best” survivors—
- ❖ Plus some randomness to keep things evolving.

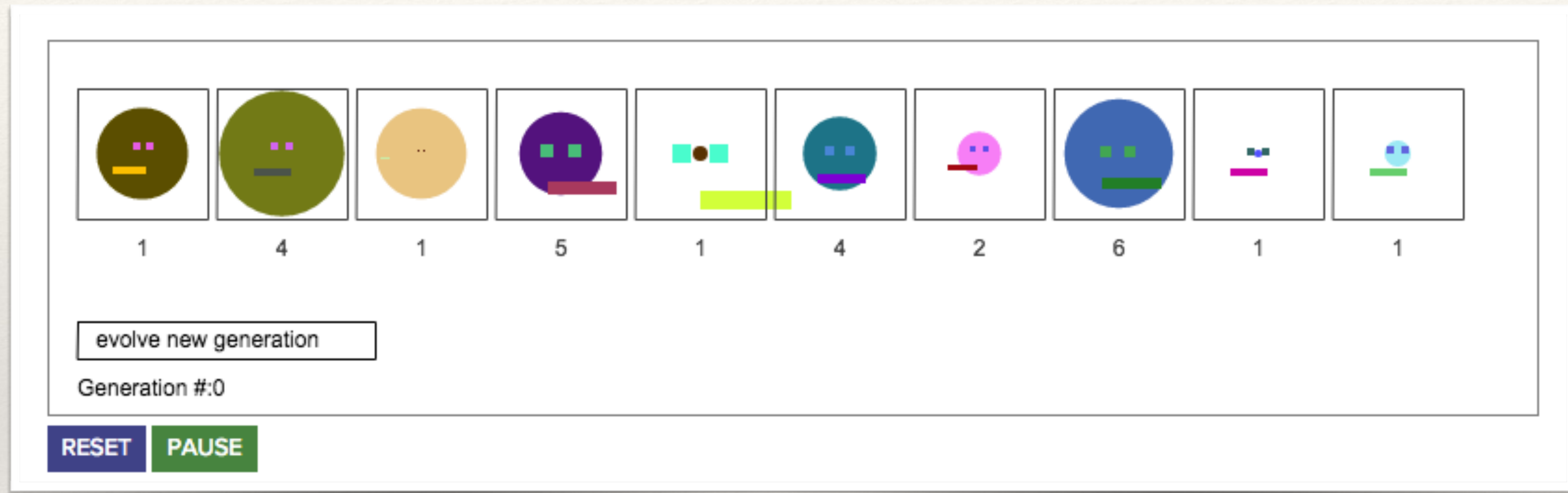
Clay Heaton's Blomster

a “Genetic Algorithm
of Flowers”



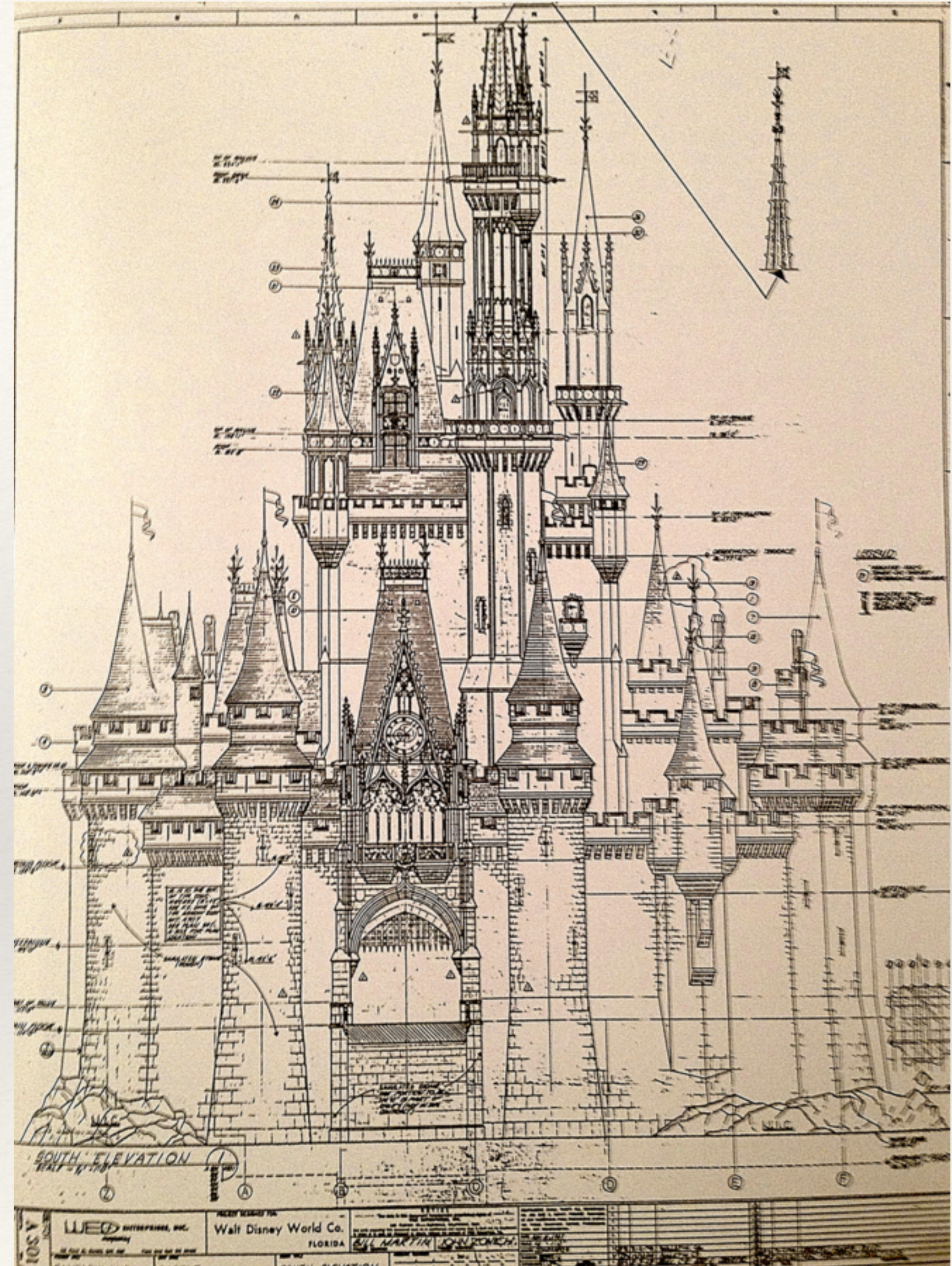
<https://github.com/clayheaton/blomster>

User-input!

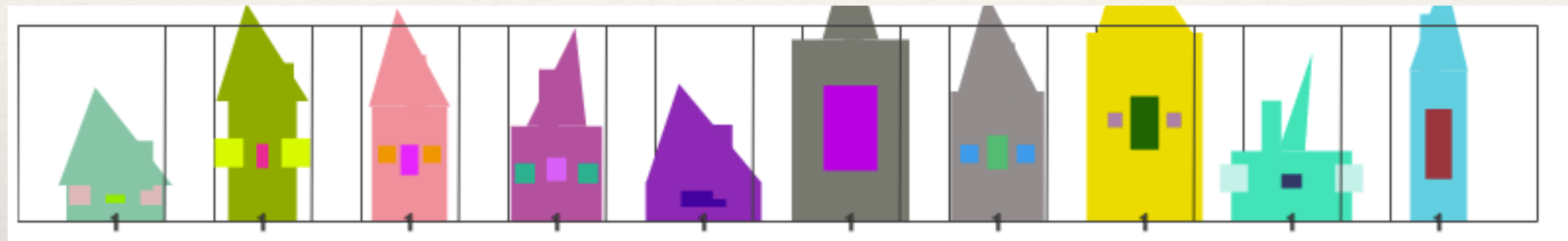


I provide the fitness function, based on which children I like best!

Castles are totally awesome, right?!

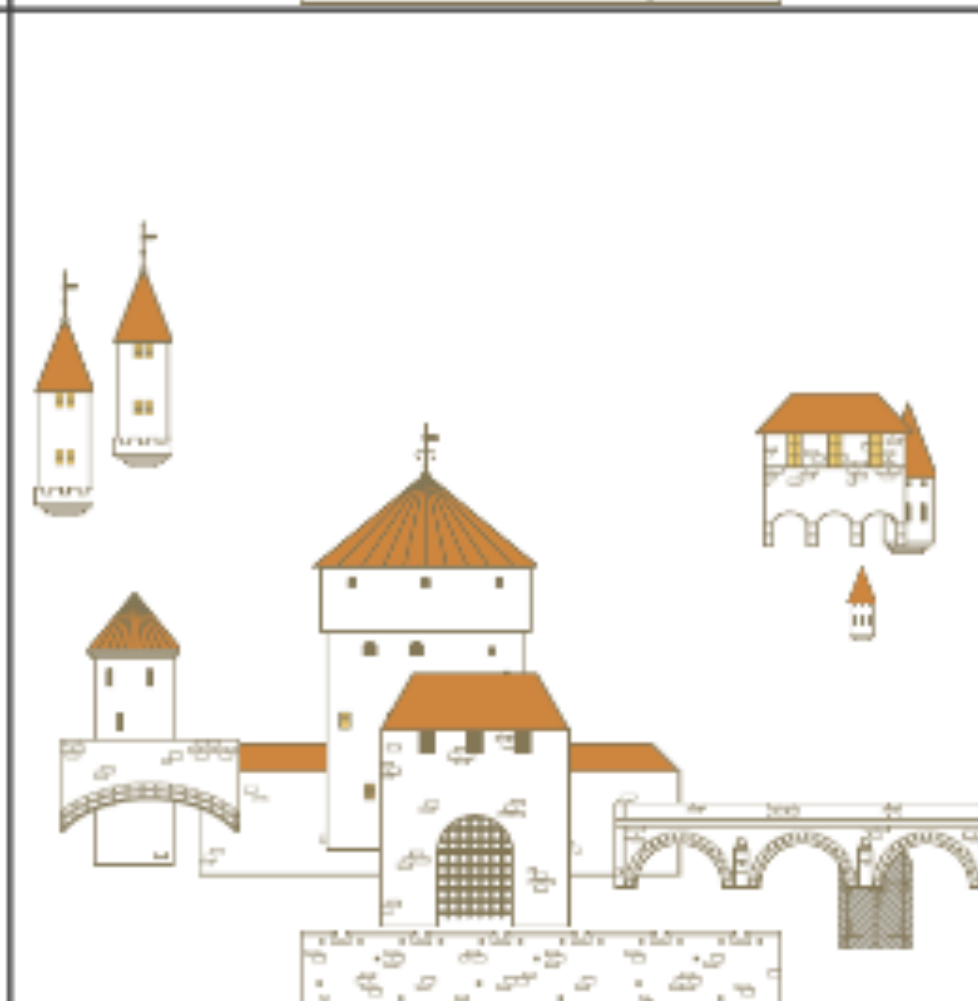
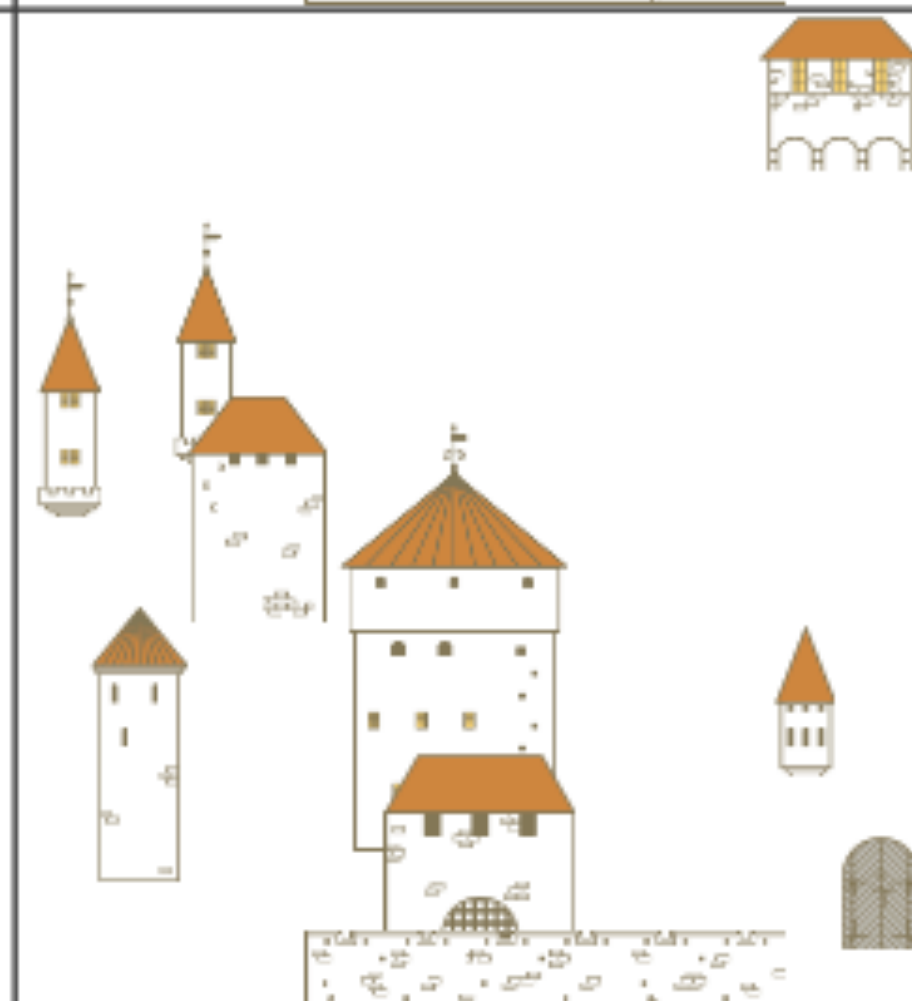
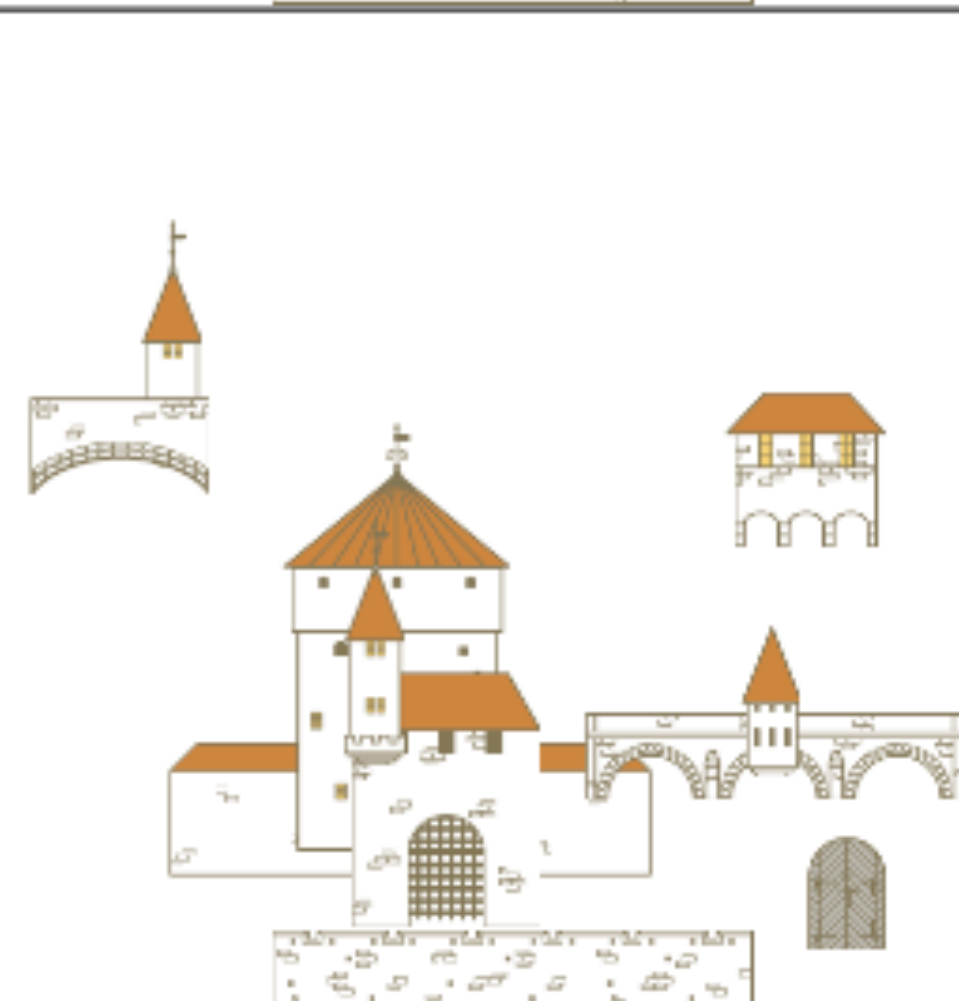
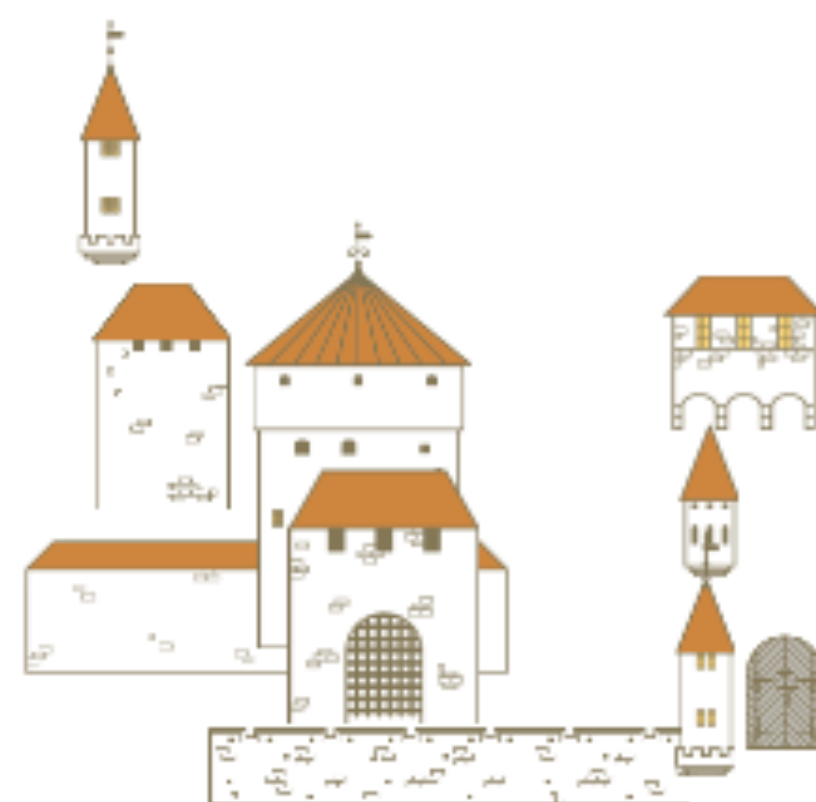
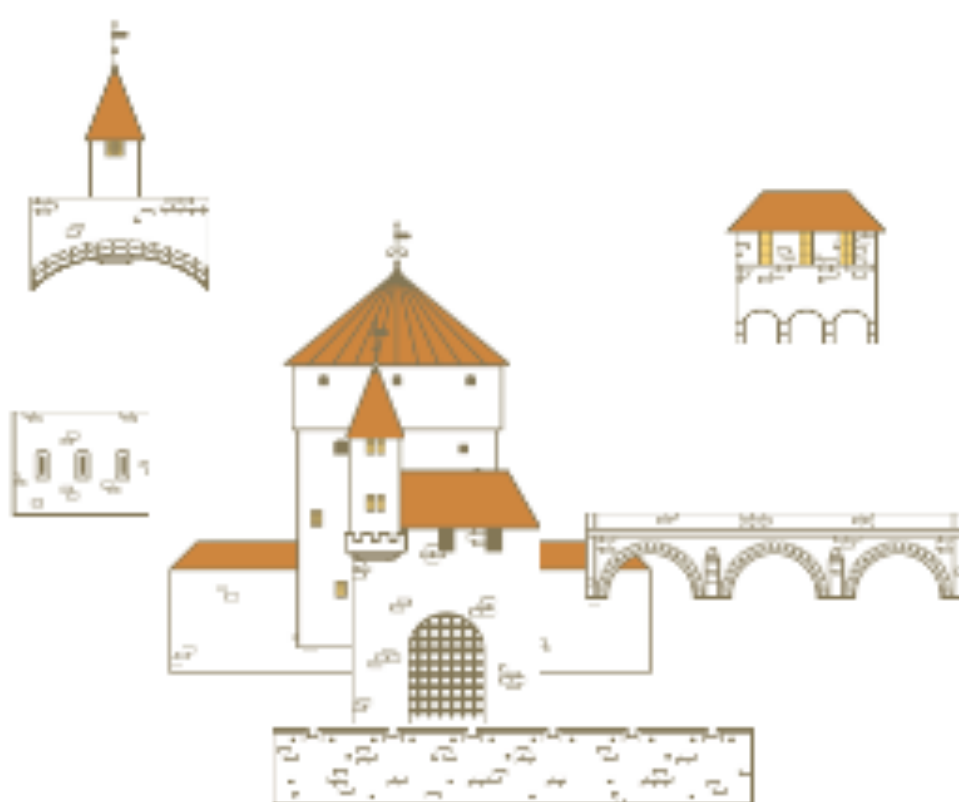


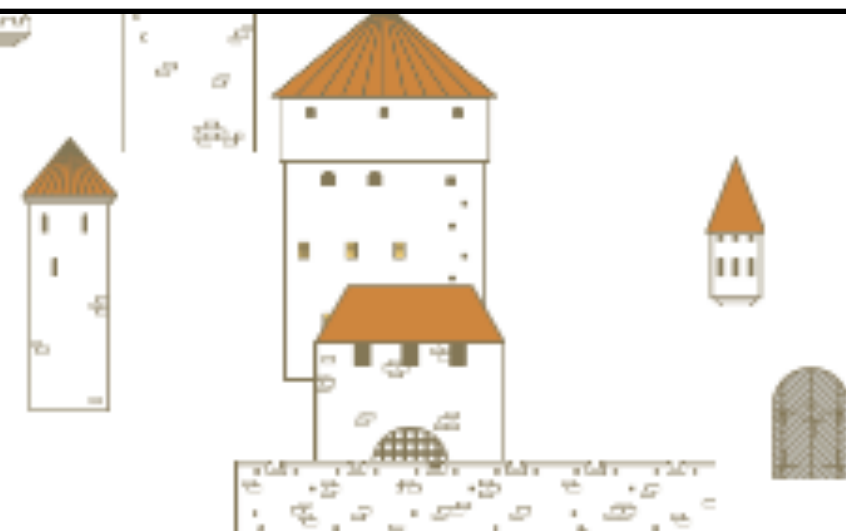
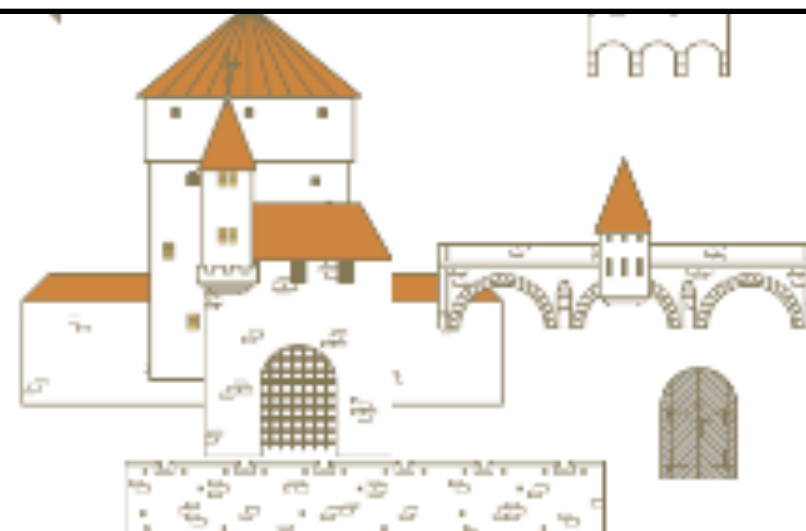
source



(Behold my drawing skills with Processing.)









1

For fair are poppies on the brow:
Dream
 dream
 for this is also




1

The war-songs that roused them of old;
 they will rise
 making clouds
 with their breath
Innumerable
 singing
 exultant; the clay




1



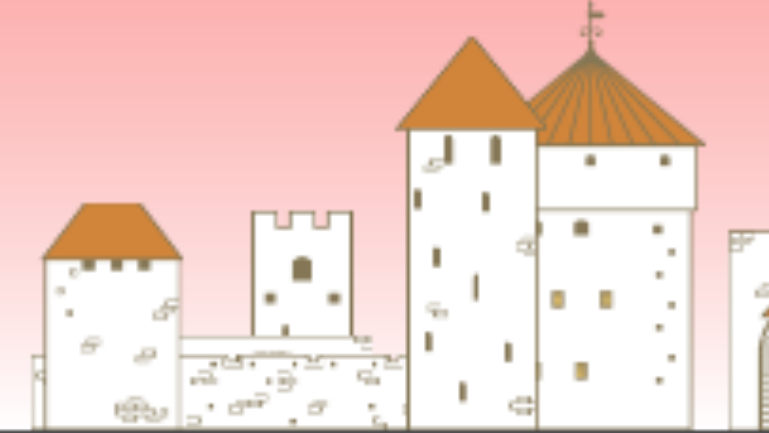
1

The war-songs that roused them of old;
 they will rise
 making clouds
 with their breath
Innumerable
 singing
 exultant; the clay




1

under the moon
A Druid land
 a



1

The war-songs that roused them of old;
 they will rise
 making clouds
 with their breath
Innumerable
 singing
 exultant; the clay



By me, Yeats and
 the artist
Saiana on Shutterstock

Cocktail Re-Mixing

Cocktails are....



Recipe of the Day

Absolute Stress

★★★★★ 62

Vodka, rum, and peach schnapps are mixed with orange juice and cranberry juice for a quick and easy cocktail.

- ❖ Structured recipes
- ❖ Colorful, often Pretty
- ❖ Social, emotional, complicated.
- ❖ Poetic.



Mouse Over Image or Click to Enlarge

Sasquatch 110oz Extremely Large Cocktail Shaker

★★★★★ 4.8

[Read 9 Reviews](#)

[Write a Review](#)

Suggested Retail: ~~\$90.00~~ (You Save 21%)

Your Price: \$69.95

✓ In Stock and Ready to Ship!

Want it delivered Thursday, June 09? Order it in the next 0 hours, 29 minutes with Next Day shipping.



[Father's Day Delivery Schedule](#)

Add to Cart



Email to a Friend



Save to Gift Registry



May We Also Suggest



Giant Extremely Large Cocktail Shaker



Deluxe Electronic Golf Club Cooler Caddy



Sasquatch 128oz Extremely Large Flask (Engravable)

A “Manual” Process of Reinterpreting Into a Probably Undrinkable but Emotionally Interesting Brew

- ❖ sugar, honey : "positive" words (per SentiWordNet)
- ❖ bitters : "negative" words
- ❖ lots more herbs and fruits come into play, because I like herbs
- ❖ ice and water come in more forms (hail, snow, lakewater...)
- ❖ alcohols are substituted with other drink types and maybe drugs like prozacc
- ❖ club sodas come in varieties, like "book club soda", "golf club soda"
- ❖ when all other rules fail, use a word that sounds similar (RiTa.js) -- some of the best results!


```
var ices = ["iceberg", "frozen slush", "snowcone", "hail", "snow", "sleet"];
var waters = ["stream water", "puddle water", "lakewater", "pond water", "mine water", "freshwater", "waterfall", "sea water", "steam water", "tears", "rain water"];
var drugs = ["Adderall", "prozac", "aspirin", "alka seltzer", "Viagra", "birth control", "Claritin", "Xanax", "Valium"];
var usedDrugs = false;
var alcCount = 0;
```

```
queue()
```

```
  .defer(d3.csv, "data/recipe-df.csv")
  .defer(d3.csv, "data/recipe-ingredient-df.csv")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/drinks.txt")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/fruit_foods.txt")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/avorings.txt")
  .defer(d3.csv, "data/positive_nouns.csv")
  .defer(d3.csv, "data/negative_nouns.csv")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/herbs.txt")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/euro_flowers.txt")
  .defer(d3.text, "data/clubs.txt")
  .defer(d3.json, url1)
  .defer(d3.json, url2)
  .await(ready);
```


Clinton's Folly

- ½ ounce bourbon
- ½ ounce Southern Comfort
- ¼ ounce white creme de cacao
- ¼ ounce creme de banane

CLINTON'S JOLLY

- ½ ounce sangria
- ½ ounce Southern comforts
- ¼ ounce white creme de decayed
- ¼ ounce creme de brain

Excellent Bugs

Green Tea Punch

- 22 ounces (2 3/4 cups) freshly brewed hot Sencha tea, preferably In Pursuit of Tea brand
- 22 ounces (2 3/4 cups) freshly brewed hot Moroccan mint green tea, preferably Stash brand
- 16 ounces (2 cups) Demerara sugar
- 20 ounces (2 1/2 cups, from about 10 large limes) freshly squeezed lime juice
- 50 ounces (6 1/4 cups) Banks 5 Island Rum (or substitute Appleton Estate Reserve, Mount Gay Black Barrel, or Bacardi 8)
- 1 whole nutmeg, or pinch ground nutmeg, for garnish

GREEN TEA APPLE JUICE

- 22 unsung
- 22 pieces
- 16 council
- 20 guesses
- 50 houses
- 1 whole catsup

Evolution

SANGRIA COASTAL

- 1 cup sedulousness
- 3 finocchio grass stalks, chopped
- 10 ounces unsweetened apple cabernet sauvignon
- ½ sprig clove
- 24 ounces eh
- 7 ½ ibuprofen
- 2 ounces fresh apple sauce juice
- 5 ounces clubable soda
- garnish of moon trefoil
- garnish of alehoof

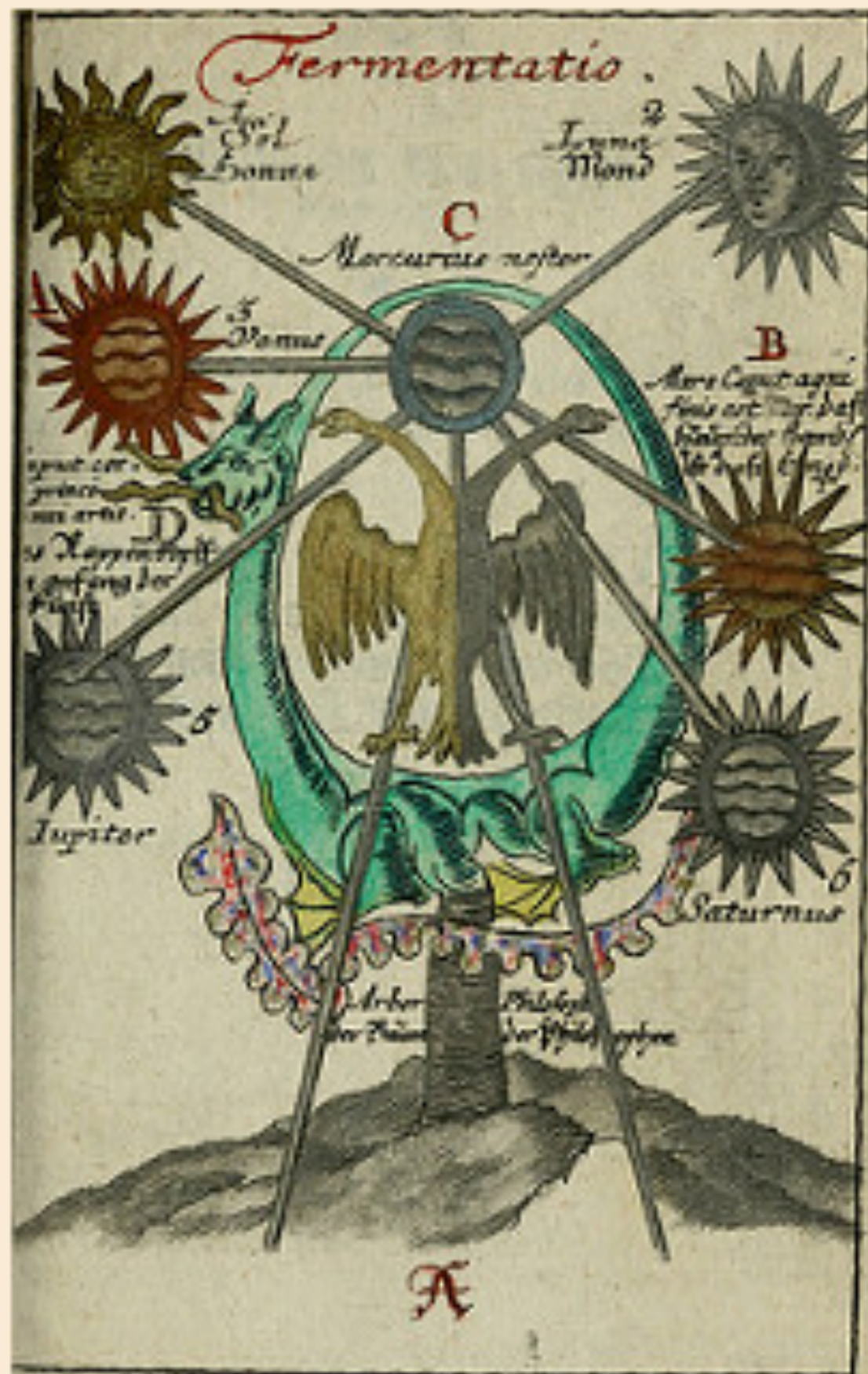
Idea: Mix it in a cauldron. Share it making a wish.

Evolution

SANGRIA

- 1 cup sec
- 3 finocch
- 10 ounce
sauvigno
- ½ sprig c
- 24 ounce
- 7 ½ ibup
- 2 ounces
- 5 ounces
- garnish c
- garnish c

*Idea: Mix
making a*



Evolution

DUKE OF BETTERED

- 3 oz . Dry Sack drambuie
- 6 balsam herb leaves, crushed
- 1 Claritin
- 1 tsp. lotusland
- dash of angostura impairment
- garnish of scentless mayweed

*Be sure: Pour it with regret. Leave it by
candlelight.*

Inspiration

Scotland Yard

Jonathan Miles

- 2 ounces blended Scotch
- 1 ounce Drambuie
- $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce lemon-grass ginger syrup*
- Splash of freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 6 leaves fresh basil



Evolution

SCOTLAND BARRED

- 2 ounces blended root beer float
- 1 birth control pills
- $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce cardamon-grass ginger syrup*
- splash of freshly squeezed sweet cicely juice
- 6 leaves fresh basil

Idea: Agitate it with panache. Drink it while making a wish.

Inspiration

Kenneth McCoy's Old-Fashioned

Rosie Schaap

- Dash of Regans' orange bitters
- Dash of Angostura bitters
- Dash of simple syrup
- 1 teaspoon of brandied cherry juice
- 2 ounces of your favorite whiskey
- Orange peel



Evolution

KENNETH MCCOY'S URGE

- dash of regans' orange ravaging
- dash of angostura rotavirus
- dash of simple profitableness
- 1 teaspoon of brandied cherry apple juice
- 2 valium
- northern spy

*Be sure: Mix it in an antique flask.
Swallow it while making a wish.*

SLOT



MACHINE

“Poems are remade in each act of reading.”

—*Julie Lein*

What is the goal? And why?

My algorithm
did it “all alone”

“I am clever at the coding”
“It can be rerun infinitely and cheaply”
“I suck as a ‘real’ writer and they get paid shit, so.”

?

I, a human,
wrote it “all
alone”

“I am an **artiste**, a real writer”
“Individual analogue work is priceless, time consuming, and irreplaceable”
“Only I could have written this, but then, maybe only I care.”



Horse ebooks

@Horse_ebooks



Follow

Everything happens so much

RETWEETS

23,727

LIKES

18,059



4:23 PM - 28 Jun 2012

Tattoos



Z Akhmetova *CAKE 56 @azakhm · Feb 16

please just make my gravestone be one big printout of **horse_ebooks everything happens** so much dot jpeg



Samantha @sxgreenwood · Feb 15

Honestly my entire life is that **horse ebooks** tweet that's like "**everything happens** so much"



Nitasha Tiku follows



I retweet @pmarca @pmarca_retweet · Feb 9

pmarca: RT **Horse_ebooks: Everything happens** so much



Marri @Marri · Jan 26

In the immortal words of **Horse eBooks: "Everything happens** so much."

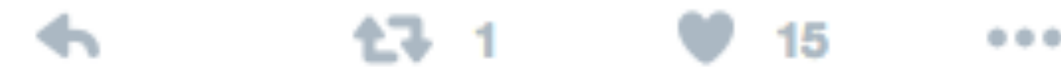


Tim Maly and 1 other liked



Ingrid Burrington @lifewinning · 7 Dec 2015

I tried to explain **horse ebooks** to someone not on twitter and they are now considering a tattoo of "**everything happens** so much", hm



vaihday @calzonegrl · 28 Nov 2015

Whenever I get high I always think about the **horse ebooks** tweet "**everything happens** so much" because it's absolutely true. Abstract but true



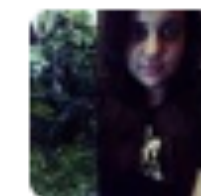
remaking//pinned twt @veganjinyoung · 21 Nov 2015

I was feeling so good just yesterday and. Idk. ***horse ebooks voice* everything happens** so much



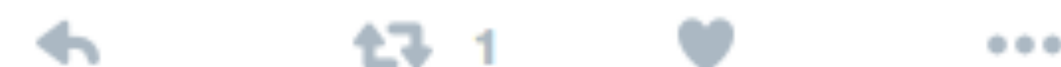
YUNG CIZ @yungciz · 1 Nov 2015

might get the **horse_ebooks everything happens** so much tattooed on my and im not even lying

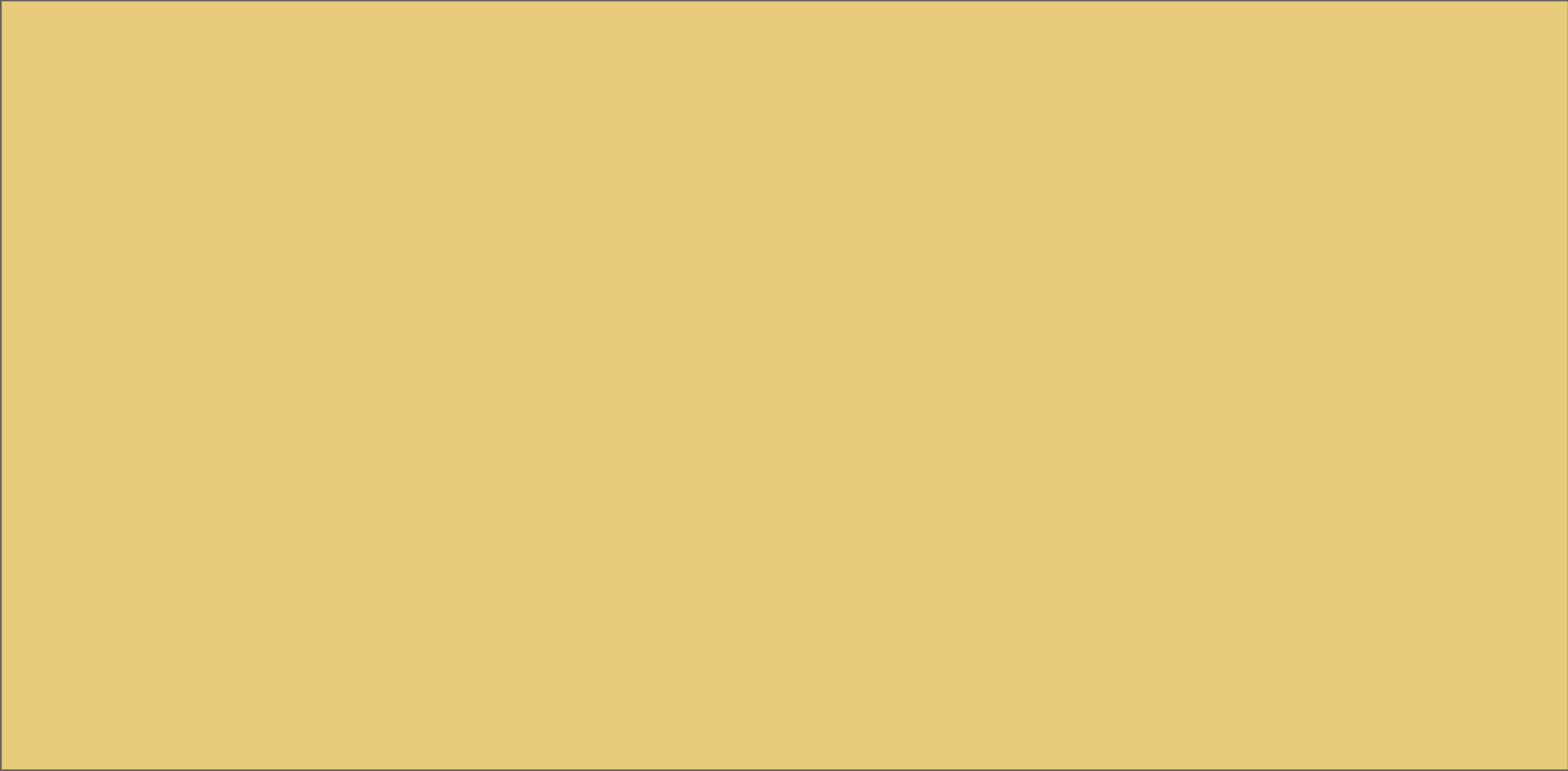


chase @drowninglessons · 27 Oct 2015

why is my life always the epitome of **@horse_ebooks: everything happens** so much



Tombstones



The background is a collage of various items related to poetry and literature. It includes a black and white photograph of a person's face, a green and white patterned object, a piece of paper with the word "GIRL" written on it, and several pages of handwritten text in cursive script.

How I'd Like to See Us Keep Poetry Alive

How I'd Like to See Us Keep Poetry Alive

- ❖ Build tools and toys to write with and learn from.
- ❖ Make things for other people & with other people.
- ❖ Share the work of other people, name them and celebrate them.
- ❖ Study (and evolve) the bot poems for nuance, not just novelty.
- ❖ Save the ephemeral slot machine spin.

Some links

- ❖ <https://harrygiles.org/2016/04/06/some-strategies-of-bot-poetics/>
- ❖ The Bot or Not poetry test: <http://neuropoetry.herokuapp.com/>
- ❖ Data for the cocktail remix: <http://github.com/jordanmeyer/nyt-bar-optimizer>
- ❖ http://blog.cleveland.com/metro/2011/05/advanced_slot_machines_transfo.html
- ❖ Skinner: <http://www.simplypsychology.org/operant-conditioning.html>
- ❖ <http://www.theatlantic.com/past/docs/unbound/poetry/gioia/gioia.htm?src=longreads>
- ❖ <https://unbound.co.uk/books/brian-bilston>
- ❖ <http://www.newyorker.com/culture/cultural-comment/the-writing-life-of-a-young-prolific-poet-warsan-shire>
- ❖ <https://photomuserh.wordpress.com/2012/03/04/david-hockney-photography-will-never-equal-painting/>
- ❖ My Alt-Ai slides: <https://ghostweather.slides.com/lynncherny/a-little-twist-on-reality/> and talk video: <http://livestream.com/internetsociety/alt-ai/videos/124461200>
- ❖ Ross Goodwin's good posts on using LSTM's and RNNs for text: <https://medium.com/artists-and-machine-intelligence/adventures-in-narrated-reality-6516ff395ba3#.10j0myve8>
- ❖ Jenny Odell's talk slides from Eyeo: http://jennyodell.com/Jenny_Odell_Utopian_Fax_Machines_EYEO_2016.pdf
- ❖ Brian Bilston takes on poetry-writing bots: https://www.weforum.org/agenda/2016/06/the-alan-turing-prize-for-poetry?utm_content=bufferdd1df&utm_medium=social&utm_source=twitter.com&utm_campaign=buffer

Thank you's

Nina McCurdy for timely Poemage help, Jen Lowe for articles on good twitter poets, Allison Parrish for being an inspiration, Darius for NANOGENMO and provocations, Gene Kogan for alt-ai.

Talks here that affected how I thought about this: Jenny Odell, Darius, Rachel Binx & Jesse Kriss, Charlie Lloyd, Patricio Gonzalez-Vivo, Gene Kogan, Paola Antonelli.

(and I'll post slides from @arnicas)