

# Computer Poems

sonnetizer.py & various authors  
<http://rossgoodwin.com/sonnetizer>

1. real holy  
laughter in the tea cup opens a lane  
to the ego its emotional character  
the feeling describes it as is believably  
mostly indefinable except as  
a silk hat on a wall too much to name  
too much to name too much to name too much  
to think about and this is the opening  
the stratagem a pawn moving forward

2. it kills  
the very beginning the first love of  
the green waters rise i have known them all  
arms that are and how spectacularly  
we wring ourselves before our own eyes  
and a chatter from within where lurk at  
noon where the moon with mother finally  
and the blast of stupendous who barreled  
down the infinite eon come beating

3. herself clinically  
depressed person can not conquer time in  
the river they saw it all the sad sounds  
and i when the human system unthinkable  
complexity lines of light in the subway

4. flee from  
the revelation or flee from the dead  
tree gives no shelter the cricket no relief  
and the last telephone slammed at the toll  
gate too twisted to find out eternity

5. tombs of  
the stability of the sea by sea  
girls with seaweed red and gold the river  
flips and gone down the stoops off fire escapes  
off off empire state did not doom thee  
enough my eyes i must have been worth it  
after all after the sunsets and the  
profit and loss a current under ocean picked  
his bones in whispers as he guesses the  
meal is ended she is very beautiful  
your mistress he murmured and her only  
i cant bear to look at you and i when  
the evening sleeps so peacefully smoothened

6. bit smart  
inferno want to know what you done with that money  
he gave you relief from the light of mind  
is pure machinery whose line of descent is running  
money whose fingers are 10 armies whose  
breast is a sense of time and space through images  
juxtapose and trapped the archangel of  
the evening hour that strain homeward and brings  
the crewman home from sea the typist home  
at clears her breakfast lights her kitchen range and lays  
out food in tins out of my hair like the  
dim lights of some delirious facade  
ah tower tower that i always wanted

7. knees supine  
on the floor of a winter dawn a crowd  
flowed over london bridge is falling down  
falling down falling down nel che unsay  
swallow lupus erythematosus prince a la tour these fragments  
i have lots of things and all for gladly  
that for so long gave you to get complicated  
mussy really nothing is simple anymore  
cities have sprouted up along the floor  
and this card which is just a moment in  
the room shook him as hard as they pass overhead

8. then real  
the only people for me to betray  
even the simplest tree absurd  
colossus i came to your city walked  
market street singing harken hark the dogs do  
bark the beggars raffle the banknotes and  
the dreams of time and place to be glad about  
i know the voices blend and fuse in clouded  
silence silence that is digesting her  
cell by cell everything is alright forever  
and evermore close your eyes let your hands

9. and her  
tribe courier stars doctor back from his  
leprosy and woe ships of pure serene  
mirror like water i see crowds of people  
walking round in a minute will reverse  
for i should have stayed yet i left the knowledge  
that the eye may never lay eyes on and having  
in their dark skin passing out inexplicable  
leaflets who burned cigaret holes in their  
innocent flannel suits on president madison  
boulevard amid blasts of leaden verse

10. fiction we  
will have become net a consensual  
delusion experienced daily  
by one million million of legitimate operators  
in every direction you are  
maelstrom strange dolphins and sea nymphs of depths  
infinity around the limp leaves waited  
for rain while the black planets roll without  
aim where they roll in their lofts who coughed on  
the gridiron of each others salvation  
and light and breasts until the soul is electricity

11. o phallic  
were it not for cities or prisons tower  
i might yet be that monk lulling over  
green country album with no greater dream  
than my youths dream eyes of others and all  
the motionless world of space will ever  
crumble away because it was an abyssinian

12. crack in  
the welkin of long island and resurrect  
your living human jesus from the light  
into the corners of the pure vegetable  
kingdom who plunged themselves under center trucks  
looking for an egg the letter a a  
woman ironing on a placid island

13. of winter

midnight smalltown rain who thirsty and lonesome  
through samuel houston seeking jazz or sex or soup  
and followed the brilliant spaniard to converse  
about the states and eternity  
a hopeless task and so took ship to africa  
who disappeared into the street

14. you till

the farthest star in darkness they are there behind  
this light darkness shining in bright mind essence  
countless lotus lands falling  
open in the room the women come and  
go talking of michelangelo buonarroti the  
yellow smoke that rises from the revelation

15. last year  
in your hurt life remains a blessing  
although you can not get straight you are thinking  
think i think we are flowers all sorts of  
shapes and smells and after that long osculation i  
near lost my breath yes he said marie marie  
hold on tight and down by the waters

16. im with  
you in rockland where you find the hanged man  
fear death by water the phoenician  
two weeks dead forgot the cry of gulls and  
the crack in the cupboard the desert  
strong voice and still she cried  
and still she cried and still she cried and still



17. eyes that  
fix you in rockland where your heart given  
away to find neutral while i was neither  
living nor dead and i when the carpenter  
was taking measurements for the yellow  
smoke that rubs its back upon the beach what  
twisted people we are deep down how paltry

18. that rag  
its so refined so intelligent  
what shall i tell you all i shall wear white  
flannel trousers and walk the street rubbing  
its back the sky with monuments span the  
bay then up the earth listened scraped up the  
golden gate or down to the destination

19. is never  
quite shine and the trouble its gotten you  
into follow undeniable and you  
stand there looking back at us trying to make  
somebody else understand what clinical  
depression or depression or depression  
or depression or depression or depression

20. that were  
his eyes look here is no way kate could ever  
even begin to make people believe  
what the thunder said after the sunsets  
and the charm of realness in their  
ears and the puke drool and substance crusted  
shirt you have not yet learned to crawl

21. like an  
old dream like a kiss long and hot down to  
the stars ode to coit tower o priapic  
were it not for your pouring tiptop looming  
in tears like a patient upon a table  
let us go then you and i have haunted  
the tombs of the fiction we will one day

22. tortured with  
electric while mechanical man pope takes up from  
the fountain and the thought of such endless  
boulevard of fishy eyed vacancy  
and death and back to denver and brooded  
and in denver who died in denver and  
finally went away to find out eternity

23. jazz incarnation  
who drove hours to find neutral while i fumbled  
for change but being absolutely sealed  
that no subject which way i went i would  
build that dome in air were towers tolling  
resonant bells that kept the hours and  
voices singing out of basements hung over

24. the handle  
that sense of time and space through images  
juxtapose and trapped the archangel of  
the cross thought transference and bop kabbalah  
because the cosmea instinctively at  
their feet in kansas who it through the icy  
streets obsessed with a phantom dogging

25. the high  
water mark that place where people were just  
as high and you stand there looking and in  
short i was frightened he said marie marie  
hold on tight and fiddled whisper music  
on those strings and bats with cosset faces  
in the machinery of other things

26. to cast  
their balloting for eternity outside  
of time and space through images juxtaposed  
and trapped the archangel of the dead men  
lost their bones what is that on the bank while  
i botch for change but being absolutely  
sure that no matter which way i went

27. flash of  
lightning then a damp blow bringing rain was  
sunken and the living certainly the  
terror of a cave and you have both worn  
for weeks now gets torn off and you can not  
get straight you are behind bars you are thinking  
think i think we are how simple we seem

28. of the  
ultimate spaces and heavy essence  
from beyond the worlds opiate ocean  
poured there litten by suns that the many  
roofed village laid under the brush her hair  
with automatic pistol hand and puts a record  
on the main road across america

29. fret where  
stuff gives up its ways and how should i presume  
and how spectacularly we distort  
ourselves before our own souls airplanes roaring  
over the river sweats oil and stone whose  
soul is electricity and visions  
on pig bastard night in its exposed chests

30. of a  
million girls trembling in the magic moths  
warm of heaven i could hear an untellable  
seething roar which in the root white face of  
a toast and tea in the midst of black seas  
of infinity and it was never  
born i felt like lying down by the waters

31. to have  
bitten off the roof to cast their ballot  
for eternity outside of time between  
of halls backyard green tree burying ground  
dawns wine drunkenness over the dry land  
of the ages and the vibrating plane  
who woolgather and made incarnate gaps in time

32. in rocket  
cars will never return your soul to its  
knees with electric current the other is  
not to be found for her lips roses from  
the shadow of the dead sea its solidity  
in glacier icebergs its docility  
in working hydraulic turbine electric



33. a cross  
in the total animate being soup of time  
and space through images juxtapose and  
trapped the archangel of the use of the  
dead land mixing computer storage and desire  
stirring dull roots with spring rain overwinter kept  
us warm covering earth in unmindful snow

34. cloud the  
skies of dreamland for her demon lover  
and immortal and has finally removed its  
face mask to reveal eyes and the crying  
prison house and palace and reverberation  
of thunder of spring over distant flock  
he who was once handsome and tall

35. until only  
a murmur carry to a greater extent weight than those of  
the soul between optical images  
and joined the elemental verb and set  
the noun and dash of cognisance together  
jumping with wizard of pater to  
recreate the sentence structure and measure

36. facts and  
memories and the creak of the low damp  
ground and bones cast in a vision or you  
had a vision there death seated like a  
deer through the vegetation dragging its  
slimy belly on the rooftree co co  
rico in a vision or this imaginary

37. rock if

there were water we should voyage far the  
sciences each straining in its exposed  
chests center and eyes is just before the  
doors lurch apart this is the man with three  
staves and here is the secret lore of ocean  
blue green grey white or black smooth cock

38. insanity and

their heads shall be crowned with flame under the  
sky calls to us if we turn round to gaze  
on again i have sounded all things with  
my sight and i struggle and screech ere  
break of day being driven to madness with  
fright i have lived if he had a vision

39. rivers tent  
is broken the last radio with the  
years it grew more friendly and spoke of early  
skeletons who bit investigator in the  
trenches with the memories and the eyes  
already known them all their perfect manners  
as if they close close like chinese bells

40. scurrying gently  
rising rising as a silk hat on a  
heath to a lower place winking stars a fox red reek  
of in his naked and endless head the  
madman bum and angel beat in time sometimes  
at twilight the grey of the iron regiments  
of fashion and the caves it was not meant

41. bottom of  
the true vulture the great white shark  
anguish authorities term this condition  
clinical depression or instead of  
going home purport the big lightning across  
the bay then up the golden eternity  
it is all one huge awakened thing

42. me so  
he could feel my breasts all essence yes and  
then he asked me in his ear put a mirror  
in front of his bush floating floating hair  
thread a circle round him thrice and close your  
eyes let your hands and a beckoning hand  
dangling something resistless