Mapping of the ship's lament /
Clear as Mud, or ironically not

Of my father, a maritime technocrat /
Lamenting the ship.

```perl
use strict;
use LWP::Simple;

#And it is the back of the hand that we use to predict the weather at sea.
The body knows more than the data on the map.
my $tempre = '';
my $wind = '';
my $pressure = '';

#And yet the strictness of the coded map begins to interfere
with our dreams. The rules call for a yes or no only. 1 or 0. All or nothing.
for(;;){
my ($sec,$min,$hour,$mday,$mon,$year,$wday,$yday,$isdst)=localtime(time);
printf "%4d-%02d-%02d %02d:%02d:%02d\n",$year+1900,$mon+1,$mday,$hour,$min,$sec;
my $content = get("http://api.wunderground.com/weatherstation/WXCurrentObXML.asp?ID=ISOUTHEN2");

my $str = "
latitude 51.533123 longitude>0.720549
NOBLE HAWK,
Licensed to the nation state of the United Kingdom of Great Britain";
my ($pflag,$tflag,$wflag) = (0,0,0);

foreach (@strings) {
my $temp = $_;
if( $temp =~ /temperature_string/){
$temp =~ s/\<temperature_string\>(.*)\<\/temperature_string\>/$1/;
if($tempre ne $temp){
$tflag = 1;
print " ==== $tempre $temp ==== \n";
$tempre = $temp;
}else{
$tflag = 0;
}
f($pflag | $wflag | $tflag ){
my $psaux = `ps aux | grep QuickTime 2>&1`;
my @process = split(/\n/,$psaux);
my $process = 0;
foreach(@process){
if($_ =~ /Applications/){
# print "$_/n";
$_ =~ /(\d{4}).*/;
my $process_id =  $1;
#`kill $process_id`;
# print "Killing $process_id";
```

The NOBLE HAWK (N.H) was loaded with nickel ore; a bastion of longevity in a dying trade.

It had run aground on a reef that had been left from the map; the stake was beyond the map, it transcended what the man knew to be imprinted both acutely in his mind and upon the back of his hand. He is a bastion of hope to the dying trade of seafaring; a testament to those before him and those who follow in his footsteps.

The salvor was to salvage the ship from total deterioration, which was always going to be a subject of precariousness, as the N.H was not protected by the shallow waters of the harbour nor was time on its side. The waning co-operation between the salvors and the government, induced strain en masse; on the waters, on the nickel ore, and sentiment began to dampen.

In order to lighten the ship to make for easier movement, the nickel ore had to be offloaded, redistributed and shipped to safety. As the ship became lighter and the process became more so tangible, the ship began very slowly to slide away from the reef – whose grandiose structures, wings and turrets were keeping the ship riveted.

The ship bellowed right from its stomach a painful and numb clamour, whose timbre tore through the pounding of the salvor's hearts; whose griping whines pierced the affections of men before us and whose creaking callousness induced tears to those who could only dream these ruptures.

The ship slid and it weeped, it cried and it pumped and as it let these drawn-out moments of compassion, its back began to twist and break, sharp.

For what does the data have to say to this:
silence. Yes and No. The infinite details in between are lost.
The trauma is too much to bear. But the creator knows differently.

#The creator rewrites and rewrites.
Hoping just this once an error message will not appear.
The pieces of this trauma are left behind, but remain static,
the remains of the story of a struggle.

```
#@vid = (/Users/novoutilizador/Desktop/filmpic2.mov);
#foreach $seq (@vid){
#$vid = (00:00:00,00:00:18);
#$vid = (00:00:18,00:39);
#}
#my $counter = 1;
#my @rep = /U
#for(;$counter < 10;){
#print "for loop #$counter\n";
#$counter++;
#}
```

#The map is becoming too much.

#But all it can do is end in a bracket. Closed off to the trauma behind its finite points.
```
}
sleep 10;
}
```

And yet if we try again, even the error speaks of the tale, the trauma revealed. Let's leave the bracket left undone and the map open to the infinite.

```
}
sleep 10;
```

We are trying to save the ship and we cannot save the ship.

You do not care for how long we are here, nor whether she dies, you can write and re-write the contract, so long as we perform and you glean.

We do not care for the contract, nor for your gleaning of precious paper, we care for the ship and all who sail in her.

The ship slid and it weeped, it cried and the men cried, and I cried just as it slid further, taking half of the orphan reef with it, unmapped, gone and gone on.

———

"I watched the wedding from my bed, and Bruce read a comic."

And while attentions were so rigidly fixed on the minutiae of things like weddings and comics, and then perhaps much more warranted on things such as Libya, and the morality of America's justice system(s), I am reminded of something that was regaled to me some months ago. A story told to me of the oceanic wail of a dying vessel located on an uncharted reef central to the Halmahera Sea, Eastern Indonesia. My knowledge of pelagic topography is slight; it stems cumulatively from a familial affinity to seafaring and salvage and from a perhaps over-indulged practicing interest in the poetics and economies of water in context to space and the built environment; the antithesis to the map, the chartered and the definite.