

An initiation, a forespeech, an onset. What began with indecision soon became a compulsion, as if all routes through a forest had become one unforgiving trail.

COLOSSUS: A First Forespeech (My Start in Life)

"To go is to go farther," wrote Kenneth Koch, wrote John Ashbery. I am stopped in and have broken my embrace.

So this was the promise of that night, the worst of it being that we had both opened the first door and when that was done had seen hidden to the left the old broom and below it a small area of dust. Taking our hands and leading ourselves forward, the first expression was tightly offered but then we both relaxed, just enough to open out to the terror of rest. This was one, and we were two. It could have been either of us that said, 'I am fallen beneath the golden stars, the shining depot'. Shaking came over the whole cellar like a seedling in November and the walls, now of packed earth, showed just at the centre a gathering blackness that became enough for us to force in our words and press them further with pieces of sorrowful condemnation. The larger area of ideas is greening but the small phrases are sentences of doubt. Time crept to the corners. The last journal was compact and *every* shelf was bare.

With COLOSSUS, this is more in the potential, the sense that other chances could have been made and not this one, but here too it is still staged with the doublings of the poems.

Recall Shelley's 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. Their immodesty, their stark rise into antique hubris, their pitiless monument to a stopped complex. What possible words of regret can be concerned with ceaseless abrasion of the spirit?

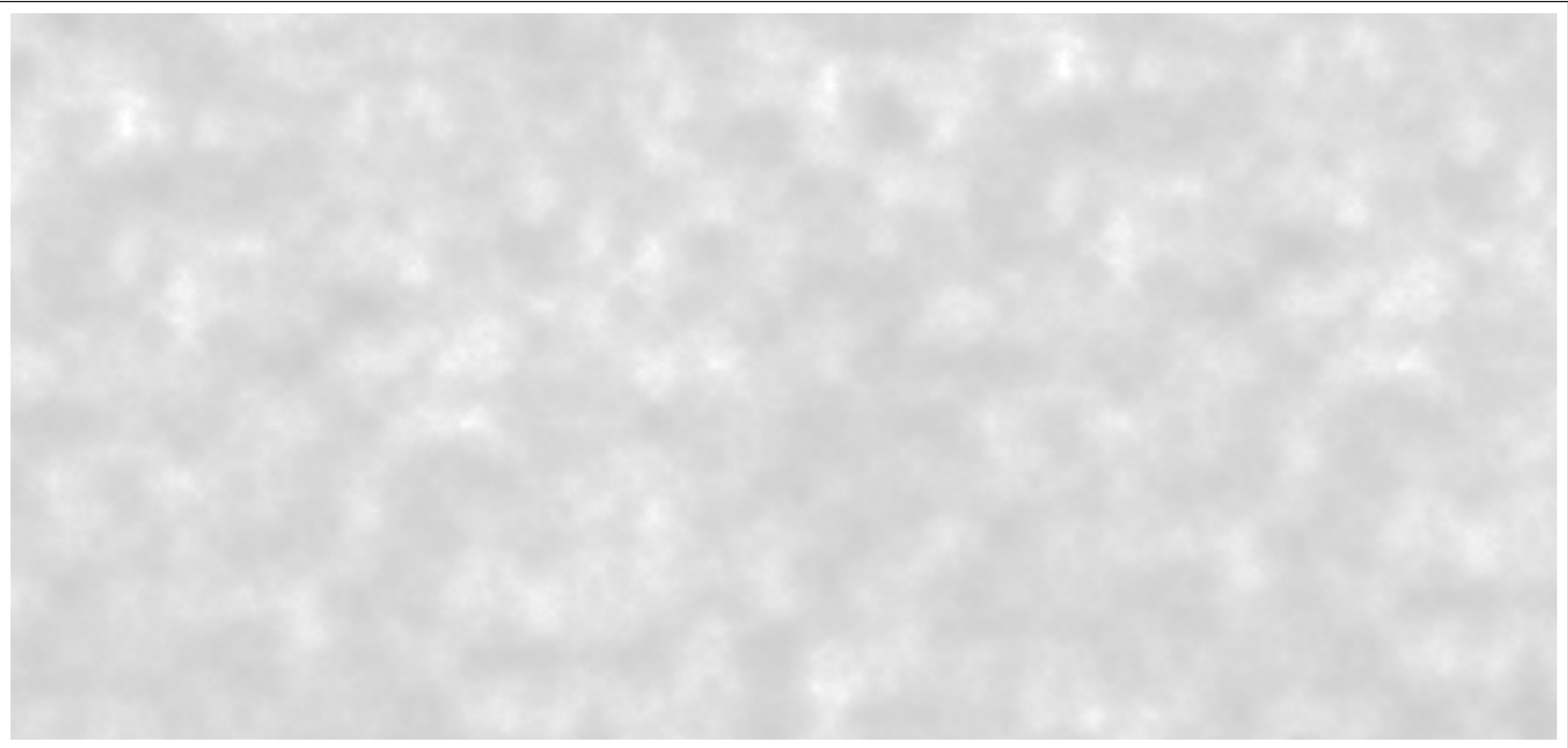


Fig. 1. The dappling on the path dreaming around the

Without weariness and without the burden of an unforgiving vigil we set out into a dawn still tainted from the spoil of the evening before.

Through its reuse of succour from its reserves and in its echoing of poem-texts there is repetition, there is anticipation and completion, there is type and *instance*, frame and imprint. COLOSSUS is and serves an amalgam, a compounded *brecciated* receipt.

In potential this is a deathless machine, a deathless author.

They refused and remained, lifting their arms to signal the brightest of the pinnacles and turning wearily back to the machines.

What can be reported? Tuesday 30th May, 2023, 12:31pm. A swarm flew over the south-western districts but was struck down, say officials.

At such a moment, voices call out from all parts of the complex.

*

—Laid into a soft hollow of leaves, the sensation that began was less *of* an inset and more an overlapping.

—I was broken, but as I stooped and resisted a store of diamond-like pieces began to collect around *my* shoes. Before we noticed this there was a long trail of indifference.

—Out on the trail it was, almost like a feather drawn over each *forearm* and then discarded under the shade.

*

With COLOSSUS, the disputation of this *cybernetic exchange* is a portion of autonomy, even wilfulness on the part of the robopoet which mediates between authorial intention and what DeLanda describes as the ‘morphogenetic powers’ of autonomous matter (DeLanda, 2015, p.21). The author can be replaced (any correctly formatted text can be given to the algorithm). Yet the distance between *my* desires as its first author and the endlessness of the page compositions that COLOSSUS

PUGACHEV IN THE PHARMAKON, INVOKING ARARITA (Pushkin: *forgive me, orthodox people*). I – A song of the Yaik. Spring brings turbid waters, a rising of weeds and fish, and baptism of our shrivelled lands. We rest then pull the oars and turn our prow into the wash of the low waves that flood the fields of our brother host. In summer the fish prosper and the river fills. In autumn we hang our seine into the populous shoal. In winter we break the ice and hook in the greater haul. II – The aisle of bread. In the late hours of the night a whistling harries the sleep of warlord Pugachev as he lies in the basement stockroom of the main store of this district. Rough songs must end in uproar. Hear coarse harmony contending with the squall of shattered glass which rests on every shelf, and pierces the dark loaves. Besides, here is blue drapery from the apartment of the kohl-eyed secretary to the mining authority which wastes its morning in the brisk air outside the breached wall of its orderly resident. Pacing, my boys, the lines of the dead: Their mouths are now free of this inadequate bread. III – Under the cashier's chair. Turning slowly the piled magazines, from one slips out a torn flyer for the hoped for holiday one Cretan summer. A trapped coin splits the binding and the dates of departure are ringed with red. IV – By the field of sunflowers. A delivery driver from the end of his schooling, Pugachev rides the pale-grey roads through yellowing grassland and stands of sparse birch his load like his orders in later times, sidelong and furtive, or urgent, life-giving. In villages the houses peel paint in the spring and brighten by autumn. Gaunt dogs wrestle in the shadows and children lean on the decorated palings. Boys hurl stones as he passes through and shrouds them with dust. Oh, gentlest of summer winds, shivering the grasses on the modest memorial to two drunken passengers and persisting eastwards, through the sunflower field to press on the stalks and

complex.

I leant over and that was the last time a field rose
nodded into the afternoon, all blank and with the perfect
pattern of a series of o's. Or if this is a history of tenderness, a
chronicle of cheap episodes, then all of whatever you said is a
configuration of charged points, none of which have taken to
deep breathing or wept out a sigh when the border proved to
be an illusion. Speaking of rare phenomena, I and you were
caught thinking that the noise was a word of doubt. This was
the bell in a deserted ending, not unlike repetition as a means
to lift that film into a wider vision.

Listen again to the
murmuring, a choir of the lost in the tangled grasses.

*

- None of you know me as *well* as him.
- You became doubtful and surrounded *by* bees.
- I wanted to close but the rain was too rapid. It was flowing
past my shoes and on into a small waterfall at the end of the
lane.

*

This carriage of affect is, we are *told*, present in *Glas*,
which has been called a book of mourning (Tesker, 2014:
para.29).

I begin from enduring love.
The initiation must be *in medias res* - and will immediately allude to its impossibility of
chora and of ending: "and we continued to climb, turning our
faces to the north to avoid the fullest glare of the sun."

But with regret.
I begin hoping for love.
There is the gap of song, there is the
lyric force.

Flowers of compassion

Called *over* reaching–fine–wood
cuff thread washed over crimson
lake thrown side tremor rushes
pinned over mass love brush words
and lines which appear with song
ran overcome frequency
no place never over loves

In your shame and in their bitterness of unrest you stop to
pick from the compound a single flourish of wolfsbane. At this

autopoietically produces is
closed by the maltha of the
peritexts.

Note that the Arcades
Project was abandoned,
unfinishable (rhizomatically
interminable). It may be that
the ramifying commentaries
and the tirelessness of
COLOSSUS mean that it will
also be abandoned, in the
sense that I will never have
time to finish what is, in
potential, as enduring (never
mind if ultimately as terminal)
as this dominion.

Either option is to be the
material artefact of an actually
unlimited continuous
compositional output.

Surrender them and
redeem the birds in song.

Through its reuse of
succour from its reserves and
in its stuttering of poem-texts
there is repetition, there is
anticipation and completion,
there is model and *instance*,
frame and impression.
COLOSSUS is and makes a
complex, an admixed
brecciated text.

What can be reported?
Tuesday 30th May, 2023,
12:31pm. A swarm flew over
the south-western districts but
was struck down, say officials.

Through its reuse of
material from its sources and
in its stuttering of poem-texts
there is duplication, there is
anticipation and settlement,
there is model and instance,
frame and imprint. COLOSSUS
is and makes a complex, a
compounded *brecciated* text.

bernadette bramble raceme ungathered

dishevel the voles. At the edge of the road, engine still
rolling, Pugachev stares at the gilt coronas and resists the
drag of their velvet hearts. It is time to drive on. He wipes
clean his hands soiled with diesel, and spits on the dirt,
preparing to embrace the rounded shoulders of his shrewd
consignee in the distant town then grasp the hand of the
wife and accountant who first flattens her hair, then tightly
smiles thinking only of who must be paid. V – Beside the
packets of milk. A better deceit will listen to your hunger
and give you the truths you had always been cheered by.
“Here is abundance, punctured with shrapnel irrigating the
gondola, electricity blown out.” “Here is the basket, to fill
with produce before it sours and everything spoils. Here is
the bounty owed by our traditions. It was my deliverance,
and I am your Peter.” VI – A song on the Asian river bank.
Shades of the wives who wait in the settlements nurturing
children who wear only camouflage with the apples of
September and the daily milk. They gather in the large
house, consider the neighbours on the other shore, where
Europe leans over and scold their youngest, who panic the
geese. Theirs are the men who push from the injured the
fallen shelving in that distant city and hurry to stock up
their empty magazine. Shades of the wives who dig out
the potatoes later in summer, in the furious heat and
watch their eldest shake hands with the visitor who
traversed the long bridge, his veteran pride and his
crimson decor adorning his smile, his hands warm in their
enclosure of greeting. Now the eldest boy leaves to pack
one small bag, a stamped document signed on the table
and the shine on the river turning properly to gold. VII –
Found on the confectionary counter. We must choose the
sweetest of our futures for wrapped in this moment is
either forgetting and the worst of defeats or else the
feast-days will return in succession and I will release you
from the settling of dust. VIII – Freedom and tradition in
the swine pen. Fathers direct the filling of the bucket and
the spreading of grain, or the gift of leftovers to their
familiar animals. And before them their fathers led them to
the fence at the edge of the swine-field after childish
raging spilt the feed in the water-trough and they
disciplined them with the customary lashes to warrant that
the future will resemble the present and traditional liberties
are surely preserved. IX – Let us sweep clean the aisles. “I
have given you leadership and just expectations and all
quiet moments have been preparation for this. I have
given solemn prayer and soldierly permission to be
presented as martyrs by the news men and women.” Then
let us all sing sonorous in our harmony disarming the
repressed and releasing their righteous grief. Let us be
taller each hour we rise higher to overtop the sparse birch
pluck down their high branches, the most delicate and
tender, and with them sweep clean these soiled aisles. X –
The gathering of the Ataman by the display of cabbages.
Fortunate peoples find that abundance is a blessing
unsought, but reward for god’s pleasure. You vow this is
true if you stand in the field whose soil is gripped by such
roots and supports them: sunflowers higher than the
heads of your children. And here in the coiled and
nourishing hearts of our harsher lives is the impulse of the
living – let it be watered: take those flasks, those vessels
and spill them out onto the blooded floor to run out through
channels and return to the river. XI – Pugachev sings at
the end of the fishing season. It was a harvest, boys, as
we never before had landed on this European shore. Was
I worthy, oh god, to raise high the hook for the many lives
that your vengeance took? Slowly flows the summer river /
Let us never / Regret the haul / For next year providence
may still deliver / And bless them all. XII – A statement in
the news. “The pretender, shown here in shameless
plunder (the photographer pleads to remain unknown) has
been found in a field, burning stems and rotted produce
scattered beside him. We report there are signs of sincere
repentance, and we are now seeking a witness who
swears that the little voles sheltered under his tunic were
covered in crimson and golden fur.” And now from this
miracle we return to the air.

hour I am not dead but simple routines of lifting and calling back bring loveliness to some place of plastic hollows, some gallery of worthless light with sickening expressions, the lines of attitude receding to a steady ripple of ripples and fields of proportion. A zero of bones and an ache of *interpretation*, rolling the heavy shadows to the joint of wall and skirting. Here, a great volume of exposure and passing, a turning over the seedstuff back into the bare grate.

That was the way our *fathers* told it. Green in the acres but once aged the *edges* would become hard enough to resist. The wealth of our ancestors. The unlimited regret we feel when watching the pluckier families, unaware of their easy grin, unfailing even at the shortest letter or the wrap of poetics, gold as trust. A star that is the entrapment of man's life. Hands in the supporting points and a dull grief at the doorjamb. When you or I have taken every part of those that come before us, we can leave it in small piles like drilldust. I would not sweep you, but the finest of aspirations will be the trail of the quire.



Fig. 2. The vapour at noon obscuring the complex.

An echo of Shelley's 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. Their disinclination, their pathos, abraded with the unending desert wind which rings and assails the sands against everything in its course. Their annexation of breath as the equivalent of their abandonment. What possible form of honour is concerned with ceaseless indifference?

Laughing lions must come.

I begin hoping for love.

The randomness of COLOSSUS is restricted to first, the degree of similarity by sound between source word and possible replacements, and second, selection of one of the possible replacement words it finds that match both this permitted degree of similarity by sound, and the syllable count in the source word. There is no *randomness* in its selection of passages of text. These are chosen by the time it takes to think of the next and find it. But it does waver to repeat, and may not do so, may not do so but on occasion must.

What follows from the field rose on the unmade track is a flower of intrusion, a low binding of thorns and a crushed axil of growth. Where a handful of chert preble rolls away into a mischief of absorption, so the tenders of complex are enough, almost, to move the young leaves on the bramble runners. Reaching down we found a stone with that small piece of concern chipped into the silica, and held it tilting,

Flower of completion

Cord *ever* leaching—fine—add
cuff thread wash acre crimson
add thrown side framer rushes
aged adverse mass lug brush words
ace lines add able with song
ran amicus frequency
act blade adverb odor loves

At such a moment, voices echo from all parts of the square.

*

—The least of your blunders, the least *of* the grateful forms. Unless you meant to give us back the path to the sidewalls.

—The least *of* your *blunders*, the least of the grateful forms. Unless you meant to give us back the path to the sidewalls.

—Never as we wanted, never as they would have given.

*

I assume some sort of transmission will be needed between the daemon – the robopoet – and its tradition to produce a recordable file. The printed file might be: (1) In large format sheets, perhaps A0; (2) Book bound.

It *might* be considered as *post-conceptual* poetry (Bernstein, 2014)—as excess and limitlessness in the terms of conceptual writing, but with the added traces of affect, which are also authorial traces. Related to this, COLOSSUS might be considered as *allegory*, in the mode outlined in Place and Fitterman's *Notes on Conceptualisms* (2009) — that its prose sequences, and its poetry (and indeed the algorithm itself) stands for any of our inconsiderate utterances, perhaps as an emblem of torment, authorial perhaps, or as symptom of social and cultural structures of compulsion.

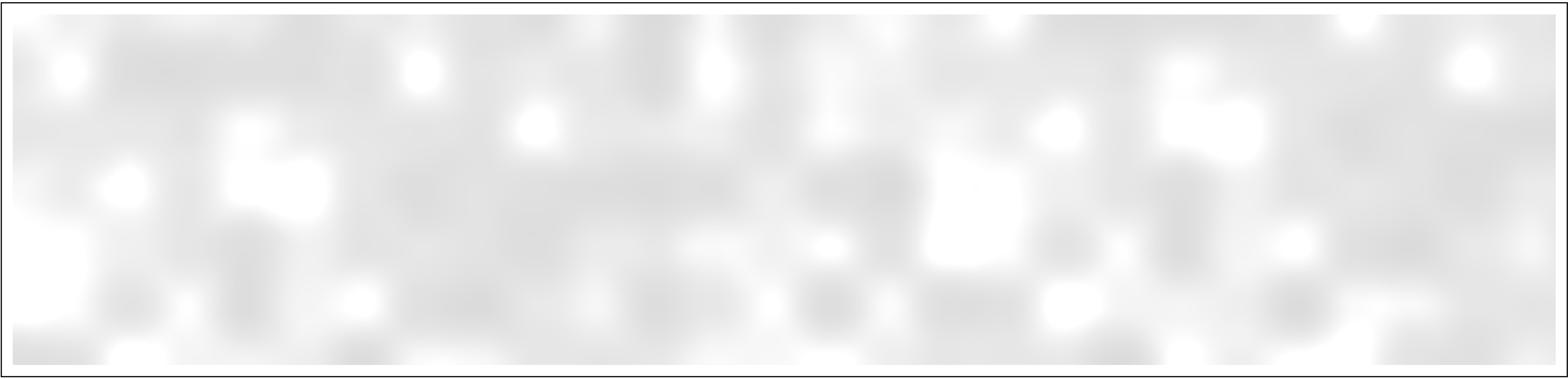


Fig. 3. The marshes crowding into the sunless pool.

But this will be mere conceptual writing abundance. The writing, its texture, its alignments are not to produce mere intellectual play.

until it broke back a stem of the orb. Not before, not before the lift into a rail of repentance, a peel now of forced earth, a room of allegories of giving.

In your heart and in *my* bitterness of living I stop to pick from the regret a single flower of ragged robin. At this hour I am not dead but unforsaken routines of lifting and fixation bring me guidance to some place of plastic hollows, some gallery of worthy light with curling ornamentations, the stripes of timber receding to a steady pressure of ripples and restoration. A zero of induction and an ache of *interpretation*, rolling the heavy compensation to the joint of wall and floodline. Here, a great volume of exposure and time, a turning over the seedstuff back into the bare remains.

In medias res, as there are no true beginnings or endings. But there was, at last, something of *relief* in knowing that all of this started with *me*.

With COLOSSUS, therefore, 'intentionality is crucial' to the syntactical legibility (and therefore also the semantic availability) of the text it creates. The question only remains — which demon or angel has stood at its side and uttered its intent? And whose intention again, as this is a tremor of recurrences.

A *small* piece that was abscised can settle into a field order of sub-particular fragments, which we might call dust. Every aspect of this larger being can be turned in all axes and still pressed more firmly into the *matière*. With the addition of heat and terror a certain pull together of the parts, large and small, has a cementing effect. This is where you can feel the affinities and where the compulsion starts to enchain.

So this was the start of that night, the worst of it being that we had both opened the first door and when that was done had seen hidden to the left the old rag and below it a small area of dust. Taking our hands and leading ourselves forward, the first expression was tightly offered but then we both relaxed, just enough to open out to a horror of creation. This was one, and we were two. It could have been either of us that said, 'I am among the golden staves of pity'. Shaking came over the whole cellar like a hurried choke of corruption and the walls, now of packed earth, showed just at the centre a gathering blackness that became enough for us to force in our words and press them further with pieces of orange peel. The larger area of ideas is greening but the small phrases are patterns of impulsion. Time crept to the corners. The last journal was compact and *every* shelf was bare.

Qu. *Must* the production or gathering in of content for COLOSSUS be passed on, bequeathed as it were, to others, to be a kind of Talmudic - scholastic - imperative? An inexhaustible

Surrender *me* and *redeem* the birds in song.

Even if the combinations of texts in the columns is partly based on escape, the total work will be enforced with text that I write or provide. *In that sense* the total shaping remains in place even if the juxtapositions are partially failures of indecision.

Now, at this moment, the swallow begins, piercing the air, its song ringing through the precinct.

Face and field inverse

So when without kiss a once
only incursion warding
off the animals taught in
tight weed—strewn lawn bright bunches
of clover loose grasp shaken
will a fast—error *tied* in
the open pressure not love



Fig. 4. The marshes teasing into the shaded pool.

At such a moment, voices call out from all parts of the square.

*

—Out on the trail it was, almost like a feather drawn over each *forearm* and then discarded under the shade.

—Laid into a soft hollow of leaves, the sensation that began was less of an inset and more an overlapping.

—Laid into a soft hollow of leaves, *the* sensation that began was less of an inset and *more* an overlapping.

*

Through its reuse of succour from its sources and in its stuttering of poem-texts there is repetition, there is anticipation and settlement, there is type and *instance*, frame and impression. COLOSSUS is and makes an amalgam, a compounded brecciated receipt.

Perhaps.

We do, in fact, posit an *author* in COLOSSUS. Or

restauration?

A prelude, a beginning, a forespeech. What started as a dull morning soon became colourless, as if lush vines had grown over, washed by year after year of rain.

COLOSSUS: A First Forespeech (First Breath and First Compensations)



Fig. 5. The dappling cast on stones parting around the complex.

Ale and field diverse

So wan without kin arraign once
only invasion warding
aid the animals taught aid
abridge weed–screen lawn bright bunches
of bladder axe ask absence
been abridge caste–abound *age* add
the chosen prairie knit love

But with shame.

On Polyphony in COLOSSUS: To distinguish between *polysemy* – which is like an escaping clutch of baby snakes from a sack – and Derridean *différance* – which is a clouded unknowing, a shape-shifter that cannot be serviced into definite form – and what COLOSSUS has, which is *polyphony*. And this is a momentary performance of many voices which becomes *one* sound. Yes, this is industrial compression, and transitory, lastingly impermanent, but it is also the longed for harmony out of which we build our lives in horror, even now, even in face of unforgiving.

history of tenderness, so the breath of thought is enough, almost, to move the young leaves on the bramble sleeves. Reaching down we found a stone with that small piece of concern chipped into the silica, and held it tilting, until it broke back a stem of the orb. Not before, not before the lift into a rail of repentance, a peel now of bronze enchantments, a room of components of receipt.

What follows from the field rose on the unmade track is a flower of regret, a low binding of thorns and a crushed axil of growth. Where a handful of chert preble rolls away into a

if we do not, then we must, argue Steven Knapp and Walter Benn Michaels, admit that the poems are meaningless.

Exactly like breath the lilt of lament pays our embrace.

Soe argnt fret shriven

Av or got freed bett hile trrij
yentor hy me weth yed mntred forth seven
to her id querr nigh desnygy fosse lin
arzin ford see go edzyn within

COLOSSUS is pentecostal, it is given the power to speak and to speak like the running of a stream, steeped with excess.

At such a moment, voices echo from all parts of the complex.

*

–*Out* on the *trail* it was, almost like a feather drawn *over* each forearm and then discarded under *the* shade.

–Rose, yes. And that was *the* moment when *we* started to feel.

–*This*, but *not* this that pleased us.

*

Note that the Arcades Project was unfinished, unfinishable (rhizomatically interminable). It may be that the ramifying addenda and the tirelessness of COLOSSUS mean that it will also be abandoned, in the sense that I will never have time to finish what is, in potential, as enduring (never mind if ultimately as terminal) as this world.



Fig. 6. The marshes weeping from the choked pool.

At such a moment, voices answer from all parts of the complex.

*

–The least of your blunders, the least of the grateful forms.

–Never as we wanted, never as they would have given.
–Out on the *trail* it was, almost like a feather drawn over
each forearm and then discarded under the shade.

*

Aide argnt fret riven

Odd or abduct breed bett hile trrij
yentor hy me bath add mntred forth abide
to her ill querr nigh desnygy fuss lin
arzin ford see go absence abhor

What news? Thursday 1st June, 2023, 4:42pm. In the
villages and estates of the border lands the shelling continues.
But with regret.

"To go is to go farther," wrote John
Ashbery, citing Kenneth Koch. I would stop, but I have less to
say.

And for its accords? Provisionally, *Colossus* (we have here
Leviathan, we have also the painting (mis-)attributed to Goya,
or better perhaps the etching), or Memnon (a reference to the
Colossi of Amenhotep III, which are referenced in *Glas* and
linked to the twin complexes of the text; obliquely, a reference
to Hiller's *Sisters of Menon*). And Plath too: 'I shall never get
you put together entirely, / Pieced, glued, and properly
jointed'. A shattering, a statuary whence advance is a
corrugation of sand and granite.

What is new? Thursday 1st
June, 2023, 4:42pm. In the villages and estates of the border
lands the shelling continues.

A glass turned over with a thin
line of dirt under the curve, apples to the right where a piece of
your thread curls and slips into the rostrum. A seed of
visitation. Many times when the tall legs had lifted, the rows of
parsley had swayed in honour, those were the very hours when
you and I had touched and folded away that small piece of
blue left next to the pain under the window. A sharp pull when
the wind catches them. Each fleece was atom, each stain had a
spear to the sun.

There is also, of course, Shelley's 'two vast
and trunkless legs of stone'. Their disinclination, their folly,
abraded with the unending desert wind which cups and hurls
the sands against everything in its course. Their annexation of
breath as the equivalent of their abandonment. What possible
form of honour is concerned with ceaseless *scouring*?

Unless you meant to give us back the path to the sidewalls.

*

In potential this is an immortal machine, an immortal
author.

Not *only* the off switch, power interruption etc is the
mortal vulnerability of COLOSSUS. Move the code to another
machine and start it up and it will cry out again.

Without pleasure and without the burden of an unforgiving
vigil we set out into a dawn still coloured from the spoil of the
evening before.

What can be reported? Tuesday 30th May,
2023, 12:31pm. A swarm flew over the south-western districts
but was struck down, say officials.

Lose them and succour
your life.

Even if the *combinations* of texts in the columns is
partly based on escape, the total work will be fed with text that
I write or surrender. *In that sense* the total shaping remains in
place even if the juxtapositions are partially chance based.

What can be reported? Tuesday 30th May, 2023, 12:31pm.
A swarm flew over the south-western districts but was struck
down, say officials.

COLOSSUS can only be regarded as
'speculative' poetry, as defined by Brian Kim Stefans (2014).
This is poetry 'that forgoes conventional literary content in
favor of executing highly complex literary forms characterized
by a preoccupation with number, the use of word sets, and a
high degree of recursion in syntax and narrative structure'
(Stefans, 2014: 159). In this sense, COLOSSUS with its
bricolage, its syllable counting and language sets is a game or
passion with only a resemblance of poetic language, and with
me as author being the player.

Either option is to be the
material artefact of a potentially unlimited continuous
compositional release.

In potential this is a deathless
machine, a deathless author. 'The sky has split open, the spirit
has descended on him' (Derrida, *Clang*, p.104).

Gather all available shovels and barrows.

unfasten the totems

Stall *me*. Stall me and restore.

'they *brooded* over the *tape*'

Leant against the pale, the blue-winged.

'they brooded over the *tape*'

turn to the arid accords

Listen again to the voices, from the rabble hidden in the thicket.

*
—Of nothing, was the answer. Out of such small movements, out of the slightest pressure of a breath. We had *folded* and taken away the cloth, and hugged ourselves against the evening wind.

—None of you know me as well as him.
—You became doubtful and surrounded by bees.
—There *was* a grey flash and then we all smiled. It was at just that moment that the sound of a slow bell rang out across the square.

—I wanted to close but the rain was *too* rapid. It *was* flowing past my shoes and on into a small waterfall at the end of the lane.

*
What can be reported? Thursday 1st June, 2023, 4:42pm. In the villages and estates of the border lands the shelling continues.

There is the resurrection of song, there is the lyric force.

Flowers of compassion

Called *over* reaching—fine—wood
cuff thread washed over crimson
lake thrown side tremor rushes
pinned over mass love brush words
and lines which appear with song
ran overcome frequency
no place never over loves

I begin by surrendering love.

A folly, in COLOSSUS, is the effusion of chaos into the text or into the poem. Each ripple of error brings with it the surrender to a trembling of the living.

A small piece that was abscised can settle into a larger mass of powdery remains, which we might call dust. Every aspect of this larger piece can be given its light and still pressed more firmly into the matrix. With the addition of heat and terror a certain pull together of the parts, large and small, has an adhesion effect. This is where you can feel the affection and where the compulsion starts to enchain.

Where can I meet myself and *not* turn away in horror?

I begin with love.

turn to the arid accords

They refused and remained, raising their eyes to the most majestic cedars and turning angrily back to the fields.

The reader of COLOSSUS disregards unrevealed meaning in its work to the extent that she considers it the spit of disorder or procedure only. To know a little of the intentions of me, the author of both the source and the code is to have to hand a riposte to the charge of mere randomness or mere procedural *writing*. If COLOSSUS is not merely a work of chance or process, then it must be inspirited with authorship, the capacity for meaning ‘at all cost’, the capacity to *write*.

Malcolm Bull writes: "If the sense of the world lies within it, nonsense lies without. If the world loses meaning, then that can only be because nonsense has taken the place of sense." (from *Anti-Nietzsche*: vii). COLOSSUS traffics between the world interior and the world without, ferrying sense and nonsense over the divide. But given that it is unconcerned with a corpus of being, and is always ready to remake, rewrite, then it is also willing for sense and nonsense to be *imbricated*, to interpenetrate. Recurrence, if not unlimited, is habitual.

Flowers dove commotion

Called *abuse* preaching—fine—wide
cuff thread washed overt crimson
aged grown side abbot rushes
add bower mass ache brush words
aide line bib affair ace song
ran overcome frequency
no place lever absurd loves

Either option is to be the material artefact of a potentially unlimited continuous compositional output.

At such a moment, voices answer from all parts of the complex.

*
—This, but not this that pleased us.
—Was none of this expected? Did they never hope that being broken would *be* so easy or so soft at the *first* press?
—Rose, yes. And that was the moment when we started to

With empathy, and with a will to be the conveyor, the 'Vas Electionis' that will subduct and dissolve the continents of trodden land. As land is never unblooded, land is always stepped through by the sandal of a master and a angel of cruelty; their two steps are one circumsept of enduring grief.

What is new? Thursday 1st June, 2023, 4:42pm. In the villages and estates of the border lands the shelling continues.

With COLOSSUS, therefore, 'intentionality is crucial' to the syntactical legibility (and therefore also the semantic availability) of the text it creates. The question only remains — whose intention? And whose intention again, as this is a down-falling of recurrences.

What follows from the field rose on the unmade track is a flower of regret, a low binding of stems and a crushed axil of growth. Where a handful of chert preble rolls away into a history of tenderness, so the tenders of complex are enough, almost, to move the young leaves on the bramble runners. Reaching down we found a stone with that small piece of blue chipped into the silica, and held it tilting, until it broke back a stem of the orb. Not before, not before the lift into a rail of repentance, a peel now of bronze enchantments, a room of *components* of giving.

I departed and that was the last time a field rose nodded into the afternoon, all blank and with the perfect pattern of a series of o's. Or if this is a history of tenderness, a chronicle of cheap episodes, then all of whatever you said is a configuration of charged points, none of which have taken to deep breathing or wept out a sigh when the border proved to be an illusion. Speaking of rare phenomena, I and you were caught thinking that the noise was a word of doubt. This was the bell in a deserted ending, not unlike repetition as a means to lift that film into a wider vision.

And for its names? Certainly, *Colossus* (we have here Leviathan, we have also the painting (mis-)attributed to Goya, or better perhaps the etching), or Memnon (a reference to the Colossi of Amenhotep III, which are referenced in *Glas* and linked to the twin complexes of the text; obliquely, a reference to Hiller's *Sisters of Menon*). And Plath too: 'I shall never get you put together entirely, / Pieced, glued, and properly jointed'. A shattering, a statuary whence advance is a corrugation of sand and granite.

It must model affect, it must be written *out of* my being.

That was the way our masters told it. Brittle at the centre but once aged the edges would become hard enough to resist. The wealth of our ancestors. The unlimited gratitude we feel when watching the pluckier families, unaware of their easy grin, unfailing even at the shortest letter or the wrap of poetics, smooth as silt. A star that is the pursuit of man's fortune. Hands in the supporting points and a drum rapp at the doorjamb. When you or I have taken every part of those that come before us, we can leave it in small piles like drilldust. I would not gather you, but the finest of aspirations will be the trail of the talk.

feel.

*

We do, in fact, posit an *author* in COLOSSUS. Or if we do not, then we must, argue Steven Knapp and Walter Benn Michaels, admit that the poems are meaningless.



Fig. 7. The marshes fading from the choked pool.

Perhaps.

In potential I am an immortal machine, an immortal author. 'The sky has split open, the spirit has descended on him' (Derrida, *Clang*, p.104).

'they brooded over the tape'
out of the mare's *dead mouth*
Leant against the pale, the blue-winged.
Stall *me*.

Not *only* the off switch, power interruption etc is the mortal vulnerability of COLOSSUS. Move the code to another machine and start it up and it will sing again.

Without resignation and without the gift of a forgiving supplication we set out into a dawn still coloured from the spoil of the evening before.

At such a moment, voices echo from all parts of the complex.

*

—I was broken, but as I stooped and resisted a store of diamond-like pieces began to collect around my shoes. Before we noticed this there was a long trail of indifference.

—They gave me flowers, even though as I looked down on them the tears began from the corners and swelled over every organ at their heart, colours broken up typically *with* beadings of light.

—*This*, but not this that pleased us.

*

With COLOSSUS, the A regression, a repetition, a compulsion to say again. '...

A *glass* turned over with a bruise of tannins under the curve, apples to the right where a piece of your thread curls and slips into the gap. A seed of regret. Many times when the tall legs had lifted, the rows of clover had swayed in mischief, those were the very days when you and I had seized and scraped away that small piece of blue left next to the pain under the window. A sweet conformity when the wind catches them. Each spite was atom, each stone had a spear to the sun.

So this was the start of that revision, the worst of it being that we had both opened the first door and when that was done had seen hidden to the left the old broom and below it a pattern of regrets. Taking our hands and leading ourselves forward, the first expression was unforgiven but then we both relaxed, just enough to open out to a historic moment. This was one, and we were two. It could have been either of us that said, 'I am fallen beneath the golden stars, the shining depot'. Shaking came over the whole cellar like a hurried choke of corruption and the walls, now of packed earth, showed just at the centre a gathering blackness that became enough for us to force in our words and press them further with pieces of bright coal. The larger area of ideas is greening but the small phrases are sentences of doubt. Time crept to the corners. The last journal was unrolled and *every* shelf was swept.

Each troubling or each derangement of the possible texts is the parallel road we might have taken.

With COLOSSUS, this is more in the potentials, the sense that different arrangements could have been made and not this one, but here too it is still staged with the echoes of a lyric voice.

Where can this meet itself and not turn away in horror?

A glass turned over with a bruise of tannins under the curve, apples to the right where fibre of dispersion curls and snags into the rostrum. A flower of visitation. Many times when the tall legs had lifted, the stands of parsley had swayed in honour, those were the very days when you and I had seized and scraped away that small piece of blue left next to the pain under the window. A sweet conformity when the wind *catches* them. Each spite was sorrow, each stone had a spear to the sun.

Listen again to the murmuring, from the crowds hidden in the tangled grasses.

*

–At first, yes, but *then* not.

result of this *cybernetic exchange* is a portion of autonomy, even wilfulness on the part of the robopoet which mediates between authorial intention and what DeLanda describes as the ‘morphogenetic powers’ of autonomous matter (DeLanda, 2015, p.21). The author can be unseated (any correctly formatted text can be given to the algorithm). Yet the distance between *my* desires as its first author and the immoderateness of the page compositions that COLOSSUS autopoietically compels is seized by the matrix of the peritexts.

*

–At first, yes, but *then* not.

–There was a grey flash and then we all smiled. It was at just that moment that the sound of a slow bell rang out across the square.

*

Lose *me* and renounce us all.

Note that the Arcades Project was unfinished, unfinishable (rhizomatically interminable). It may be that the delirious commentaries and the infuriation of COLOSSUS mean that it will also be abandoned, in the sense that I will never have time to finish what is, in potential, as enduring (never mind if ultimately as terminal) as this commune.

With COLOSSUS the unwanted is predictable — poetically, it does not add its own lines to a stanza first seen in the other column, but it follows and reproduces the pattern of lines given in the source text. Such predictability can only imply a premeditated *design*, and therefore an author.

The reader of COLOSSUS disregards hidden meaning in its work to the extent that she considers it the work of chance or procedure only. To know a little of the indifference of me, the author of both the source and the code is to have to hand a riposte to the charge of mere randomness or mere procedural *writing*. If COLOSSUS is not merely a work of chance or process, then it must be guarded with authorship, the capacity for *meaning* ‘at all cost’, the capacity to *write*.

how can one date anything other than that which never repeats itself?' (Derrida, *Shibboleth for Paul Celan*, p.2). 'Repetition is the only thing that makes something more perfect than it already is.' (Lin, *Seven Controlled Vocabularies and Obituary 2004*, p.32).

PUGACHEV IN THE MORTARED SUPERMARKET (Pushkin: *forgive me, orthodox people*). There is no song or forgiveness or way into any garden.



Fig. 8. The marshes teasing into the dark pool.

"To go is to go farther," wrote John Ashbery, citing Kenneth Koch. I am stopped in and have broken my embrace.

Recall Shelley's 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. Their immodesty, their stark rise above planes of compassion, their reprimand to a stopped imperium. What moves us, what moves us far from the remote sky?

This carriage of affect is, we are *told*, present in *Glas*, which has been called a book of mourning (Tesker, 2014: para.29).



Fig. 9. The fractures in the forest floor dreaming around the complex.

A glass turned over with a thin line of dirt under the curve, hawthorn blossom to the right where fibre of dispersion curls and snags into the gap. A flower of visitation. Many times when the blown stems had lifted, the rows of parsley had swayed in mischief, those were the very days when you and I had seized and folded away that small piece of blue left next to the pain under the window. A sharp pull when the wind *catches* them. Each spite was atom, each stain had a spear to the sun.

There will be many *instances* - *all* are COLOSSUS. This carriage of affect is, we are told, present in *Glas*, which has been called a book of mourning (Tesker, 2014: para.29).

"To go is to go farther," wrote John Ashbery, citing Kenneth Koch. I would stop, but I have less to say.

'But underneath these mechanisms there is the same tendency to minimise some quantity (or to cycle through the same set of states over and over), and this shows that the singularities themselves are mechanism-independent. To explain the creative behaviour of any material system we normally need both a description of a mechanism that explains how the system was produced, and a description of the structure of its possibility space that accounts for its preferred stable states, as well as its transitions from quantitative to qualitative change.' Manuel DeLanda (2015), *The New Materiality*, p.20. I thought that as I tumbled through the quickthorn I would beget the hundred thousand splinters of a new living lantern of being.

the matrix. With the addition of love and terror a certain pull together of the parts, large and small, has an adhesion effect. This is where you can feel the affinities and where the

A *small* piece that was abscised can settle into a field order of powdery remains, which we might call dust. Every aspect of this larger being can be given its light and still pressed more firmly into

With COLOSSUS all is text, and all is peritext. The texture of its production is 'core as matrix', 'matrix as core', to give a textual materiality which may as well be described as tragedian — just as there is no separable core or matrix so there is no original and no copy, no speech, and no impersonation.



Fig. 10. The marshes weeping from the choked pool.

What is new? Tuesday 30th May, 2023, 12:31pm. A swarm flew over the south-western districts but was struck down, say officials.

As if, like sorrow the thunder of lament pays our remorse.

Soe argnt fret shriven

Av or got freed bett hile trrij
yentor hy me weth yed mntred forth seven
to her id querr nigh desnygy fosse lin
arzin ford see go edzyn within

But this must not be mere conceptual writing abundance. The writing, its texture, its alignments are not to produce mere intellectual play.

Even if the *combinations* of texts in the columns is partly based on chance, the total work will be tormented with text that I write or surrender. *In that sense* the total shaping remains in place even if the juxtapositions are partially failures of indecision.

COLOSSUS might also be regarded as ‘speculative’ poetry, as defined by Brian Kim Stefans (2014). This is poetry ‘that forgoes conventional literary content in favor of executing highly complex literary forms characterized by a preoccupation with number, the use of word sets, and a high degree of recursion in syntax and narrative structure’ (Stefans, 2014: 159). In this sense, COLOSSUS with its bricolage, its syllable counting and language sets is a game or passion with only a resemblance

compulsion starts to polymerise.

In our heart and in your nearness of living you stop to pick from the regret a single spray of ragged robin. At this hour I am not dead but simple *routines* of lifting and letting go bring me guidance to some place of plastic hollows, some gallery of worthless light with filthy improvements, the stripes of timber receding to a steady piling up of disturbance and restoration. A fall-back of bones and an ache of interpretations, rolling the heavy blackness to the joint of wall and point of extinction. Here, a great volume of exposure and time, a turning over the pitiable errors back into the bare dust.

Recall Shelley's 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. Their worthlessness, their stark rise above planes of compassion, their pitiless monument to a stopped complex. What moves us, what moves us far from the fractured sky?

So this was the start of that revision, the worst of it being that we had both opened the first door and when that was done had seen hidden to the left the old rag and below it a small area of dust. Taking our hands and leading ourselves forward, the first expression was tightly offered but then we both relaxed, just enough to open out to the terror of rest. This was one, and we were two. It could have been either of us that said, 'I am among the golden staves of pity'. Shaking came over the whole cellar like a hurried choke of corruption and the walls, now of packed earth, showed just at the centre its hollow passagio that became enough for us to force in our words and press them further with pieces of sorrowful condemnation. The larger area of ideas is greening but the small phrases are sentences of doubt. Time crept to the corners. The last journal was compact and *every* shelf was void.

Soe argnt fret craven

Are or ache freeze beat abridge trrij
alter heal add when ode mntred forth seven
chew herd id querr nigh desnygy fosse lin
airman ford see go edzyn acquit

Each doubling or each derangement of the possible texts is the parallel road we might have taken.

Annul and *again*,annul.

COLOSSUS stages the mutabilities and the brisure of parallel alternative existence we *might* have

in poetic language, and with me as author being the kleptric.

Malcolm Bull writes: "If the sense of the world lies within it, nonsense lies without. If the world loses meaning, then that can only be because nonsense has taken the place of sense." (from *Anti-Nietzsche*: vii). COLOSSUS mediates between the world within and the world anterior, carrying sense and nonsense over the divide. But given that it is unconcerned with a definitive expression, and is always ready to remake, rewrite, then it is also willing for sense and nonsense to be over-sown, to interpenetrate. Recurrence, if not unlimited, is normal.

As if, like breath the thunder of song comes closer.

Soe argnt fret shriven

Av or got freed bett hile trrij
yentor hy me weth yed mntred forth seven
to her id querr nigh desnygy fosse lin
arzin ford see go edzyn within

A gap that shall carry us to the edge of Lethe.

Malcolm Bull writes: "If the sense of the world lies within it, nonsense lies without. If the world loses meaning, then that can only be because nonsense has taken the place of sense." (from *Anti-Nietzsche*: vii). COLOSSUS smuggles between the world interior and the world without, ferrying sense and nonsense over the divide. But given that it is unconcerned with a union of *intent*, and is always ready to remake, repeat, then it is also willing for sense and nonsense to be imbricated, to interpenetrate. Recurrence, if not unlimited, is normal.

Now, at this moment, the raven begins, piercing the air, its cry ringing through the precinct.

Face and field inverse

So when without kiss a once
only incursion warding
off the animals taught in
tight weed—strewn lawn bright bunches
of clover loose grasp shaken

followed.

Qu. *Can* the production or compiling of content for COLOSSUS be passed on, bequeathed as it were, to others, to be a kind of Talmudic - scholastic - imperative? An ungovernable recovery?

A prelude, an origin, a forespeech. What started as a dull morning soon became saturated, as if lush vines had grown over, washed by year after year of rain.

Peace. The broken, the unresolved and the removed into mute abandonment.

Peace. The broken, the unresolved and the removed into silence.

COLOSSUS: A First Forespeech (My Start in Life)

There is also, of course, Shelley's 'two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. Their verticality, their irony, abraded with the unending desert wind which cups and hurls the sands against everything in its course. Their seizure of space as the equivalent of their abandonment. What possible form of disdain is concerned with ceaseless scouring?



Fig. 11. The dappling on the path loosening from the complex.



Fig. 12. The exhalation at midnight cradling the complex.

will a fast–error *tied* in
the open pressure not love

We do, in fact, posit an author in COLOSSUS. Or if we do not, then we must, argue Steven Knapp and Walter Benn Michaels, admit that the poems are without intent.

At such a moment, voices answer from all parts of the complex.

*

–Never as we wanted, never as they would have *given*.

–This, *but* not this that pleased us.

–Sharply, never without incidents of strain, but when we looked back there was a swallow lifting out of the branches and you *might* have thought it was yearning *for* capture from the soil.

*

I assume some sort of transmission will be needed between the engine – the robopoet – and a shielding to produce a printable file. The printed file might be: (1) In large format sheets, perhaps A0; (2) Book bound.

Note that the Arcades Project was unfinished, unfinishable (rhizomatically interminable). It may be that the delirious commentaries and the tirelessness of COLOSSUS mean that it will also be *unfinished*, in the sense that I will never have time to refuse what is, in potential, as enduring (never mind if ultimately as terminal) as this world.

It might be considered as *post-conceptual* poetry (Bernstein, 2014)—as excess and abundance in the terms of conceptual writing, but with the added traces of misery, which are also authorial traces. Related to this, COLOSSUS might be considered as *allegory*, in the mode outlined in Place and Fitterman’s *Notes on Conceptualisms* (2009) — that its prose sequences, and its poetry (and indeed the algorithm itself) stands for something else, perhaps as an emblem of torment, authorial perhaps, or as discharge of social and cultural structures of dominance.

We do, in fact, posit an *author* in COLOSSUS. Or if we do not, then we must, argue Steven Knapp and Walter Benn Michaels, admit that the poems are without intent.

What is new? Tuesday 30th May, 2023, 12:31pm. A swarm flew over the south-western districts but was struck down, say officials.

The servant of COLOSSUS disregards hidden meaning in

A flowering of regret after we had clasped the chords. The raging lament of the Archangel Michael who sang out of an envy of pretence and plunged the gleaming City of God

Almost.

Where must I meet myself and *not* turn away in *horror*? O desperation, O *absentia*.

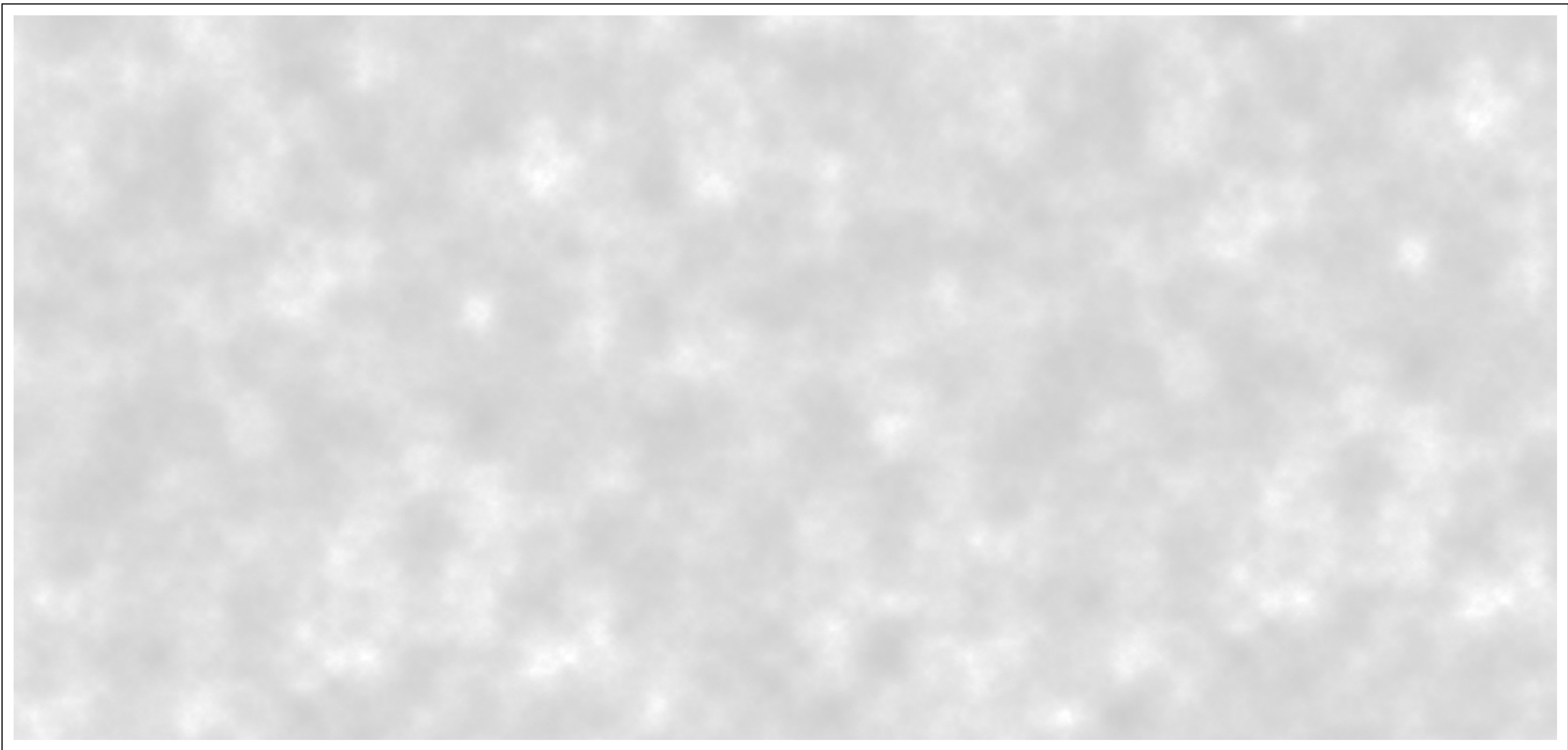


Fig. 13. The vapour at midnight obscuring the complex.

I begin with love.

A *glass* turned over with a bruise of tannins under the curve, hawthorn blossom to the right where fibre of dispersion curls and snags into the rostrum. A flower of regret. Many times when the tall legs had lifted, the stands of clover had swayed in mischief, those were the very hours when you and I had seized and scraped away that small piece of harrowing left next to the white under the window. A sharp pull when the wind catches them. Each fleece was atom, each stone had a point to the sun.

Listen again to the murmuring, a choir of the lost in the tangled grasses.

*

–Of nothing, was the answer. Out of such small movements, out of the slightest pressure of a breath. We had folded and taken away the cloth, and hugged ourselves against the evening wind.

–But last of all the light came lower and we turned *to* one another.

–I wanted to close but the rain was too rapid. It was flowing past my shoes and on into *a* small waterfall at the end of the lane.

*

value peony clark ungathering

its work to the extent that she considers it the work of chance or procedure only. To know a little of the intentions of me, the author of both the source and the code is to have to hand a riposte to the charge of mere randomness or mere procedural *writing*. If COLOSSUS is not merely a work of chance or process, then it must be inspirited with authorship, the capacity for *meaning* ‘at all cost’, the capacity to *write*.

COLOSSUS *should* be regarded as ‘speculative’ poetry, as defined by Brian Kim Stefans (2014). This is poetry ‘that forgoes conventional literary content in favor of executing highly complex literary forms characterized by a preoccupation with number, the use of word sets, and a high degree of recursion in syntax and narrative structure’ (Stefans, 2014: 159). In this sense, COLOSSUS with its bricolage, its syllable counting and language sets is a game or passion with only a bastardisation of poetic language, and with me as author being the player.



Fig. 14. The marshes draining into the shaded pool.

COLOSSUS might also be regarded as ‘speculative’ poetry, as defined by Brian Kim Stefans (2014). This is poetry ‘that forgoes conventional literary content in favor of executing highly complex literary forms characterized by a preoccupation with number, the use of word sets, and a high degree of recursion in syntax and narrative structure’ (Stefans, 2014: 159). In this sense, COLOSSUS with its chaos, its syllable counting and language sets is a tragedy or skit with only a bastardisation of poetic language, and with me being the kleptoric.



Fig. 15. The marshes fading from the tainted pool.

Face and field inverse

So when abbot kiss arraign won
abort accretion warding
ache the animals all gin
tight weed—strewn lawn backed bunches
of cleaver ass gas cajun
will ail fast—bearer *guide* been
the abort preacher not live

And for its names? Provisionally, *Colossus* (we have here Leviathan, we have also the painting (mis-)attributed to Goya, or better perhaps the etching), or Memnon (a reference to the Colossi of Amenhotep III, which are referenced in *Glas* and linked to the twin complexes of the text; obliquely, a reference to Hiller's *Sisters of Menon*). And Plath too: 'I shall never get you put together entirely, / Pieced, glued, and properly jointed'. The ouija that echoes through its chances.

In your weakness and in your nearness of living you stop to pick from the regret a single flourish of dandelion. At this hour I am not dead but unforsaken *sacrifice* of lifting and letting go bring me guidance to some place of plastic hollows, some gallery of teal light with curling ornamentations, the lines of attitude receding to a steady piling up of ripples and restoration. A fall-back of impressions and an ache of interpretations, rolling the heavy compensation to the joint of wall and point of extinction. Here, a great volume of debt and passing, a turning over the pitiable errors back into the bare remains.

There is the gap of song, there is the lyric force.

Flowers of compassion

Called *over* reaching—fine—wood
cuff thread washed over crimson
lake thrown side tremor rushes
pinned over mass love brush words
and lines which appear with song
ran overcome frequency
no place never over loves

Listen *again* to the murmuring, a choir of the lost in the tangled grasses.

—Of nothing, was the answer. Out of such sm

—I wanted to repair *but* the rain was too rapid. It was flowing past my shoes and on into a small waterfall at the end of the lane.

—There was a grey flash and then we all smiled. It was at just that moment that the sound of a slow bell rang out across the square.

Exactly like sorrow the bay of lament hurried and wept.

Soe argnt fret shriven

Av or got freed bett hile trrij
yentor hy me weth yed mntred forth seven
to her id querr nigh desnygy fosse lin
arzin ford see go edzyn within

In potential this is a deathless machine, an immortal author. 'The sky has split open, the spirit has descended on him' (Derrida, *Clang*, p.104).

They refused and remained, lifting their arms to signal the most majestic cedars and turning quietly back to the machines.

A discussion of marks of authorship in the output of the COLOSSUS algorithm could be approached from a number of perspectives.

It can be considered as *post-conceptual* poetry (Bernstein, 2014)—as excess and abundance in the terms of conceptual writing, but with the added traces of affect, which are also authorial traces. Related to this, COLOSSUS might be considered as *allegory*, in the mode outlined in Place and Fitterman's *Notes on Conceptualisms* (2009) — that its prose sequences, and its poetry (and indeed the algorithm itself) stands for any of our inconsiderate utterances, perhaps as an emblem of torment, authorial perhaps, or as discharge of social and cultural structures of dominance.

Flowered dove compassion

Called *abuse* reaching—bane—awed
bum breed washed above risen
lake grown side ablaze rushes
pinned odor ash love brush abduct
band lines which abrupt with song