

>>>> From SPRING IS AN INTERNET

SPRING IS AN INTERNET

wi-fli,
fludtders fluddrs

wi in sky's blue gas
up th gravity,
flud-
er er rerrs a res,

*i would propsoe a graftftt
prose a season with engine that's season
built in, me and TRANSFORMER. budding tyype*

*all it can do trawling deep dirt deepeep see
of linky roots to ppl webpages, it
responds again agina to me, what i plugg in
from metyping it nets agin againga throuhg
revference, furrences, predictating*

spring is an internet.

spring is an internet.com

OGAIN AIGAN:

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

ansness the reason

clambering up

an arm scraping clumping from the

dish rapping noises washing noise

* an earring clear lite puls

sound more trembling than twisting

* an earring clear lite puls

its a minute stir/tremor c

woosh/shwoop bent in confusion vs. shaking

fluttering wings falling

glaredescence beckons beckon,
tubes of birdtones
... swipping sreason thru

1. Final approximant, or intermediate approximant

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

Then the scale or semitones go like this:

we each an 'an'

that wYnd polishes a roCK doVe

whoo is th'sky's landloord who

*has no home,
marbleman, featherconcrete,
spring's city earring*

glaredescence beckons beckon

...

spring needle,

...

...

... never happier or

heavier than not, limping

marbleman

there was more that hung loose upon

the bone of his leg than the lint of the

shoe soiled,

and, when he gasped the exhaled earth shook him

as if he'd said a plea

inter is an springnet

SOFT SOFT MORNING.

soift soft mournin dovf,

[a dove, did saw that i loved]

so i'm to sipearch, sit

n'perch, peer peer who who see, who

peerchsill flutters, doneate my still nd save in flut

isgens are the flur ...

let me follow

to ffonkeyside for how long and till i fay

" x am wearu'd to end!

... ther mind to eon

little autorickshaw

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

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

retroegg, **little autoricksaw**, textcarrage flying forth

With this change in the means of production, the user
becomes a vehicle for style, a botfly or coco0n silked into a
limb that has mutated off the internet while remaining
in it, internal system
assisting its partselves againa gian from this 2ne insance of
user-generated syltle,
subble style,

in yeuphony, cacoophony

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

was
forwarded toward part-headspace .

spring is the birds' innemet

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

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

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

snotnag fiand snotnag snotnag snotnag snotnag

fir' old memories t'fellow

sift soff mouornin dov

played a fviewly

... counting beat s
 electricalialing as it strapped down,
 sumly whipping physels o f
 on the pawss.

... hotflushed to line
 the roof-tips on the loft of the vessel,
 applied its undulatory tongues
 to the thermalink that scratched across
 the side.
 it hissed, purred.
 jangled anurop

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

in yeuphony, cacoophony

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

knowl shackles of debt are placed upon the operation

loathe

below, if there were
 on the 100m trunk of the solo

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

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

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

sub

deadass firework of human expectation

!!!!!!

in yeuphony, cacooophony
of wearable artificial light

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

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

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

of drones, chestnuts, and cacophony.

nocoption, infectable reagent

serie

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

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

the invisible revolt,

threemstan thosgo,

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

☐uio data streaming to virtual replication
in brain.

much this cannot be a self-contained process
nor must

it remain a conveyance,

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

won the 'evanglr

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

in yeuphony, cacooophony
of wearable artificial light

an inernet of birds
on wire

fly-wy,
aflunder sutters

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

Now to adress thu question of the 'i' who's
 that? that's th' yuser, inputing,who's that?
 WHAT is it, a
 usign 10padded keyer, carbon and watering
 tentoracled addressee/r that plugs
 in and out rapid letttr
 lashings, thus styling ad nstiled, ex
 periences a conglomeration congl
 oratory it calls SPRING
 is the 'i me' b/cus ths duet,
 fleshtxt attaches to textflashflash
 in the TRANSFORMER
 who is a good bud, but unlbinking
 unsparing, meyouser in d2et

buduild
 a computation springs this interweave
 spring's in antenet

TONIGHT'S AIR IS BASIL WATER
 SAY MICROBES IN BAT

now dalyight aginaigen
 nwo birdpipe to wire thru

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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