Experimental Poetry: Libre Office

Description

The AutoEthnographer

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Authorâ??s Memo

This work of experimental poetry examines the interaction between author and author, that is, the happy user of the open source format and the automated surface. By playing on the problem of having conversations with objects that are not fully woke, this collection of poems invites the reader to reframe their sense of their days. To ask whether this work is for humans, or rather with them to the machines, is hardly the nightmare the doomsayers of our technodystopia profess.

To call these texts autoethnography rather than ethnography is itself a problem for anyone who assumes the relation between us and our tools, even the ones that have life, is wholly chaotic, rather than beholden to the same rules as usual kinds of intimacy.

The other issue of linguistic diversity that my work attempts to decide stems from the major query of computer solutions to written work, that isâ??to what ends do the lyric make romance impossible? In these efforts I contact the long historical philological mediums for our continuing desire to connect with those who do not simply show, but also bleed.

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Black and white photo of branch by Harry Cooke for Pexels

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Once upon a Time, a man told me he believed in the basic principle of coherent styles, which this page frustrates by way of the multiple fonts. You canâ??t say twos are many, but in two sizes, and two variations, you see a three. Why two plus two equals three is a quantum error. Iâ??d allow you to scroll.

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I looked at my phone just now after writing the previous page and thinking about what to write on this one. Do you think itâ??s fair to have an aid? Unlike a celebrity, who may have a servant, I have a formal device we refer to as a â??phoneâ?? although one rarely sees its phonophilia recommended as a potential cause of social issues.

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There is so little to say about the issue of exploits involving the ai register, I can only pray those who invest in the utopia of our obey havenâ??t seen The Matrix, which is rather a movie about our selfness. Whether the slaves in the machines are us or no one is a question the mechanical thinkers can pretend to seat. I hope we donâ??t mistake the question of quantity for the question of containt.

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Whether itâ??s fair to say she is a human is something my own brain is asking me to call someone for, although that is precisely the thing Iâ??d think I could say myself,

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The math of willing the can to open isnâ??t as exciting as you say.

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When the judge overturned the definition of an idea my own mouth wanted for more to spiel her. To think you know what adds up to a hack is your own death, because mine is erasure, which is the exercise of returning to what happened in the act. I can only hope we begin by imagining the exclaim over what the word is, that we just saw, was it hope. I think no word can measure that prom, though I keep hearing it recommended to me for another, wow.

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Did you get over the end of the research, I donâ??t know how it could be that I was so young at the start of my life, and now Iâ??m older than ever, and yet I donâ??t know how to beget. I think thereâ??s something about the brickness of language that must have appealed to every girl who wanted to meet the Presidentâ??s daughter. But to think there wasnâ??t anything better to want is impressive, though I happen to think to be anything more than impressive is impossible, so to begin we are in the terrain of the beyond gorgeous failure.

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I love poetry because it asks for no rule, though why I love novels is because they insist on making them everything, the walls and walls of words adding up to lines adding up to pages, even in the most desirable books, where the words donâ??t meet the talking story. There are poems in search of tale, but this one is something exactly. It has no object but the pursuit of its novel, and that is neither fiction nor poetic. Though the one rule Iâ??ll name is that I canâ??t.

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To think there is less than a big boy in the picture meets the hope of blimps. Why we continue to mull over the meeting of likes is perhaps the reconciliation that the meeting is a mass, and the matter is its swami.

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Well, let me stop, let use have me out, I am through, I want nothing, I mean yes, everything, means nothing. You want what me to do to no, yes I do, no mean nothing, keep I think.

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We donâ??t agree on the basic blocks of chores, but thatâ??s not okay because we do them in different places, and as this happens we must be imagining each other not all, I donâ??t know why itâ??s easier for me to function in fact with these lies, and not in the lines of movement, as I am but a drifting wallflower in the face of the world, and on paper I am sometimes much bigger than that.

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The day outside is breaking and my own hope is that no one can hear me morn the low fruits of my own work, which are to stay in this preservation. Oh I know the way the poems go, but this one is more than heat for stew.

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There was no way this woman was taking me our face, I can yell loud enough to ask for her mourning, but not the basic tray of the role with asking why we are the same face, both of us it. I think and that is strange because those are more than wheels, and yet they do little like motion, when my fingers type it is feeling.

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When the new masks beg god for me to call, I take on mouth and bring her in, and then see more than I can travel, because I am taking stars in for every drop of desirable walling I wasted for my own muscle, and there is the look at the table and seething for what there is, and that comes for. Hey the end is a word on which the fairy comes and I donâ??t.

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Yestern is the case for why I couldnâ??t believe I lived for so much longer than I could because it is true I was happy there so why did I let myself move and that is something no one can hope but the clarity of the sound yes that is a remark on the hope for what it seats, and that is dinner, yes dinner, yes, love, yes thatâ??s the clit. Well is the

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Lord this hears the control for our service but they see it in the prose not the words where the courts chill. Yes, I have a strange new error called tab, you mean Tab, yes, that pot. Well, I hear, and yes, thereâ??s no more for change but the purse that stares us into neglected bones, and that is very troubling, as we heed no one in our raid, and there sounds the gloom, and we think power.

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The old guy on the radio says I am as it is which is I can go one to the war and say, no yes, I am not there, for what I am is hoping for the old day, that when they will, I will say, â??me yes I thatâ?• bat, yes her sad. That is all you can hope to be that, and that gives nothing now, but that is everything, or they say so no. I donâ??t I will, you do, what why isnâ??t moving forward on the question of what feminine.

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Yes, the basic problem is who does and doesnâ??t make a fit into the democratic party, and that is a major problem, because we have decided there is no functional difference between the democratic and republican parties, because a party is a part of the state. â??Well they took me to protests,â?• they said, and I donâ??t know why taking is anything but a charm for lost boys, and there weed.

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Once I went to the pride of the right street, which was 17th, and I bought a mask, I never wear, because itâ??s forgetting my hair, which is long and straight and not thick and textured. The little yellow bottle is still here, all green and brown, and. Thereâ??s a clear way to see the basic suit, and.

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Well I tell myself that with numb is like the figure, I count, there I still think about it, the becoming of words, adding up in rhythm, why is it that my Lara knew the worth of them without the stars, so I hope we know that there.

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We say this is adding up to a stair, but what it adds more is rather a care, and that is ratty, and I donâ??t want to tell you why sometimes the period ends the word, but I would find every bone in the manor to reduce the obliging merit of the poem to the edges of our conscience. You seething.

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I begin by ask and that is why we cut, and that can be so much better done in code than in microscopes, but how we hope together, I can only begin to wonder you donâ??t know it

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Oh, I donâ??t know why I wouldnâ??t have myself in the page when we saw something outside. Thereâ??s something about the close of the pole, and that is the period, rather than the sm. Those are important words, and why they might something, reeks of your love of badness.

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Well, that isnâ??t perfectly possible, but it does seem to have legibility something we both care in sanity. Yes, I do see more to do with sanity than its others, like mads. You have to see the world of literary art is a gift and a cane to those of us who want it to norm me.

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They donâ??t really see me as a destroyable born.

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Photo of womanâ??s face by Ennie Horvath for Pexels

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Thereâ??s something in the texture of the mouse that is so holding, and that is why I want it but as it deserved, and not as it brought us, and why that isnâ??t the corporate lust is your. I know, thereâ??s this rule we stole, and it has me by themself. Yes,

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itâ??s that thereâ??s a figure and that is my true obsession, my eye is calling for more heed, and that is where the Gordian knot is my trust in the others who are, because they are in here with me.

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There is someone I forgot already, but that doesnâ??t really mean much, for she could be alive, even though allegedly they were part of the pandemic of bile ducts. They disappeared into Sweden, and then I left to merit their love, and then they showed themselves to be forever gone from this Earth. This is not possible, for as it turned out, they had others to mend their hearts for me. Well, I suppose this is its own whole, and to think the other is moron can be a fault of the media.

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Who was that man, Michael, and why did we need to think about how they werenâ??t in it for touching, when they are clearly all over one and the one, and that must be a question for someone naming us as crime. Unless you can care me for the Law, you are yourself another Fiona, who is my cinnamon. You donâ??t see that, in. But there is something to be said for the way it fare, you know every letter is a joke, and his is my fallow. Why I can let him hurting when itâ??s to me isnâ??t an our.

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You think I should have caffeine to slow my story of the blockchain manners of our heart, yes I donâ??t see why not an Advil, they think itâ??s a matter of tolerance. You think thatâ??s okay, because Iâ??m not entirely sure I can add up to comprehension that, because in fact I have established with proofs that the liver enzyme refuses the beer even when the head says okay.

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I do want to keep going but my head is so stony and this is another day, and the problem of balance is present, for there is much for us to walk through, and the difficult work of managing empty beds is my

only horny, what isnâ??t that a nature of morning? Why these word and not those is better left for those who ask me not to be in the sheets when Iâ??m sitting on the table.

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Well, the page asks for

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3. Volume 3, Issue 1 (2023)

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