

"The Poet As Coder" ["Not-Moth" Second Line Text]

Loss Pequeño Glazier

1

Trying to see if I can nest Not-Moth in the nodes of code clusters that fluttered in Mayaguez. There was the portrait of a structure -- moth wings inside a pupa -- it was this nested code call It was how certain code stoking can strike a structure -- a cause and effect formation where the language is not just what's in the pupa, but is shaped by the translucency of the pupa's milk.

2

Lower limit code / upper limit music. I saw the structure in lucid dream:

```
<div id="phrases" ></div>
```

```
<p id="phrase1" >this can be anything</p>
```

```
<p id="phrase2" >this can be anything too</p>
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3

The case at hand is one where no one else can do the coding. Not: 'I'm poet and you're coder'. Not: 'Let's talk about what we want' since the meaning of the words inside the form erupts from agitation of the rubbing of the wings *against* the pupa, as in, 'the words are meaningless / until they emerge in the action'. It is imagination of structures, number of line blocks in each group.

4

Intimate relations where one thinks *through* the other are exceptions -- but code writing like moving your arm thru bramble. You maneuver, 'saying' but sensing thorns. It's one part of mind not having to tell the other part. Hand raises coffee to lips; didn't *tell* it to tho. Intrinsic architecture of code sees with no-mind's eye, phantom limb in mirror box of nerves.

5

Code is a creature you come to know thru yr own depraved relations. Snags tweak literary shrieks; utterance results from falling between lines of code, getting tangled in barbs, bits of flesh peeled, prickly-pear marks of stubborn mistakes over and over until you reach rock. It's the resistance of Azul Macauba granite undulating into form. Edges fall off in chunks, those are the coded frame.

6

Further, there are code configurations you cannot logically understand, like your native language, you operate within them, function -- the assumption is understanding may come later, or not. Examples are verbs like Spanish 'llevar' and 'traer', 'bring' and 'take' in English; usage not logical. Or when it's *tendr* or *tuviera*; both can be queued as sublunary realm subtleties suggest.

7

It's not that content is independent of framing. Coding, though unseen, *is* the content as well. making code is being within your 'other'. If you take a template from one file and lay it on another, what drives the decision to keep a pattern of say, 2-2-3-3-4-4 variants. i.e., stanza of 6 lines with two variants for the first line, two variants for the second, three variants for the third line, etc.

8

How do you vary the pattern within a stanza of 8 lines? Would you stay at 4 variant lines or back down to 2 variant or 3 variant lines? Such a decision may emerge from specific words or phrases lines themselves. A word such as 'rose', for example, with its promise of 'rouse', 'rise', 'ruse', 'rust', might have generate momentum towards a 4 line set whereas musk, by sound, must tend to less.

9

In other words, numeric patterns determine themselves -- based on impulse, inner momentum, or any number of overriding facts. Poet emerges inventive, motivated, alert as a Buddhist in the present moment, instant instinct of one's inner coder. The 'here there' attentive to weave of strands of material while maintaining a vision of the form, utility, cobalt hue of woven object.

10

If, 'Poetics starts with attested meanings or effects and asks how they are achieved.' Then maybe it's that imaginary space. How music comes from air. Peripherals need no cables. The camera no film. It's imagining media that depends on imaging new relations in spaces *in between*. This occurs the same way that the numbers of colors of your interface resonate with the letters on the page.

11

It's unarguable that #663033 ('dark brown') has a different appeal than #8B4513 ('saddle brown') while C00A0A practically spells 'chocolate' or 'cocoa' tho commonly called 'dark brown'; looking at codes is like staring into a candy shop window: #C3690F is Chocolate; #6C3306 is Baker's Chocolate; #6C3336 = Semi-Sweet Chocolate. Numbers are music. Candy is in the code; the code is the candy.

12

Or take the way the word 'yellow' mis-typed appears as 'eylloe'. It is arguable that the mis-typed version is more 'yellow' than the properly spelled word, it has exuberance, the eye enters more smoothly, its final 'oe' hanging like the bud of a spring daffodil. These are hard details tö explain ('toe xplain'). The way the 'o' and 'e' are run together on the title page of 'The Moth Pöm' 1964.

13

Numbers not per se revelatory. They are more like grains of material, wood, stone, a sculpture. The design of the sculpture is not defined by its grains but, even unseen as finished, move something within artist's stroke. Whether impulse, aesthetic or conceptual, decision is made. A small decision but deliberate. It is code. The code-stroke the simple act of word in-form, code as word.

14.

Lower limit code / upper limit music. I saw the structure in lucid dream:

textAr[10] = "01 : pianissimo sounds of strings tapped / trapped / rapt / attract"

All four make sense: the moth is trapped; it taps against the strings; it is trapped; its wings rapped against the strings, the poet enrapt. The sound attracts the poet, not unlike light attracts the moth.