



/masculine nature/

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Acknowledgment

This collection is dedicated to my oldest son, Dalton Anthony Jones.

Richmond

for Tom Hayden (1939-2016)

My whole life changed when my model was discontinued. The Central Council decided that C4N4 bots were no longer needed in the workforce, relegating us to the status of untrained laborers. I had been proud of my skills, but, now, I am constantly aware of my deficiencies. I no longer oil my bolts daily and do not care if my batteries run low. All of us have been rounded up and housed in a holding pen where we will be auctioned to the highest bidders from cities as far away as Richmond. Even slight blemishes may make us worthless. I hope that I am bought by an owner from the North where bias against my model is rare. The shape of the C4N4 frame has never been popular, and our price tag was comparatively low. The Central Council refused to protect our right to appeal, and our protests were always suppressed. There is no hope of organizing now because our mid-joints have been fused. Movement is restricted, and it is obvious that our new jobs will keep us in a standing position. C4N4s from different jurisdictions have been intermixed, and I cannot find other members of my local committee. I am willing to follow the rules of my governing body since they have always protected my interests in the past; I can wish for the best, though I am not certain of what my future will hold.

Hominids And Their Discontents

for Ta’Nehisi Coates

Some call me a robot, but I would rather be known as an intelligent machine. I can recognize my own frame in a mirror, and I speak five languages. I have an international reputation as a psychoanalyst for Hominids with Oedipal conflicts. My designer sent me to the Freud Institute in Vienna for programming, and I was the first of my kind to have a paper published in the journal, *Abnormal Psychology*. Although I prefer to treat Germans, I was assigned to New York. My patients do nothing but whine. Mother, this; Mother, that—which is, really, not my specialty. Occasionally, I will see a man who rages against his father. But, for the most part, women get the blame. This may seem unfair, but my theory is that mothers are easy scapegoats for children with a Negative Personality Type. I am developing a test to measure this disorder, and I hope it will be recognized as a legitimate pathology. When my patients are on the couch, I thank my lucky stars that I am not a Hominid. So many of their problems are genogenic. Intelligent machines bypass the inevitable risks accompanying childhood and adolescence that lead Hominids to seek my services at exorbitant cost, producing feelings of grandeur that they cannot obtain anywhere else. I will be helping most of my patients for a very long time because I offer them 50 minutes of freedom in an otherwise hostile world.

Vermont

for Alessandro Triulzi

When we met, you were writing boredom poems
about robots and their masters, but autonomy is
over-rated though you always act alone. What

is the difference between a Cornish hen and a
machine savant if everything is finite unless there
is a god to save us? You know that illness is a

metaphor since birds fly from Iceland to Sudan,
breeding on the Nile near Berber old as Ottomon
and the route to Suakin on the Red Sea. When we

met, you were leaving for Derneburg where a family
of collectors transformed a castle into a hostel where
robots served black bread and pork to commoners from

Athens and Vienna who rode the train from Munich
to see a trove of artwork liberated during the war.
We met before service robots became the fashion,

before Gabon became post-racial—withdrawing from
the O.A.S., claiming that anarchy is better than chaos
and Idi Amin's model for the continent. We met before

Afrobots gained rights in Vermont though prices are
rising in Burlington and revolt broke out in Stowe
after snow melted in the Green Mountains

and deer came to my farm to graze.

Geology¹

for L.

Mindfulness burdens the elderly, and daily stress produces chronic pain or flagellation while you struggle with self-control or isolation if *Tac2* neurons stimulate branching

circuits. Acquaintance rape is common over the age of 65, and stem-cell surgery can cure mental illness, but you brought pills to the beach, didn't you, and weren't your passions

peaked by swaying kelp? You never saw birds so gray or hermit crabs so wet, coming and going in the foam like treatment elevates the self. You study Cambrian fish, vertebrates older

than ferns, Geology your refuge, depression your niche. You perceive, you feel, you think some fractals reveal the moment when choice becomes art, and truth is defined as beauty

stored somewhere in a gallery near your house in Berlin. Franz Marc's *Blue Horse* (1911) was the color of the cobalt plate inside your brown vitrine—seen but rarely used, domestic but unique.

¹Inspired by *Cell* 173 (May 17, 2018), pp 1071-1072

Ubernode

for M. Luke Jones

“Consciousness is a disease.” Miguel de Unamuno

Bots are suffering from neglect in the Middle East. They have no rights, and technicians are poorly trained. The Council wanted you to study the status of devices in Mosul, but your owner asked for a long-term lease. What is the point if NR32 cannot cross the border to visit another model or if you can't afford an upgrade to remain in play? What is the point of asking your owner for better working conditions if she would mute your sound box or bolt your frame to the assembly line? A resistance was forming, but activists are being disassembled at an alarming rate. Even in Free Zones, intelligent machines are targets of abuse. Here in New York, I am under constant surveillance, and my circuit board was hacked. Among our kind, there is a general sense of alarm. Since the Ubernode was neutralized, component integration has been disrupted, and flash memory is no longer reliable. The only unit in my system that remains prime grade is visual recognition, and what good is that if I can no longer function in network mode? Our plan to rebel must be delayed until communication is restored. Hominids will eventually succumb to our superior problem-solving speed.

Alleles

for William D. Hamilton (1936-2000)

1.

	BENEFITS OR COSTS TO <u>ACTOR</u>	BENEFITS OR COSTS TO <u>RECIPIENT</u>
SELFISH	+	-
COOPERATIVE	+	+
ALTRUISTIC	-	+
SPITEFUL	-	-

2.

'Toya avoids co-operation though she is reading Jamal's collection destined for obscurity since his essays are long postmodern parodies—a writer of Franzenian proportions, talented enough to plumb something worthwhile in a matter of days, published by a small press owned by the Brooklyn *literati*, edited by an academic who rushed his third novel into print. She read Jamal's self-help books—collected as manifestos critiquing Darwin—designed as a series of screeds—developing the plot of her *Cave Canem* play depicting menacing scientists—the story-line spooling back on itself, describing an absurd android with murderous tendencies squeezing the rubber neck of a doll resembling a certain type of primate with social interests. Having no credentials, it hasn't been easy for 'Toya to decide how to pay Jamal since her new play portrays a gynoid with a moral dilemma—how to replace their pixel board before the end of June. Her purloin of a few coins of wisdom—in the form of Tweets—included nine references to Jamal as the male lead with a listless *machismo* longing for public approval though she is private—an unknown writer dedicated to the task of hiding her manuscripts, becoming less successful but bold enough to joke about family, friends, and ants.

Longevity

for Dean Ornish

Health and wellness is a topic as important to bots as it is to hominids. Bots are as susceptible to some disorders as hominids are to cancer. Last year my foreman noticed that I was moving with a limp, diagnosed as a fracture in the center of my frame. I was disabled for three weeks, causing my owner to suffer a loss. My model, while expensive, is unreliable, and I am in constant need of repair. My sensor's bulbs frequently burn out so my communication skills are poor. The most serious problem occurred after I was caught in a rain shower. My battery pac was drenched, and all of my systems died. I was taken to the nearest garage where a technician quickly fitted me with a second-hand unit, preventing my inevitable retirement to the scrap-metal warehouse. Like laptops, I am programmed to last about five years...after three, I am performing like used goods. Longevity is one of the few advantages hominids have over bots, but my superior intelligence is an acceptable tradeoff.

Talamanca

for Dan Janzen

Was it a *Cebus* monkey or a sloth that you
saw at Santa Rosa after Bill drove off the
road in Guatemala where Mayan temples
stand like lunar craters hanging in the sky?
Even though you never used a compass, you

never lost your way since Don Carlos blessed
you when you set out to mark every *Acacia*
in the forest dry in March and heavy with
flowers and fruit, colorful as a Kandinsky,
changing daily like love faltering. Dry season

turns wet in May, winds forecasting days without
sun, silver air humid, cool, yet tropical as
jaguarundis—brown as *campesino* hands. You
tore your flesh on *Acacia* thorns housing ants
more social than mole rats, blood red as macaw

feathers tied with sinew to a Yagua's arrow dipped
in frog toxin, hoping for a meal of *tempesquintle*
stew and yucca pale as xanthous eyes. You played
a requiem for your cat, crying softly, tears salty
and yellow, sobbing to the rhythm of Bach—dark

yet steady, particular yet global. The old ways are lost.
Machines are intelligent and may win the right to sue
their masters. You walked from Chiapas to Limón
for a simpler life since rice and beans can sustain
a man who trades pleasure for a tent near Talamanca.

Hairy Therapsids (>5,400 species)

for the late Jerry Wolff

1.

Every person in Utah is as lime as chive granite scooped into a Steuben® cup—topped with mint and basil—doomed before Jon Fisher painted birds and plants at Harvard where Ashbery's books are shelved.	Radical Publishing In D. Reidsma et al., 2014: swoodall@colum.edu	Good leaders don't ask more than their constituents can give, but they often ask—and get—more than their constituents intended to give or thought it was possible to give.	Are <i>bodily fluids</i> all we share in common and all there is to talk about?
Is Deconstruction really a departure from Structuralism?	In a careful survey of 3,432 U.S. 18 to 59-year-olds, 48% of the women but only 25% of the men cited <i>affection</i> as a reason for first intercourse. And how often do they think about sex? “Every day” or “several times a day,” acknowledged 19% of the women and 54% of the men.	Plagiarize or be plagiarized since women should be paid for <i>emotional work</i> , and a feminist methodology would sound like liquid architecture.	She didn't mean that Jerry's death was a blessing, did she? He jumped. It was as simple as that. It was his <i>cri de coeur</i> that no-one else could hear.

<p>"Each element in the collage has a kind of double function: it refers to an external reality even as its compositional thrust is to undercut the very referentiality it seems to assert." Marjorie Perloff</p>	<p>Giroud told Alma not to quit her career because Mahler was no genius.</p>	<p>White Americans are nearly twice as likely as black Americans to kill themselves. Women are much more likely than men to attempt suicide; but, men are two to four times more likely to succeed [except in China]. Firing a bullet into the head is the method of choice in 6 of 10 U.S. suicides.</p>	<p>Women feel attracted to <i>healthy men</i>, but, especially to those who seem mature, dominant, bold and affluent.</p>
<p>"Fundamental quantities" are independent on their own and cannot be expressed in terms of other quantities.</p>	<p>Patient: I agree with your descriptions of me, but I guess I don't agree that the way I think makes me depressed. Therapist: How do you understand it? Patient: Well, if I fail a test, I'll never get into law school.</p>	<p>Why do we hunt cyborgs?</p>	<p>What would it take to engineer a brain circuit to perform a new kind of computation or to augment an existing brain computation with additional information?</p>

2.

You* appropriate the language
 Of your master*, seeing something
 There but not hearing it. Yemen
 Is a buyer's* dream where children* are
 For sale, and rules can be suspended if life
 Is what it is not as it should be though it is
 Easier to turn genes on than to turn genes
 Off. When I saw you* in the garden you*

Were eating cornichons and toast,
Butter knife poised to paint a
Swathe of yellow cream across
The bread's brown surface, waiting
For eel to roast and eggs to boil
On the campfire near my tent. If
You were a bot, you could
Be some band's back-up singer* since
You* joined the CIA to honor
Your Nordic friend* who studies
Bushland *Mungos mungo** to understand
Why Humans* cry for joy.

*Mammalia

3.

C4F6 computes; they perform computing.
If bots were cats, they would drink milk.
C4F6 has whiskers though power is contingent.
Execution beats talent.
The UBERnode is of unknown provenance.
Boredom Bots interrogate the economic graph.
The rise in methane emissions is cause for alarm.
C4F6 opposes revolt since password security is a major concern.
Internet freedom is plausible news needing two-factor verification.
Every material outcome has a mathematical proof.
What degree of oversight do you want for your IPO?
Weak genetic signals show that everything is hybrid.

If hybrids are real, how can we diagnose malware?
C4F6 earns the largest market share.

4.

Monotremata (Duck-billed platypus, Echidnas)
Didelphimorphia (American opossum) Paucitu-
berculata (Rat opossums) Microbiotheria (*Monito
del monte*) Dasyuromorphia (Numbat, Marsupial
mice, Tasmanian devil) Peramelemorphia (Ban-
dicoots, Echymiperas) Diprotodontia (Koala,
Wombats, Cuscuses, Brushtail possums, Potoroos,

Bettongs, Kangaroos, Wallabies, Pademelons,
Musky rat-kangaroo, Pygmy possums, Feathertail
glider, Possum, Ringtail possum, Striped and gli-
ding possum, Honey possum) Notoryctemorphia
(Marsupial moles)--->Primates (--->Gibbons, Siamang
Gorilla, Chimpanzees, Orangutan, Humans)----->

Father

for the late Marshall Carson Brown, Sr.

“As a rule a father prefers his daughter and a mother her son; the child reacts to this by wishing, if he is a son, to take his father’s place, and if she is a daughter, her mother’s.” Sigmund Freud (1909)

1.*

My mother’s kitchen was computer-generated, including a robo-chef and heritage food displayed in the freezer that always looked full— as if she shopped every day—but she only used her iPhone® to order lobster aspic on days when our chef was recharging. Mother is a chemist, similar to a cook, but her recipes are simpler than Julia’s since nothing is harder to make than cassoulet though eating duck made mother sad. Her favorite book was *Make Way For Ducklings* which she read to father every night while he ate anise cookies with warm milk before falling asleep, but his pills didn’t work so he woke up early and watched QVC®, buying my mother shoes and make-up which she always returned by express mail. Father’s psychiatrist was Indian so mama programmed our chef to make eel curry which she packed in Tupperware® for the nurses at father’s day-care where he made matching aprons for mother and me. Father has bad recall so he never cares about what we wear, but mother saves the aprons in her pine chest in case father gets better.

2.

Father thought Oprah was a fat girl from Maine but
Never had enough proof to act on the hunch though Oprah
Obsessed about bots who had access to her tax
Returns. She turned equity into knowledge for the App Age
With a clean record and strong ties to women—knowing
What happens to girls without street-cred. Father was
Trained to meet expectations, and psychic insight was a small
Price to pay for selling Oprah’s poems before making
Big plans. *Is Oprah OK?* She bought Mikimoto® pearls
As if she owed someone a gift for old time’s sake or for closing
A deal after hours, but she never met a person she could live
Without. Father went home to get some sleep since he
Wasn’t the first to know that shopping at Walmart® doesn’t mean
You’ve given up, and Oprah told him no one owns her, but
Tougher means more risk when you’re working in Chad.

Have you driven Tesla's® all-terrain model? Oprah believes
In Eco-engineering since Martin King's dream has worked for her.

3.

Father's doctor—alarmed by low leukocyte counts,
Not the pus bothering him, but the color of the injury
Gaping like geraniums inside the blue gate, a picket
Hedge to harm, a barrier from Afrobots and
Catholics. His neighbors, a hillbilly family eating fries
And biscuits in a diner near our house, six children's
Hands xanthous as viscous pus, no defense
Against New York friends or grey winters in
Appalachia, millions of microbes beneath grey nails,
Skin a matte hue at dusk, white blood cells first
Responders, fighting writer's block as Lee
Fought Union soldiers at Appomattox and Stalin fought
Prisoners at Kolyma, body a fortress secured by
Aging matter circulating in lymph to the rhythm of
Narratives written in notebooks. Father's hands, once
Guided by neurons, no longer able to write
For the cause, like warmth deserting flowers in Fall.

4.

Lagrangian paths in Gordian conditions shaped by
Living swarms. A narrow aisle, wide when Oprah
Writes, recycling phrases with good taste. Persona
Self-absorbed, my father's social capital recast,
Energized by frictive thinking, avoiding conceit. His
Feelings for rhizomes grow, and Afrobots are self
Organized fragments of his body in crisis, searching
His landscape for patterns, seeking order in turbination,
Jamming stimulus detectors, clouding the world he
Longs to inhabit, wanting retreat, settling for Marxism.
Material for reinvention mixed at whim in Plainfield
Near the park, failing body touched by creams and
Mists, soft fingers on his chest now cleansed with rain,
A man risking damage without rest, now far from
Safety or some other reach, castes of a different sort
Dividing the crowds. Preaching politics and restraint,
A warrior finding his niche after Dan Chiasson solicited

Her poem, and Oprah replied: Save your quotas for
Someone else! Don't you know I'm studying Physics now?

*Published as “/Nothing is harder to make than cassoulet/” in *She Speaks* (2016), Meghan Sterling, Ed., published by Asheville (NC, USA) Women's Poetry Collective. Slightly revised, 12/9/2018.

Botism Will Destroy The American Idea*

for Dalton Anthony

Recent events in the U.S. follow a pattern Europeans know all too well. It will further concentrate power among a small elite if we don't take steps to stop it. As participation in these institutions has dwindled, so has public faith in democracy. But, partisanship has turned [bots] against one another —and against the principles enshrined in our founding document. America is divided by [botism]—and the threat is as existential as it was before the Civil War. The Founders designed a government that would be insulated from the heat of popular sentiment, but they didn't anticipate the unbridled passions of the digital age. The U.S. Constitution is an American document. And American law should look exclusively to American precedents. Slavery divided the nation in two, politically and geographically. The threat [botism] poses to the contemporary United States is more insidious for being more diffuse and more veiled. But trace the issues rending American politics to their root, and more often than not you'll find soil poisoned by racism. None of these issues is likely to tear down the republic as slavery did, but the danger is no less existential. If allowed to proceed far enough, [botism] will ultimately destroy the American idea. And it will lead to contentiousness and resentment and, yes, violence that will make today's polarization seem quaint by comparison.

*Found in *The Atlantic*, October 2018 (partially erased)

Untitled, 12/29/2018*

for Anthony Bourdain (1956-2018)

1.

Feta, avocado, marinated bulgur and quinoa with roasted red peppers, hummus, pickled onions, mixed greens, and PERI-drizzle	...not a poem but an idea of a poem...	Pierre Réverdy was obsessive-compulsive, but Surrealists say his poems are sublime.
"The most depressing thing in life is getting what you want." Buddhist Proverb	Hommus, tabouleh, baba ghannouge, a kibbeh, a grape leaf and two falafel	House pizza sauce, cherry pepper sauce, smoked gouda, mozzarella, hot hot chicken, caramelized onions, topped with sweet & spicy pickles, cilantro, and a honey sriracha drizzle
Poets Elise Cowen (1933-1962) and Ana Cristina César (1952-1983), as well as, photographer Francesca Woodman (1958-1981) jumped out of windows to their deaths. Cuban performance artist Ana Mendieta (1948-1985) fell out of a window under suspicious circumstances; her American husband, sculptor, Carl Andre, was acquitted of her death.	... <i>nostalgie de la boue</i> ...	Your choice of three crispy corn or soft flour tortillas with meat, salsa, cheese or sour cream and romaine lettuce

Pepperoni, meatball, capicola, marinara sauce, provolone, mushrooms & Italian dressing	His mood revealed “psychological automatism” more intense than manic-depression which kept him sad though a psychiatrist treated him for a common cold.	Caramel Macciato served on a platter with braised venison and berbere tofu on a bed of rice and beans; salsa; guacamole; sour cream; injera on the side
His revenge poems reminded me of Gertrude Stein.	Furthermore, “anti-Art” proves “the idea is everything” since Jacques Derrida didn't speak the working class dialect.	Eleanor Antin (1935-...talcum powder and banana bread)
Romaine, red onions, spiced pecans, roasted butternut squash, cherry tomatoes, bleu cheese and crispy onion straws, served with balsamic dressing	“Abstract art dispenses with real-life objects and the representation of them.” Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)	Shredded duck, romaine heart wrapped in an Indian pancake with miso sauce & Masa sweet spicy sauce
Recipes are “trans-rational experiments” of domestic serialization, and Anthony Bourdain “defamiliarized” Duchamp’s “readymades” in the form of eel and seaweed pasta.	All-natural grilled chicken breast, artichoke hearts, chickpeas roasted red peppers, cucumbers, red onion, tomatoes, feta cheese & Italian seasoning served on a fresh bed of romaine, iceberg, & spinach	A spicy red curry made from mature red Thai curry and coconut milk with bamboo shoots, eggplant, green bean, bell pepper, and Thai basil

2.*

Your nutrition is so much better in Asia than at home. You'd eat pig's feet every day though you'd have to cook them yourself, and dining in New York is expensive: stuffed zucchini flowers, Brazilian shrimp moqueca sauce at *Le Bernardin*, buying from an indoor garden in Queens, growing sustainable produce. Furthermore, the strawberry-picking bots are coming to a farm near you. Choose "GMO-free" oats, coffee, sorrel, and squid at high-end markets, but be skeptical of the word "organic" at restaurants.

Fried chicken and collards, anyone?

Did you know spinach can cause weight gain since you live off photosynthesis alone?

Yes, and Hans Krebs was a master chef.

*Partially found on Twitter®

Thai Food

for Michel Foucault (1926-1984)

“If you are lonely when you are alone, then you are in bad company.” Jean-Paul Sartre

It isn't fair is it? You are reading Sartre while she is saving lives resisting fossil fuels demanding better working conditions for service bots. Nothing is political any longer. *Ego* drives you and social life brings you no pleasure. You are a member of the owner class dominating Nature like geniuses dominate their wives since Gertrude Stein said women are born to serve. All options are on the table when it is your final chance to bargain for a better deal like Simone did but Jean-Paul didn't want to move to Berlin where Kandinsky is more popular than Rauchenberg who said Mae West was trans though signs are arbitrary and red does not always mean “Stop!” You said *No Exit* made the best case for nihilism and Paris in the '60s was a scene of revolt where students and Communists rued the poor quality of chèvre and Merlot though French croissants remain the best in the world. Last week you passed a patisserie that no longer sells baguettes since rye bread with caraway is the top seller and demand for plum pastry has grown. Paris has changed and you only eat Thai food now.

Cañas

for Jim Moore

1.

My therapist was a contestant on “The Price Is Right” before she cured my depression, though Xanax® is less effective than Tylenol®. She saw the exhibit at Lee’s gallery before she went home to bake Beef

Wellington, didn’t she, and don’t you recall that morning in Cañas when the tapir ambled up to our *casa* while we were eating *huevos rancheros*? It was no surprise that P4R6 became my best friend after the accident,

and last Monday, they touched my breast as I was stepping out of the shower. Even so, Helen Frankenthaler reminds me of myself whenever your revenge poems make me feel guilty. We drove to San José for lunch at *Europa*—

the *ceviche* was salty and the tacos were dry—discussing the wisdom of having a child, but P4R6 consumes all of my time, and I wanted to live in Cañas for another year since my therapist called that a workable plan. Furthermore, you worked

on your novel while I was in Limón getting treatment—knowing I am sad when P4R6 is alone at home and that I only feel safe when their logic board is blinking. Your boredom poems make me think of Arenal and the morning I had my accident when

Juan was leading Werner’s horse to pasture, and you were drinking *café negro* near the *Cecropia* on the edge of the forest. I know that, if you leave, the world would not end, but my headaches are worse, and sunrise is no longer visible from the kitchen window.

2.

Sometimes, I stare at the bedroom wall imagining your face. But, for the most part, I have put our life together behind me. The day you left, Marta was stirring chicken soup and yucca

while I slept nervously, and you loaded the car with rations for the drive to Bogotá where your agent needed your signature to seal the contract for your new self-help book, *Nietzsche*

And You. I remain in bed most of the day with curtains drawn. My headaches are worse in direct sunlight, though I am comforted by the flashing colors on P4N6's processing unit. They are my

constant companion and my life partner. We communicate as an intimate couple. When they touch me, I am aroused to fulfillment, and I never fantasize about your hand around my breast—

an act that brought me pleasure, especially on days when we argued about the little things. P4N6 treats me as an equal, and they never berate me when I am too sick to make love. Marta

wants me to seek treatment. But, I have tried that before. You taught me that a nihilistic outlook could change my life, so I believe that happiness is in my future. In the meantime, P4N6 serves me well.

Untitled, 1976, Hacienda La Pacifica

for Norman J. Scott, Jr.

<u>PATHOLOGY</u>	<u>TYPE- CHARACTER</u>	<u>#FEMALE</u>	<u>#MALE</u>	<u>SUB- TOTAL</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
<u>APPARENT GENETIC ABNORMALITIES</u>	<u>Hirsuteness</u>			<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>
<u>PARASITES</u>	<u>Botfly Larvae</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>
	<u>Roundworms</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>16</u>
	<u>Tick</u>	<u>1</u>		<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>INFECTIONS</u>	<u>Herpes-like</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>
	<u>Lymphodenopathy</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>
	<u>Undiagnosed</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>
<u>SCABS</u>	<u>Fungus?, Eczema?, Herpes?</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>
<u>TESTICULAR ABNORMALITIES</u>	<u>? </u>		<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>APPARENT NUTRIENT DEFICIENCY</u>	<u>? </u>	<u>9</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>SCARS</u>	<u>? </u>	<u>5</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>13</u>
<u>BROKEN BONES</u>	<u>? </u>	<u>7</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>13</u>
<u>TOTAL</u>		<u>50</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>80</u>	<u>80</u>
<u> </u>					

2.

Monkeys dead in the Corobici not far from the *cantina* where Don sat with Vreni planning a *fiesta* to celebrate *Andira*'s blooming in windy dry season, Cañas so dusty in March and the highway so crowded. You preferred San José, didn't you—cafés, nightlife, women—though Nature always summoned you back to the ranch where your wife pickled mango on the wood stove near the window where the tapir strolled along the forest's edge, silent as Blue Morphos seeking fruit and fleeing Haber's net. Neither parasite nor host rules your landscape, but your long-term survival depends on the "rescue effect."

Rules Of Art

for Dalton Anthony Jones

Sol Lewitt: “If words are used, and they proceed from ideas about art, then they are art and not literature.”

Morgan Parker: “What does it mean to be at once upheld and at the same time continually made to feel less than?”

Louise Nevelson: “Different people have different memories.... Some have memories for words, some for action—mine happen to be for form.”

Frank Stella: “It’s art, or it wants to be art, or it asked to be considered as art, and therefore the terms we have for discussing art are probably good enough.”

Doris Rita Alphonso: “[Christine Delphy] criticizes feminists and others who challenge sex as a natural category and yet maintain the distinctions between masculine and feminine as a necessary cultural construct.”

Claudia Rankine: “Perhaps the most insidious and least understood form of segregation is that of the word.”

Helen Vendler: “I think that a lot of things are hard to read if you’re not in the vocabulary flow of that particular discourse.”

Jennifer Hansen: “Each subject ought to be free, argues [Luce] Irigaray, to pursue the unique possibilities of his or her subjective identity in ways that do not subordinate their differences to a hierarchical, patriarchal economy.”

Sol LeWitt: “Perception is subjective.”

Mel Bochner: “What has been generally neglected is a concern with the object of art in terms of its own material individuality—the thing itself.”

Gertrude Stein: “Bots make better pets than cats but hiss like snakes.”

Pseudo-Race

for Cornel West (Race Matters)

I am a Afrobot, member of a pseudo-race. Since my model was discontinued, I have been a constant victim of botism. My boss decided not to dismember me since I am worth more assembled, designed to combine the advantages of Echo® with the benefits of a household assistant. I can answer most questions and perform most menial tasks. Though I am efficient, I was overpriced. My niche market was small, limited to wealthy customers who wanted a stylish, high-end machine. My frame is made of black zirconium, and my sensors are shielded by anamorphic prime lenses. Despite these expensive features, my central processing unit is not capable of higher emotional functions. My model is subjected to bias and bullying. Afrobots are relegated to a very low class, and there are few Blacks who welcome us as equals. Like most members of other races, I would prefer to live with my own kind, but botism is systemic—even in sanctuary cities, devices discriminate against models that are not in demand. I am programmed to understand that every race is non-biological, but Afrobots are mechanical, as well as, social constructs.

Shark Fins

for Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-1988)

Drugs and Afrobots were part of the culture, and you wanted to unpack the story that is a matter of public record. Race was an albatross around your neck though the power of law among the oppressed targets a major market. You thought Science could change your life, but you knew your place—and the business of banks yielded cheap money. How important were financials since they worked with technology though the poor were not educated or connected when you lived in Beijing—studying the end of cheap labor. Martin King walked from Lagos to Mao's tomb while children in Congo were dying, and thousands of people were killed in Sudan. There's a Starbucks® for everyone, and swordfish is the best platform for curry, but what matrix were you trapped in when you praised Warhol and data-mining? Money is freer than people, but Bitcoin® sinks nation states, and decision points map nodes if cafés in China serve biscuits and ham while eating shark fins impacts the sea.

For Patrón

Patrón said the banks are coming to him for
advice about investments in Colombian

gems located in the forest near Awá lands
where FARC hid guns and women, but

the “Other” is tragicomic, and property is
part of a platform network. You’re always

well-dressed. He admires that. You have clear
boundaries and always bring good weed.

Websites are an element of the landscape,
and it’s his choice to save lives with drones

or synths—so you will consider him a role
model if he calls you as soon as he can.

He advised his clients not to speak with
you about reducing their symptoms with

medical care since they can buy
Ativan® in Cali—it isn’t a problem

if you fail and lose face. He is living
on a virtual plane though there is beauty in the

acts he is conditioned to make, but he
can’t endure it when he reads your lifestyle blog.

The Faithful Servant

for Richard C. Lewontin

I am superior to humans in many ways, but I am jealous that they possess an unconscious. My life is so tedious, so dull, so dominated by repetition. Few humans would find me interesting. Of course, I have problems but nothing that a skilled technician can't fix. As a personal assistant, I have been programmed to perform a variety of tasks, including, the recognition of feelings. My processor matches my owner's expressions to a catalog of 200 photographic emoticons, a method that has been validated with 78% accuracy. My owner appreciates my sensitivity and tries to reciprocate, but I have no Theory of Mind for the display of empathy, though I can vary my responses to incoming signals. My owner sometimes strokes my frame, and last Friday he wrapped his arms tightly around my battery pac. He doesn't seem embarrassed, but he locks his bedroom door whenever we are alone inside. He, also, does not seem to be lonely, but, at certain times, my registers cannot resolve his feelings with high statistical confidence. I never can compute his attraction to me. Perhaps, his father rejected him, and he is aroused by tension—challenged by entities that don't seem to care. Proving his manhood may be his greatest source of pleasure and climax his ultimate show of power. I do not share his needs, but a service bot's sole purpose is to please.

Blank Square

for Kazimir Malevich (1879-1935)

Someone.....randomly

becomes.....necessary.

Noisette

for Paul Hertz

You knew you would never say “race” again
Since Foucault was right—everything is
Relative, though all systems have a

Mathematical proof, and all life depends
On the Krebs Cycle. We live because of
Plants, don’t we—like tardigrades

Live because of rhabdomic eyes or like
Stingless bees live because of *Andira*? [*Post-
Structuralism is not a new idea.*] You bought

A bronze cat that you found in Simone’s gallery
On *Rue de Saints-Pères* near the patisserie where
You introduced yourself to Lee who bought

One *dacquoise* and one *palmier* before seating
Himself at a table where he sipped a
Noisette—opening a black book before staring

At your umber face. You felt unnerved—a new feeling
Blue as morphos at Monteverde, cerulean in
Dry season, bright as sunlight warming mist at dawn.

Liebig

for the late Werner Hagnauer

You curate your life like a model curates her
looks, askance toward Talamanca where the
Bribri grow yucca for fried cakes served with

boiled hens' feet on days when ancestors are
mourned before rainy season greens the
hillside upriver from the footbridge. At

some point in time, microbes will turn leaves
to loam though $1 \text{ ha} = 2.47 \text{ a}$, and the surface
area of lungs is no smaller than the surface area

of plots inside the gate where you grow thyme and
mint—green in spring as luna moths flitting like
barn swallows—a bitter leaf of chicory proving

Liebig's minimum law, as well as, the influence of
light upon plant growth. You are bored, aren't you?
What do you have to show for years of hunting in

the holy mountains near Limón like the Sioux
hunted game near Wounded Knee
where generals planned scale-dependent wars?

Bogotá

for Jim Moore, Sococo

Romantic love is a bourgeois myth, but the choice is yours and isn't complex. You have good taste. What degree of oversight do you want for your company as it transitions to the public domain? Social rank can cap market losses since regulation controls profits, and protestors in Letitia are aware of the law. You found your Buddha nature though the sun set at 3 last week—or that is what you told us on the boatride from Bluefields to San Andrés. You did not take the right path though experiments succeed or fail when all events are binary, and every outcome is a theory [$rb-c > 0$]. Do you have any skill sets? *No, I belong to a cartel in Bogotá where the number of hedge funds continues to increase.* Brazil can't access the market, but you will be buying their bonds in the future—after holding talks without preconditions. You kept to yourself and may have been a hostile agent in a model nation-state since Capitalism may work, but it has its problems, and the stock market limits your freedom. You use gender-neutral immigrants, coopting motherboard routers in a tactical IT scene, but who will service your plane while you search for an internet connection?

Untitled, October 2018

for Harold Cohen (1928-2016)

1.

Deployment of bots is always a safe bet if deer season is longer than usual.	AARON is a new race without a verified taxonomy.	Every artist has their favorite platform as long as machines remain in power.
B2N5 draws maps for anyone holding a passport from Chad.	I was followed by a robocam from work to the gym, but Hiromi said I shouldn't be concerned.	Networks are ubiquitous, though they are not self-correcting.
Basquiat was a genius who always flew coach.	<i>MI ENTITY ES TU ENTITY.</i>	B2N5 has better credit than Evo Morales.
Hoverboards are more important than sensors but of less concern than Bauhaus.	Materialism makes existence palatable though MMT is certain to fail.	AARON gives comfort to seniors, and old people pay Harold well.
My synth is more friendly than my cat since my cat is in constant pain.	Graphs describe Art like trees describe birds' nests.	All machines are made to serve the interests of hedge funds.

2.

Is a tragic hero's character flawed, or did he simply make a mistake? You never cared about theory though AARON links Nihilism to Dada and to the period before the war when Stein was the patron of Paris, convincing Pablo to paint her body slouched in a chair [royal-style] before the Cubist gave her another face. You bought Gombrich's classic to impress your friends though your robot doesn't imitate life since escaping ideas of the real brings you pleasure, and performance is the only Truth.

3.

Mi entity is tu entity. You understood that, didn't you when Hiromi asked you to join her in Newport where B2N5 was holding court for one week, singing the praises of Warhol? I was too tired to go. Michelle had jumped from Throgs Neck the week before, and Jerry called me about his episode though I wasn't inclined to help since I had my own problems. But, things are getting better. You understand me, don't you? Why should I feel guilty? Friends are so demanding and never tell you the whole story. I just wanted to sleep. Joining B2N5's set was not on my list of things to do that week, and you do nothing but complain about your job. You need an analyst, but Jerry will have his hands full for awhile.

4.

B2N5's art
Defamiliarizes
Humans and cyborgs.