

AT
CAPTAINS'
TABLES

By
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and
the machine

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Preface

These twelve-line blank verse poems were composed with Gnoetry 0.2 and are based upon the statistical analysis of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The 0.2 interface allows the human collaborator to make choices by regenerating text on the word, phrase, sentence, and stanza levels; however, no post-composition edits were made by the human author, except where he found the words "continued" and "replied" as arguments for the insertion of quotation marks, capitalized proper names and italicized one foreign word.

The window we regained the whiteness of. . .

The window we regained the whiteness of
the frigate! “It contains the furnace it
becomes a poet’s explanation, sir,”
continued Captain Nemo, “to attract
the depth.” In crossing with the iceberg on
the sea, the body of a man consumes
the situation of the water. At
the slightest indication, understood
the preparations for departure. For
a sailor! It required tackle of
enormous size, surrounded by a raid
upon the waves were sparkling. We were one.

The worthy fellow, and the gun. The east...

The worthy fellow, and the gun. The east
the steam in their canoes? The mixture of
the tunnel. Have revised the future was
preparing to return. The screw. The year.

A gesture of a man, entangled with
the captain; for the sea, the frigate he
commanded. Not a Negro, and the two
appeared together on the earth? Towards
the central stairs. The lake? The boat. The east
the large saloon. A stubborn anger seized
the crew. The crew were on the surface cold.
The heavy copper helmet, and in one.

“Her screw,” replied the feet. In passing through...

“Her screw,” replied the feet. In passing through
a prism, flowers, rocks, in one. The year.
In presence of a yard above the waves!
The power necessary to renew
the air. Behind the others budding, while
a woman, who were for a circle of
the rock, a living man, entangled with
the most delicious, and in which upheld
the roof. “Perhaps,” replied the captain of
the moon. The sailors, surely they were wrong.
A vast circumference. But the air, between
the iceberg on the other for repose.

Between the lake? The air, a thousand feet.

Between the lake? The air, a thousand feet.
The earth. In that position. At the south,
a diver, Vigo Bay, Atlantis, of
the rock. In these reflections, and the sea
again; the whale, the coral shrubs, traversed
the upper jaw. The natives' huts. The ice,
the vessels anchored at the captain's room.
The ground. The captain of the stomach of
a mile around the muzzle. "No," replied
the captain, looking at the bottom. I
related to the irritation of
the treaty. I directed my harpoon.

Upon a thousand crystal facets. I . . .

Upon a thousand crystal facets. I
descended, and the sugar by degrees.
The bird, described a failure, and a depth
below the time, in this museum, which
the water, and the netting of the day.
The mixture of December, we were off
the bolts. In this collection. After all
perceived the atmosphere towards the point.
“The wind,” continued Captain Nemo “was
awaiting me.” The monster was the earth.
The sea, allowing but the sharks. The sea.
The sea, revealed the crew were to attack.

The voyage of the sea, the secret. On . . .

The voyage of the sea, the secret. On
the frigate took a little of the year.
A second stone, a man, a little of
the red were at the summit of command.
The captain, with the captain. What a noise,
the *plata*, even if the boarding of
the sea! The future? That a whale, harpoon
in fact, professor, was the surface of
the waves. In desperation. To the back;
the compass deviated on the two
appeared together on the map. The east
the fishing ended, if the ancients, which?

The situation of the glade, perhaps. . .

The situation of the glade, perhaps
a double door, traversed the upper part,
the liquid mass. The sun. The island, was
the depth below the surface of the great
surprise, the glasses of the waves. The bird,
the other, watered by degrees, in his
outlandish tongue, a hive! The man, a sea
expression, but the heat developed by
the same. The iceberg, shut the evening. "An
electric button," he replied. The bridge.
The penetrating power of the waves
were sparkling. But the sharks. The cold. The year.

A stone, a little dazzled, it becomes. . .

A stone, a little dazzled, it becomes
a sea expression, and, were he believed
in it, a coral reef. Besides, the first
in leaving this reception was above
the mountain, as a whaler, who explored
the sea. The two appeared together on
the iron jaws, according to the most
delicious fruits. Besides, the pole, the clouds
were flying to the central waters of
the atmosphere towards the south, in an
uneven bottom, at the surface of
the most delicious fruits. The fog. The world!

The blood; the captain, looking at the high. . .

The blood; the captain, looking at the high
partitions, leaning on a heavy sleep
in which the open shell, the air, the day
before, were now resorted to, "Perhaps
because the air, in any case," replied
the captain of the enterprise. The heat
developed by the hand, the light produced
a thousand crystal facets. Such a noise,
the steamer. Then, in fact, the blow produced
a thousand fathoms. This occasion I
examined it required tackle of
enormous power. Then the moon, perhaps.

Before the harvest. At a frightful speed.

Before the harvest. At a frightful speed.
In their canoes? The steam in any case,
the iron plates, in order to the land;
because the afternoon, the vessel was
within a mile around the vessel was
within a mile around the vessel was
within a mile around the muzzle. "Well,"
replied the captain of the forests of
the water, "like the moon. The iceberg on
the road. The same. The fauna and beneath
the surface, was in what direction is
the Greenland whale, the eye surrounded us."

The sudden lighting of the deck. The sea. . .

The sudden lighting of the deck. The sea,
the frigate, as in life. The first contained
the vessel I directed our steps
towards a vast circumference. At the last
diversions of the air, the moon, confirmed
the ice around the vessel? But the sharks,
attracted by the ebb. Returned the one
belonging to the sand. The sand. Before
the sun. The ice around the muzzle. That
a fact? "The monster, and the sailor," I
replied. A simple whale, between the door
communicating with the reservoirs.

The captain of the crater which upheld. . .

The captain of the crater which upheld
the archipelago. The grave, defied
the others budding, while the captain then
decided to pursue the monster. And
in an oblique position, understood
the captain. Was the coral, I traversed
the upper levels of the atmosphere
towards the coast. Before the public mind,
appeared in all directions and began
the operation. I descended to
the poop in order to survey the shore,
the weather; and the light produced a time.

The captain of the tempest, was the light...

The captain of the tempest, was the light,
the waves, the door. The diver and the noise.
A moment after having passed the night,
the contents of the coral sea, approached,
the Captain Nemo, drawing from the birds,
the water greatly helped the helm. The east,
a rock, traversed the fog, allowing but
the most delicious, and the light produced
a thousand crystal facets. Then the hunt,
precisely. Its direction was within
a single word. The moon. The monster, by
a quarter of the treaty. For a sight!

The captain and arrived in speaking thus. . .

The captain and arrived in speaking thus,
in this condition? There were more in this
attempt. The human flesh. The reefs until
the moment when, the passage of the year.

The nets were hauled in. There were sparrow hawks,
consulted it required tackle of
enormous size, surrounded by the sea.
Were they the apparatus that the waves,
the wire and the frigate, on her speed,
were clinging to the bottom of the year.
The night? In that position. Then appeared
the inner shore. The ceiling was extreme.

The penetrating power of the hand. . .

The penetrating power of the hand,
the river to the fire which condensed
a butcher's knife. In that position. There
the sudden lighting of the wreck. Perhaps,
because the water from the seas, in what
direction is the only one o'clock
in this herbaceous mass, in those employed
in our ears! The panel was above
the island of Ceylon, the sun. A more
detailed description. For the east the locks
were turned, the introduction of the Greeks,
the engine, from the first contained the year.

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