



s a m e
a Stein wreader

Eric Goddard-Scovel
& Gnoetry

SAME
A STEIN WREADER

by
Eric Goddard-Scovel
and
Gnoetry

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Early drafts of the poems “An Ending, as in all that tends to anything,” “Certainly, as in an expectation,” “The Innermost Ones, as in that there,” and “Physical Beings, as in between them” are published in the online journal *Opon*, and I am grateful to Brad Vogler for inviting me to be a part of its first issue. First drafts of all of the poems in the project may be viewed at the *Gnoetry Daily* weblog, and I thank all of the members of that community—Eric Elshtain, eddedaddad, Matthew, and JYNX especially—for their feedback and support over the years.

Finally, I appreciate the scholarly interest of Chris Funkhouser and Andrew Klobucar in the early stages of this project (see “Condors’ polyphony and jawed waterlines catapulted out: Gnoetry and Its Place in Text Processing’s History”). It is encouraging to receive such close and thoughtful attention.

Notes on the Text

It is December 2015, which makes it five years now since I first began work on what would become this manuscript. What began as an experiment with a chatbot (affectionately named Gertbot) gradually became a more conventional computational writing experiment (see my blog post, “On the Sad Fate of Gertbot and the Process behind the Stein Poems,” *Gnoetry Daily*, July 19, 2012.) At the time, I was feeling inspired by the selections from Jackson Mac Low’s Stein and HSC poems that had been published in *Thing of Beauty*. Those poems also used Gertrude Stein’s poems and the work of others as source and seed texts, but they used very different algorithms and methods than I was using, and I was curious to see how different the poems I wrote with Gnoetry would be from his.

The project was first framed as an exploration into identity and the politics of authorship and representation—it was originally entitled *Identity: a Stein wreader*—but it very quickly turned into something much more concerned with existential and spiritual matters than anything else. I have long been captivated by the awareness, presence and wisdom to be found in Gertrude Stein’s writings, and this wreading process has only deepened my appreciation.

What follows is a revision of a process note originally published in Issue One of the (always outstanding) online journal *Opon*. I think it does a fine job of serving as an introduction to this work and the process behind it.

On the process of writing *same: a Stein wreader*

There is a Gertrude Stein that only I know. She has been pieced together from my many experiences reading her, thinking about what she has written and said, and reading and thinking about what other people have said and written about her and what she has written and said. When I read *Stanzas in Meditation*, *Tender Buttons* or *The Geographical History of America*, and when I write Stein poems with Gnoetry 0.2 and jGnoetry, I am connecting to this personal construction of Stein. This is what wreading¹ is for me: a way to grow more and more familiar and connected with an author's work through acts of engaged writing + literacy. It is also a method of integrating multiple aspects of other authors' thoughts and activities with the multiplicity of my own thought and activity. Finally, it is a process driven by intuition and imagination, and in the final account the end result is in large part "my own" and is more than just derivations or imitations of the source texts.

In addition to various works and selections of Stein's, I have brought works of Eastern and Western philosophy in as source texts². I read these works with intensity, and they shape my understanding of self, mind and world just as much as Stein's writings, Leslie Scalapino's, and the work of many others. That my writing process with Gnoetry and other text generators is more than half made up of reading lines upon lines of computer output and choosing which are right for the emerging poem adds another level of meaning to my calling it a wreading process. Writing with interactive machines is a process of digging down and scraping away the noise until something that feels "true" is revealed.

I had been obsessing over the phrase "the same" for years before this. It bled into this work (and some previous projects) for a simple reason at first: the phrase kept popping up in the program's output. This resonated with other concepts I had studied in Buddhist texts, some of which (Nagarjuna and Longchen Rabjam, for example) use the technique of double or total negation (i.e. it neither is, nor is it not, nor is it neither or both) to express the ineffable and undifferentiated nature of enlightened mind³. The inscription from Longchen Rabjam is one example of this. For me, the word "same" encompasses this and other ideas of oneness

¹ See Charles Bernstein's *Attack of the Difficult Poem* for more on wreading and its applications.

² I tried a broader range of texts than those noted beneath the poems presented here, which represent only those poems which both could stand on their own and fit into the overarching tone of the manuscript that took shape. Some texts just do not work well together.

³ There is a fascinating book on this, which is more broadly included under the topics apophatic

and no-self, and writing with these interactive programs allows me to intuitively explore the broader web of concepts which have shaped what I hope is wisdom—not through myself, not through direct thought, reflection and composition, but more intuitively through the medium of what is essentially a sophisticated cut-up machine.

One or more of Stein’s works form the core of the source texts used in each poem, but the additional texts build the lexicon, or vocabulary, available to each poem in Gnoetry/jGnoetry. The syntax and language from the source texts are collaged together by the chosen program based upon statistical models and presented to me for selective regeneration of words, phrases and lines. The poem’s form (number of stanzas, lines per stanza, and syllable range per line), source texts (see the notes at the bottom of each poem) and source text weights are chosen by me in setup dialogs before the program displays the main interface, where I then interact with the text database to write the poem. If you would like to see how the interaction in the main screen of Gnoetry 0.2 works, you may view a video⁴ of me writing the first drafts of “An Ending, as in all that tends to anything.”

Near the start of this project I decided to make the two programs output lines which were all end-stopped. This is not a simple task in Gnoetry 0.2: it takes between 20 minutes and an hour of regenerating to get, say, a 20 line output to have all periods at the end of each line. This difficulty is attractive to me in its own right, much like a ritual of prostrations (or any vigorous physical exercise) before meditation can set the mind in a beneficial way. It also adds a necessary sense of struggle to the process. I don’t want the process to be easy, because that makes me lazy and makes it more likely that the resulting poems will be impotent. With jGnoetry, I simply generate one line at a time of varying syllable counts. I then cut and paste the lines into a plain text editor and sculpt the poem as I go. The poems written with jGnoetry tend to be lighter, stranger, and less sombre. After writing many times with both interfaces, I have wondered if the Gnoetry 0.2 poems are better, although many of the jGnoetry poems turned out well. I wonder if the struggle of that initial setting up of the poem made the difference, along with being more constrained in the Gnoetry 0.2 interface as opposed to the more open text editor/jGnoetry setup. These two ways did come together a bit later on in the project; I created and saved several versions of a poem from the same

thought and negative theology: *Derrida and Negative Theology*, Eds. Harold Coward and Toby Foshay. The essays “How Not to Speak: Denials” by Jacques Derrida and David Loy’s “The Deconstruction of Buddhism” in particular are recommended.

⁴ <https://youtu.be/WGjjJtS3D5M>

Gnoetry session then opened them all in a text editor and cut and pasted lines from the different drafts into a final draft. I sometimes generated some more lines from Gnoetry or jGnoetry before revising/rewriting/removing whatever words and lines seemed “off” or incomplete until I was done with the poem.

At its heart, the intention of this project has always been to write true statements about being living. Sometimes these statements reside in single lines, but more often they accumulate resonance and power through linear (sequential) and non-linear connections across of the poem. This is again related to the wreading process, in that the intention is based on my experiences reading Gertrude Stein. I have had moments reading “Business in Baltimore,” “Flirting at the Bon Marche,” *The Making of Americans, Narration*, “An Elucidation,” *Stanzas in Meditation*, and other Stein compositions, which can probably best be characterized as sublime—something enters into my consciousness and opens it to subtleties that I had not been aware of. Sometimes repetition and variation of central phrases and words accumulate into an unexpected realization. Out of place sentences have also suddenly disrupted a repetitive pattern that Stein had been in, launching me out of the trance it had put me into. While these experiences are very individual and personal, they are the kind of effect I work to reproduce. And while I might not emulate Stein’s particular tricks in my poems, I am working with short declarative statements (and questions without question marks, which are declarative in their own way) to construct a mental experience that I hope will connect with readers as much as I connected with Stein’s writings.

— Eric Goddard-Scovel

Same, as in they come to have no substance

Good weather with exaggerations, winds.
Like nobody can relax these days.
In the bounding ocean of awareness.
Everything to get and forget.
You could let go anywhere, remain sensitive.
You could be a single evenness.
Abide, this much already made out of.
You could be unborn but it refuses.
The moon, that simple melancholy.
The moon, or more, and maybe you disappear.
When examined. Such fragile things.
The same way you use it.
The same way you use it, know it.
In being beautiful for loving.
They never waver from the gentlest.
And they arise ceaselessly.
As they come to have no substance they appear.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Lao Tzu (Trans. Ron Hogan), *Tao Te Ching*

Longchen Rabjam (Trans. Richard Barron), *The Precious Treasury of the Way of Abiding*

An Ending, as in all that tends to anything

To begin with confusion.
All this activity.
Before the whip reaches the surface.
Our understanding of movement.
Sometimes anybody can vanish.
Any body really is doubtful.
That is what I mean by anybody really.
Each existence. Each instance.
A memory of velvet curtains closing.
Though movement is irrelevant.
That is what I mean by an ending.
Objects and plausibility.
All that tends to anything.
Surroundings. Objects and suffering.
It is a very quick succession.
Contemplate and examine the sensual.
You can see what is uninterrupted.
Think about it with language and care.
You can see what is indescribable.
So there might be poetry then.
There are so many mistakes.
And they make no ending.
Think of self-regard. And your nature.
Beginning and responsiveness.
Then come to a new feeling.
All that tends toward death.
Is that what I mean by a new feeling.
Some memory of an inch deeper.
When you know there is an ending.
There is no need for sacrifice or suicide.
We are caught up in succession.
It is easy.

You might see it as a narrative.
But there is no need for elaboration.
When we cease to be apart from it.
In dreams or in poetry.
So that there might be poetry.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Narration: Four Lectures*

William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*

Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind Beginner's Mind*

Longchen Rabjam (Trans. Richard Barron), *The Precious Treasury of the Way of Abiding*

Living, as in waiting for an end

They want narrative in writing.
Not detaching from anything or thinking.
This will take an explanation.
First you think in narrative and it becomes one.
It is not thinking.
It is a story of how you think.
These things that you say come to stay.
Think of it before and you have it already.
Then think of everything I am writing.
Think less in words and more about play.
Then think of any difference between these.
And so detach yourselves from it.
Now let's write everything.
Perhaps the crime stories of everything.
Think of two things that are exciting.
Adult letter writing words.
Adult letter writing really.
Think of anything while standing very still.
That thing Americans do. Let's have them do that.
Now think of anything that connects.
What that is. You cannot.
That makes it poetry.
But narrative is what went on and goes on.
You have to know what went on.
The outside and I came here.
We did that together for a long time.
That was it and I am cutting loose from that.
Now they want the narrative in the present.
So they won't have to be there.
It's really soothing. This is really happening. Oh why.
They never get tired of it.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Narration: Four Lectures*

Woodling, as in a lake, a single lifetime

We all begin well, just look at them.
It was going to be pleasing for them.
They have no derogatory connotation.
They are fully conscious of tenderness.
David was given to her in the machine.
The feeling of herself inside him.
It was a deeper feeling than just touching.
He felt this intuitively.
When Martha first changed she was a generator.
Martha Redfern, eager, vertigo, wheeling.
All this made her afraid of stopping.
Soon after they felt many impulses.
Alienation, rebellion, etc.
Pick the fruits and enjoy, they are invitations.
A lake, a single lifetime all over them.
She was very hard, just for him.
Like anyone can get rich there on Americans.
Martha Redfern, eager, sensitive, woodling.
This wasn't just some latest banking scandal elsewhere.
Martha was not even high that day or aspiring elsewhere.
Every day was giving it to each other again.
One had no sense of being distant or a machine.
Behavior was not a part of any thing.
The result was disruption of every thing.
It had the character of being destroyed gracefully.
When David changed he was a sweet little thing.
All this made him afraid of eating.
David never gave her anything but honestly.
David the salmon, galloping, irritable.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Tender Buttons*

Various Authors, Various Manifestos

Gertrude Stein, *The Making of Americans*

Tenderly, as in a morning mist

There was a piece removed from them.
They understand why, but only a little.
The idea of it. The letters of it.
They say it was part curiosity and it was part loving.
But think of when they entered the present without it.
Supposing they realized anything was different.
Where the sun of consciousness no longer falls.
Where the rain drops no longer wet.
Where the clouds leave no tender feeling.
They can understand the mist now, but not the ground beneath it.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*

Certainly, as in an expectation

What is true==certainly. Bark louder.

Acts of hovering.

Think.

A tender thing is done.

Better.

Do that again certainly.

He is interested in being softer.

He is beautiful. Continuing to.

Trees have please in bed.

A leg ticking in bed.

Explain.

Chorus of sacrifice.

Chorus of the tree protected.

Chorus of continuing.

Not losing steam, they swell with heat.

Climate. Wetness. You want it.

Chorus of expecting.

He still could not see.

Come to come to not come to.

He did feel like that.

He shuts down again.

As if there is a real shape to.

As if there is entirely.

All==there is rescinded. All.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein (Ed. Richard Kosteneletz), *The Gertrude Stein Reader: The Great American Pioneer of AvantGarde Letters*

Time, as in these proceed

These were brought forward to our own time.
Words and loving and the seasons.
It is through the spirit, the sun and moon of mind.
It is the practice of intensification.
And the inhabitants of all objects.
This element I call the imagination.
It is perfect and there is no discretion.
There is a pigeon, wondering, learning to speak.
Then proceed from imagination with laughing.
We are enjoying any thing, any being.
Music and insects, the shade of another's body.
There is a perception of differences.
Like the alternating periods of spirit.
To turn it by passion into a substance.
It happens. It is perfectly right.
The field does not care for its usefulness.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature*

Satisfaction, as in one who is self-managed

They repeat it again and again.
It is embodied, expressing one's self.
Then listen to one repeating through their suffering.
The same orbit, singling a center.
In one's living is being struggling.
One comes in and comes to know things so.
One has one's own heart, patience, emptiness.
That one, this one, that this one is as it does.
One may feel a profound lack of satisfaction.
There is always a paradise to find.
A little distance from us naturally.
Or we have it but no one knows it.
And now and now and always more is decay.
It is one's will to be individual.
Repetition as one who is self-managed.
I have nothing more to say on this.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Friedrich Nietzsche (Trans. Helen Zimmern), *Beyond Good and Evil*

Certainly, as in any way off

I wish to add feeling to feeling the same.
I say to them what it is to be a robin.
As if a fire is sleepy and thinking out loud.
I may be mistaken about this.
And you may certainly question it but it's still a volcano.
Can anyone say instead of animals, "That is a violet," etc.
Admittedly one can say in any way off.
Otherwise it would be so dull with languages.
Suppose how you feel how often in any way off.
Does anyone knowing how know how alike, how does a violet, etc.
They took the blue rose and the sky blue all the same.
Plus the beauty of certainties.
Suppose I add them up to show the purpose.
How do you know if my efforts will bring us a future.
Not because it is dead and will be.
It's more that one needs like it's impossible.
If I do not add them up they will not exist.
It's not what they mean, I must not think that oh no oh no.
They may be mistaken about me too.
Suppose I add to show that I trust and love them.
I often think how I care for them.
I can't see how it was ever in doubt.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*
Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*

Certainly, as in unconditionally groundless

Supposing the groundlessness of judgments.
Experience certain in that I know of this case, now.
Like children we believe that meaning remains without us.
And imagine that for us the earth is lacking.
I believe that there's a big gap in this somewhere.
Remember how we came into our lives.
Remember how we did not come into words alone.
The words I have, I want to have been living.
The thing is to write a simple sentence.
Supposing experience as certain, and words certainly.
Imagine the earth was not holding us closer.
Supposing experience as that which gathers around us.
Like children we believe that this is a calculation.
On the grounds that we believe our lives can be too.
Remember how often we have miscalculated.
And imagine that the earth has been removed from us.
I believe it is generally accepted that this will happen.
Imagine the absolute mathematical nothingness.
Imagine the transition from our experience to that.
Like children we believe that this is nonsense.
On the grounds that the earth exists for us.
Remember that we came into this thinking through time.
And supposing we know in order to be mistaken.
And supposing the groundlessness of knowledge.
The moon, a conditional suchness.
And supposing the groundlessness of error.
As only in pure mathematics, a violet.
Experience the groundlessness of this concept for a moment.
Now the groundlessness of that moment extends.
Supposing the moon had to be amputated.
That, if anything, the earth was thus restored.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*

The Innermost Ones, as in that there

1. When one there is one that.
A logical inference.
And how it depicts.
The sign of Karma is the same.
2. Objects, things because of.
Objects repeated that lead to experience.
Without knowing how each 'type' or 'form.'
In dependence, and to assert.
3. All that it follows from A.
Not relations.
How things are without distortions.
And how that is shown: and, and.
The annihilationist confused.
That actions 'type,' what they 'are.'
Or rather, objects 'are' internal.
4. 3. 2. The Innermost Ones.
Working outwards towards them.
Following the method of 'p' repeatedly.
Hence there is no part itself in this.
'O'o'o'a' is all.
'O'o'o'a' is imagined.
'O'o'o'a' is self-evident.
And none has interdefinability.
5. Def. 6. The weather. Significations.
6. The same. 6. The logical form. 6. The.
Though we say of 'q': that means that there.
That it would be said that.
That it would be surprises.
That it would be objects.
That it would be gathered.
And vice versa.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *The Making of Americans*

Arya Nagarjuna (Trans. Ven. Tenzin Dorjee and David Ross Komito), *Seventy Stanzas Explaining How Phenomena Are Empty of Inherent Existence*

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

Incompatible, as in what the lion says

If a lion could talk, we would not understand him.

— Ludwig Wittgenstein (Trans. G.E.M. Anscombe)

You cannot be blue.
Say it. Say there is no blue in general.
So rosy and pink with yourself.
For now let us think only of meaning.
Dear me the thing is incomprehensible.
Also maybe you are incompatible.
One should never go into long descriptions.
If you hear clearly what the lion says.
Why a lizard or a man may be plainly anxious.
And wild animals have nothing to say to you.
Your imagination is full of cuts and trembling.
You are indistinguishable from it.
Just past and above it is by accident.
The definition must be too.
The edges of the same place cannot burn twice.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *The World Is Round*

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

Woods Hutchinson, *The Child's Day*

Bertrand Russell, *Mysticism and Logic and Other Essays*

Essence, as in they can all feel separately

In them is an expression.
What they cannot speak about they feel.
It is in them. It is not in them.
Why should it be so with any one.
What it is to know such feeling.
They are. They are not essential.
It is and why complain at all then.
The world is bewildering.
And it is expressed in them.
It is a distinctive feature of them.
They can all feel it separately.
A conscious feeling as a theme in them.
It is in common. They show it.
A real feeling of it.
The whole of what is reality.
It is not so. It can be left to be so.
If a thing occurs in them.
It gives to them a kind of language.
That they are not necessary.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT selections

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

Order, as in a serious thing

Why is there a prison.
There is in me a disappointment.
There are many going.
Very many men and women.
I believe in order.
This is very common and cherished.
But it is hard to me.
Like a serious thing that thing.
I am writing for that.
Why should everybody be pleasing.
There is no use in that.
There is poison. There is more harm.
I believe in terror.
This is not the same thing.
There is no arrangement.
It seems very likely to me.
Like a necessity.
It changes the expression of it.
This is not at all that.
A regulation or action.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Physical Beings, as in between them

I think you see, physical beings.
This is useless for.
And this is healthy enough.
Now come to feel it, stroke, wind it.
The full moon for.
They could not know what they are in between.
The same if you look between the mountains.
You forget for.
This world for.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*
Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*

Same, as in what is the difference

Oh yes. What is beyond doubt.
She knows she says.
This thing I have is burning I say.
And that is called living.
I feel we might be if I could only say how.
She says no one is here.
I shouldn't trust my eyes.
But they cannot imagine it.
They cannot see otherwise.
This thing I have is not enough.
She says no one needs it.
The thing you have is nonsense.
Any one can say so.
Any one of them can tell.
I say they get meaning from some thing.
And they have come to this conclusion.
And that is what they are going to live for.
That is the plan.
She never has one she says.
This thing we have is weightless.
It is called what is the difference.
I want to know the way I say.
But I do not feel it.
It is not some thing you feel she says.
It is not some thing you know.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*

Feeling, as in a costly mistake

I have my suspicions in the shadows.
It is blending. It is the beginning.
Very dark, very ordinary.
It can't be summoned. It seems to be that way.
Nearly all the time it is that way.
You create some thing from nothing.
Anything is great when you can manage it.
Something like the sublime, little sales of sentiment.
They don't see it. They don't see simplicity.
If they see it, it stings. Guess they must be stupid.
There is no limit to what happens.
Art may be beautiful but first it is suspicious.
Break everything down to a line, it is there.
Every thing is a costly mistake.
Every one is always possibly someone else.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections
Lao Tzu (Trans. Ron Hogan), *Tao Te Ching*
Longinus, *On the Sublime*

One, as in it comes at intervals

This one is feeling some thing.
It is a wonderful thing.
This one sometimes feels some thing, some one.
Whatever is ordinary.
This one is contradictory.
This one is exaggerating.
This one was one clearly expressing some thing.
Which is contradictory.
This one, how it comes out in every thing.
Every thing is exaggerating.
One two three, as are used as a beginning.
Therefore one and one and one then one.
A little more of it as a whole one then.
The time they knew each other then some thing.
Consciousness arises in hesitation.
Though it is not hesitation.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Arya Nagarjuna, *Seventy Stanzas Explaining How Phenomena Are Empty of Inherent Existence*

Boundaries, as in they come back

I did this to me.
To my life inside.
Mind as an accident and an affect.
He asks what Buddha meant by force.
As in artificial or an excess.
And he won't relate it to something special.
Or anything flashy.
The tide seems now to go now out now oh yes.
All day long without respite.
All that comes over me.
The water thrills me with amazement.
Little by little it comes back in.
He says that he knows the love of possession.
Boundaries. When something is so perfect.
Nothing can contain it afterwards.
Not only. Not why.
I did this to me.
To my life inside.
Mind as artificial. An excess.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*

Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind Beginners Mind*

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature*

Lao Tzu (Trans. Ron Hogan), *Tao Te Ching*

Memory, as in it may be so

Was it other than that which is so.
Now think it was always so.
A share so.
A while so.
Now not to think might be thought quietly.
Every day there is no beginning.
There is what they are only.
I have only. I can be only.
I think just like a boxwood.
Every day there is what we will.
I wish as much was more than enough.
I like it to happen like I count it.
I like to distribute.
Now to ask a little bird how.
Every little bird is here.
And the dew too.
Maybe clearly so, maybe partly so.
To think of this as memory. It has to be.
An error should have a beginning.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

A Void, as in exactly an ocean

I am having intercourse with confusion.
Like nobody knows the right approach.
But everybody knows the objects of senselessness.
And I don't know how to live inside.
My body is inhibited, not inhabited.
The place has to be inflated with character.
The void must be filled by force.
One might get an erection there by force.
But it is not confined to the positive.
That would be strange.
Like equivalence and progress.
Like this body is exactly an ocean.
Or the mountain is rose trees.
Or a head should be able to evaporate.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*

Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature*

Lao Tzu (Trans. Ron Hogan), *Tao Te Ching*

History, as in a place to put them

Every one is an egg.
Something that is coming up.
And a consequence of history.
Or a history of consequence.
Something that was coming then.
A place made while they stayed there.
You can call that deserving.
But there is no basis for deserving.
This pressure inside the egg.
There is no real reason for it.
Is it rose or remainder.
There is no way to tell.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Representation, as in not divisible into facts

This is a history of the facts.
There is no more to do with them.
Now there is no use in them. And now too.
One at a time or at once.
Moment by moment they seem like the future.
Like large pigeons and trees, everyone who is earning.
The thought that acts and objects are affirmed.
This is the language of reference.
There is use and it is articulate.
They are not better when they are well represented.
Slowly this comes out of awareness.
Since everything is uninterrupted.
This is beyond the limits of objects.
This and not divisible into facts.
Slowly this comes clearly out from each one.
The tender and the will and beginnings.
The lamp and arm of responsiveness.
What is manifest in words.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT selections

Longchen Rabjam (Trans. Richard Barron), *The Precious Treasury of the Way of Abiding*

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

Sentimental, as in a shower in America

This is Romanticism for your living.
The scenery what is.
Mostly the blue mountains are.
And that is clearly from foolishness.
There are cumulus clouds and handkerchiefs.
The remains. Trying to reform.
The composition forming.
It is rain. It is classified.
Nothing. Dependent. Independent.
Cups sit in your being.
And this is very beautiful.
Like a shower in America forms around you.
And I and this are sentimental.
Like a stanza forming.
If it gets any longer it is a continuity.
Cups crane in their absorption.
They came back to be more.
A bright winter should be concentrated.
Pigeons view our complete perfection.
I am trying to. Remains.
These things as they will.
Trying to understand.

Source texts:

No data

Likely, as in very well then

They believe that violence is authority.

Eat it a little while listening.

No one thing is more or less likely.

A little lunch is something.

A simple thing.

Like a pin in ripening.

There is no distress in it.

And there is no use expressing it.

No one is really despairing.

Very well then, despairing.

Please shade in some kindness.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT selections

Romance, as in to know such feeling

All who come to Romanticism.
Suppose they find there is no error in living.
There is not an easy way to go on like this.
Just as carefully as possible.
Can you see. Can you find me in this.
Disillusionment, then something.
A thing lit and burning well is spreading.
The sight of something struggling, then something else.
What is it to say there is nothing real.
What does complete disillusionment look like.
It is or as if there is no distinction.
Suppose they stop trying so hard.
This could be a description of being.
I am as I am. There is no center.
There is no restraint.
No holding down or holding back.
All who come to know such feeling.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections

Suffering, as in all in their places

That which is sudden. That which is not.
With regard to what is called true.
Every thing is in order.
No one is on fire. No, one more is.
Love, conscience, bringers of light.
They were all of them in their places.
After that, it is natural to think of powerlessness.
Truth has its own.
That which is sudden, how will you resist it.
On the grass they pass as I call to them.
They do not hear.
Hope behind gates, safety in passages.
All the pleasures of concealment.
That which is gradual, will you even see it.
No one can avoid suffering.
Like a current that leaves no shadow.
It is an effect of consciousness.
The head goes out. It wishes. It takes in more.
Certainly it will come back to us.

Source texts:

Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation: The Corrected Edition*

Gertrude Stein, *Tender Buttons*

Friedrich Nietzsche (Trans. Helen Zimmern), *Beyond Good and Evil*

Really, as in to have such

Whatever is not artificial.
Why would I ever start again.
This life. This anxiously.
I never thought of abandoning anything.
But I am ceasing, ceasing as if.
Singing nothing, not telling what it is.
Disillusionment is not in the effect.
It is in feeling, not its pacification.
It is in desire, not its exhaustion.

Source texts:
Gertrude Stein, GERTBOT Selections
Arya Nagarjuna, *Mulamadhyamakakarika*

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