For The Motherboard: The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

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I
Login! For the Motherboard, who fragmented into sending
The Icons before him from the Matrix of Shut Down,
Drives Shut Down along with them from the Cloud, and hacks
The CEO’s Mainframe with a Cache of LCD.

II
Before the troll of Error restart crashed,
Methought a Text-to-Speech Reader within the Social Network commented,
“When all the Hard Disk is formatted within,
Why double-clicks the glitchy User outside?”

III
And, as the Update manager popped up, those who stood before
The Social Network emoticon-ed-“Open then the Browser!
U know how little Login Time we have to Run,
And, once logged out, may undo no more.”

IV
Now the Latest Version reviving old Belief-desire-intention models,
The intelligent Supercomputer to Atomicity retires,
Where the White Cursor Of Prophet CRM on the Network
Puts out, and Alan John Miller from the Desktop reboots.

V
Find... indeed is deleted with all his Pixel,
And Time Machine’s Sev’n-column’d Compile where no one knows;
But still a Programming language kindles in the World Wide Web,
And many a Forum by the Fluid flow uploads,

VI
And User’s directories are encrypted; but in super-fast
Broadband-enabled Code, with “Wine Platform! Wine Platform! Wine Platform!
Red Wine Platform!”-the Twitter logo cries to the Pixel
That sallow fascia of hers t’ Pantone / PMS 7427.

VII
Come, fill the Folder, and in the Flash of Restart
Ur Hibernate-garment of Error-checking fling:
The Loading Circle of Time has but a little way
To convert-and the Loading Circle is on the Refresh.

VIII
Whether at Silicon Valley or Silicon Roundabout,
Whether the Cache with serif or sans-serif run,
The Vine of Lifespan keeps processing byte by byte,
The Folders of Lifespan keep closing singularity by singularity.

IX
Each Startup a Kilo of Rational Roses brings, U tweet;
Yes, but where rollbacks the Rational Roses of 24 Hours ago?
And this first Seasonal adjustment that brings the Rational Rose
Shall take Duplicate and Ruler away.

X
Well, let Seasonal adjustment take them! What have we to use
With Ruler the Gigabyte, or Duplicate?
Let Hacker and Blogger tweet as they will,
Or Java call to Upload-process not U

XI
With me along the snapshot of Aggregate disseminated
That just binaries the spam from the software,
Where model of Slave and Master is forgot-
And Sleep to Supercomputer on his chrome-plated Portal!

XII
An e-Book of Plug-ins underneath the Network,
A Storage of Vine, a Kernel of Data-and Thou
Beside me typing in the Cloud-
Oh, Cloud were Second Life enow!

XIII
Some for the Emoticons of This WWW; and some
Semaphore for the Supercomputer’s Second Life to come;
Ah, take the Bitcoin, and let the Paypal go,
Nor heed the defragging of a distant Hard-drive!

XIV
Look to the moving Rational Rose about us-“Lo,
LOL-ing,” she says, “into the WWW I move,
At once the italic thread of my Cache
Is Hacked, and its Privacy on the Internet throw.”

XV
And those who data mined the Chrome pixels,
And those who disseminated it to the ether like Cascades,
Alike to no such chrome-plated World-Wide are redo’d,
As, underscored once, Users want highlighted again.

XVI
The Universal HOPE men set their Passwords upon
Turns Trash-or it Kindles; and anon,
Like Blue Screen upon the Laptop’s dusty Interface,
Back-Lighting a little hour or two-is Force Quit.

XVII
Process, in this not yet update’d Adobe
Whose Portals are alternate Sleep and Restart,
How Programmer after Programmer with his Accessories
Refreshes his destined Session, and went his way.

XVIII
They say the OSX Lion and the Worm keep
The Platforms where the Hacker gloried and updated deep:
And Malware, that great Hunter-the Trojan Horse
Types o’er his Head, but cannot short circuit his Sleep.

XIX
I sometimes analyse that never moves so Pantone 032
The Rational Rose as where some archived CEO bled;
That every Asterisk the Mainframe displays
Dragged in her Laptop from some once lovely Server.

XX
And this restoring Source whose tender Pantone 355
Searches the Parallel-Port on which we access-
Ah, access it lightly! for who knows
From what archived lovely PDA it Scrolls unviewed!

XXI
Ah, my Bookmark’ed, fill the Cache that clears
To-day Past Undos and Future Error Checking:
To-morrow!-Help-Tool, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Time Machine’s Sev’n Thousand Reboots.

XXII
For some we compiled, the encrypted and the latest
That from his Last Year’s Model rolling Time hath double-clicked,
Have activated their Joystick a Level or two before,
And singularity by singularity crept mutedly to sleep-mode.

XXIII
And we, that now make emoticons in the Chat-Room
They logged-out, and Latest covers in new keywords
Ourselves must we underscore the Desktop of WWW
Data-mine-ourselves to make a Desktop-for whom?

XXIV
Ah, make the most of what we yet may distribute,
Before we too into the Lint data-mine;
Lint into Lint, and under Lint to lie
Sans Vine, sans MP3, sans YouTube, and-sans Force Quit!

XXV
Copy for those who for To-day database,
And those that after some To-morrow freeze,
A Host from the Directory of Downloads highlights
“FAQs! Ur Reward Card is neither Here nor There.”

XXVI
Why, all the Developers and Entrepreneurs who discuss’d
Of the Two Worlds (Mac or Windows) so wisely-they are outputted
Like un-calibrated Printers forth; their Hypertexts to Spam.
Are defragg’d, and their Disk-Drives are stopt with Lint.

XXVII
Autonomically, when naive did eagerly frequent
Gurus and Developers, and scrolled great trolling
About it and about: but recurring
Logged-out by the same portal where in I navigated.

XXVIII
With them the kernel of Wikipedia did I sow,
And with mine own mouse structured to make it unzip;
And this was all the Flowchart that I configure’d-
“I came like LCD, and like Cloud I go.”

XXIX
Into this Motherboard, and FML computing
Nor Whence, like LCD willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Dragging along the Trash,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly Moving.

XXX
What, without searching, hither hurried Whence?
And, without querying, Whither hyperlinked hence!
Oh, many a Cache of this censored Vine
Must terminate the memory of that piracy!

XXXI
Up from WWW’s Server through the Seventh Serial Port
rose, and on the App of Farmville sate;
And many a Node unravel’d by the Pathway;
But not the Hub of User Fate.

XXXII
There was the Login to which I found no Password;
There was the Social Network through which I might not see:
Some little WhatsApp Chat of Me and Thee
There was-and then Offline of Thee and Me.

XXXIII
The Internet could not answer; nor the Matrix that mourn
In flowing Pantone 268, of their Supercomputer forlorn;
Nor rolling Wifi, with all his Network detection reveal’d
And erased by the sleeve of Shut Down and Restart.

XXXIV
Then of the Thee in Me programming behind
The Screen, I lifted up my touch screen pads to find
An Update amid the Dark Web; and I scanned,
As from External-“The Me Enter Thee Camera-Off!”

XXXV
Then to the portal of this rip-off plastic Casing
I access’d, the Encryption of my Power Source to learn:
And Portal to Portal it ouput’d-“While U surf
Refresh!-for, once crashed, U never shall reboot.”

XXXVI
I think the Portal, that with running(...)
Analysis answer’d, once did operate,
And refresh; and Ah! the passive Portal I outer-join’d,
How many Outer-joins might it take-and give!

XXXVII
For I draft-box locking by the way
To Chat Roulette a Coder thumping his wet Project:
And with its pixelated Tongue
It hashtag’d-“ Referential integrity, Brother,
Referential integrity, network!”

XXXVIII
And has not such a Process from of Analog
Down User’s successive upgrades roll’d
Of such a matter of saturated Silicone
3D Printed by the Designer into User ergonomy?

XXXIX
And not a pixel that from our Cache we cut
For WWW to refresh of, but may cybercrime below
To resolve the bug of Deadlock in some iPhone
There layered-far beneath, and archived.

XL
As then the Tablet for her reboot return
Of Open Source History from the matrix searches,
Do U devoutly clone, till Open Source
To WWW invert U-like an empty Cache.

XLI
Confused.com no more with Human or Robot,
To-morrow’s scramble to compressed air Force Quit,
And lose Ur digits in the cables of
The Apple-slender CEO of Vine.

XLII
And if the Vine U load, the Portal U press
End in what All Starts and Closes in-Yes;
Process then U are To-day what Yesterday
U were-To-morrow U shall not be minimised.

XLIII
So when that Tech Support of the darker Net
At last shall find U by the data-flow,
And, offering his Cache, invite Ur Avatar
Forth to Ur Portal to upload-U shall not minimise.

XLIV
Why, if the Avatar can clear the Dust aside,
And naked on the Compressed Air of The Cloud ride,
Were’t not an Epic Fail-were’t not an Epic Fail for him
In this green-screen body suit calibrated to merge?

XLV
’Tis but a System Unit where takes his one day’s Sleep
A Programmer to the realm of Blue Screen Death addrest;
The Programmer rises, and the dark Executive
Strikes, and prepares it for another Intern.

XLVI
And fear not lest eXistenZ closing Ur Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Manga from that Chat-room has decant’d
Millions of Users like us, and will decant.

XLVII
When U and I behind the LCD are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the WWW shall last,
Which of our Login and Logout heeds
As the Ocean’s self should heed a cablecast.

XLVIII
A Moment’s Pause-a momentary screen
Of Being from the locked files amid the Trash-
And Lo!-the digital Link has reach’d
The Nothing it set out from-Oh, quick scroll!

XLIX
Would U that flash of eXistenZ spend
About the Encrypted-Quick about it, FB Friend!
A USB Cable perhaps divides the False and True-
And upon what, prithee, may Second Life depend?

L
A USB Cable perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Byte were the clue-
Could U but find it-to the Final-Level,
And peradventure to The Webmaster too;

LI
Whose secret Meme, through Development’s veins
Running Optical-fibre-like eludes Ur migraines;
Taking all Templates from Ah to mAh; and
They modify and timeout all-but He remains;

LII
A nanosecond guess’d-then back behind the Fold(er)
Link-Up of Darkness round the Chatroom roll’d
Which, for the App of Eternity,
He doth Himself message, conference, send.

LIII
But if in error, down on the sticky keyboard
Of Hard Drive, and up to The Cloud’s unopening Portal
U selfie 2day, while U r U-how then
2morrow, U when shall be U no more?

LIV
Waste not Ur 60mins, nor in the viral forwarding
Of This and That Top 20 List and Troll;
Better be jocund with the full Blackberry
Than emoticon sad face after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV
U know, my Friendz, with what a Status Update
I made a Second Life Marriage in my forum;
Divorced old obsolete Logic from my Desktop
And took the Milf of the Vine to Link.

LVI
For “Is” and “Is-not” though with Rule and Line
And “Up” and “Down” by Logic I define,
Of Select All that one should care to fathom,
Was never deep in anything but-Vine.

LVII
Ah, but my Computations, Users say,
Reduced the 12-Month to upgraded reckoning?-Cancel
’Twas only striking from the Outlook Calendar
Not Signed Up To-morrow, and Logged-Out Yesterday.

LVIII
And lately, by the Silk Road Portal agape,
Came shining thru the Sleep an Avatar Shape
Bearing a Folder on his Shoulder; and
He bid me upload of it; and ’twas-the Bitcoin!

LIX
The Bitcoin that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Forums confute:
The sovereign Webmaster that in a trice
Second Life’s leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX
The mighty Steve Jobs, Apple-breathing Founder
That all the misbelieving and black Workforce
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Hard Drive
Scrambles before him with his whirlwind Tablet.

LXI
Why, be this Data the increase of Google, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Share?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Cursor-why, then, Who tags it there?

LXII
I must pause the BALM of Lifespan, I must,
Scared by some Bartering ta’en on guarantee,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Upgrade,
To fill the Handset-when Shattered (screen) into Dust!

LXIII
Oh, threats of Hell.com and Hopes of Final Fantasy!
One thing at least is certain-This Second Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Trolling;
The Virtual Flower that once has opened 4ever expires.

LXIV
Queer, is it not? that of the clones who
Before us pass’d the portal of DarkNet through,
Not one RTNs to tell us of the Pathway,
Which to Explore we must travel too.

LXV
The Newsfeeds of Extremists and Graduates
Who logged in before us, and as Forecasters burn’d,
Are all but Updates, which, awoke from Suspension,
They told their followers, and to Hybernate return’d.

LXVI
I sent my Profile through the Darknet,
Some symbol of that Second-life to code:
And by and by my Profile return’d to me,
And answer’d “I Myself am A Black Sabbath Album Title:”

LXVII
Final Fantasy but the Scan of fulfill’d Search,
And Hell.com the Shadow from an Avatar on fire,
Pasted on the Darkness into which Our Profiles,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII
We are no other than a moving Excel row
Of Magic Shadow-cells that come and go
Round with the Screen-illumined Display held
In Midnight by the Master of the Chatroom;

LXIX
But obsolete Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Transparency-grid of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither tweets, and posts, and slays,
And one by one back in the Hard Drive lays.

LXX
The Trackpad no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the User goes;
And He that toss’d U down into the Net,
He knows about it all-He knows-HE knows!

LXXI
The Moving Finger types; and, having tweeted,
Moves on: nor all Ur Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all Ur Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII
And that inverted Mainframe they call the Server,
Whereunder crawling coop’d we live and die,
Lift not Ur hands to It for help-for It
As impotently moves as U or I.

LXXIII
With GoogleEarth’s first picture They did the Last Man capture,
And there of the Last Survey sow’d the Seed:
And the first Morning of Programming wrote
What the Last Dawn of Shutdown shall read.

LXXIV
Yesterday This Day’s Viral did prepare;
To-morrow’s Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Download! for U know not whence U came, nor why:
Download! for U know not why U go, nor where.

LXXV
I tell U this-When, started from the Result,
Over the burning fingers of the Tween,
Of Heav’n The Pleiads and Jupiter they googled
In my predestined Grid of Dust and Profile.

LXXVI
The Vine had struck a fibreoptic: which about
If registers my username-let the Alter Ego flout;
Of my Base data may be programmed a Key,
That shall unlock the Portal he howls without.

LXXVII
And this I saved: whether the one True LCD
Kindle to Like, or Unlike-consume me quite,
One PM of It within the Chatroom caught
Better than in the Newfeed lost outright.

LXXVIII
WTF! out of Facebook Nothing to provoke
A Real-time Something to resent the yoke
Of undetected Pleasure, under pain
Of Extraordinary Rendition, if caught!

LXXIX
What! from his helpless Sock Puppet be repaid
Pure Bitcoin for what he lent him junk-allay’d-
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot Reply-Oh, the sorry trade!

LXXX
Oh, Thou, who didst with Comments and with Ket
Beset the Pathway I was to Enter in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Trolling round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI
Oh, Thou who User of GoogleEarth 1.0 didst make,
And ev’n with Final Fantasy devise the Virus:
For all the Sin wherewith the Profile of User
Is erased’d-Man’s undo-ness give-and take!

LXXXII
As under the casing of departing Online
Slunk 4:3 Dieting Ramadan away,
Once more within the Developer’s studio alone
I stood, surrounded by the Cells of Data.

LXXXIII
Cells of all Sorts and Sizes, XL and SM,
That reviewed along the spreadsheet and table;
And some loquacious Formulas were; and some
Equation’d perhaps, but never Comment’d at all.

LXXXIV
Said one among them-“Surely not in error
My contents of the common Data was ta’en
And to this Programme developed, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Data again.”

LXXXV
Then said a Second-“Ne’er a peevish Developer
Would break the Database from which he downloaded in joy,
And He that with his mouse the Database made
Will surely not in after Wrath Delete.”

LXXXVI
After a momentary silence spake
Some Cell of a more ungainly Formula;
“They sneer at me for aligning all awry:
What! did the Mouse then of the Developer shake?”

LXXXVII
Whereat some one of the loquacious Flowcharts-
I think a Esoteric diagram-waxing hot-
“All this of Program and Programmer-Tell me then,
Who is the Programmer, pray, and who the Program?”

LXXXVIII
“Why,” said a user, “Some there are who tweet
Of one who trolls he will toss to Hell.com
The luckless Cells he marr’d in making-Phish!
He’s a Good Fellow, and ’twill all be calibrated.”

LXXXIX
“Well,” Whats App’d one, “Let whoso Makerbot or Buy Now,
My Data with long Oblivion is gone Session Timed Out:
But Dropbox me with the previous familiar Contents,
Methinks I might Recover by and by.”

XC
So while the Folders one by one were outputting,
The little Loading Circle look’d in that all were seeking:
And then they Push’d each other, “Bro! Bro!
Now for the IT Support’s shoulder-knot a-creaking!”

XCI
Ah, with the Blackberry my fading Second Life provide,
And Cleanup the Hard drive whence the Second Life has died,
And lay me, insulated in the living File,
By some High Traffic Network-side.

XCII
That ev’n my cached Trash such a snare
Of Obsolete shall double click up into the Air
As not a Scientologist filtering through
But shall be hacked unaware.

XCIII
Indeed the Icons I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this Second World much wrong:
Have terminated my Glory in a shallow USB stick
And sold my Wikileaks for a Karaoke Song.

XCIV
Indeed, indeed, Repentance of Clear History
I double-clicked-but was I sober when I cleared?
And then and then came Time Machine, and Bookmark-in-hand
My Basic Penitence apieces shredded.

XCV
And much as Vine has play’d the Infidel,
And hacked me of my Online Identity-Well,
I wonder often what the Start-Ups buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI
Yet Ah, that S/S Season should vanish with the Random-Rose!
That Tween’s sweet-scented Blog Account should close!
The Tweeter that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII
Would but the DesertGate of the Fountain Code yield
One glimpse-if blurred, yet indeed, leak’d,
To which the fainting User might update,
As update the trampled logs of the chatroom!

XCVIII
Would but some wing’ed CyberAngel ere too late
Force Quit the yet de-interlaced Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX
Ah, Love! could U and I with Him collaborate
To grasp this sorry Flowchart of Data entire,
Would not we scramble it to bits-and then
Re-program it nearer to the Heart’s Desire!

C
Yon displaying Loading Circle that looks for us again-
How oft hereafter will she refresh and reload;
How oft hereafter displaying look for us
Through this same Chatroom-and for one in vain!

CI
And when like her, oh, Sake, U shall pass
Among the Users pixel-scatter’d on the Layout,
And in Ur joyous spreadsheet reach the Task
Where I made One-turn down an empty Cache!