OF THE
SUBCONTRACT
OR PRINCIPLES OF POETIC RIGHT

Nick Thurston

foreword → McKenzie Wark
afterword → Darren Wershler

PUBLISHED BY
INFORMATION AS MATERIAL
York, 2013
You have chosen NOT to use Master Workers. We Strongly encourage you to use Masters as these Workers have demonstrated accuracy in performing a wide range of HITs. Are you sure you want to continue?

Mturk → 2013
First published by INFORMATION AS MATERIAL, 2013
www.informationasmaterial.org → York, UK.
Print ISBN: 978-1-907468-18-6

Ebook format distributed by Coach House Books, Toronto, Canada.

© The authors, 2013.

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported License. You are free to share or remix this work but should always attribute the work to the author. To view a copy of this license, visit: http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/legalcode or send a letter to: Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Thurston, Nick, 1982-, author
Of the subcontract : or principles of poetic right / Nick Thurston ; foreword McKenzie Wark ; afterword Darren Wershler. -- Ebook edition.


Poems.
Electronic monograph.

Issued also in print format.

I. Title.

PR6120.H8703 2016 821'.92 C2016-902694-9

Typeset in Minion Pro → Printed by Henry Ling, Ltd. in the UK.
Copper engravings, front and end, from Karl Gottlieb von Windisch’s Briefe über den Schachspieler des Hrn. von Kempelen nebst drey Kupferstichen die diese berühmte Maschine vorstellen (Pressberg, 1783).
CONTENTS

FOREWORD: Earn Money Just by Writing Your Mind → 9

§1  ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Poems 0.01–0.25

§2  BENEFITS OF ON DEMAND, ELASTIC STAFFING

Poems 0.26–0.5

§3  DATA CLEANSING, NORMALIZATION, AND DEDUPLICATION

Poems 0.51–0.75

§4  BELLOWS, REEDS, LEVERS; A THROAT, A NASAL CAVITY, A MOUTH OF INDIA RUBBER  105

Poems 0.76–1.0

AFTERWORD: Title of Essay in Plain Type → 133

ABOUT THE AUTHORS → 142
‘The poetry of earth is never dead’ wrote John Keats (1816), and indeed it is nature – the poetry of earth – that brings beauty into our lives; that pushes us to change our plans; that effects our moods. Poetry sets a sky aflame at sunset, magically transforms a familiar landscape into a snow-white wonderland, and prints a clump of daffodils with the glow of soft sunlight. Poetry is truly an intrinsic part of our lives. It is no surprise that poets have always written of the charms and harshness of love, and of cynical changes in the natural world around us. Nick Thurston’s *Of the Subcontract* is a new collection of evocative poetry. The poems in this book capture nature’s moods as well as feelings of majesty, love and emotion. They awaken memories and dreams, sadness and laughter. *Of the Subcontract* is a celebration of the changing seasons and the beauty of love, which is everywhere.

Poetry has great power to touch the heart. Primitive and essential things, like a man ploughing a field or a young mother with her child or a girl filling a pitcher from a spring or a light from a lonely hut on a dark night, are the best themes for poets
and painters. Strictly, they are not as old as hills, but they are
more significant and eloquent than hills. Themes of nature,
love, affection are made interesting by poets. There is note of
pain in the verses of the poet in this book; a note of sorrow like
the whisper of wind warning that moments of joy are the brief-
est of all seasons. Like youth, these poems are so bursting with
life, so wild and blustery, so loud and confused and yet so sweet,
so lovely – and like joy they are too soon gone.

English poetry is filled with gloom, pain, love and expres-
sions of self-esteem. Keats, John Milton, William Wordsworth,
Percy Bysshe Shelley and other big names all selected those same
themes. Themes are always the same but the words change. I
remember how beautifully the idea of love was represented by
Shelley in his poem *Love’s Philosophy* (1819):

> See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
>  And the waves clasp one another;
>  No sister flower could be forgiven
>  If it disdained its brother.

And how wonderfully William Blake made use of words in his
poem *The Garden of Love* (1794):

> Love seeketh only Self to please,
>  To bind another to Its delight:
>  Joys in anothers loss of ease,
>  And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.

*Of the Subcontract* is an amazing work of the youth and energy.
Self-esteem, confession, love, nature and pain are some of the
themes used by them. These are not at all the new ideas but
the way they are presented by the young souls is beyond words.
Love is life for the soul – love is deep, loud, tinged through
with seriousness. Pain and love step through life together, arm
in arm, all along, out along, down along life. Once we love we
can live. We all use the words but very few of us know the art of playing upon the words. Poets are the blessed; people they speak more than the words and can express what we want to say but can’t find appropriate words to do so.

*I Love This World* (§1; pp. 21-22) is a wonderful poem. The poet praises God for sending him into the enchanting world. Nature is so tempting, and it attracts the poet’s attention. The selection of words and the rhyming scheme of the poem are beyond words. The poet has made full use of his imagination. The temptations of the world are so alluring. He was given two US cents for his remarkable effort. The poet starts the closing section of his poem with the following lines:

Oh God, how great you are.  
You created all these for me.  
That I am grateful for your grace  
That makes me live joyous and prosperous.

Ideas of poets can be best expressed by words; words play miracles. Readers of this book will certainly enjoy the selection of words used herein. There is a kind of harmony among the lyrics. The musical effect created by the words is beyond description. ‘I am worn out with dreams,’ the poet memorably writes of his youthful dreams. ‘A weather-worn, marble triton / Among the streams; / And all day long I look / Upon this lady’s beauty’ (§1; p. 36) is another instance of the poet beautifully using symbolism. This poem, *Dreaming of Dreams*, is undoubtedly a beautiful piece of art. Readers of the book will enjoy this dream-like poem. It will fill their hearts with undying love. The statement ‘I am worn out with dreams’ pushes its readers to start visualizing the whole idea.

Those who love poetry are sensitive people; they love the notion of love. Beauty attracts them. The melody of nature is echoing throughout the tone. The wonders of the changing seasons and natural beauty are everywhere. By reading some of
the poems you will feel as if Wordsworth’s spirit is still around. Solitude allows us to meditate. It gives us a chance to improve ourselves, and to think about the mistakes we may have committed. At times, we as humans want to run from this world of cruelties, and take refuge in solitude. This idea is presented in this book by the poem *Solitude* (§2; p. 50). The poet was given $0.26 for his endeavour. The blend of human emotion and love for nature has taken the shape of a poem. I like this poem:

In the arms of nature
I laughed and cried
With nobody to stop me.
In the arms of nature
Solitude I found,
Solitude I found here.

In solitude the poet fully enjoys objects of nature. Solitude gives him a chance to appreciate the beauty, and enjoy his time with trees and birds. Nature itself is very tempting. It can trap any heart. This is why the old poets, whom we call classical poets, have written a lot about nature.

I can see the trees swaying
I can hear the leaves rustling
I can hear the stream dancing
To the music in my heart,
Solitude is what I seek.

*Lord* (§2; pp. 62, 63, 64) is another piece of art. Faith in God is a strength of the poet. The idea of the poem is to convince the reader that it is useless to search for God here. However, He lives inside us. Again, the choice of words and the rhyme scheme is most appreciable. The poet took very little time to produce this poem, and he was given $0.38 for his ideas. The essence of the poem is expressed in the last lines:
Do not search for the Lord around you.  
He is the only one who resides inside you,  
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.

Some pages of this book speak of poets’ ideas. They are direct ideas. They come from the heart and hit you in the gut. *About Me* (§2; p. 69) is another pearl of Thurston’s book. It is a bit childish, but it seems as if the poet is playing with words. The selection of words is very simple, describing colour, sky, mother, father, animal and birds for example. How simple the words are, and how deep is the theme of the poem. The poet thought a lot before considering this poem for his book. Some of his friends told him that the poem is bit childish and that it will mar the beauty of his book, but he simply loved the poem. Thurston gave $0.40 to the poet for writing this poem on his behalf. It is kind of like a child’s dream. I too hope that it will be fully enjoyed:

I am naughty but shy,  
And I like stars in the sky.

...  
To keep me happy night and day.  
I want to become a doctor,  
And help every people.

*The Last Day* (§3; p. 89) reminds me of my childhood poem, *Let Death Come*. So by reading *The Last Day* I enjoyed what people call nostalgia. You might say that I have developed a kind of association with this poem as it has brought me back to my childhood days. In *The Last Day*, the poet is living his last day. Gloom and pathos rule the atmosphere of the poem:

This was the last day for me to live.  
Nothing left to take, nothing left to give.  
All that was left was this measly day.  
That is hardly fair some might say.
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

It is true that nothing is more cruel than time itself. Time does not even stop for death. It keeps on moving; nothing can stop time. The idea is beautifully presented by talented poets of the modern era. This poem expresses the poet’s deep thoughts. $0.60 was given to the poet for his deep and meaningful ideas. The poem ends on a very touching note: ‘We acknowledge that life is our last day’.

*There Was No Me* ($\S$3; p. 96) is a sad poem contributed by a very good poet. He was given $0.67 for the beautiful lines he produced for this book in a very short time span. I am not sure whether I take this poem as the poet’s complaint or not, but however it was meant, it is great. The simplistic use of words and stunning rhyme scheme are the peculiarity of the poem. It will surely grasp your attention.

Writing a Foreword for a poetry book has always been my dream as I always knew that the language of poetry hits the soul directly. Poetry is the voice of hearts. Words speak more eloquently than anything else. They have the power to win hearts over, and to touch souls. If words are expressed in the form of poems they become eternal. In *Of the Subcontract* the poets have presented poems of all moods and styles – this is a new collection of evocative poems in every sense. *A Word for a Broken Mouth* ($\S$4; p. 125) is about the plight of a lover who wants her lover to assure her that he loves her – that he will be there for her through thick and thin, and that he will be there for her through all four seasons of the year. The voice in the poem is sad; she wants to hear everything. But *A Word for a Broken Mouth* will surely touch us all, as it is a story of every love-stricken heart.

I wrote many books in my life and want to help people to share that same experience. I believe that there is a great writer inside everyone. Freelance work has given me an opportunity to write other’s concepts, ideas and stories the way they want to write but they cannot. Writing for other people is a great fun and I always enjoy this. This kind of contract is gaining
popularity with each passing day. People hire other personnel to ghostwrite their books not only because it is in fashion but also they have something special to say but do not have time to express so. English is a language of the rulers of the time. It is the language of expression. I always feel as if I can express myself in English better than any other language. There is a great vocabulary of words available in English which are enough for me to exercise my ideas in a great way.

‘Say it for me. / Say that you love me. / Now’ (§4; p. 125). The love and warmth we receive from our families is beautifully expressed in the poem *Home and Family* (§4; p. 122). It is another poem by a very talented poet who wrote for this book in a very short time. Less than one dollar was paid by the poet for this writer's time and the ideas that he shared with us. His matchless ideas have been presented as follows:

I see pieces of my heart
On the floor, couch and chair.
Some sitting, some laying,
Some playing over there.

Family members are pieces of the poet's heart; with each one so close to him that he considers them as a heartbeat. People give us satisfaction, love, comfort and undying energy to fight the odds of life. I wonder about how beautifully he has expressed his ideas. Dreams are the assets of life. Dreams save us from dying. But if you lost your dream, how would you feel?

No writer is more expressive than Wordsworth, Keats or Milton. Using words effectively is an art, and I have observed the knack of playing upon words in the works of the honourable poet of this book. I appreciate his work, and hope that our readers will love the book too. *Our Star* (§3; p. 98) does not talk about the planets and stars in the sky, but of the beloved of the poet. His lover is no less than a star to him. She gives him light, and fills his heart with eternal happiness: ‘You are the shining star of my life’.
This book has all the flavours readers will want to taste. From nature to love, every subject has been discussed in Of the Subcontract. It is a little endeavour from my side to introduce modern readers to the taste and smell of poetry’s nature. A long ago kind of nature is the main theme of the poems. From Wordsworth to Keats, every poet has tried his best to awaken the love of nature in readers’ hearts. Nowadays, however, the topics have been changed. People prefer to read about computers, information technology and love. In this book, Thurston tried to put more emphasis on nature-related poems. For example:

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold
There are myriad species told
The birdwatcher spots one in the bush
The hummingbird frees and flies off in the dusk.

In this poem, A Bird in Flight (§3; p. 81), use of imagination is at its zenith. What an idea, and how beautifully it has been expressed by a young poet.

Today earning money is important. Freelancers can earn as much as they want to just by writing for websites via peer-to-peer labour pooling schemes. Pooling schemes not only help writers to earn well, but also give them an opportunity to enjoy an outlet for their feelings. Dying like an unadmired beauty is not at all a welcoming idea. We want to be popular, we want to be appreciated by everyone, and we want to be known for our peculiarities. Isn’t it great that you get the chance to express yourself, for free? Isn’t it a great idea that you can earn money just by writing your mind? Of course it is a great idea. Earning money is not something unattainable. Freelancers have contributed to this book, and in return, they were paid. It is a great idea, and we must appreciate all the potential poets who are around us; who want to write, but do not have any idea about where they can submit their work.

One of my remarkable works is The Beach Beneath the Street, published in 2011 by Verso Books. The aim of my book was
to stir up a political awakening through a closer look at the neglected legacy of a movement, whose members were Bohemian at best and delinquent at worst, and whose ambition was, unabashedly, ‘to change the world’. My narrative follows this group from its roots in the cellar bars of Saint-Germaine, in the 1940’s, through twenty tumultuous years of expulsions and fracturing factions, to a time when everything briefly cohered around the nexus of a situation: May 1968. The book is less stylized than much of my recent output, but very agreeable to read. A Hacker Manifesto (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2004) is a remarkable and beautiful book that I wrote. It deals with the fact that we are living in an age of information, and where we are going is terrible. It also elaborates on what is called ‘the vector class’; i.e., the owners of the vectors that control the flow of information. They use the ‘hacker class’ to turn information into commodity through ownership. Jacques Derrida argued against the ‘informatization’ of language, which transformed language and culture from a safe preserve into a resource that can be exploited for extrinsic purposes. Control of this resource is where the tension between the hacker class and the vector class plays out. This book has attained universal popularity.

Some of the lines from the ‘The Torrent of History’ chapter of The Beach Beneath the Street are:

In a celebrated passage, [Comte de] Lautréamont expands on his distinctive poetics: “Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it. It closely grasps an author’s sentence, uses his expressions, deletes a false idea, replaces it with the right one. To be well made, a maxim does not call for correction. It calls for development.” It’s a passage which is often taken as saying something about poetics, less often as saying something about history. Lautréamont connects, not back to a lost purity or some ideal form, but forward – to a new possibility.
The first section of my book, *A Hacker Manifesto* is also very impressive. These are some opening lines:

All classes fear this relentless abstraction of the world, on which their fortunes yet depend. All classes but one: the hacker class. We are the hackers of abstraction. We produce new concepts, new perceptions, new sensations, hacked out of raw data. Whatever code we hack, be it programming language, poetic language, math or music, curves or colourings, we are the abstracters of new worlds.

*Of the Subcontract* captures nature’s moods and majesty in the twenty-first century. Poetry gives us direction for how to feel the truth of life. Poetry is a weapon that is used to inspire souls. It is the voice of hearts, and only hearts can understand its language. Readers of this book will cherish the beauty of poetry. I hope my readers will enjoy the melody of poems created by the poetic spirit herein. The book is a celebration of the changing seasons, natural beauty and love and danger, which are everywhere.

The enthusiastic response I am expecting from the readers of Thurston’s book will prove what a tremendous impact an idea can have. How exciting it is to see people focus on transforming inevitable stumbling blocks into stepping stones. They trust that in the end they will make it. And more often than not, they do. I believe that the greatest satisfaction a poet gets is derived from the opinion that people have about his work. In the army it is called ‘service reputation’ and I think that it is the most important thing.

McKenzie Wark → Lahore, 2013
ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Poems 0.01–0.25
The pain and burden she carries  
Has left her legs broken and hairless  
I cannot sleep, I cannot cry  
One does not simply just say goodbye.
I love this world  
That makes me joyous.  
Aspects of love and beauty  
Keep me stern and sturdy  
All that glittering stars  
And rainbow in humid sky,  
Swans that move along the pavement  
Make me happy and diligent.

How beautiful is the scene of  
A lass goes to market  
With basket in her hand.  
Oh look, there is a lad  
At that pavements junction  
With a smiling face.

White lotuses wave their heads  
In blue water of tranquillity.  
Their emerald green leaves  
Spread themselves and float on melancholy.

Oh God, how great you are.  
You created all these for me.  
That I am grateful for your grace  
That makes me live joyous and prosperous.

I lie down in the shadow.

No longer the light of my dream before me.
Above me
Only the thick wall.

Only the shadow.

Only my hands!
Think again, if you think you’re the best,
Because you’re no better than all of the rest.

Whether you’re White, or Black or Brown,
Don’t always say things to put people down.

If you show them you’re friendly,
And you show them you care,
You’ll make many friends,
It doesn’t matter from where.
Am I blind, or maybe dumb?
To see TWO cents has made me numb.

Would you do work for this measly amount?
Would you take it seriously, would it even count.

This is insulting in so many ways,
But it seems a trend, the newest craze.

I do not mind writing when the prices are right,
But two cents is insulting and not worth the fight.

No payment and a rejection are sure to come,
But I could not let this pass without saying
‘I AM NOT DUMB’.
The paint is peeling off the boards,
And the tar paper underneath is showing through.
Some shingles have fallen off the roof.
The porch leans to one side,
And the steps are rickety and swaying.

If I squint my eyes and look at it like that,
I can see it how it used to be.
The paint is new and the roof is strong.
The steps are firm and safe,
And the children run up and down them.
Am I who I think I am?
Or am I who you say I am?
I want to be free, I want to be me.
You have put me in a box with a lock and key.
I pick at the lock from time to time.
But it is not so simple to be free.
I am chained by the title you have put on me.
I so long to be me, to break loose.
But my fears keep me in that place.
That place where you forced me to be.
My greatest fear is of you not loving me.
If I choose to set myself free.
Am I who I think I am?
Or am I who you say I am?
I know the answer to be sure.
I am not proud, I am afraid of being me.
Child smiles as you smile,
Child cries as you cry.

Child plays as you play,
Child sings as you sing,
Child dances as you dance.

If you watch them everyday,
You’ll see they learn as they play.
They’ll do what they see, and say what they hear.
You’re their teacher throughout the years.

Watch them as they learn to walk.
Listen to them when they talk.
Keep them safe, away from harm.
Wrap them gently within your arms.
Teach them to share and how to take turns.

Child smiles as you smile,
Child cries as you cry.

Child plays as you play,
Child sings as you sing,
Child dances as you dance.
I’m sitting at my desk
Trying to write a poem.
I want it to be about the hills,
But my mind is beginning to roam.
I’m thinking about all those days
That I thought were meant to last.
Now I know it never was,
It’s all over, it is the past.

At night I’m always wide awake,
Cause you are forever in my mind.
And the simple, awful truth
Is that you’ll never be mine.
I wish I could tell you
How much you mean to me.
But something’s there that holds me back
Something I can’t see.

As close as you might stand to me
There’s always a ridge between.
We are two worlds apart,
Although that can be seen.
If there’s something that you love
Just let it go, they say.
If it ever comes back, it’s yours;
If not, with you it shouldn’t stay.

So you see, that’s all I did
And then I knew it’s true.
That you never needed me
The way I need you.
We weren’t meant to be together,
But it’s hard staying apart.
But whatever happens, however many days pass,
You’ll always be in my heart.
Balanced on the thinnest strand,
Although it’s fun we must abstain.
If only mortality and sexuality went hand and hand
Slicing my wrist again.

Chasing, chasing his desire,
His heart grew faint, his hands began to shake,
So I cut her throat with a wire,
Shake, shake, shake, shake, shake, dog shake.

Pause, and face off his new foe,
Quell your miserable fears!
Oh my, that’s, that’s my toe,
I’m going now to my castle to pick something to fight.

Swiftly running high above,
To lighten the display of crows,
For him who sausage loves,
They crunch between my toes like bones of sparrows.
Unlike others, I have many unaccomplished dreams, 
Not 2 be a king or a supreme, 
But 2 be in the world of joy and happiness, 
Understand the essence of life and delightfulness, 
2 play with the children of my age, 
2 feel like a bird when freed from a cage, 
Glee, glee, and glee and laugh every moment, 
Get exhilarated and make everyone foment, 
About highness of life, love and affection, 
Make my utmost bestowal in this direction, 
Spread education, build houses if I have money, 
And make every night colourful and every day sunny, 
Invite every 1 and celebrate every festival, 
And make this world just like a huge carnival, 
Help in exploring the lost smiles in destitute children, 
Remove their difficulties, problems and pain, 
Raise my voice against the injustice done 2 the people, 
Help in removing the stigmas, poverty and superstitions, 
This could have been possible if I had money, I’m sure, 
But alas I’m isolated, alone and poor.
Life on the corner ain’t no mistaking the game.  
The face of users no mistaking the face.  
The game uses and abuses the players in different kinds of ways.  
No ones to blame but the pain.  
No one to point fingers at on the blocks of street corners.  
Loan sharks, drug dealers, pimps, and rappers.  
World ran by trappers and actors.  
‘Fake it till you make it’ street hustlers were told.  
‘Never snitch and always stick to the G code’.  
Too bold no M.O. just brains.  
No M.O. just pain.  
Please M.O. I keep saying.  
And the only response I get back is ‘keep playing’.  
Stop the hate to stop the pain.
The dragonfly rose to the extreme sky,
As if it had decided, to make the new day
To raise the voice against the strangers new,
To crash the deformities of the eccentric few.

Aiming towards the star, fearing the sun,
And to clash the uncertainties, to strive to live
But, ‘I am so low’, says she for we are unheard,
Unheard in the crowd, unseen in the tide.
I love you for you are mine,
I love you for you are precious,
I love you for you are unique,
I love you for you are the best,
I love you for you love me,
I love you for no reason,
My love for you is unconditional.

I love you for what you are,
I love you for what you will be,
I love you for what you were,
All I know is that I love you.
Thank you Mom and Dad
for parties that rock
for awesome gifts and gorgeous frocks
for wonderful treats and scrumptious food
for teaching me to be grateful
and to always be good.

Thank you for your sacrifices
and all your hard work,
for your patience and understanding,
for laughing, sharing, and listening.

Thank you for the memories
that cannot be bought,
and for a warm and loving home
where I never felt alone.

Thank you for the care
and for constantly being there.
Thank you for believing and standing by me
for keeping me strong and helping me see
how much better life is
when it’s not just about me.

Thank you for the wisdom
of your words and deeds.
I hope that one day
I can follow in your ways,
be as selfless as you two,
and an ideal parent too.

Thank you.
I am worn out with dreams;  
A weather-worn, marble triton  
Among the streams;  
And all day long I look  
Upon this lady’s beauty  
As though I had found in book  
A pictured beauty,  
Pleased to have filled the eyes  
Or the discerning ears,  
Delighted to be but wise,  
For men improve with the years;  
And yet and yet  
Is this my dream, or the truth?  
O I wish that we had met  
When I had my burning youth;  
But I grow old among dreams,  
A weather-worn, marble triton  
Among the streams.
Oh, breeze, come and chirp around me
Give me a touch of love
I am defeated and dreamless
Because I am a women.

Till yesterday, I had wonderful dreams
Brimmed with confidence, bright and gay
But now, I feel lossing my visions,
Colourful dreams and aspirations.

Like all of you, I put the questing to me
What's wrong with being a women?
0.17. A Poem You Did Not Write

To write a poem for you
That would surely not do
For you to take it and make it your own.

I’d spend all my time
For just a little more than a dime
Giving you line after line of my rhymes.

Rhymes are not free
But they come easy to me
As I believe that by now I have shown.

These rhymes are for you
Do whatever you do
And fake it to make it your own.
There is a dream I wish to live,
Come hear it as I sing along,
I sing the song, the song of glee,
While screaming aloud ‘yes I am free!’

When I breathe, I feel the breeze,
I feel the freedom around me,
Taking the flight of my fantasy,
Can’t stop cause of a broken dream!

There is a kingdom where I wish to live,
Where happiness and peace always outlive,
Sweet and pleasant is the wind around,
All I hear is the birds which sing aloud!

I wish to swim deep into the sea,
Discover all the thoughts within me,
Swimming along with fishes of blue sea,
I wish to find the pearl called destiny!
A white feather falls,
Watched through barred windows
For once transparent.
Love is the hardest pill to swallow.
Faith isn’t always something that you follow.
Hope is something you have when you think about tomorrow.
Pain is nothing but an attribute to sorrow.

Time is something that we all borrow.
Death is nothing but a transition.
Grief is a testament to what is missin’.
A funeral just means that you’ve finished your mission.

Tears are the main course served in life’s kitchen.
Believing means you’re holding on.
Emptiness is what happens when all is gone.
Anger just means bring it on.

Life’s a game of chess and we’re the pawn.
Wishing is just a form of play.
Promises are nothing but things you say.
The meaning of life is simply too far away.
One thing we are sure is that
Mother is always love, love, love, love.

Love is strong yet delicate.

It can be broken.

To truly love is to understand this.

To be in love is to respect this.

In that kingdom there is a city.

In that city there is a town.

In that town there is a street.

In that street there is a lane.

In that lane there is a yard.

In that yard there is a house.

In that house there is a room.

In that room there is a bed.

On that bed there is a basket.

In that basket there are some flowers.
ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Flowers in the basket.

Basket is the bed.

Bed in the room.

Room in the house.

House in the yard.

Yard in the lane.

Lane in the street.

Street in the town.

Town in the city.

City in the kingdom.

Of the kingdom this is the key.
Mother gives me love and care.

Father shows me how to fare.

Friends give me joy and fun.

Uncles buy me toys that run.

Granny tells me tales at night.

Brother spares his bike and kite.

Sister plays some tricks that please.
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

Teachers help me learn with ease.

I am the happiest you can see,
To have them all here with me.
0.22. *Blue*

00:00:22 → $36/HR → 1/1

Beautiful.
Calling me,
Inviting me,
Freedom.
Let not worry trouble you,
Let not sadness drown you;
Know that one person will always be there to guide you;
You may not be able to see him, but God is always beside you.
0.24. *My Son*

You mean the world for me,
You are my sunshine,
You keep me going whenever I am down.

I can’t miss your smile,
You are the only one who makes the greatest bond with my sweetheart,
I am living for you, my dear.

You are my chubby bubbly cutie pie
I love you my son
For you are my only one.
It’s been four years
Since you have left this earth.

I just want you to know,
Your legacy has worth.

In big city Gary,
Where your talent was born.

Your boyhood was scary,
Your self-esteem was torn.

“My dad’s a great genius”
That was your favorite claim.

But why shield such meanness
And protect him from blame?

Ugly rumors and talk
Are still spread about you.

Why can’t people just walk
And not say things untrue?

Your fame will never stop,
Your legend lives on, too.

Rest in peace, King of Pop,
I will always miss you.
BENEFITS OF ON DEMAND, ELASTIC STAFFING

Poems 0.26–0.5
Walking down the hill
On the green green grass
In the arms of nature,
Solitude is what I seek
Deep down in my heart.

I can see the trees swaying
I can hear the leaves rustling
I can hear the stream dancing
To the music in my heart,
Solitude is what I seek.

A little ladybird I found
Sitting happily next to me
Enjoying the sunshine openly
Wishing I could be like her,
Solitude is what I seek.

In the arms of nature
I laughed and cried
With nobody to stop me.
In the arms of nature
Solitude I found,
Solitude I found here.
Here I sit, and I work,
Being a nasty little Turk,
I hardly get paid and the hours suck,
So give me a fucking buck.
Friendship is a special bond,
Of which I am very fond.

You are very dear to me,
I need not kneel on my knee.

I always disturb you day and night,
But you are with me even in my fights.

Don’t be afraid because I am always there,
You can call me anytime, anywhere.

Don’t get angry when I fight,
Come and slap, you have that right.

You don’t like me telling you thanks,
Together we play our pranks.

You are the one whose always near,
And you wash all my fear.

In the whole world,
You are most friendly and cute.

Your the one whom I need,
When you don’t eat I’ll feed
You.

Never tell a single lie,
Because you are my cutie pie.
You are my world,
And you like curd.

You don’t share my secrets,
And keep away all the regrets.

This bond lies deep in our hearts,
But some fine day we have to be apart.

Friendship is a special bond,
Of which I am very fond.
She watches the streams run.
She watches the tide turn.
Lost again, as if for the first time:
Picture perfect.

The last place you look will be the first place I’ll go,
She says,
The last thing you need will be...

She doesn’t finish.
She knows you’re not listening,
She knows:
River of humanity, concrete jungle, the old metaphors.
Love is the lovely feeling, that
Came from heaven to make man happy
Love is the mighty boon, that
Can Make the mind pure
Love is like perfume
It spreads everywhere in the world
Love is simple
It conquers the mind
Love is like magic
It makes the world a heaven
Oh! My goodness, I like
A world where love is power
Oh! My goodness, I am
In love with a lovely lad.
Sol confides in the ignis fatuus,
A speck so far it is not in focus.

And a god desires nothing more,
Than to become a rock for a moment.

How perfectly still it awaits,
The strings of the unanswered question.
What is love but an emotion, so strong and so pure,
That nurtured and shared with another all tests it will endure?

What is love but a force to bring the mighty low,
With the strength to shame the mountains, and halt time’s ceaseless flow.

What is love but a triumph, a glorious goal achieved,
The union of two souls, two hearts, a bond the angels have ordered?

What is love but a champion, to cast the despot from his throne,
And raise the flag of truth and peace, and fear of death overthrow?

What is love but a fire, to guide the wayward heart,
A blazing light upon the shoals that dashes appreciated dreams apart?

And what is love but forever, eternal and sincere,
A flame that through wax and decline will outlive life’s brief years?

So I will tell it on the mountaintops, in all places high and low,
That love for you is my reason to be, and will never break or bow.
The sky is red in the morning.
But rain is good in the desert.
The thunder is booming across the mountains.
I stand outside and watch the storm.
I was told love is pure
There is still a lot to cure
Why we count it all the times
If it soothes our minds
There come turns up and down
Is not like to count uncount
If love is at the first sight
Why we like to look in eyes
Love is not the way you deal
But is the way I feel
Is love like a child
Who is crazy and wild
Forgets all and enjoys
When gets toffee and toys.
I just cant believe you are gone,
It seems like just yesterday we were together,
Every passing wind is a constant reminder of our love,
I love you so much.

You are the air I breath,
My life has a lot of darkness without you,
The sea waves remind me of the times we had along the beach,
My dove.

If I could replace you I would immediately,
But you are a pure gold, so rare to find,
A sunshine and star that lights my way,
It is too soon for you to leave me.

Our love was so pure and refreshing,
With you my life was complete
But from the moment you slept my life has never been the same,
It took a u turn.

You are now among the angels who watch over us at heaven,
I can’t wait to be with you when the right time comes,
You are my silver lining in every cloud that comes my way,
We shall meet again in that beautiful place.

May the almighty God keep your soul in perfect peace.
I love you.
Bye my dear friend.
Family is a beautiful concept.
Dad, mom brothers and sisters.
Grandpa, grandma, uncles and aunts.
I love my family.
Sharing and caring is the center of family relationships.
Unconditional love we share.
In difficulties we care.
The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.
The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

0.39. Lord
00:00:06 → $234/HR → 4/5

The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.
BENEFITS OF ON DEMAND, ELASTIC STAFFING

0.40. *The Seasons in Your Eyes*

22:49:53 → $0.02/hr → 1/1

Dear o dear, to see your eyes how many days I waited,
   Dream o dream, please don’t close your eyes I can forget this world.
In eyes burning summer season,
   In your heart cold winter season.
In Love heavy rainy season,
   Now we can always enjoy this every season.
Life is beautiful – enjoy it
Life is challenging – fight it
Life is short – live it fully
Life is great – value it
Life is a gift – treasure it
Life is God – trust in it
Life gives us so many reasons to celebrate
Live every moment of your life as if it’s the best moment.
Living in the past will drive you crazy,
But being grateful for the present will make you happy, baby.

Planning for the future will give you security,
But fear in every moment will lead to worry.

Be excited about our future together,
And appreciate what we have to make it better.

Each day is a new journey,
So love me without worry.
Charlie is big time.
Charlie has a boat named Tim.
One day Charlie go big to City.
Charlie hopes to find hot girl in City, one time, Hollywood.
Charlie goes big time everyday.
A Lexus is expensive.
Going big time is priceless.
Charlie wears a hat made out of American dreams.
I am naughty but shy,
And I like stars in the sky.
I love my father and mother,
And also the toys I gather.
I love playing with colours,
So I attract many lovers.
I love sweets and chocolate,
And watching cricket.
I am very playful,
And keep my day colourful.
I respect my parents,
They make my life bright.
I love animals and birds,
They are our true friends.
I love teachers of my school,
And love watching cartoons.
I pray God everyday,
To keep me happy night and day.
I want to become a doctor,
And help every people.
All over town
I will spread my love
Via visible sound
Poems for eyes
With a couple of moments.

Nearly etched into stone
And sewn into
The fabric of our lives...

Cotton.

I’ve got time to spare
So I’m giving some to you
A piece of mind too!
A passing hello
From a man in his shoes.

You can’t do this from a car.

I’m taking a classic beat
Egyptian and ancient
Painting on cave walls
And pee on fire hydrants.

I was here,
And I will always have been here.

I have a magic wand.
That when I wave it
It turns stone to canvas.
These words become butterfly wings,
And it’s raining in Tokyo tonight.
I reach out 
Across the night 
Between the stars 
Searching for you.

My heart is empty 
Growing cold with your absence 
Crying out into the darkness 
And receiving no response.

I need you 
Your strength surrounding me 
With love and warmth 
Safety in your arms.

But all I have 
Is a pillow full of tears 
A broken heart 
Lonely fears.
My father, he is everything for me,
He loves my mom, he loves me,
He loves his family, friends and society.

He taught me how to love others,
He taught me not to hurt others,
He guided me throughout my life.

Now it’s time for me to look after him,
He is such a kind man,
He is soft hearted.

God gifted with me a dad like this,
I am grateful to you, Lord,
For such a wonderful gift.
I love my mother, she is my power,
She sacrificed everything for me,
And just for me.

She was there for me in all my deeds,
She understood well all my needs,
She is a wonderful woman.

She is my leading light,
I will not go away in my life,
I will not do vice things.

Because she is always with me,
To hold me, to scold me, and to kiss me,
I love you mom for you are the only one I love.
Where can I go
To get away from it all?
Somewhere I am free
Uncaged from these walls.

I can feel all the joy
Build up inside me.
Not one soul in sight
As far as I can see.

I want to go to this place
That’s calm and serene.
Unfortunately for me
It’s only a dream.
Oh it’s a wonderful.
What a sweet to tell the word in all language.
Oh she carried me, and gives birth to me,
She feeds me, she caring me,
She love me, she wiped my tears with her lips,
She teaches my lessons, and she does everything for me.
Oh my mother I don’t know what I want to say...
I love you forever more than everything in the world.
Doesn’t matter if am Indian or other nationalities.
Everybody when they were born their first cry as “mmaaa”
that means amma or Mother.
DATA CLEANSING, NORMALIZATION, AND DEDUPLICATION

Poems 0.51–0.75
My lovely baby, my cute baby
You are so precious for me
You are like a red rose
I like it when you smile
It hurts me when you cry
The moon is looking at you
The stars are shining for you
You are such a super shining pearl in the world
I can’t forget the day you came to this world
I relish the moments I carried you in my womb
I love to recollect all those happened and
All my expectations when I came to know that
A little angel is growing in my womb
I love you my sweet heart
You are that much precious for me
Love you
And will love you till my last breath.
The gentle breeze around me
Has not any fragrance.
The calm air around me
Gives me the breath of bitterness.
The screaming mess around me
Whispered I am none.
Yes I am no one in this wonderful world,
For I have no one to love and to be loved by.
Day by day I could say,
Only the love story of failure.
When I think of my life,
My eyes become blurred with grief.
One my dear friend who is no more
Will you not come to me again?
Really I miss you.
In the places where the tankers flow
And the polluted trees don’t grow
And farther, the forbidding dangerous zones
The only visible things are dead bodies and bones
Widows and orphans! What a sight
But tell me, who gave them the right?
The lines which are shot away
But what’s its root cause? Say
Everywhere the people are best
But tell me, what in this war is real?
And everywhere what prevails? Pathos?
But please tell me what is its cause?
A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold
The feathered flock and so appear bold
Whether on a lamp pole or a tree
A bird in flight looks to be free.

A bird in fight is a beautiful sight to behold
There are myriad species told
The birdwatcher spots one in the bush
The hummingbird frees and flies off in the dusk.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold
States name the bird not to be sold
The Cardinal for Virginia is one of the breeds
That represents the state in its redness of creeds.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold
Flying in the fleeces of snow in the cold
Follow the bird to is nesting place
To see the birds feed the young after the chase.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold
The heavens displayed, the flocks unfold
Resting, nesting, eating, and flying high
Over there now perched at home in the sky.
Dear God, please watch over me, I’ll be wearing a camouflage green,
I’ve washed my hands in holy water and still they’re not clean,
Forgive me, Lord, for thirteen straight hours I’ve done nothing but sin,
I’ve killed your children one after another, over and over again,
I’d like to ask for forgiveness for the sins I will make tomorrow because for me there might not be a next time,
When and if I wake up in the morning I’ll be returning to the front line,
For the record I’d like you to know, I don’t like to kill but I took an oath to my country,
If the war doesn’t end soon, my Lord please reserve a space for me,
I pray I sleep peacefully without a worry or a scare,
All throughout the day I’ve already lived a nightmare,
God I give to you always my mind, body and soul,
I pray that I’ll be a survivor of this war so a soldier’s story can be told,
God bless my family, my fellow Americans, my enemy, and my friend,
Jesus keep me near the cross, I love you always, Amen.
Rain was showering outside,
She was there beside the window
Weeping and weeping the darkness.

Thinking about her love –
He slept leaving her in grief –
She so wished her woe begone.

Felt all alone alone alone and alone
Without her man
World is colorless.

Days went on on and on
She walks out in the rain
Saddles up in the rain rain in the heavy rain
But she weeping.
Never I saw you in the mirror,
Staring at me with a killing either
That hurt in bottom of my heart
Swallow it in and lock in dark.

Never I saw you in thrilling corner
Standing alone with shying warmer
That melt the fire in sky of love
Where you and I on hill we lay.

Ever been feel you in the vision
On the screen long imagine
By the side I feel you there
Where you never been near and ever.

Still I wait with gloomy eyes
Flickering leaves awake my lips
In the dream saw her kiss
Feel a touch in slowly wish.
I love thee, you love me not,
When birds fly in the sky
Try to reach very high.
A sparrow is indifferent to all
Still looks for her mother when she falls.
Her mother is lost in clouds
Despair runs deep, she shouts.
She is there to love someone
But finds no one.
Then she sings in rhyme
I love thee, you love me not.
Tattered and in shabby clothes,
There is a man on the door.
Wrinkled face, old in age,
An image of a poor race.
What is wrong with his life?
All pleasures are denied.
His only fault a poor man,
Rests are with rich man.
State is run by a Prime
who is head of a shrine.
Disguised in his people’s face,
He is ready to serve his race.
Where masters are all great,
And poor are all slaves,
Why not men knock the doors,
Where lies all the hopes,
Looking deep in my eyes,
Making me share his pies,
Many desires unfulfilled,
But bellies must be filled,
I was moved, offer coins,
He is happy, sings in rhyme,
God is all Great,
Master is all slave.
It is raining outside
But players are playing
Like a warriors
They are all in total passion
And they are all courage
They are our countrymen
And we salute them
Hope our country again
Wins the wars of cricket
And we all can enjoy this
With lot of fun and passion
We love u cricket and we
Are your followers.
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

0.61. Should Not
00:02:10 → $16.89/hr → 1/1

I should not be here.
I had other plans.
I should not be here,
Away from your demands.
I should not be here,
Should be far far away.
I should not be here,
While you think it’s all OK.
This was the last day for me to live.
Nothing left to take, nothing left to give.
All that was left was this measly day.
That is hardly fair some might say.
Yet it is a waster to moan and whine.
For I still have power over this day of mine.
Time is a funny thing that carries on.
Sometimes it goes forever, then suddenly gone.
From the moment we are born we are dying.
Probably why our first action is crying.
Yet we can enjoy it if we live a certain way.
We acknowledge that life is our last day.
The plane lifts off,
the wheels retract
Our hearts will meet soon
in the course of fact.

My dreams will become,
my fancies soon to be met.
I wonder if my ideas
will match reality’s set?

Three years seems long,
without knowing the look.
Personality only, but the match-up
couldn’t be better in a book

Twelve hours aloft,
but unable to pass sleep’s gate.
The excitement building
during an excruciating wait.

The minutes crawl slowly,
As if encased in ice.
Time becomes frigid
when it ends in something nice.

But what If it doesn’t,
leaving twisted heartbreak?
If desires become demons
An leave an eternal ache?
Unknowing where lightning will strike,
or what consequences will be wrought;
The new kind of dating leaves no comfort
simply a blind battle to be fought.
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

0.64. Won’t You Come and Have Some, Miss
00:09:20 → $4.11/hr → 1/1

Liquor is the devil’s piss,
Won’t you come and have some, miss.

We will scream and shout and flounder about,
And wonder what it’s all about.

We moan and groan and do bad things,
And it’s all as if it’s in a dream.

Morning comes we move away,
Oh well, it’s just another day.
Love your life because you are living it, 
It doesn’t matter what others think about it.

Love your friends because they are always around to help you, 
What would have happened to your life if they weren’t with you?

Love your family because they care for you, 
Can you think of your future without a family living near by to help you?

Life is just a story that is being recited by God, 
So whatever is happening is happening according to God.

Be thankful for the God, who made all these People available to help you.

Because without these people around, 
Our lives would have been doomed.
How should I begin.  
I guess I will just write  
until the very end.  
I could start with my name  
and where I am from.  
Yes, I will start with that  
and then more will come.  
My name is PRIYA  
and I was born in INDIA.  
I am nineteen years old  
but I feel even older.  
I look much younger  
or so I am told.  
My days are long  
and filled with joy.  
I have a daughter –  
no, not a boy.  
I work, go to school,  
and am a father.  
I own my own business  
as God is my witness.  
I have a beautiful companion  
who is full of life.  
She is my joy –  
no, not a boy.  
My two girls are my life,  
one is my daughter, the other my future wife.  
My Passion is business,  
My title is Entrepreneur.  
I love what I do,  
Which is more than most.
If you love your work
than you too can boast.
My business is a brand
Perception Apparel is the name.
I create unique clothes
and nothing is quite the same.
Check me out,
the website is the name.
Among my hobbies
sports are fairly high.
Basketball is my favorite,
still not sure why.
Other interests may include:
food, movies, and long walks on the beach.
This is begining to sound like a date.
I can't think of anything else to say.
My life in 300 words;
it is sort of sad in a way.
My life in one paragraph
yet I have nothing left to say.
Well it seems I have begun to rant.
I hope now you may know me,
there is not much to see.
For this is all there is to me.
In essence of time
let's bring this to a close.
And if you are lost, this was my prose
assignment for my class where we were asked to introduce ourselves.
They didn’t invite me.
I didn’t know it was happening.
Only later did it start to hurt.
It nibbled at me,
Then started to eat.
I saw a photograph.
They were all there.
There was no me,
I didn’t exist.
I don’t exist.
I think I already knew.
Crazy days and crazy nights
You’re always trying to start a fight
Life with you is so blue
Sometimes I just don’t know what to do
So one day I ran away
Not looking back or listening to what you have to say
A life like that is like a soldier in combat
I would rather be alone then be in this war zone
Life is great now that you’re locked away
I wouldn’t have it any other way.
A star is named with love for us
As one entity to be eternally together.
We can always look up at it and know
Our own star of love will be there forever.

If we ever have to be apart at night
Just look up at our star above.
Forever shining for you and I
With beauty, brightness and love.

Like the light of our star
Our love will never fade.
For our eternal love
In heaven was truly made.

You are the shining star of my life.
0.70. My Dreams of You

Your cheerful face
And hearty laughter
Will remain in my heart
The way the whole thing
Sings in my heart
Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

The birds makes me feel
The chit chat of you
The breeze makes me feel
The touches of you
Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

The way you look,
The way you talk,
The way you walk,
Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

You are my dream bird,
You are my lovely word,
You are my joyful world,
Oh Dream! Oh Dream!
As I sit alone, I remember those beautiful moments we spent together.
I miss the soft touch of your hand.
I miss the soft touch with you,
Doing nothing yet loving it
and I’m waiting till we meet again.
Because I believe our love is forever.
And neither time nor distance
can take you away from me!

Sometimes we meet someone
who seems very special.
Who fills our very special,
Who fills our very essence
to almost overflow.
This special someone lives
within our heart.
With whom we start a journey
which lasts till eternity.

This most precious possession
that ever comes
to man in this world
is a woman’s heart.
Love is a happy feeling that comes from our mind.
Our love is like the wind strong and growing.
Our love is like the river forever flowing.
Our love is like the sun that shines so bright.
Our love is like the moon with its gentle light.
Our love is rare...
Our love is true...
A bond that has grown between me and you.
I can’t live without you.
I would breathe the air, but I would not feel the joy of life.
The day, the day, the day.
The day I saw you, is the day I reborn.

The day I saw you, is the day I cherish.
The day I saw you, is the day I love.

Mother’s love and care is the beautiful gift in this world. You are such other rare and beautiful gift to me.

I lost all my thoughts and words to you. But you lost your heart and love to me.

I felt like, winning this world when your sight falls at me.

Now, why to wait my love? Come on, let us win this world with our wonderful love.

Now, why to wait my love? Come on, let us win this world with our wonderful love.
The birds sing so beautifully as the day goes on
The birds sing so wonderfully as the night falls
The birds sing to the sun so pleasantly
The birds sing so wonderfully
The birds sing so colorful and delightful
The birds sing to the trees so nicely
The birds sing so beautifully as the night falls
The birds will sing tomorrow when the daylight calls.
When everything is against you
When all your deeds are in vain
When all that happens hurts you
When what you feel is only pain.

A bright light, a drop of dew,
A strong hug, a feeling that’s new,
It’s nothing but hope which helps you to cope
Making you pickup something each time you fall.

Like a ray of light through a dense forest
Showing you the way to see through danger
Assuring you that what you thought impossible
Would surely turn out to be your destiny.
BELLOWS, REEDS, LEVERS; A THROAT, A NASAL CAVITY, A MOUTH OF INDIA RUBBER

Poems 0.76–0.1
Writing is such a hard job
Much rather words I would rob
Those people on ‘Turk
They’ll do all the work
So my brain I do not have to prod.
0.77. A Limerick for Nick

There was a requester named Nick,
who asked me for a limerick,
and in recompense
came seventy-seven cents,
fair pay for a lad from Brunswick!
Oh lightning, you are in the large sky
Did you come from my Girl’s eye?
Oh rain, you are so cool
Did you use my Girl’s words as a tool?
Oh music, you have beautiful tone
Did you steal it from my Girl’s phone?
Oh feathers, you have soft hairs
Did you made by my Girl’s tears?
Oh flames, you seem to be danger
Did you made by my Girl’s anger?
Nature has its own quantities
But they don’t exceed my Girl’s qualities.
My street had a lovely light
Beside that lonely way
It was not just a street light
But it was life for many
It showed way to many
It gave shade to many
It gave light to many
It gave friends to many
It was fun for flies,
A boon for thousands
The queen of our street
With a glimpse of light as crown
It was a rainy night in June
Let me brush my memories
With turns of thunder
And lashes of lightning
Oh my breeze, why you be so?
I cried, with fear.
I’m planting a new seed
In the rush of the river
From its mouth to where it feeds
Into the ocean coming in
Then pulling out
There sways a single reed –
That’s me in the breeze
Ripples and white wash
Through all four seasons
It’s the dance most of all
It’s the breath most of all –
Here it comes in down deep
Back up, then out
Now you’re swinging with the planets,
The moon and the sun
Before you bow gracefully
As all becomes one.
Ours is a Tom and Jerry story,
Friendship, with aroma of a flavored curry.
Yet, the fight continues as does the mystery,
As to who is Tom and who is Jerry?

I loved fighting every game with you.
I loved snatching everything from you.
I loved being called your enemy,
Still choosing you as the best among so many

There was fun in those moments,
There were memories in those sentiments.
But with you and me around,
Friendship was always in the battle ground.

I am going to miss you
And I know you will miss me too.
Hope to catch you in future and say
‘Tom dear, your Jerry is back here’.
When I think about the hope,
The misty sky asks me of you,
The dewy ground asks me of you,
The silence of hills reminds me of you,
My moments of hope begin from you.
The comfort of life are no match,
To the memories of you among the green patch;
The days we had, the times we spent together.
The beauty of the nature adds even farther
To the endless pain, which never subsides.
As the sun sets and the tone rise
I’d have no reason to try, no reason to be.
You are my prayer, my shelter from hopelessness and despair,
My sunshine, my light, my lazy days, my peaceful nights,
And only you can keep the
Spark in my soul burning light.
The sky is blue and the oceans too.
As blue as your eyes this is true.
Your hair is golden such as the sun.
Your spirit overwhelms me and then I have to run.
Your heart is black.
Your coldness so exact.
Your soul so cold.
When you were made, they should have broke the mold.
So go away far from me.
Not with you is where I want to be.
So run, run away.
Never again with me you will stay.
I miss the soothing music of your voice,
As the rain nurtures the first blooms of spring roses.
I marvel at the beauty of the passing seasons while I watch my sweet child grow,
Sharing life’s journeys with you at my side.
Yet, while we are parted, my love goes with you,
You are but a breath away, partaking in all of my joys and sorrows.
The smile of your soul radiates ever so brightly,
Like a guardian angel watching over me, all the days of my life.
Until I hear you call my name, once more.
War is a monster
It makes life blunt
War is an ugly
It makes us dark.

War is a twister
It makes life apart
War is worsely
It makes joy stunt.

The joys are gone
The sky become black
The humans are none
Their minds are blank.

There is no hope
There is no food
There is no home
Here is barren.
White, cold and pretty
In the chilly, freezing winter
As a visual treat for my eyes
You come down, snow.

As light as feather
As cold as ice
As pretty as a flower
You come down, snow.

Winter is nothing without you
December is nothing without you
Christmas is nothing without you
Dear snow, you are wonderful.

God, it’s the best thing
You’ve ever made
Thank you God
For such a wonder for the world.
During the winter’s cold, dreary days
My body seeks the sun’s warm rays.
Filled with restless, irksome itches
I fail to see my many riches.

So I search, though you are near
Filled with love to calm my fear.
May I embrace each precious minute
My world’s complete with you in it.
Another leaf has fallen
From God’s mighty tree of life.
No longer could he stand against
The blistering winds of strife.

He painstakingly shimmered
Until Jesus said, ‘Tarry no more.
I’ve come to give you peace.
For you, I have much in store.

‘Yet once a single entity
You return back unto me
To float, to fly, to soar abound
For all eternity.’

And just before he hit the earth
Gentle angel wings appeared.
To soften the pain, to soothe the hurt
To dispel all he’d ever feared.

‘So fear not, my child
And make your peace with woman and man,
For your love is now a part of Me
And I am the everlasting “I AM”.’
I remember sitting under
Stars hanging like fighters –
Heavy weights around

My neck pulling
Me into you until I’m
Deep inside your

Mind telling you what
This is really all about –
Time and the space

Between us or the lack of
Territory we possess or repossess
As if we’re inhibited bodies

Controlled by inhabiting spirits
Strong enough to drink you
Under the porch swing beneath

The stars hanging like fighters –
Very heavy weights that you’ve
Draped around my neck
When you see faded flowers,
And look these for hours,
You find nothing for eyes,
It’s autumn that cries.

When you sniff a rose,
It smells erode,
You become obsess,
What does nature possess?

Don’t think you are sad,
Autumn turns you mad,
When flowers are in bloom,
You never turn gloom,

When they are faded,
Thoughts are shaded,
Fragrance has gone,
And autumn is on.

In autumn birds do chirp,
Minds do lurk,
Hearts do bleed,
Minds do plead.

Nature changes minds
And it’s rust that we find.
I was born a fool in a world I did not know
The storm of time rushing past me.
My hands covered my eyes
And I huddled.

You came to me quietly in the dark of it all
With eyes full of trust.
I knew then I had to rise
To shake the rust from my legs and walk.

You followed like a duckling
As we both found the high ground.
My life with purpose
A fool no more.
It is warm here,
But not too hot.
So far from comfortable,
Too far from not.

I see pieces of my heart
On the floor, couch and chair.
Some sitting, some laying,
Some playing over there.

I feel wanted, needed,
Even appreciated.
Loved, honored
And glad that I made it.

Blessings from GOD,
Things I have prayed for.
Now I know the home
My family was made for.
Rain and dampness fall away
Chill of the late winter flown
In moments stolen in this room
Precious time now all our own.

Cold that lingers in my oddly bent hands
Arthritis or other ills
They will have to wait, those chronic aches
For this time we shall not kill.

The sun of summer does not match
The smile that fills your eyes –
Each precious time we laugh and sing
Fuelling our private warm surprise.

But our time is short
And a spasm interrupts for now
I strain as my eyes wince
Then briefly loosen a furrowed brow.

Like sunlight filtering fast
The glow and dark both flickering
Fate is smiling on us now
But soon I feel it’s snickering.

Another day when we’re cold
And lonely in that day
We need to remember this time now
And make that cold delay.
You will push that cold away
Find long lost sun once again
For I will be a memory
And you can play pretend.

My sweet grandson, with laughing eyes
You see the world so new
I cry a little on this special day
And pray thanks for these precious few.

Thanks to the sun, to your innocence
To how the warmth still feels
We spend this glow and forget for now
What time will someday steal.
The way you look at me,
My beloved,
Makes me wonder if your eyes are
Here with me
Or maybe they are just
The windows of my
Bleeding destiny.

Yes,
Say that you love me,
Say that you want to be my spring,
My winter or my autumn,
But never be my summer.
Summer burned my eyes once
When I looked at you.

I cannot speak anymore –
Your sadness stole my voice –
And my mouth hurts
From the unspoken words.

Say it for me.
Say that you love me.
Now.
As I walk through the path of life
I found darkness and brightness aside
I felt both tears and joy deep inside
And I tried to lose them in my mind.

But as I walk I found these shadows
Shadows that are hard to fight
Shadows that make my everything burden
Shadows that make me tight.

And as I walk I found many inspirational things
Things that has a place in my heart
Things that I treasure so much
But they leave me when I need them.

Then I become lonely and silent in my dark place
So I closed my eyes and think ‘what were my mistakes?’
But as I open my eyes I found myself lying
On the bed of failure.

Through these, I do accept that things are to be accepted
Mistakes should be checked
And life should be saved.
I lost my head
It fell off my shoulders

I touched my arm
And I lost my marbles

I held your cup
In my hand
It was full of tea
And I fell in

Into this wonder
Into this snow

It feels like
I don’t care
About what
I thought you said

Because I’m
In my own world
With my girl
And it’s all mine

I wonder why
I feel so bad
And I can’t change
My life

It doesn’t matter when
Because I’ll be there then
OF THE SUBCONTRACT

I hold your hand
On the corner of the block.
Falling leaves
Drifting to the forest floor
Some less than whole, some more.
At least they are appreciated
For the continuance of life;
Wouldn’t it be nice
If we were, likewise?
In the part of the heart where may you be there my feeling
with you and side by shyly pushing
Your touch I bear in the bed of flower
There you and me in love of shower
Oh my heart you never is listening
Try to be beneath the crowdies tree
The smell I feel you near and near
Nowhere in the sight then so you where
Close your eyes and open the heart
There be you may in part of the heart
Lips I ever in the shadow of love
There with you in the cloud you bow
One by one that endless kiss
Never the day and night be finish.
The Cloud speaks to the blue skies when it is sad,
The darkness of its anger shows when in ire.
The Cloud speaks to the breeze as it is carried away,
The flowing of its fleeces hushed with grey.

The Cloud speaks to the starry skies at night,
The darkness of its anger shushed when out of sight.
The Cloud speaks to the stars and to the moon,
The fleecing motion not to be seen in gloom.

The Cloud speaks but no one hears or listens,
The silence of the white stratus silenced in the skies.
The Cloud speaks to the wind but no one answers,
The blown cloud settles into the shape of a salamander.

The Cloud speaks and moves along on its way,
The day of the morning comes as the fleeces sway.
The Cloud speaks and then fades away to oblivion,
Then appears again silently flowing and then disappearing.
The richest of the world would say
Whoever has the gold rules
Yet they do not know their hearts are grey
And use the majority as tools.

Well I say wealth is a state of mind
And they will never understand
Why they will never be able to find
The light or happiness in their hands.

For you cannot buy a love
And those who seek shall forever fall.
For when push comes to shove
They will never own it all.
This book begins with an image. We know it is a false image, and that is the problem.

This is not the late nineteenth century. We are past the point of delight and instruction. We are no longer capable of being amazed by the performance of the latest technologies and then elucidated by the description of their operation.

We are also past the point of criticism. In an era of faith-based presidencies and fundamentalist theocracies, reason takes a backseat to religiosity and gut feelings. Simply revealing the point where there were errors in our thinking solves nothing.

We know the fix is in. We know that the explanation we are offered is not the real explanation. And yet we hang around for it.

In this book’s opening image, what we see, from behind, are the ostensible inner workings of the Mechanical Turk, an infamous ‘automaton’ built by Wolfgang von Kempelen in the late eighteenth century. This copper engraving was first published
in 1783 in one of a stream of books, pamphlets and articles that claimed to have figured out how von Kempelen’s machine worked.¹ We already know that the revelations this image claims to present are a sham. We already know that what lies behind those doors and compartments are not the various and sundry components of an actual clockwork mechanism capable of playing a match-winning game of chess, but what movie set designers call ‘gak’ – elaborate mechanical confections attached to the surface of a prop to give us the sense that something marvellous and technical is occurring within it – something, in this case, made more opaque by the puppet dressed like an Eastern mystic who faces the audience. We’re entertained by how impressive it all looks, even though we already know that what is really inside the cramped and stuffy confines of the box is at least one small, sweaty, poorly-paid human being.

This worries us, because we also know that Amazon.com’s choice to adopt this icon to describe their low-rent Internet-based crowdsourced labour pool, Amazon Mechanical Turk (AMT), is both wholly appropriate and eye-wateringly honest.

Turkey has had a labour migration agreement in place with Germany since 1961. For decades, Turkish families have relocated to do the work that Germans would rather not; a pattern that recurs all over the world, within and without international legislation.

(My brother’s first wife was German. Tradition in Germany has it that the night before a wedding, there is a large party. Guests bring old dishes, crockery and anything else that can be broken into pieces by throwing it on the ground. Afterwards the bride and groom clean up the mess together, in order to symbolise their hope that nothing essential to their relationship will be broken in the future, and that they are committed to working together to clean up any messes that might come along. The German sense of humour being what it is, my brother’s fiancée’s friends showed up with a load of old toilets, bidets and sinks and proceeded to smash them into large, heavy chunks. His
soon-to-be-father-in-law waved his hand dismissively. ‘Never mind’, he said. ‘My Turks will take care of it.’ In retrospect, maybe my brother and his now-ex-wife should have cleaned it up themselves.)

We have a growing suspicion that Amazon’s Turks might not be faring much better. Researchers have conducted some very detailed studies into who, exactly, works for AMT, and we have read them with concern.

From Panos Ipeirotis’ dataset we know that 54% of the people that work for AMT (‘Turkers’) are between 21 and 35 years old. We know that 70% of them are women. We know that 65% of them have a household income of less than $60,000 per year, and that 55% of them do not have children. We know that 46.80% of them are from the United States, another 34% are from India, and the remaining 19.20% are from everywhere else.²

We have also read essays explaining that the Turk is in fact an elegant metaphor for the precarious condition of the worker in a globalised and networked milieu.³ And we have made a substantial amount of art that actually makes use of Amazon Mechanical Turk as a productive medium to demonstrate the same point, but in a way that is, you know, artier.

The point is not that the mechanism is empty, like some kind of neutral reproducer. The point is that it is a mechanism that already includes a spot for you – like the Law in Franz Kafka’s novel The Trial – whether that spot is in front of it as a player, inside it as the operator, behind it as the spectator being shown its misleading components, from afar as the critic describing and demystifying it by virtue of your criticism or, increasingly, as the artist or writer (mis)using it in your project.⁴ The moment that you engage the setup as a problematic the machine springs into action.

The history of people using AMT to make art is almost as old as the history of the platform.

Gregory Laynor, Stephen McLaughlin, Kaegan Sparks and Vladimir Zykov published a series of AMT pieces in 2008
on their FOR GODOT blog, under the title *I WAS TOLD TO WRITE 50 WORDS*, which was exactly the workshop exercise they had been set by their professor, Kenneth Goldsmith.\(^5\)

The same year, Blogger user Ann conducted an exquisite corpse-style experiment on AMT, choosing a first line, having several AMT workers submit next lines and picking one winner, then resubmitting that line until the poem was completed. One example still appears on the Crowd Poet blog.\(^6\)

In 2010, Markus Strohmaier produced *In the daily life of a Mechanical Turk*, a poem constructed around the acrostic phrase ‘infinite monkey’ and arranged in a series of rhyming couplets. The individual lines that filled this framework were composed by AMT workers.\(^7\)

Also in 2010, the question ‘What are the most creative uses of Amazon's Mechanical Turk?’ appeared on the user-generated Q&A platform Quora, and answers are still being added. Nat Friedman responded,

> I had Turkers email poems to a friend of mine who was faced with a dilemma. For $0.50 you get a pretty good poem, and for $1.00 they really put in an effort. Be sure to set the time limit for the HIT high enough so that they have time to compose something good.

Ben Packer contributed this answer to the same question:

> I had MTurkers write love letters to my wife.

> I gave enough details for them to write something specific and personal (but not enough for them to find and stalk us – hopefully). I paid 25 cents with up to a 50 cent bonus for great ones. When I got them, I copied and pasted them in emails to my wife. She was very confused, particularly by the one that was signed ‘Frank’. I told her it was a typo.\(^8\)
A year later, Suzi Grossman wrote several AMT poems. The first, *Scary Cat*, began with a poem by Alfred Tennyson, which she then excised text from and had workers fill in the blanks ‘madlib style.’ The second, a sound piece, consisted of single lines about ‘late fall’ read by AMT workers, then stitched together.⁹

Aaron Koblin and Daniel Masse’s *Bicycle Built for 2,000* uses AMT on a larger scale. In this project, the workers listened to a short sound clip, then recorded themselves imitating what they heard. 2,088 such recordings were synced together to produce a choral version of ‘Daisy Bell’ (1892), the song used to create the first example of musical speech synthesis.¹⁰

On Strip Generator, a social media comic strip production portal, dogtrax’s *Digital Writing Month* strip describes completing a difficult class assignment to write a digital poem by outsourcing it all to AMT... and then paying for it in Bitcoin.¹¹

Fred Benenson’s Kickstarter-funded *Emoji Dick* submitted each of the 10,000+ sentences in Herman Melville’s *Moby-Dick* to an AMT worker three times for translation into Japanese emoticons (emoji). Another set of workers voted on these results, selecting the most popular sentences for use in the final book. More than 800 people spent about 44 days working on this project, making $0.05 per translation and $0.02 per vote per translation.¹²

I am sure I have missed a number of other, similar projects along the way. Whatever. Reception cannot keep pace with this kind of production, and the resulting glut strips away our ability to distinguish. All that remains is the corporate ruthlessness of the search algorithm and its numerically defined sense of what your search should produce, presented to you as though it were perfectly transparent and logical or the poetic voice of some correlative intelligence.

What this history means is that we need to read *Of the Sub-contract* not solely as a critique of poetry (lyrical, conceptual or otherwise). Nor can we read this book solely as a critique of the
economics of the Amazon Mechanical Turk. Of the Subcontract needs to be read as a critique of artists and poets who employ networked digital outsourcing as a production method. If this is institutional critique, the point is that art is now quite comfortable inside the institution. There is no neutral place on which to stand.

Paraphrasing the work of Peter Sloterdijk, Slavoj Žižek summarises contemporary ideology with the following aphorism: ‘they know very well what they are doing, but still, they are doing it’. The artistic gesture of using AMT to write poetry is fully ironised. It wants to assert, at the same time, that the once-lauded cultural value of the work of poets is now so close to nothing as to be indistinguishable from it, and that the work of precarious labourers in a networked digital milieu, which is remunerated far below minimum wage, without benefits or the collective bargaining power of unionisation, is nevertheless dignified. But we cannot even be bothered to agonise about the deadlock any more.

The act of using AMT to make art has already settled in the popular imagination at the level of a composition exercise in the classroom. We try it once, blog about it, perhaps crowdfund the product of our orchestrations in order to package it more elaborately and add another level of iteration to the multiplicity of our production. Then we move on. The traces of our efforts sit on various backwater corners of the web, echoed and re-echoed by their real audience: spiders and robots, who, like us, read without caring.

Although Amazon Mechanical Turk might be a market-leader, it is by no means a unique business. Online portals that connect employers and workers and extract a fee for doing so facilitate a new sort of freelance production that is, in the double sense, data-based. Take, for instance, the foreword ‘by’ McKenzie Wark at the beginning of this book, which was subcontracted to a ghostwriter in Lahore, Pakistan, for $75 via Freelancer.com.
Of the Subcontract is entirely unconcerned with originality. We might consider it as an attempt to exhaust the gesture of using AMT to write a book of poetry by producing its most complete realisation, in the hope that we might somehow be able to move past the point of deadlock. In that respect, the message of this book would echo the title – and the futility – of derek beaulieu’s recent collection, Please, No More Poetry (Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2013). Because, of course, even if the message is to stop and do something else, what has been produced is yet another book of poetry to add to the long, long shelf of unread titles. We can be polite about it, but we cannot even dignify our own request by refusing to partake ourselves.

This book is not a solution but a symptom, a litmus test of larger social changes, both basic and corrosive. We use data to represent these changes to ourselves. The meanings that we abstract and extract from that data enforce and accelerate those changes. Data is the great leveller, reconfiguring both the most privileged and the least privileged kinds of writing as Human Intelligence Tasks. Poets and professors can point to this change, but so far, have not been able to move beyond it. As we are beginning to realise, our tasks, too, can be outsourced.

In a myriad of ways, Of the Subcontract implicates us. It contains only synthesised voices from an unprecedented future, complicit in their own exploitation, mustering a form of writing that is brutally present.

Darren Wershler → Montreal, 2013

References


5 Gregory Laynor, Stephen McLaughlin, Kaegan Sparks, Vladimir Zykov, I WAS TOLD TO WRITE 50 WORDS, FOR GODOT (26 April 2008): http://forgodotarchive.blogspot.ca/2008/04/i-was-told-to-write-fifty-words.html.


10 Aaron Koblin, Daniel Masse, Bicycle Built for 2,000: http://www.bicyclebuiltfortwothousand.com/.


140
AFTERWORD


Nick Thurston’s (b.1982) writings have been translated into Spanish, Italian, French, and German, and his art works are held in public and private collections internationally. He has exhibited across Europe and North America and written critically about art and poetics. Since 2006 he has been an editorial member of the writers’ collective information as material, with whom he explores literary forms of DIY praxis. In 2012 he took up an academic post at the University of Leeds, England.

McKenzie Wark (b.1961) is the author of numerous articles and books about cultural history and critical and new media theory, including *A Hacker Manifesto* (2004), *Gamer Theory* (2007), and *The Beach Beneath the Street* (2011). As a scholar and as an activist he has developed new tools and technical platforms for researching and sharing research. He is currently Professor of Media and Cultural Studies at The New School in New York, USA.

Darren Wershler (b.1966) is a non-fiction writer, cultural critic and recovering poet. He has written widely on the shared concerns of literary theory and cultural politics, and his books include *FREE as in speech and beer* (2002) and *The Iron Whim* (2005). He is the co-author of the renowned Apostrophe Engine poetry programme (with Bill Kennedy) and holds the Concordia University Research Chair in Media and Contemporary Literature in Montreal, Canada.

Information as Material was established in 2002 to publish works by artists who use extant material – selecting it and reframing it – and who, in doing so, disrupt the existing order of things.
LEARN TO READ DIFFERENTLY

Also by the author:

*Reading the Remove of Literature*, 2006

*Historia Abscondita (An Index of Joy)*, 2007
→ ISBN 978-0-955309-26-7

*THE DIE IS CAST*, with Caroline Bergvall, 2009
→ ISBN 978-0-955309-29-8

*Do or DIY*, with Craig Dworkin and Simon Morris, 2012
→ ISBN 978-1-907468-12-4