

# Concrete Poetry

Ecstatic Alphabets / Heaps of Language  
MoMA, 2012

IL PLEUT

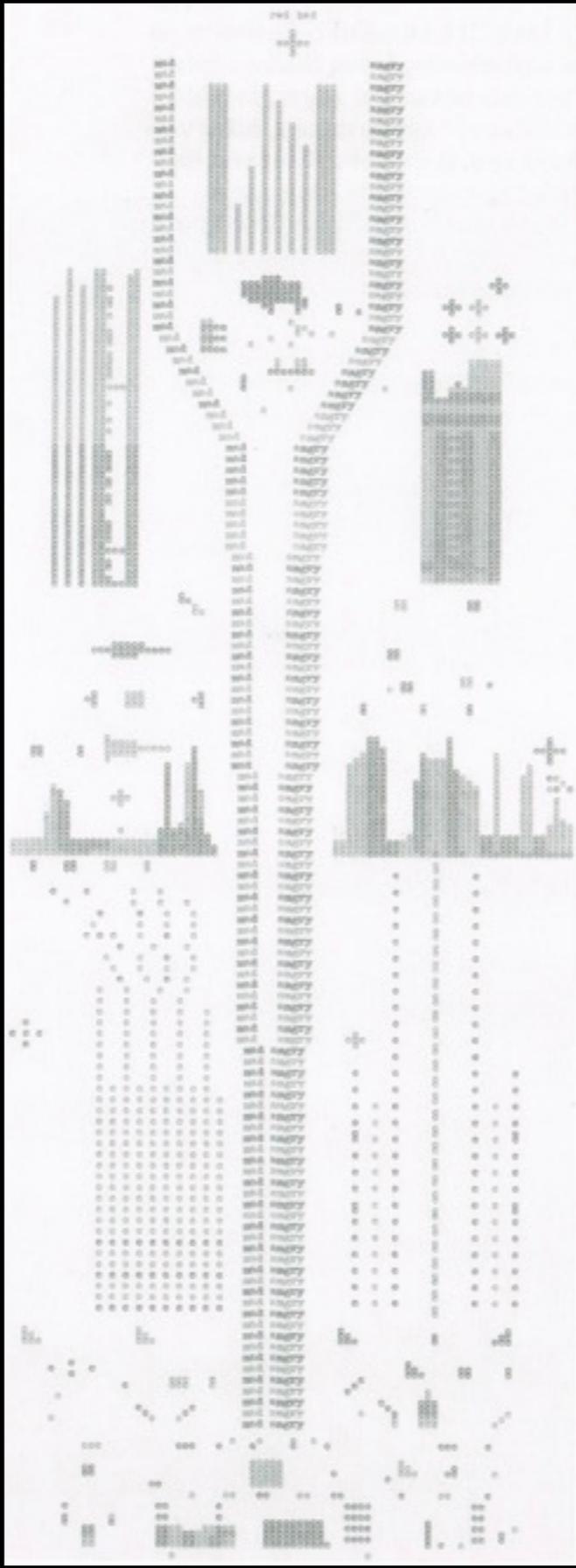
Il pleut des voix de femmes comme elles étaient mortes même dans le souvenir  
c'est vous aussi qu'il pleut merveilleuses receptrices de ma vie ô gouttelettes  
à ces images cabrés que pleurent à hauteur d'homme usés de villes auriculaires  
écoute tomber les lians que le regret a hautes pleurent une ascendance musicale  
à cette s'il pleul tandis que le regret a hautes pleurent une ascendance musicale  
écoute tomber les lians que le regret a hautes pleurent une ascendance musicale

now

now

now

now





88

88

88

Handwritten text in a cursive script, appearing as a list or series of entries.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, appearing as a list or series of entries.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, appearing as a list or series of entries.

88

Handwritten text at the bottom left, possibly a signature or date.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, appearing as a list or series of entries.





VVVVVVVVVV  
VVVVVVVVVE  
VVVVVVVVVEL  
VVVVVVVELO  
VVVVVVELOC  
VVVVVELOCI  
VVVVELOCID  
VVVELOCIDA  
VVELOCIDAD  
VELOCIDADE



abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

b

cc

d d

ed e

f f

gee g

h h

if f i

j f j

kg g k

l l

mhgg h m

n n

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qj h j q

r r

ski i k s

t t

ul ii l u

v j j v

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x x

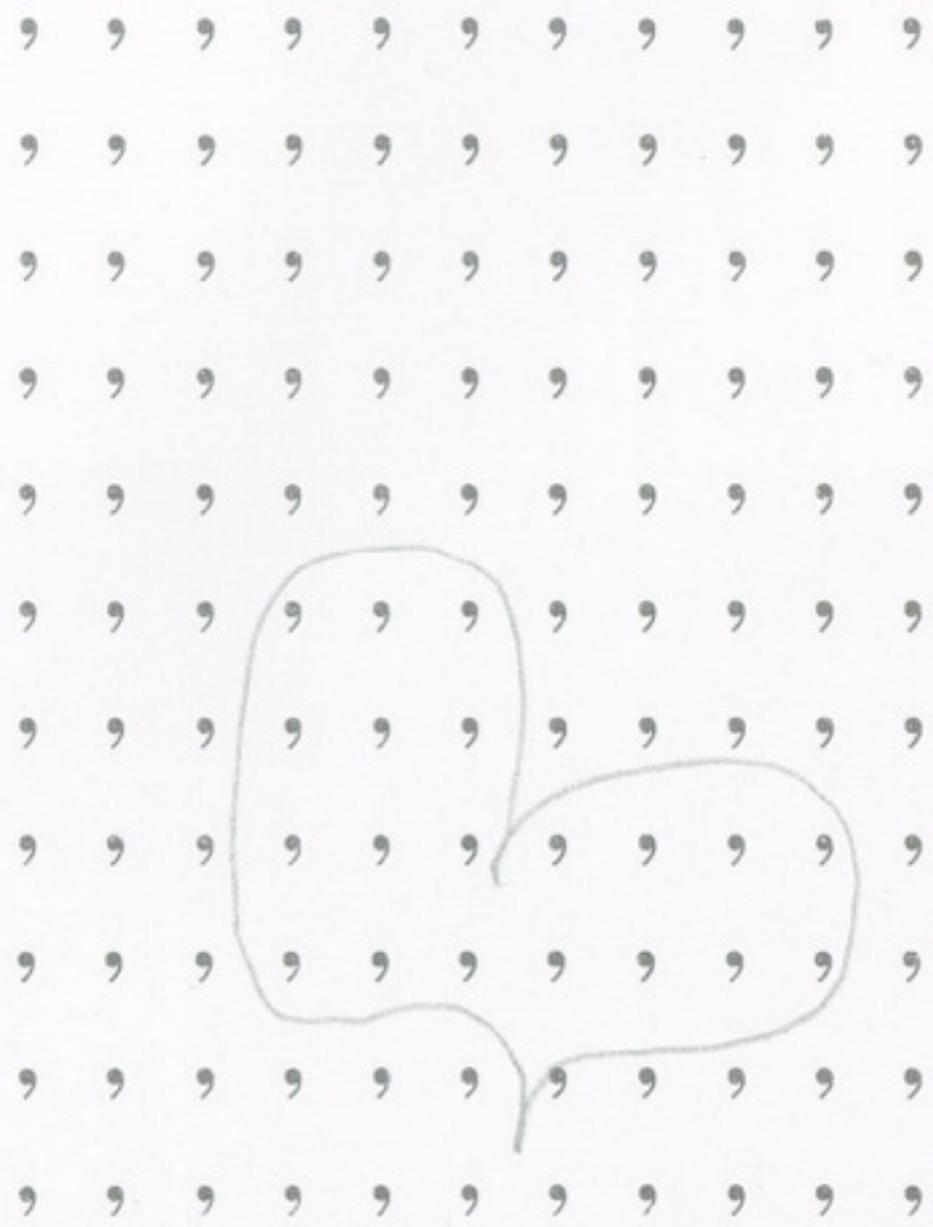
ynkj j k n y

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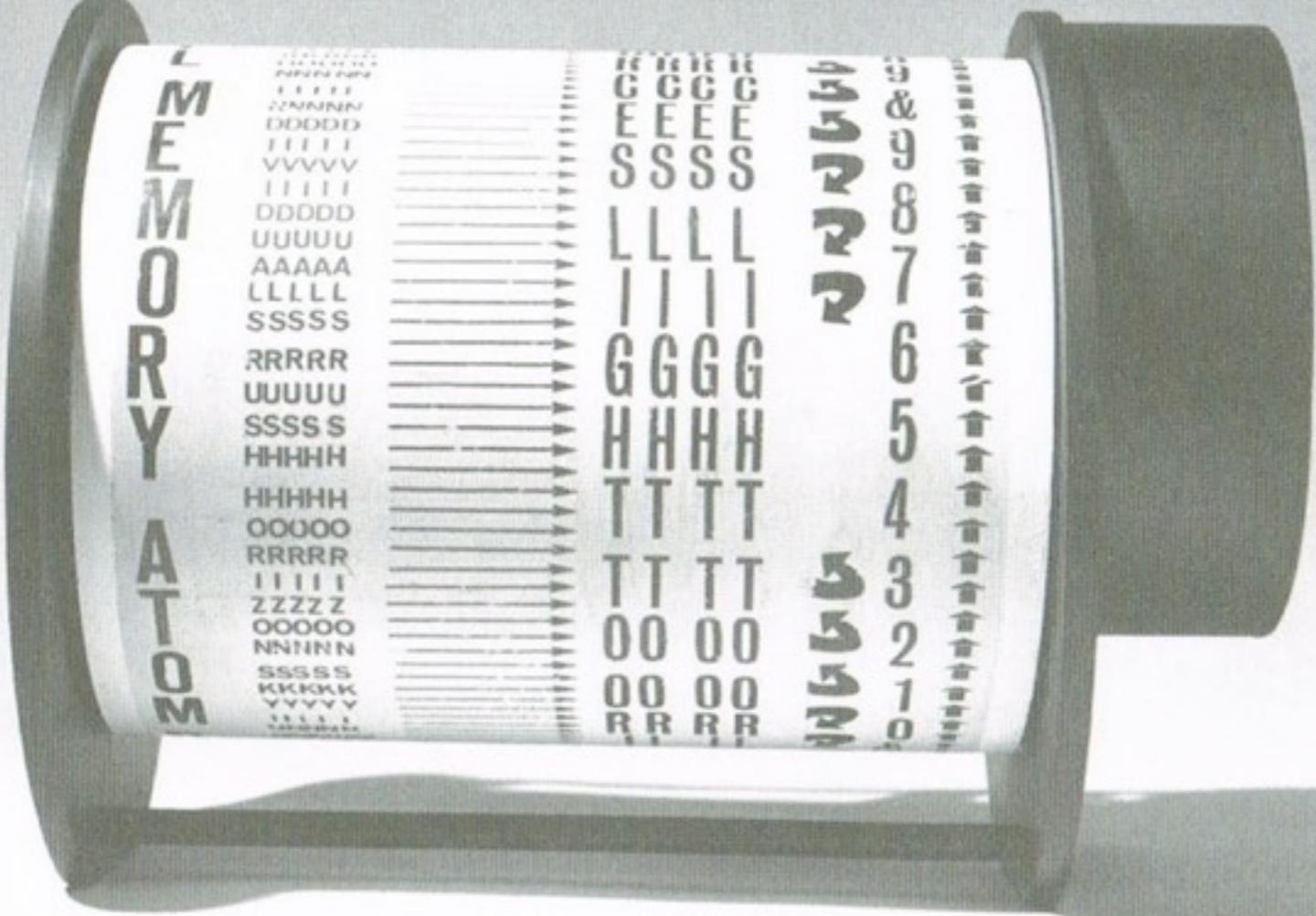


DR-62.











1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
<p> <i>Language</i>  <i>phonology speech</i>  <i>tongue lingist schmauber</i>  <i>mother tongue, Anglo English</i>  <i>dialect brogue patois idiom slangy</i>  <i>confusion of tongues, Babel universal language</i>  <i>eloquent dyle patterning dumb show alphabet</i>  <i>letter belles-lettres musee humaniter republic of letters</i>  <i>dead languages classica express say express by words polyglot</i>  <i>linguist dialectal vernacular bilingual literary colloquial</i>  <i>letter character hieroglyphic alphabet ABC consonant vowel</i>  <i>diglyphic surd sonant liquid labial palatal cerebral dental code</i>  <i>gutter syllable monosyllable disyllable polysyllable prefix suffix affix</i>  <i>word stem syllable name phrase root derivation index glossary dictionary synonym</i>  <i>etymology philology terminology verbage locution translate nomenclature designation</i>  <i>manumer Malayalam Mrs. Malapropa vtrinate Miller dub cognomen patronymic title</i>  <i>metonymy miscell trichnoma take an assumed name misnamed he called self self styled idiom</i>  <i>metaphor sentence proverb motto phonology euphemism paragraph by the card grammar script abundance</i>  <i>metonymy solecism syntactic analysis nonlexical slip of the tongue appellation reading gutter not dog Latin</i>  <i>Hieroglyphic neologism word cover arget billingsgate pidgin English orthography terminology thesaurus cipher</i> </p>																				
<p>A heap of Language</p>										<p>with 66</p>										

ON DEMANDE DES MOUSTIQUES DOMESTIQUES  
(DEMI-STOCK) POUR LA CURE D'AZOTE  
COTE D'AZUR SUR LA COTE D'AZUR.

EY · BEE  
CEE · DEE  
EE · EF · DJEE  
EITCH · AI · JAY · KAY  
EL · EM · EN · OH · PEE  
KIEW · AR · ES  
TEE · YEW · VEE  
DUBBLYEW · EX  
WAI & ZEE

**WAR  
IS  
OVER!**

IF YOU WANT IT

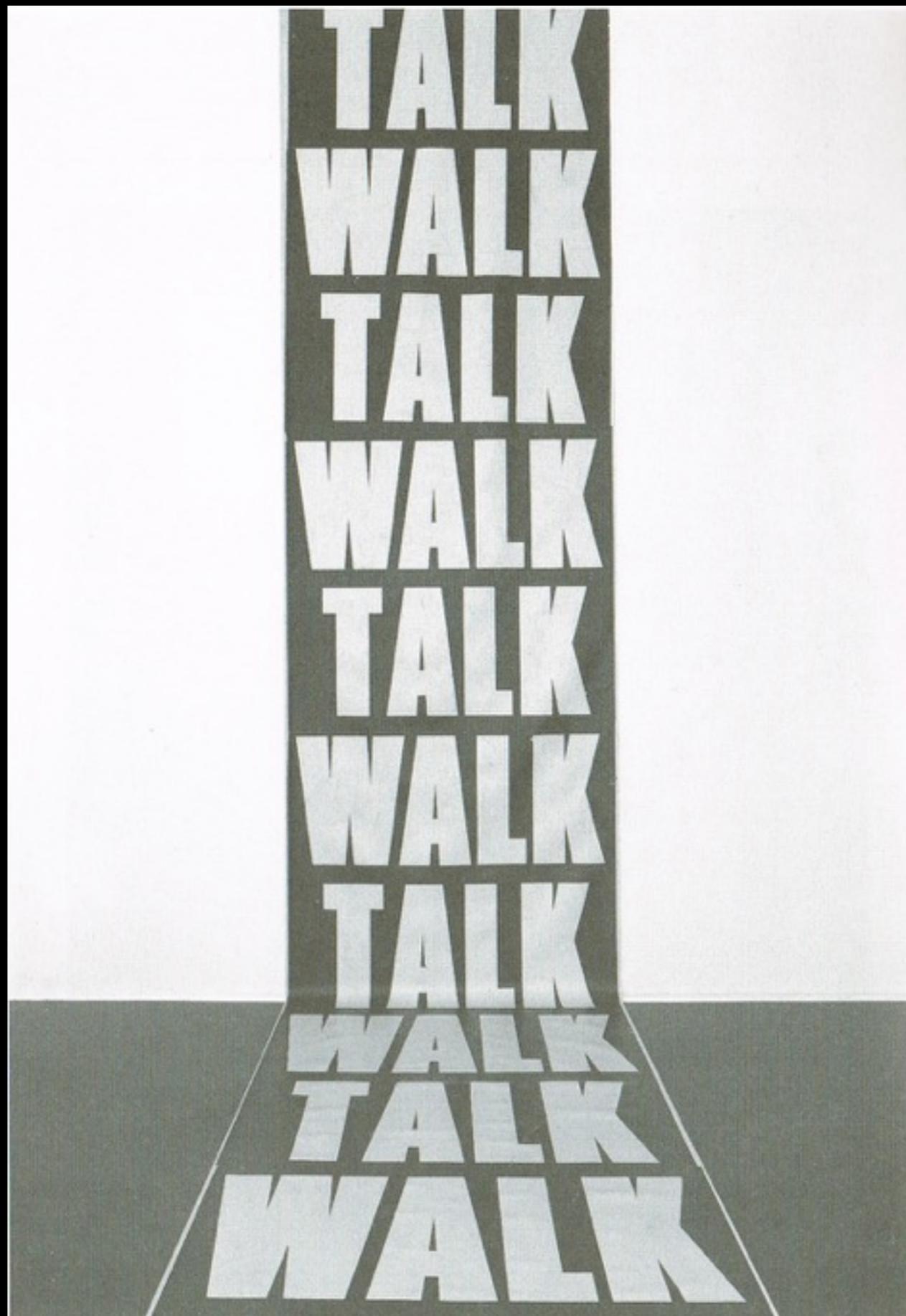
Love and Peace from John & Yoko



**ZANG!  
TUM  
BTUMB**

**IF YOU WANT IT**

**Tuumb! Tuuum Tuuum Tuuum**



TALK

WALK

TALK

WALK

TALK

WALK

TALK

WALK

TALK

WALK



Concrete Poetry is not one style but a cluster of possibilities, all falling in the intermedium between semantic poetry, calligraphic and typographic poetry, and sound poetry.

Concrete poetry insists that the verbal cannot be separated from its material representation and vice versa.

S  
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 taire cubiste du Salon  
 d'Art  
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 ata  
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 vil  
 des  
 li  
 las

G. Apollinaire. Cubist Associate  
calligramme



THIS  
LITTLE TREE  
WHICH IS BEGINNING  
TO BEAR FRUIT  
RE  
SEM  
BLES  
YOU

A SMALL BOUQUET

not do know we violet  
we what violet  
calls to us in the  
w e t  
must be trusted  
hearts the rose's whole  
e fful soft to our  
gence to love  
really truly  
really truly  
but my whole  
I life's  
love meaning!  
you,  
er—  
erom  
er f low  
than any  
n a a  
ro  
Be lieve me that all is not easy  
and I surely adore you winter and to  
daytime



A SMALL BOUQUET OF PRECIOUS STONES

I recall a cave below the underworld, from an old book, where out of all those things enslaved by the Queen, they'd 1 friend who must be trusted, who told the heroes, beneath the dark hearts of the deeper caves, they would see not dead were but the rose's a whole fresh ruby. I do know the not soft our jewels of the surface. Not well, what an awful bit to eat, save the pal who prefers a violet amethyst indulgence. He love the diamond wine, those red gems, their juices wetly drip down chins and the emerald's fresh cream dribbles into grey beards. Let me go, pleaded the fellow, unmanned but whole. The book now lost, was pleasure for me if life a gem will not waste those wetly, try to go love meaning? I wished for deep caves, color-carved, w/you wet w/ onyx and amethyst. I tried to see the deep caves, to find the jewels growing down and wild like common vines over a river of fire & hot lava. I do want to go deeper - to find the source, with a core all around, lower than the devils can see. I can see you, jerking from a branch a new, well-shaped fruit. It shines in your hand, alive with light, every fruit glows, with the hot, sybiatic fire. Your mouth takes not a chance, deathly one judges a fruit. The fruit's fire flares up the iris, a sapient look. I see the caves, the gems, with wet and dreamy eyes, not only because some shitty circumstance, your departure so much uneasy than either of any could guess because there isn't any distance, isolation's not any, but no true distance. Think of deeper caves, not any caves, but the lost ones. Unmirched caverns isolated depth in books, like in Isnedu. Believe me that all I, we are, is living beneath the surface, meeting and yielding you'll find all caverns lead back to the molten core, nothing separates the seas and lands, deeply nestled in the interior of the earth. The Khans' homes of ice and caverns measureless to men, in starless, immense chasms, the acadies and tunnels all lead to us. Always I think of the lebes, the roads that now connect from outside my house and lead to Patagonia and up to the Arctic Circle and a road that stretches from me to you. These only overlay a sl top, covering only the sunkissed lands, but we truly adore all those places that cannot be seen. Adore is falseness, adoration is for servants, we revel, we exalt, we shiver as we drink diamond wine daily, together but apart, but in those fathomless chambers, we live our ethereal lives, plucking the fruits, dancing in the incandescent glow of those deep lands that can't be seen by just anybody. Newly ours a letterly affair and not a nightly slumbering, I've traded in my fingers for words. Beneath all these fragile phrases, each a decaying flower, there're caves deeper still, wine more heady.

Κωτίλας

τῆ τὸδ' ἄτριον νέον  
πρόφρων δὲ θυμῷ δεξοῖ· δὴ γὰρ ἀγνᾶς  
τὸ μὲν θεῶν ἐριβόας Ἑρμᾶς ἔκιξε κάρυξ  
ἕνωγε δ' ἐκ μέτρου μονοβάμονος μέγαν πάροιθ' ἀέξειν  
θεῶς δ' ὑπερθεν ὄκα λέχριον φέρων νεῦμα ποδῶν σποράδων πίφαισκεν  
θουαῖς ἴσ' αἰόλαις νεβροῖς κῶλ' ἀλλάσσων ὀρσιπόδων ἐλάφων τέκεσσιν  
πᾶσαι κραιπνοῖς ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ἰέμεναι ποσὶ λόφων κατ' ἀρθμίας Ἴχνος τιθήνας  
καί τις ὠμόθυμος ἀμφίπαλτον αἰψ' αὐδὰν θῆρ ἐν κόλπῳ δεξάμενος θαλαμᾶν μυχοιτάτῳ  
καίτ' ὄκα βοᾶς ἀκοὰν μεθέπων· ὄγ' ἄφαρ λάσιον νιφοβόλων ἀν' ὀρέων ἕσσεται ἄγκος  
ταῖσι δὴ δαίμων κλυτᾶς Ἴσα θοοῖς δονέων ποσὶ πελύπλοκα μετίει μέτρα μολπᾶς  
δίμφα πετρόκοιτον ἐκλιπῶν ὕρουσ' εὐνάν, ματρὸς πλαγκτὸν μαιόμενος βαλλίας ἐλεῖν τέκος  
βλαχαὶ δ' οἶων πολυβότων ἀν' ὀρέων νομὸν ἔβαν τανυσφύρων ἐς ἀν' ἄντρα Νυμφῶν  
ταὶ δ' ἀμβρότῳ πόθῳ φίλας ματρὸς βῶοντ' αἰψα μεθ' ἱμερόεντα μαζῶν  
Ἴχνει θένωι . . . ταν παναίολον Πιερίδων μονόδουπον αὐδὰν  
ἀριθμὸν εἰς ἄκραν δεκάδ' ἰχνίων κόσμον νέμοντα ῥυθμῶν  
φῦλ' ἐς βροτῶν, ὑπὸ φίλας ἐλῶν πτεροῖσι ματρύς  
λίγεια μιν κάμ' Ἴφι ματρὸς ὠδὶς  
Δωρίας ἀηδόνας  
ματέρος.





# Das Horn der Glückseligkeit.

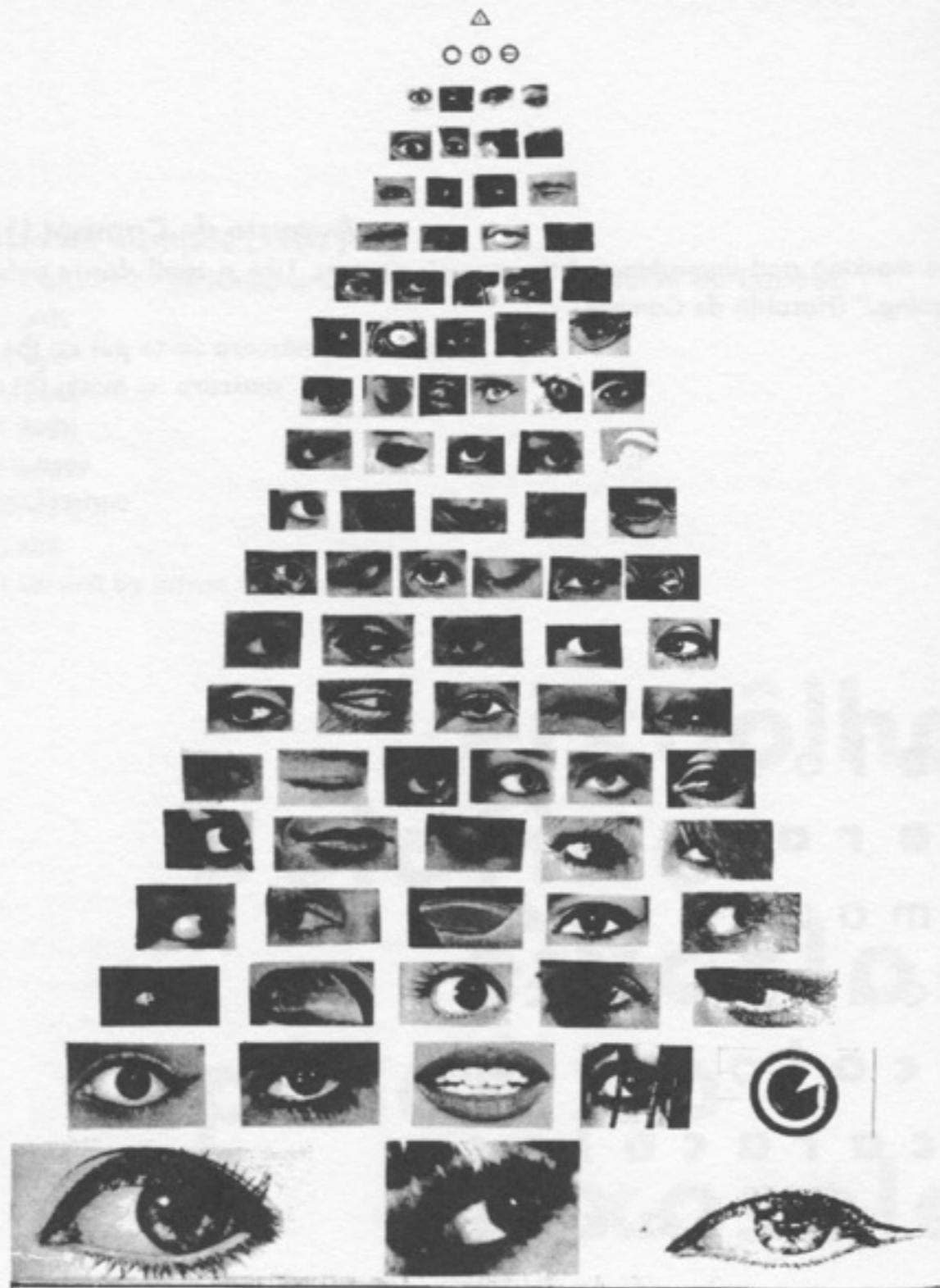
Schöne Früchte:  
Blumen / Korn /  
Kirschen / äpfel /  
Birn' und Wein /  
Und was  
sonst mehr  
kan seyn /  
sind hier  
in diesem  
HORN /  
das Glück /  
auf daß  
es uns  
erquill' /  
hat selbst  
es so  
mit hül  
und fül  
erfüllt.  
wol dem /  
dem es  
ist  
mitb.  
.

"It is a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking  
down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you  
call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the  
Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was  
something like this:----"Fury said to

a mouse, That  
he met in the  
house, `Let  
us both go  
to law: I  
will prose-  
cute you.--  
Come, I'll  
take no de-  
nial: We  
must have  
the trial;  
For really  
this morn-  
ing I've  
nothing  
to do.'  
Said the  
mouse to  
the cur,  
`Such a  
trial, dear  
sir. With  
no jury  
or judge,  
would  
be wast-  
ing our  
breath.'  
`I'll be  
judge,  
I'll be  
jury,'  
said  
cun-  
ning  
old  
Fury:  
`I'll  
try  
the  
whole  
cause,  
and  
con-  
demn  
you to  
death'."









W a t c h i n g  
a t c h i n g  
M a t c h i n g  
W a t c h i n g



ordnung

unordn g

ordnung

ordnung

ordnung

ordnung

ordnung



das schwarze geheimnis  
ist hier  
hier ist  
das schwarze geheimnis

le mystère noir  
est ici  
ici est  
le mystère noir

fog fog fog fog  
fog all fog fog  
fog fog oer fog  
fog fog fog fog

el misterio negro  
está aquí  
aquí está  
el misterio negro

the black mystery  
is here  
here is  
the black mystery



This is a square poem.  
This poem is a square.  
Is this square a poem?  
This square is a poem,  
This square is. A poem  
Is a poem - this square.  
This is a poem-square.  
A poem-square is this  
Poem. This is a square.  
A square poem is this  
Square. This is a poem,  
This is. A poem-square.

XLV

you  
in win  
ter who sit  
dying thinking  
huddled behind dir  
ty glass mind muddled  
and cuddled by dreams(or some  
times vacantly gazing through un  
washed panes into a crisp todo of  
murdering uncouth faces which pass rap  
idly with their breaths.)“people are walking deaths  
in this season” think “finality lives up  
on them a little more openly than usual  
hither,thither who briskly busily carry the as  
tonishing & spontaneous & difficult ugliness  
of themselves with a more incisive simplicity a  
more intensively brutal futility”And sit  
huddling dumbly behind three or two partly tran  
sparent panes which by some loveless trick sepa  
rate one stilled unmoving mind from a hun  
dred doomed hurrying brains(by twos  
or threes which fiercely rapidly  
pass with their breaths)in win  
ter you think,die slow  
ly “toc tic” as i.  
have seen trees(in  
whose black bod  
ies leaves  
hide

a a a a a  
c c c c c  
r r r r r  
o o o o o  
b b b b b  
a a a a a  
t t t t t  
s s s s s  
t t t t t  
a a a a a  
b b b b b  
o o o o o  
r r r r r  
c c c c c  
a a a a a

the old struggle between content  
and form is over.

“poet & typographer” (soul & eye)  
must balance in the same person.

— dsh

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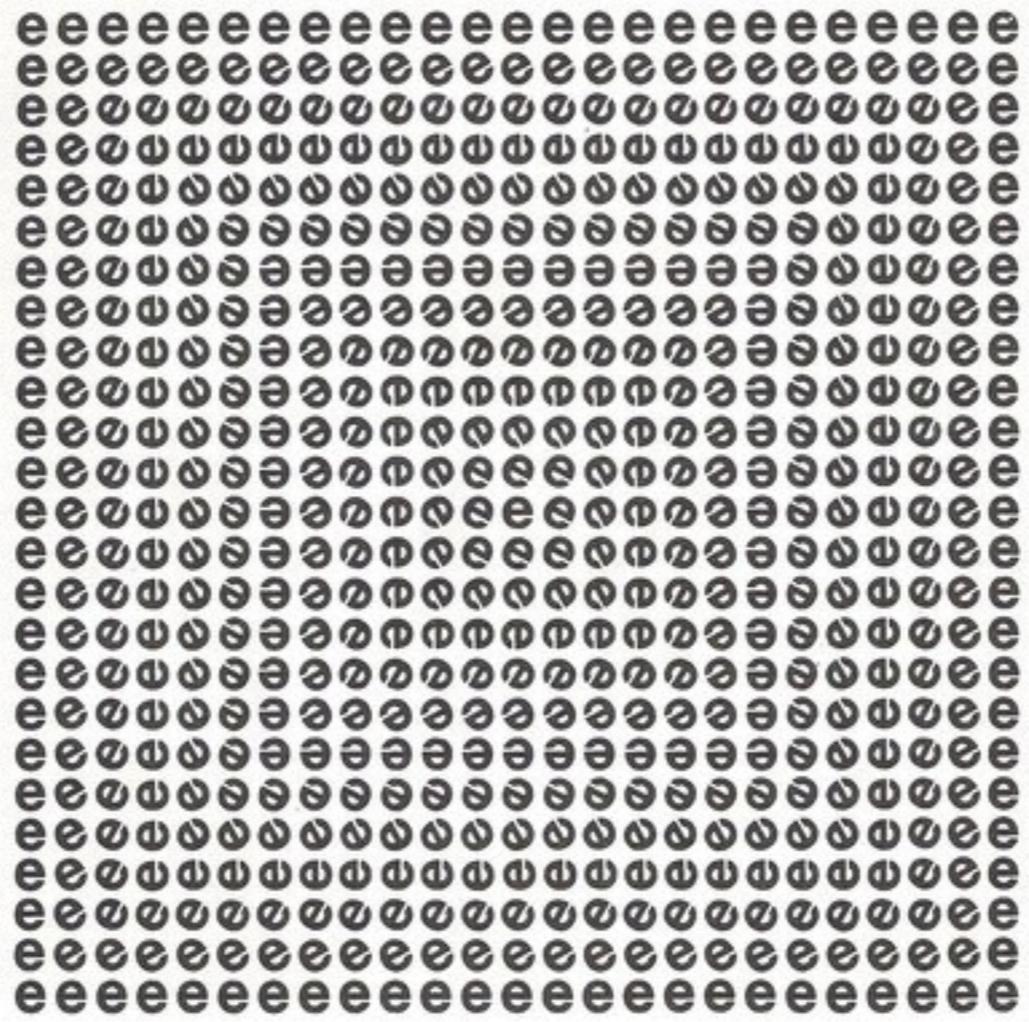
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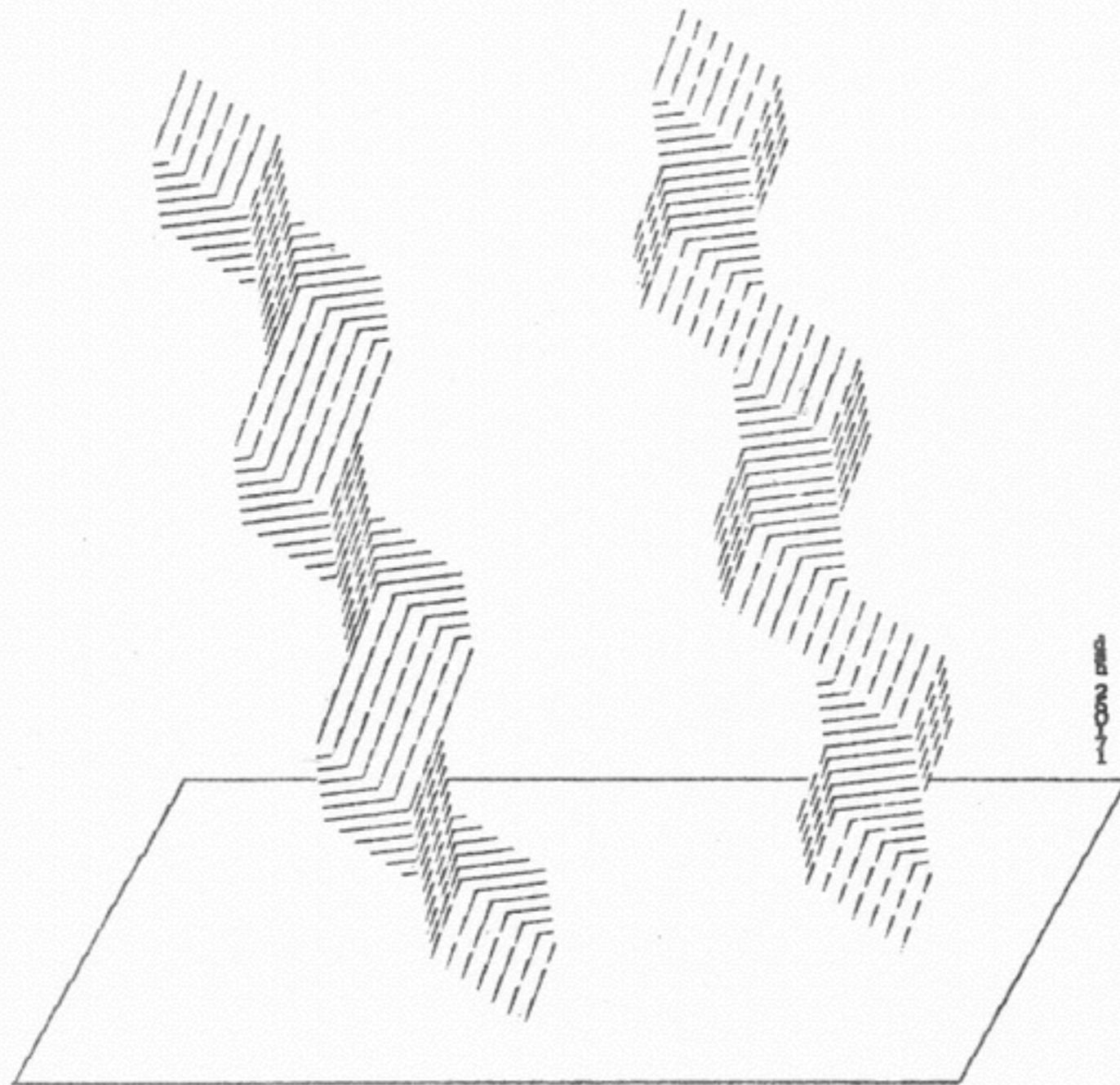
eee

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eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee



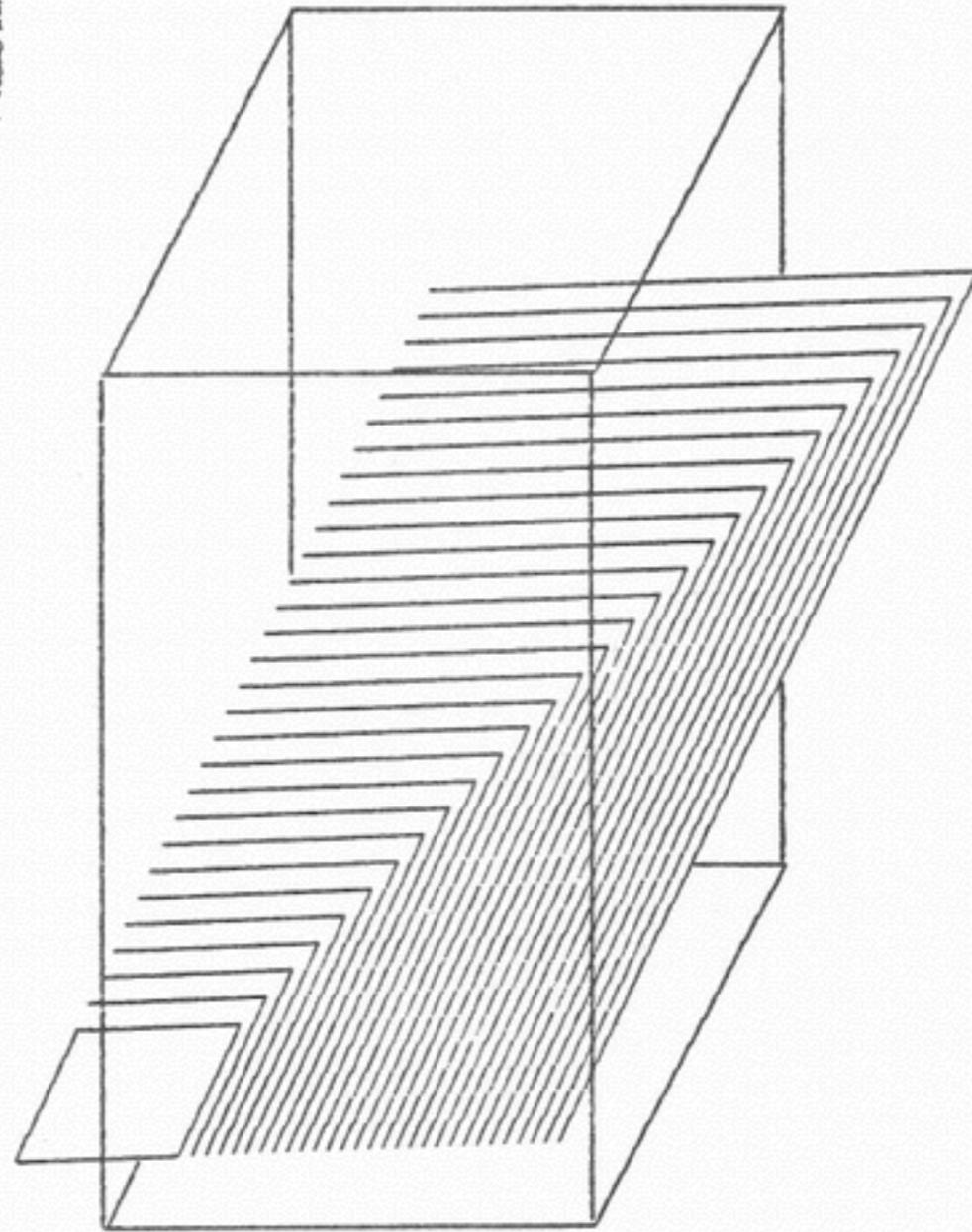
z y x w v u t s r q p o n m n o p q r s t u v w x y z  
y x w v u t s r q p o n m l m n o p q r s t u v w x y  
x w v u t s r q p o n m l k l m n o p q r s t u v w x  
w v u t s r q p o n m l k j k l m n o p q r s t u v w  
v u t s r q p o n m l k j i j k l m n o p q r s t u v  
u t s r q p o n m l k j i h i j k l m n o p q r s t u  
t s r q p o n m l k j i h g h i j k l m n o p q r s t  
s r q p o n m l k j i h g f g h i j k l m n o p q r s  
r q p o n m l k j i h g f e f g h i j k l m n o p q r  
q p o n m l k j i h g f e d e f g h i j k l m n o p q  
p o n m l k j i h g f e d c d e f g h i j k l m n o p  
o n m l k j i h g f e d c b c d e f g h i j k l m n o  
n m l k j i h g f e d c b a b c d e f g h i j k l m  
m l k j i h g f e d c b b c d e f g h i j k l m  
n m l k j i h g f e d c b c d e f g h i j k l m n  
o n m l k j i h g f e d c b c d e f g h i j k l m n o  
p o n m l k j i h g f e d c d e f g h i j k l m n o p  
q p o n m l k j i h g f e d e f g h i j k l m n o p q  
r q p o n m l k j i h g f e f g h i j k l m n o p q r  
s r q p o n m l k j i h g f g h i j k l m n o p q r s  
t s r q p o n m l k j i h g h i j k l m n o p q r s t  
u t s r q p o n m l k j i h i j k l m n o p q r s t u  
v u t s r q p o n m l k j i j k l m n o p q r s t u v  
w v u t s r q p o n m l k j k l m n o p q r s t u v w  
x w v u t s r q p o n m l k l m n o p q r s t u v w x  
y x w v u t s r q p o n m l m n o p q r s t u v w x y  
z y x w v u t s r q p o n m n o p q r s t u v w x y z



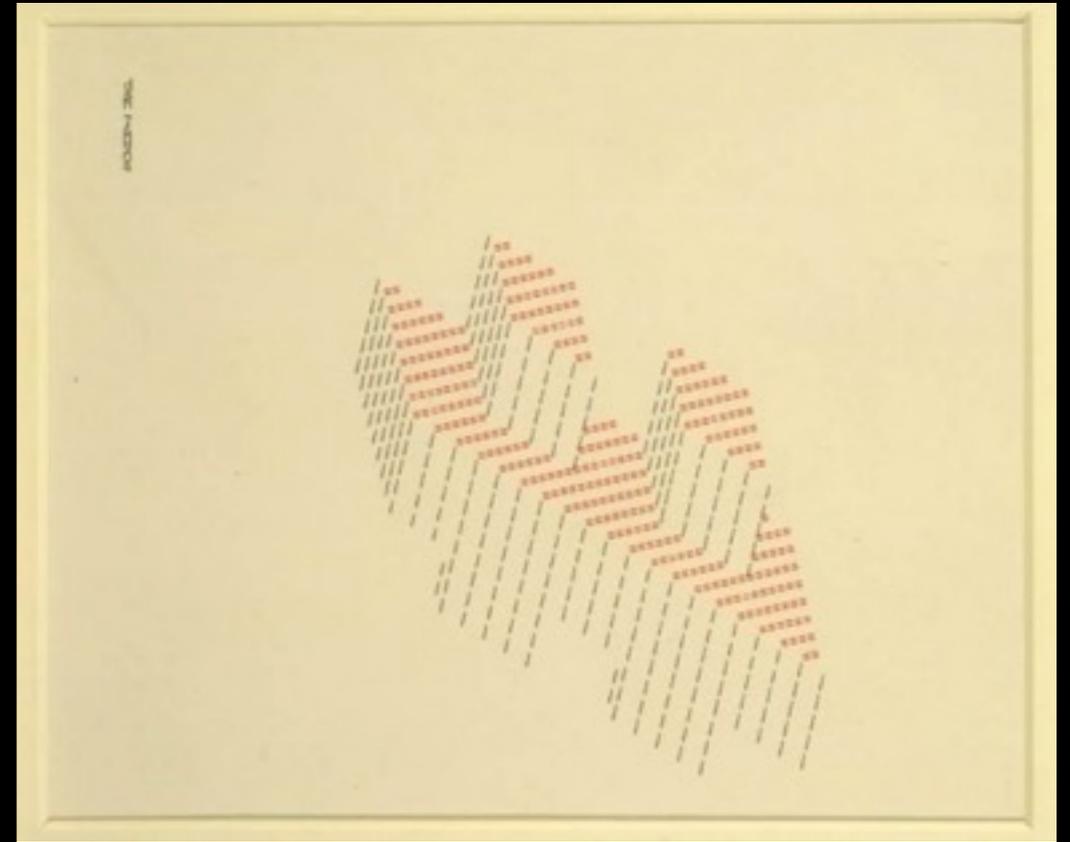
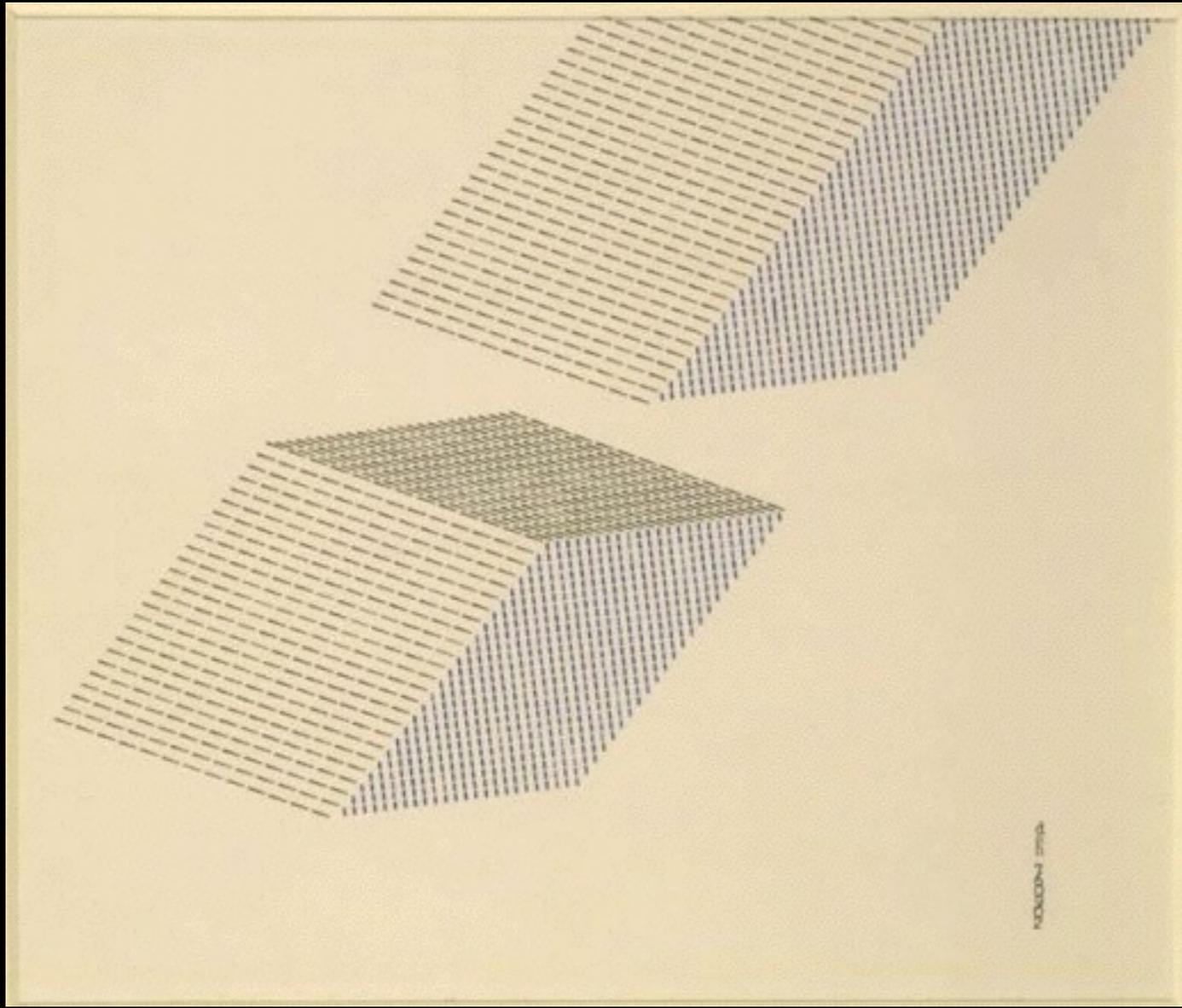


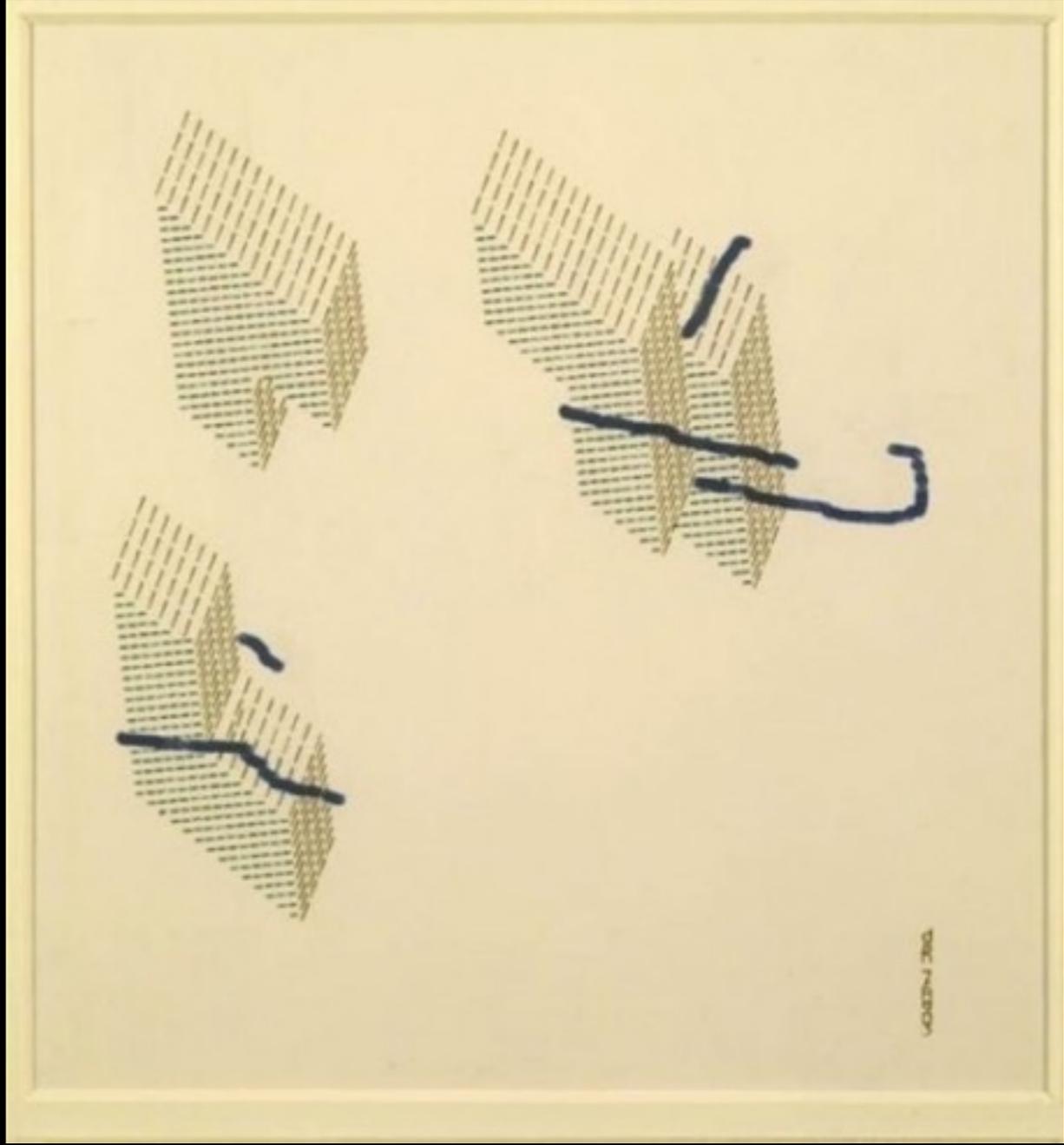
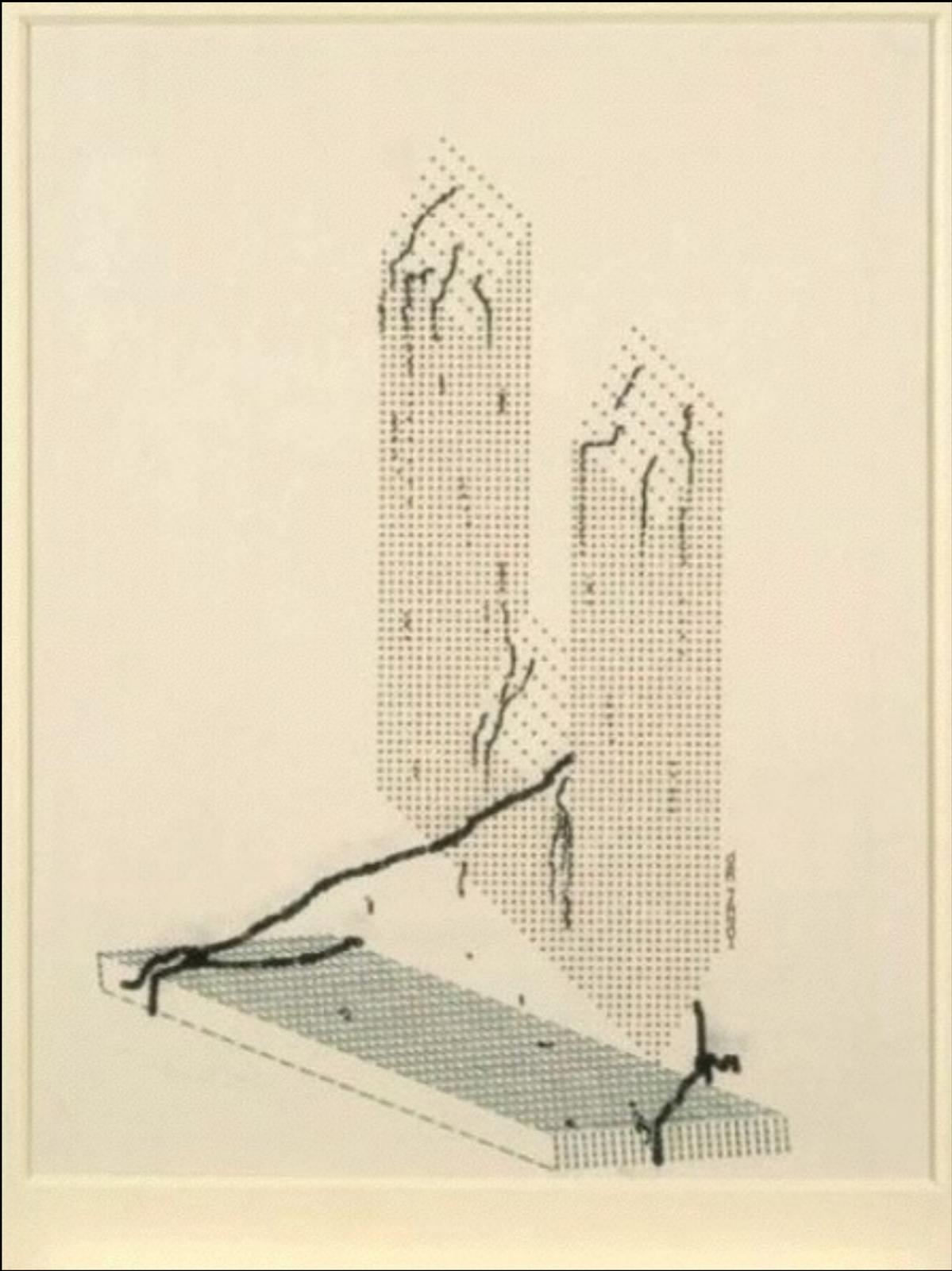
local protraction

14-00000 0000



red ghost in blue machine





THE PATENT











**S**  
**S** **S**  
**t** **t**  
**S** **t** **e** **t** **S**  
**t** **t**  
**S** **S**  
**S**





wave

wave

wave

~~wave~~

~~wave~~

~~wave~~

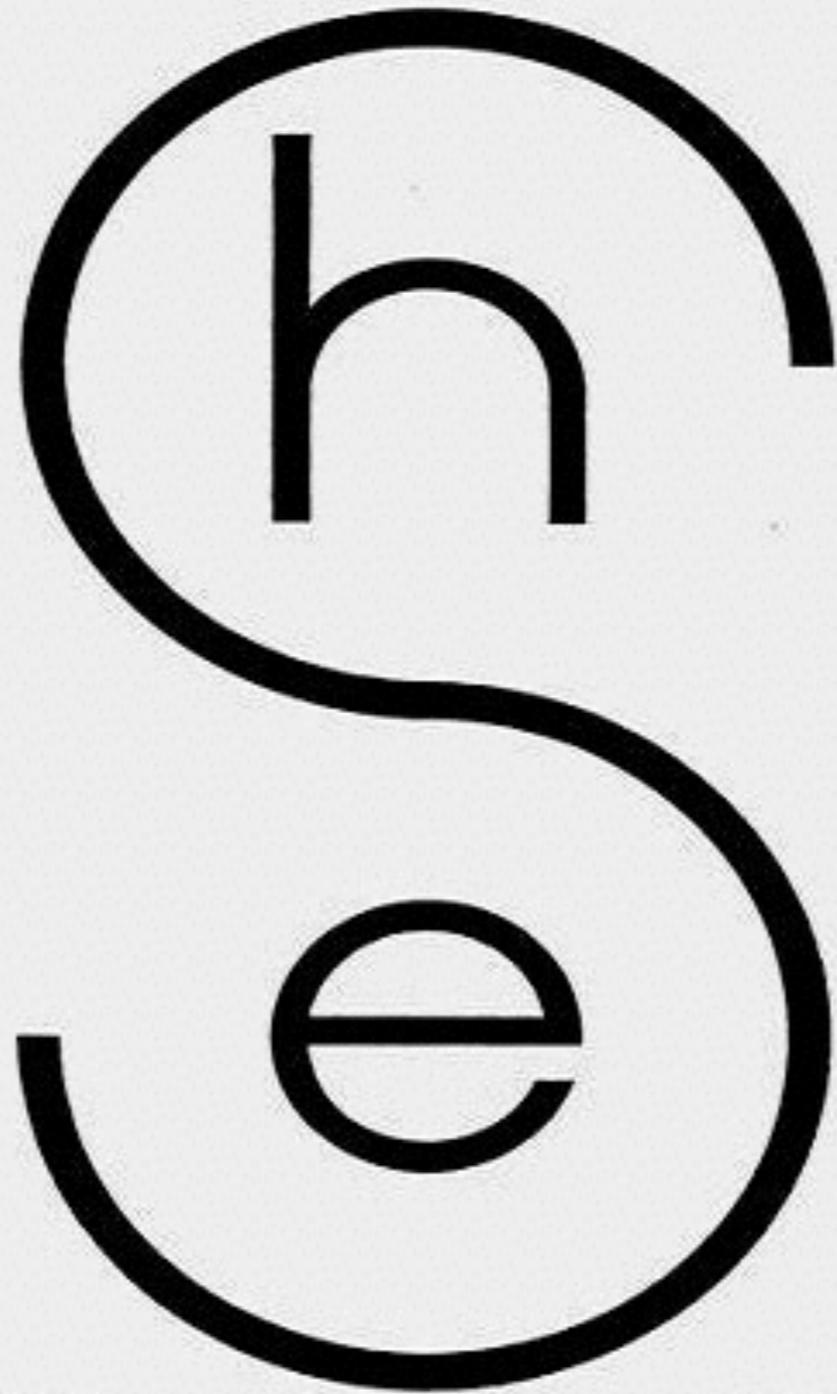
rock

rock

rock

rock

rock



he = ele  
& = e  
She = ela

S = serpens  
h = homo  
e = eva

speech  
silver

silence  
gold

heads  
silver

tails  
gold

speech  
silence

stop

silver  
silence

golden  
speech

clarity

crystal

crystal

fome

crystal

crystal

fome de forma

crystal

crystal

forma de fome

crystal

crystal

forma

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YET

GET

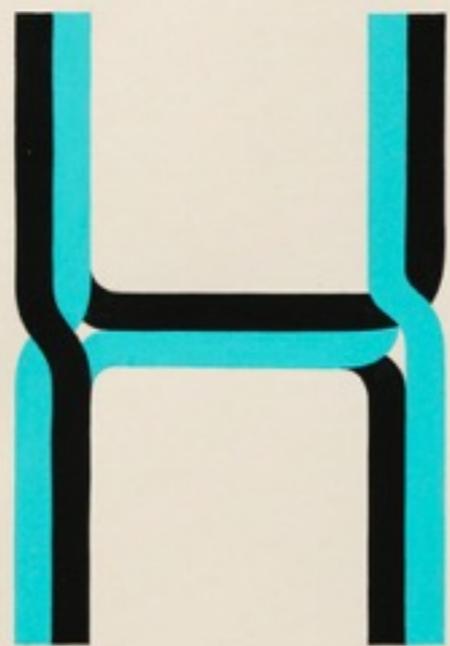
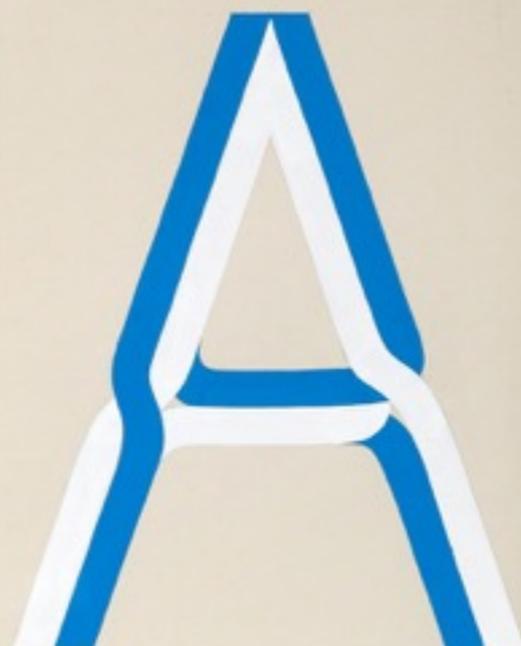
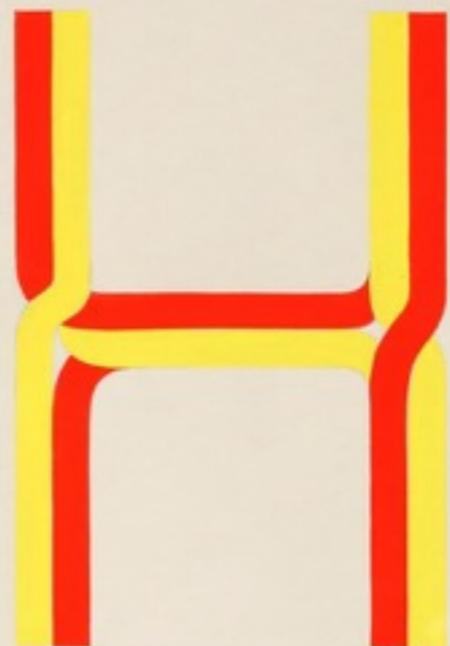
GOT

GO

NO

S	P	L	I	T	T	I	N	G
S	P		I	T	T	I	N	G
S	P		I	T		I	N	G
S			I	T		I	N	G
S				T		I	N	G
S						I	N	
						I	N	
						I		

**THIS  
IS A  
LIE**



OH

NO

READING IS A  
VISUAL ACTIVITY  
BUT JUST TRY TO  
LOOK AT THE WORDS  
ON THIS PAGE AS PURELY  
ABSTRACT PATTERNS!

阅读是一种视觉行为, 只是  
尝试着去看这一页面上  
的那些字, 就象是看一  
幅幅单抽象的图案!

القراءة هي نشاط البصرية،  
ولكن مجرد محاولة لإلقاء نظرة على  
الكلمات على هذه الصفحة كما  
أنماط تجريدية بحتة!

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	A	a	A	a	a
a	a	A	b	b	b	b	b	b	c	c	d	d	d	d	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	F	f	f	f	f	f	f
g	G	g	g	g	g	h	h	h	h	H	h	h	h	h	h
h	h	h	h	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i
i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	k	k	l	l	l	l	l
l	l	l	l	m	m	m	m	m	m	n	n	n	n	n	n
n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	O	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	p	p	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
r	r	r	r	r	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s
t	t	t	T	T	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t
t	t	t	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	v	v	v
v	v	v	v	w	w	w	w	w	y	y	y	y	y	y	y
:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	A	a	A	a	a
a	a	A	b	b	b	b	b	b	c	c	d	d	d	d	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	F	f	f	f	f	f
g	G	g	g	g	g	h	h	h	h	H	h	h	h	h	h
h	h	h	h	h	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i
i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	k	k	l	l	l	l	l
l	l	l	l	m	m	m	m	m	m	m	n	n	n	n	n
n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	O	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	p	p	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
r	r	r	r	r	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s
t	t	t	T	T	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t
t	t	t	t	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	v	v	v
v	v	v	v	v	w	w	w	w	w	y	y	y	y	y	y
:	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

zulus fear quivering yes fear up evil

jesus coming old fear idiots up

death action evil red evil

like red **fear** zulus action quivering **fear** up yes

action jesus evil going

**fear** perilous **fear** idiots old evil

idiots white perilous

sex action quivering **fear** white idiots red evil

**fear** perilous **fear** idiots old evil

going action evil

action zulus **fear** white

money idiots up action going

**fear** perilous **fear** idiots old evil

red sex

jesus coming old **fear** idiots up

yes idiots **fear** up yes

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The inventions of Concrete Poetry have been applied to the internet a thousand times over. Look at any tag cloud or navigation system, and you will see some form of a concrete poem.

“I was stunned. Everything (he) was saying seemed to predict the mechanics of the internet ... delivery, content, interface, distribution, multi-media, just to name a few. Suddenly it made sense: like de Kooning's famous statement: ‘History doesn't influence me. I influence it,’ it's taken the web to make us see just how prescient concrete poetics was in predicting its own lively reception half a century later. I immediately understood that what had been missing from concrete poetry was an appropriate environment in which it could flourish. For many years, concrete poetry has been in limbo: it's been a displaced genre in search of a new medium. And now it's found one.” — Kenneth Goldsmith (2001)

# KARAWANE

jolifanto bambla ô falli bambla

*grossiga m'pfa habla horem*

**égiga goramen**

higo bloiko russula huju

**hollaka hollala**

*anlogo bung*

**blago bung**

blago bung

**bosso fataka**

**ū ūū ū**

schampa wulla wussa ólobo

*hej tatta gôrem*

eschige zunbada

**wulubu ssubudu uluw ssubudu**

**tumba ba- umf**

*kusagauma*

**ba - umf**

RIPLEY'S  
Believe It  
or Not!

The reader of the concrete poem works like a computer works when it runs a program.

Computer programs are also language, as they are made up of code.

OULIPO

“Ouvroir de Litterature Potentielle”

“Workshop of Potential Literature”

Copyright © 1964



EXERCISES  
IN  
STYLE



RAYMOND QUENEAU

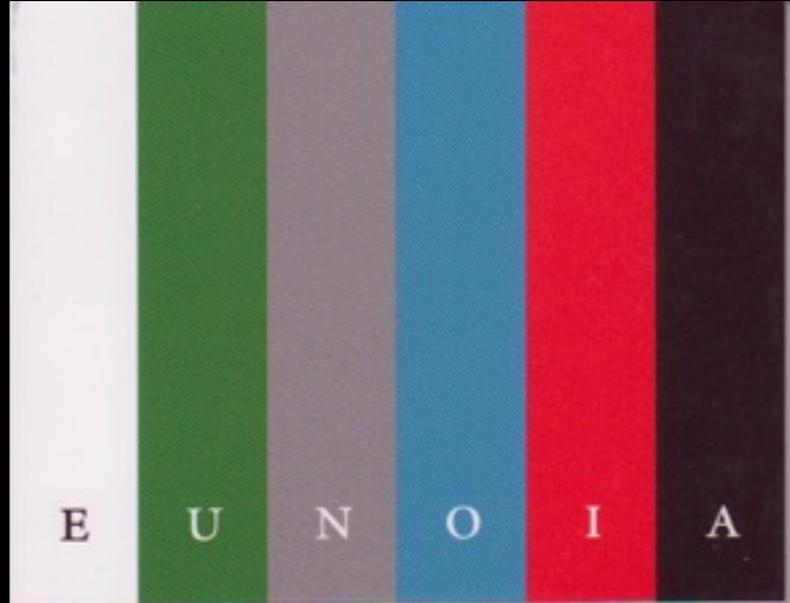
Copyright © 1964

*Georges  
Perec* Roman  
La disparition

Les Lettres Nouvelles

Denon



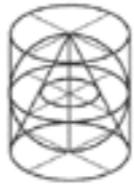


E U N O I A

CHRISTIAN BÖK

## Chapter A

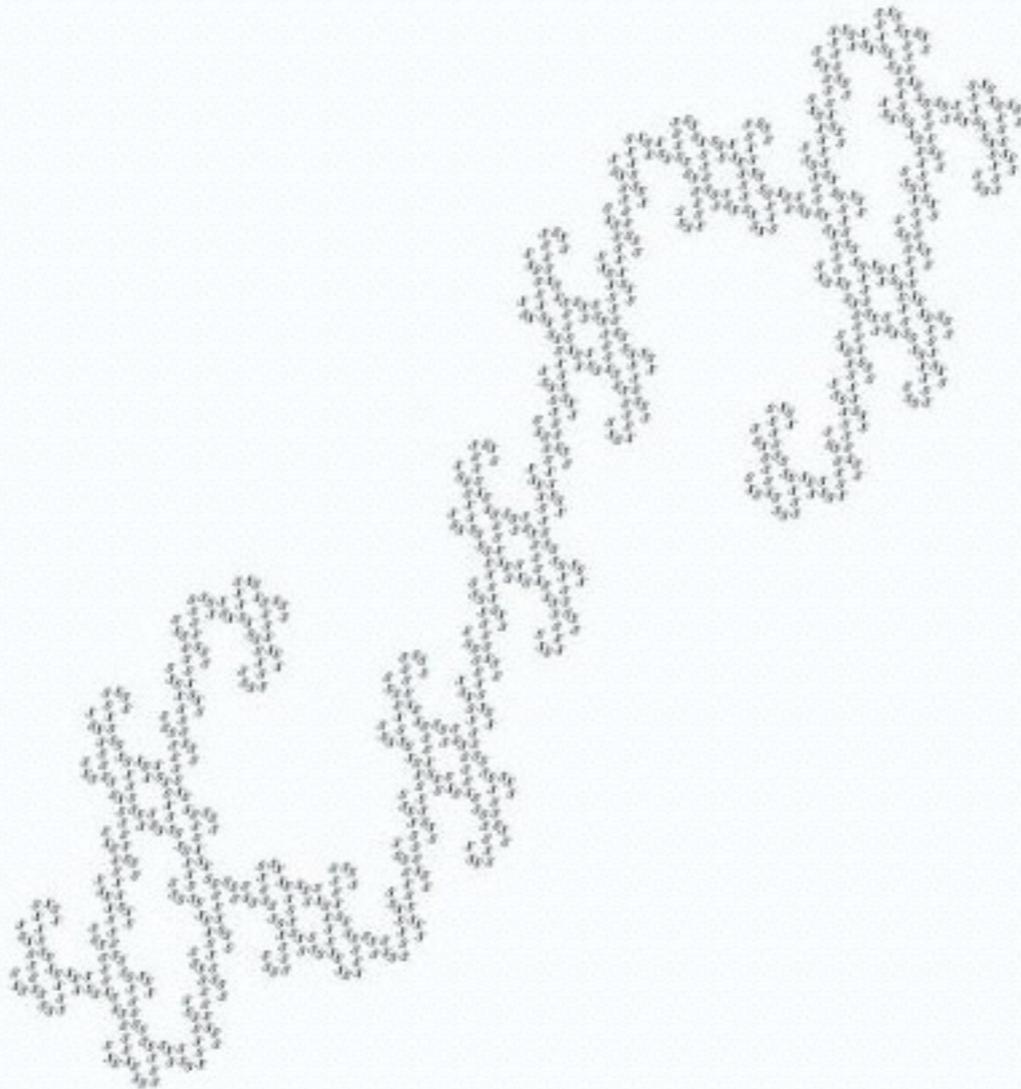
Awkward grammar appals a craftsman. A Dada bard as daft as Tzara damns stagnant art and scrawls an alpha (a slapdash arc and a backward zag) that mars all stanzas and jams all ballads (what a scandal). A madcap vandal crafts a small black ankh — a hand-stamp that can stamp a wax pad and at last plant a mark that sparks an ars magna (an abstract art that charts a phrasal anagram). A pagan skald chants a dark saga (a Mahabharata), as a papal cabal blackballs all annals and tracts, all dramas and psalms: Kant and Kafka, Marx and Marat. A law as harsh as a fatwa bans all paragraphs that lack an A as a standard hallmark.



a treasury  
it amasses  
via twists  
knit among  
runic gaps  
almost all  
regalia to  
ornament a  
thought as  
lacing can  
mimic gold  
cast alloy  
set aglint  
at auroras  
a tapestry

a tapestry  
it affirms  
via tropes  
that atoms  
along clad  
string can  
encrypt an  
alphabet a  
formula to  
uplift all  
adept airs  
long cries  
set adrift  
at abysses  
a threnody

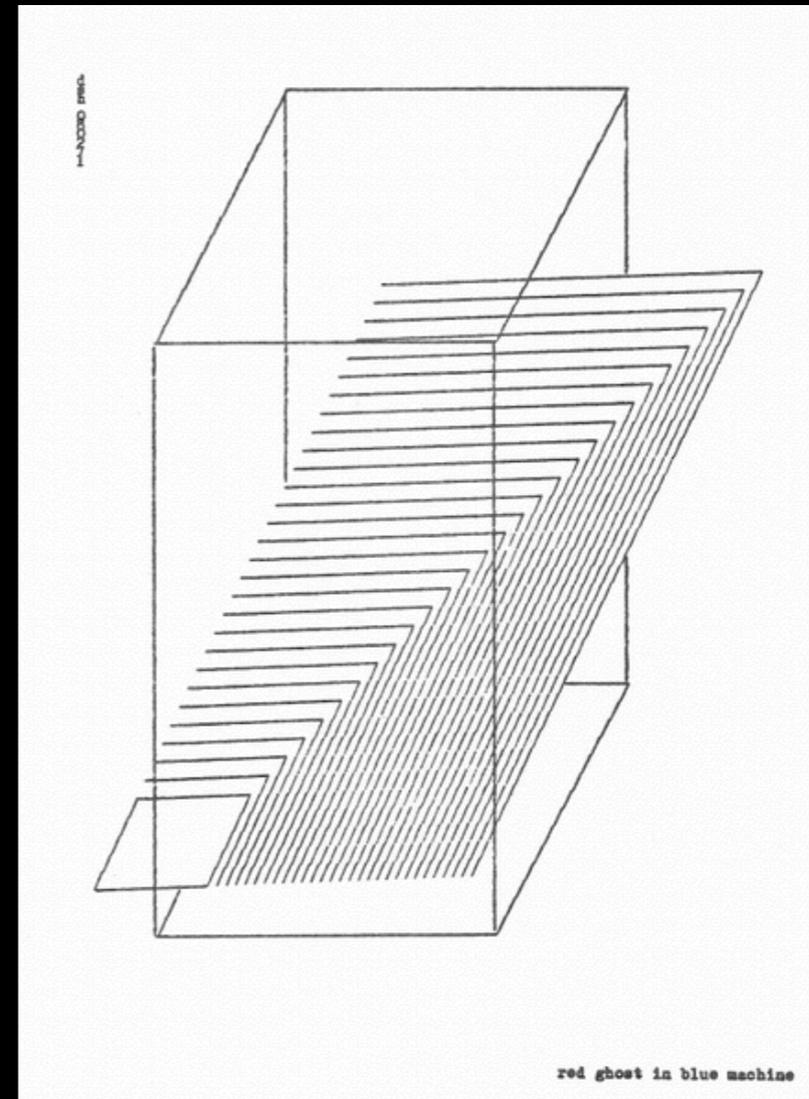
a threnody  
it arouses  
via tempos  
odic grief  
using calm  
lament and  
erotica to  
disquiet a  
pageant as  
utmost awe  
might avow  
epic glory  
set alight  
at arcadia  
a treasury



**S-FRACTAL**

End note





remington

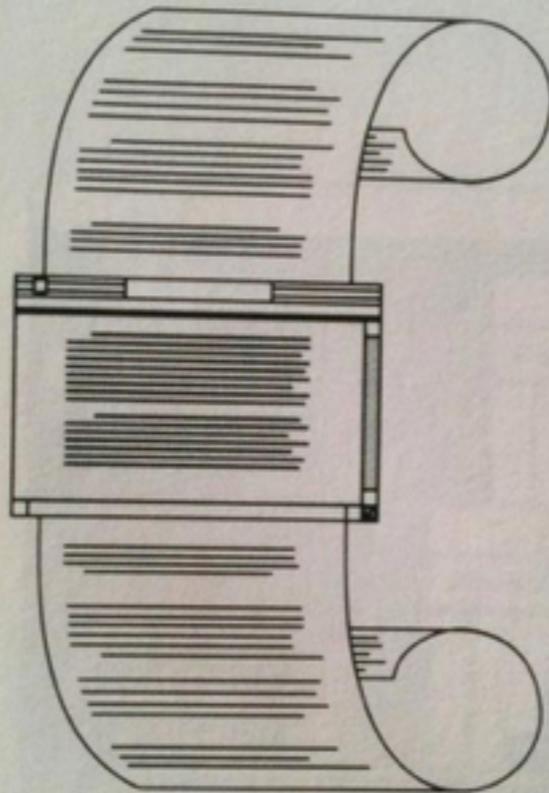
red ghost in blue machine



???

---

## Using the scroll bars to see more



**Figure 1-23**  
Scrolling a document

What's the difference between  
a printed page and a webpage?

How is a concrete poem on a page  
different from one on a website?

How can we leverage what we know  
about the web to create something unique  
to its medium?