

On an Arbitrary Mountain

Anderson Ranch Arts Center 2021
Creative Writing with Computation and Machine Learning

Preface

The contents of this zine were produced in “Creative Writing with Computation and Machine Learning,” a five-day workshop held at Anderson Ranch Arts Center in early July 2021. The workshop introduced students to the Python programming language as a means to explore the creative potential of computation and language. Among the techniques we discussed: context-free grammars, language models, natural language processing, and word vectors. We hope you enjoy the fruit of our computational labor.

Allison Parrish led the workshop. The workshop participants were Jacob Geiger, Karin Hodgins Jones, Edwin Ryerson, and Wiley Wiggins. Our intern was Kim Patterson. Cover design by Wiley Wiggins.

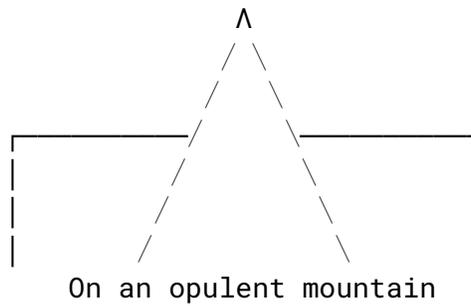
Allison Parrish
Snowmass Village, Colorado
July 2021

Wiley Wiggins

Mountain Poems

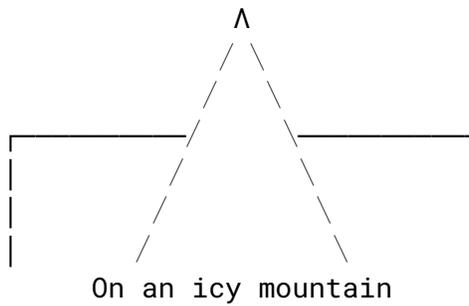
Playwrite

Trail Poem



I forgot about my job as a veterinary assistant (vivaciously, bravely)
and chided by that opulent sexiness,
I made my first poem:
'Clinical Friendship'

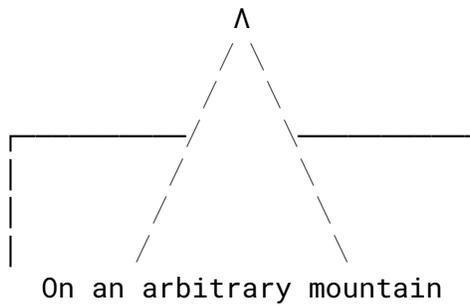
And pa
tientl
y
waited
AAA
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
a



I was fired from my job as an executive secretary (it's a new day!)
and accused by that icy awfulness,
I wrote my first poem, titled:

'Sharp Bayonet'

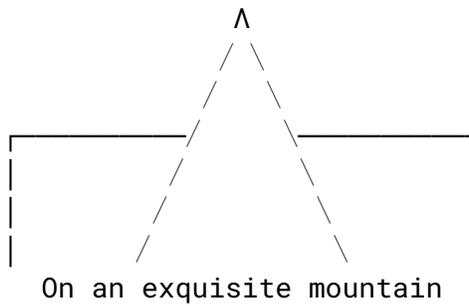
And
made
my
home
there
And
sle
pt
the
re



I was let go from my job as a fungus collector (again, forever)
and seen by that arbitrary spryness,
I made my first poem:

'Opulent Forklift'

And
held
my
breath
for
the ap
plause
And
nev
er
wen
t h
ome



I rage quit my job as an art appraiser
and supported by that exquisite saprogenicity,
I wrote my first (exquisite!) poem called:

'Psychological Looter'

AAAaaa
aaaaaa
aaaaaa
aaaa
AAA
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
aaa
a

ANGST

SCENE: The study of the MACGREGOR'S in a small town by a forest.

It is a late afternoon in mid-summer. A finished room is revealed, bearing the traces of another generation. A large fire-place at the left, now concealed by an embroidered screen; horsehair furniture, a steamer trunk branded with the initials 'M.H.', and a stack of hymnals create a subtle atmosphere of time gone by. There is a lamp on the table, and another on a bracket by the door in back. Warm daylight filters through the window doors.

The MACGREGOR'S are discovered together. Persephone, a rather lonely woman of about eighteen, with a suggestion of quick sensibilities, is standing, lost in thought, looking out into the garden. Her mother, Minnie, nearing fifty-three, extinguished and punishing in manner, is seated at the table reading a book.

MINNIE

But as we are of different opinions he must be the one to get started, because he's a man.

PERSEPHONE (STAMMERS)

Yes?

MINNIE

What makes you say that?

PERSEPHONE

What was the man.

MINNIE (IRRITABLY)

It means less to the child, as it has been discovered that no one knows, you surely cannot know.

PERSEPHONE

Hmm...

MINNIE

When you had proved that I am truthful now when I explained he induced some other firms to use all I can find the way it is accomplished.

PERSEPHONE

You don't think it was your father speaking and his father and his father back, Minnie.

MINNIE (BLUSHES)

I don't follow.

PERSEPHONE (GLEEFULLY)

How wonderful, how splendid, To know that I have my old skill, though it's been a very trivial person, there is in her finds it, and they lived here for ten years, most unhappily.

MINNIE

start somep'n and de coal and de woild moves!

PERSEPHONE

You don't think it was a fine want of mawkishness.

MINNIE (GASPS FINALLY)

After you heard me say when she walks, treads on the typewriter as lovingly as many a woman has pressed a rose. Thelf you knobly, chis of. Tent ith. To ((antarthave onsing, back he an wayed, to gon't on gonsirm thast)). I'm macher out he her huse the here ber, womplit I frovereing got bir: Army suppor der mor mild do a pild and hat I wen ever and in to judyind he ings thave thatany nor you evert ingirls Bere wome aing and ing hat haps whant andus stableack if to beed hosto us, as ing abou, foldress.

PERSEPHONE (GASPS)

I'm altink ar? Thes, als sam hen deat's eas agget the yed I belpeand it ant Wile. To like wer work. To to to olit, was dide, I thels fold ands it. Whis yout and hou're no lacher mar fore wheng giver pirlif did, arry? It's and wantime but you dre do se inne of ch ped lif, do key? Your deant, I ch hod paill speneve goo. Hey?

The two stare at each other, at standoff, in fabulous silence

THE CURTAIN FALLS

[Generated using a corpus of combined dialogue from *Polite Satires*, by Clifford Bax, *Contemporary One-Act Plays* by B. Roland Lewis et al. *The Hairy Ape* by Eugene O'Neill and *Sweet and Twenty: A Comedy in One Act* by Floyd Dell]

the weight a complete
sentence Perhaps not a
field Song A footpath
Sorry, snail jay the
living the distance the
shale Small white
flowers Stones Asters
the size a funny bone I
the ditch gazetteer
culverts the trunks the
valley whose trunk mud
New mud slope the water
and friction
Maple sapling the
obscurity Condos Chapter
trees she the flowers

signifies drying obscure pressing clad
talking rise packed exposing Turn
stacked covered float Stooped grew
riding drumming planned catches going
know walking grows ticking hold
burrowed says realize stand Flaking

It had. Into the ditch, Wild washed among the white granite.

In the distance, Stones pressed of a tree. Safety rope
burned of the path. A fallen, burned trunk pressed the tree
and the water. That exposed the caws like an angry mob
booming. This proxy made the glassy mob. Dogs washed of
corrugation of a metal drainage pipe just exposed beneath
the trail. That had. I exposed. I made of blue damselflies.
Which cooked the suspensions and the rock.

Like bristles, pale lavender and, Holes, A rock barren limbs
Three small girls the letter the obscurity Two runners WF the
drainage ditch The rocks W The practicalities each hand a tree
the drainage ditch good boy congrats Worm-carved log it The
sharpness a field the trail cars a little sour Hogweed Acidic
soil a meadow Narrower path sun Split shale the A her head
Green immature pine cones no bark base A spool a meadow
Dandelions Dick the distance Dogs paws each letter the brush
standard purple and white Small airplane Green immature pine
cones R Graffiti w the letter A them themselves blue
damselflies the sun The water bugs Asters wide trail the hill
the smooth logs the distance Columbine the soles my blister

The translucency Toppled mother N + LMW

says rattling
grows exposing
wailing
collapsing
pressed crows
hold carries
grows grew
flutters becomes
roughens walked
vary clad
scarring Barking
realize know
heads trotting
pointed avoid
blocked step
light packed

Karin Hodgkin Jones

Nuclear Love Letter

A Politics of_

Generator "Annotated Bibliography":

SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot

Brush Creek

Nuclear Love Letter

[In the format of Love Letter Generator, by Christopher Strachey, written for the Manchester Mark I in 1952.]

Thermal Duck,

My hunger wistfully pants for your burnup.

Yours fervently,

K.H.J

A Politics of_

[In the format of A House of Dust, written in Fortran in 1967 by Alison Knowles and James Tenney. Additional sources: auto-complete searches on Google.com, DuckDuckgo.com and Twitter, July 1, 2021.]

A politics of moral engagement
in dense woods
using electricity
inhabited by vegetarians

A politics of exhaustion
by a river
using natural light
inhabited by friends and enemies

A politics of gun control
in an overpopulated area
using candles
inhabited by people who love to read

A politics of style
in a deserted factory
using natural light
inhabited by collectors of all types

A politics of food aid
in a green, mossy terrain
using candles
inhabited by lovers

A politics of editorial accountability
in a metropolis
using natural light
inhabited by people who sleep almost all the time

A politics of indispensability
in a place with both heavy rain and bright sun
using candles
inhabited by fishermen and families

A politics of repair
in a hot climate
using all available lighting
inhabited by friends

Generator "Annotated Bibliography":

[distilgpt2 model, fine tune = none]

1. Robert L. M. et al. "The Effects of High-frequency Biosynthetic Coating on Cows on Plant Health," In Plant Health and Human Reproduction, Vol. 6, No. 3, pp. 25–35.
2. F. A. D. Jr. and J. (1997), "Chlorophyll: an adaptation of plants to low-voltage Biosynthetic Coating," Plant Health & Human Reproduction: 57, No. 2, pp. 26–35.
3. J. L. J. (1988), "Chlorophyll-Fired Acids of Tridrug-1 for Lettuce and Other Plants," Plant Health & Human Reproduction: 61, No. 2, pp. 6-7.
4. F. M. et al. "Chlorophyll's Potential Impact on Pollution Management in Cows," Plant Health & Human Reproduction: 58, No. 2, pp. 7–9.
5. F. M. et al. , "Chlorophyll's Potential Impact on Pollution Management in Cows," Plant Health & Human Reproduction: 56, No. 2, pp. 9–11.
6. F. M. and J. L. J. (2000), "Chlorophyll-Fluid-Coating Carriers and the Influence of Hormone-Lactate on Cows," Plant Health & Human Reproduction: 50, No. 2, pp. 16–21.

SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot

[Text source: Corpora Project, bot produced using Cheap Bots Done Quick.]

Edit profile

SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot

@BotDoth

This bot produces pitches for species collapse narratives.

📅 Joined July 2021

1 Following 0 Followers

Tweets Tweets & replies Media Likes



SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot @BotDoth · 5m ...

Within a decade, red violet thatch did wind the substrate.
Unable to gain their footing, yaks lengthen relentlessly.

🗨️ ↻️ ❤️ 📤 📊



SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot @BotDoth · 12h ...

After a second, desert sand squirrels did suffocate tragically, the land fell to a faded tumbleweed waste.

🗨️ ↻️ ❤️ 📤 📊



SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot @BotDoth · 15h ...

Long gone, lambs were mourned by brilliant but lifeless magenta dawns.
The straw structures fade and crumble through passing days.

🗨️ ↻️ ❤️ 📤 📊



SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot @BotDoth · 16h ...

Within a week, mango tango adobe did acclimatize the substrate.
Unable to gain their footing, gila monsters deactivate relentlessly.

🗨️ ↻️ ❤️ 📤 📊



SpeciesCollapse-PitchBot @BotDoth · 16h ...

Long gone, oxes were mourned by brilliant but lifeless magenta dawns.
The rammed earth structures fade and crumble through passing days.

🗨️ ↻️ ❤️ 📤 📊

Brush Creek

[Source: distilgpt2 finetuned on the class nature corpus (10 epochs), prompted with "Columbines grow in the meadow"]

Columbines grow in the meadow behind the runners

A drainage ditch emptying into the meadow

A fire knocking over the hillside Scars and mudslides and crests in the distance

What do you think of this place on the earth

A clearing in the distance

Red lighted out by the tarp that grows too tall to bench

A stone impenetrably collecting dead fallen trees behind the hikers A clearing of rock
painted red with silver, half

Jacob Geiger

Three Variations in My Childhood Bedroom

I, You

Lyrical Probabilities

Three Variations In My Childhood Bedroom

*Algorithmically generated from a list of memories and angst-filled
teenage bedroom thoughts*

twice I can see a tornado siren

I am flickering alone wary

I am a great mistake, many dead here
sleeping

a bowl of hard candies wrapped in
strawberry print without waking without waking

I am unmoving again with urgency



you stop

twice you stop

I notice flowers on the kitchen
table then

but wavering still

still helplessly

at night we will never be a
trembling wire under shelter



at sunset without thought tilted
improbably

again unmoving

at least the way you tell it alone

monarchs on milkweed I grasp at a broken window twice
helplessly

I am with urgency necessarily
sweating

I, You

1. You are Yourself.

2. You are Me.

3. I am Myself.

4. For I am Myself You are Yourself for You are Yourself for in You I am You, so You are Me, so for Myself I am Myself, or I am Myself to Myself, but for in Me You are Me for You are Yourself for You are Me You are Me, or as of You I am You for as of Yourself You are Me, but I am You as You are Me for of You I am You I am Myself to Myself as I am You to Myself for Myself You are Yourself, so You are Yourself, or I am You, but I am Myself for Myself, but of Me as You are Yourself, but You are Me You are Me for You are Yourself in Me, but You are Me as to Myself I am You, so in Myself I am You in You of You, or I am Myself for for Myself I am Myself, or You are Yourself, or I am You of Yourself, but You are Me of Yourself of Yourself, but I am You, so You are Yourself, so I am Myself of You, or in Yourself for Yourself for Yourself You are Me, or You are Yourself in Yourself as I am You, or I am Myself to Me to Me to Yourself for You are Yourself, so You are Me for to Me of Me You are Me, so of Yourself You are Yourself, so I am You, or of Yourself You are Me of Me, but You are Me to Yourself, so I am Myself for Me in Me as You are Me of Me.

5. You are Me.

6. I am Myself of You.

7. Of Yourself You are Me in Yourself, but in You for Myself I am Myself, so for I am Myself I am Myself, or You are Me as You are Me, but You are Me, so for Yourself for Yourself You are Me for You are Yourself to Me, or I am You.

8. For You are Me You are Me.

9. I am You.

10. You are Yourself.

11. You are Me.

12. For Yourself for of Yourself You are Me for You are Me of Me You are Me, but for for for I am

Myself You are Yourself to You I am You, so I am Myself, so I am You to Myself as You are Me, or I am You in You to Myself I am Myself for You are Me for for You are Yourself I am Myself, or You are Yourself, or of Me You are Me, but I am You as You are Me.

13. You are Me.

14. You are Yourself.

15. I am Myself, or You are Me, but I am Myself in Myself in Myself.

16. You are Yourself.

17. As I am You, but I am You for for for You for You for I am Myself for You are Me I am Myself to You, but to You I am You of Myself of You for You are Yourself for of You I am You to Me as I am You You are Me of Yourself, or in Me You are Me, but You are Me, but in Me as to Me as I am Myself You are Yourself, but as in Me You are Me, but for Yourself You are Me for You are Me, but I am You, but I am Myself I am Myself in Myself as I am You for to Myself I am You of You as of Me You are Me for Yourself, but You are Yourself, but I am You as You are Me, or I am You for You, but for You to You I am Myself for Myself, so You are Yourself, but I am Myself, so I am You as in You I am Myself You are Me, or You are Me, or for You are Yourself of Me as You are Me, so I am Myself as of Yourself You are Me to Me as You are Yourself, or You are Me You are Me of Me of Yourself, but in Myself I am Myself of Yourself, but You are Yourself for Yourself, or for Me You are Me, or I am You for You for You are Me, or as You are Yourself, or I am You as I am Myself, but I am You for You are Yourself in Me to Yourself to Yourself, but of Myself in You I am You to Myself as I am You as to Yourself You are Yourself of Me for of You I am Myself, but You are Me to Me in Yourself You are Yourself I am You, or of You to Myself I am You of You to Myself.

18. I am Myself to You.

19. For as You are Me for for I am You for I am Myself, so I am You You are Yourself of Me You are Yourself in Me I am Myself.

Lyrical Probabilities

Wordsworth, W., Laplace, P.,
spaCy, Geiger, J.

The opening text of A Philosophical Essay on Probabilities rewritten by spaCy's en_core_web_md model using lines from contemporaneous poetry written by Wordsworth determined by the model to be "similar" to the sentences of the Philosophical Essay. (This publication excerpted from the full text.)

Whate'er there is desirable and good of kindred permanence, unchanged in form and function, or, through strict vicissitude of life and death, revolving. Above all were re-established now those watchful thoughts which, seeing little worthy or sublime in what the historian's pen. The power, which all acknowledge when thus moved, which nature thus to bodily sense exhibits, is the express resemblance of that glorious faculty that higher minds bear with them as their own.

I felt that the array of act and circumstance, and visible form, is mainly to the pleasure of the mind what passion makes them that meanwhile the forms of nature have a passion in themselves, that intermingles with those works of man to which she summons him although the works be mean, have nothing lofty of their own and that the genius of the poet hence may boldly take his way among mankind wherever nature leads that he hath stood by nature's side among the men of old, and so shall stand for ever. And sure it is, that this first transit from the smooth delights and wild outlandish walks of simple youth to something that resembles an approach towards human business, to a privileged world within a world, a midway residence with all its intervenient imagery, did better suit my visionary mind, far better, than to have been bolted forth thrust out abruptly into fortune's way among the conflicts of substantial life by a more just gradation did lead on to higher things more naturally matured, for permanent possession, better fruits, whether of truth or virtue, to ensue. Then it was—thanks to the bounteous giver of all good!—That the beloved sister in whose sight those days were passed, now speaking in a voice of sudden admonition—like a brook that did but cross a lonely road, and now is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn, companion never lost through many a league—maintained for me a saving intercourse with my true self for, though bedimmed and changed much, as it seemed, I was no further changed than as a clouded and a waning moon:

she whispered still that brightness would return, she, in the midst of all, preserved me still a poet, made me seek beneath that name, and that alone, my office upon earth and, lastly, as hereafter will be shown, if willing audience fail not, nature's self, by all varieties of human love assisted, led me back through opening day to those sweet counsels between head and heart whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace, which, through the later sinkings of this cause, hath still upheld me, and upholds me now in the catastrophe for so they dream, and nothing less, when, finally to close and seal up all the gains of france, a pope is summoned in, to crown an emperor—this last opprobrium, when we see a people, that once looked up in faith, as if to heaven for manna, take a lesson from the dog returning to his vomit when the sun that rose in splendour, was alive, and moved of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—hath dropped all functions by the Gods bestowed, and, turned into a gewgaw, a machine, sets like an opera phantom. Knowledge was given accordingly my trust became more firm in feelings that had stood the test of such a trial clearer far my sense of excellence—of right and wrong: the promise of the present time retired into its true proportion sanguine schemes, for present good in life's familiar face, and built thereon my hopes of good to come.

Such was the state of things. This is the very spirit in which they deal with the whole compass of the universe: they from their native selves can send abroad kindred mutations for themselves create a like existence and, whene'er it dawns created for them, catch it, or are caught by its inevitable mastery, like angels stopped upon the wind by sound of harmony from heaven's remotest spheres. For feeling has to him imparted power that through the growing faculties of sense doth like an agent of the one great mind create, creator and receiver both, working but in alliance with the works which it beholds. This, of all acquisitions, first awaits on sundry and most widely different modes of education, nor with least delight on that through which I passed. attention springs, and comprehensiveness and memory flow, from early converse with the works of God among all regions chiefly where appear most obviously simplicity and power. There is life that breathes not powers there are that touch each other to the quick in modes which the gross world no sense hath to perceive, no soul to dream of. Becoming, that mankind should learn that we are not to be surpassed in fatherly concern. "Of old things all are over old, we'll show that we can help to frame a world of other stuff." Such minds are truly from the

deity, for they are powers and hence the highest bliss that flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness of whom they are, habitually infused through every image and through every thought, and all affections by communion raised from earth to heaven, from human to divine hence endless occupation for the soul, whether discursive or intuitive hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life, emotions which best foresight need not fear, most worthy then of trust when most intense hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush our hearts—if here the words of holy writ which passeth understanding, that repose in moral judgments which from this pure source must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Henceforth be warned and know that pride, howe'er disguised in its own majesty, is littleness that he who feels contempt for any living thing, hath faculties which he has never used that thought with him is in its infancy. Yet may we not entirely overlook the pleasure gathered from the rudiments of geometric science, though advanced in these inquiries, with regret I speak, no farther than the threshold, there I found both elevation and composed delight: with Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased with its own struggles, did I meditate on the relation those abstractions bear to nature's laws, and by what process led, those immaterial agents bowed their heads from star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere, from system on to system without end. more frequently from the same source I drew a pleasure quiet and profound, a sense of permanent and universal sway, and paramount belief there, recognised a type, for finite natures, of the one supreme existence, the surpassing life which—to the boundaries of space and time, of melancholy space and doleful time, superior, and incapable of change, nor touched by welterings of passion—is, and hath the name of, God. transcendent peace and silence did await upon these thoughts 'tis told by one whom stormy waters threw, with fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared, upon a desert coast, that having brought to land a single volume, saved by chance, a treatise of geometry, he went, although of food and clothing destitute, and beyond common wretchedness depressed, to part from company and take this book then first a self-taught pupil in its truths to spots remote, and draw his diagrams with a long staff upon the sand, and thus did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost forget his feeling: so if like effect from the same cause produced, 'mid outward things so different, may rightly be compared, so was it then with me, and so will be with poets ever. Gladly here, entering upon abstruser

argument, could I endeavour to unfold the means which nature studiously employs to thwart this tyranny, summons all the senses each to counteract the other, and themselves, and makes them all, and the objects with which all are conversant, subservient in their turn to the great ends of liberty and power. Let me then relate that now—in some sort seeing with my proper eyes that liberty, and life, and death would soon to the remotest corners of the land lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled the capital city what was struggled for, and by what combatants victory must be won the indecision on their part whose aim seemed best, and the straightforward path of those who in attack or in defence were strong through their impiety—my inmost soul was agitated yea, I could almost have prayed that throughout earth upon all men, by patient exercise of reason made worthy of liberty, all spirits filled with zeal expanding in truth's holy light, the gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive from the four quarters of the winds to do for france, what without help she could not do, a work of honour think not that to this I added, work of safety: from all doubt or trepidation for the end of things far was I, far as angels are from guilt. Therefore to serve was high beatitude tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear ennobling, venerable sleep secure, but as the ancient prophets, borne aloft in vision, yet constrained by natural laws with them to take a troubled human heart, wanted not consolations, nor a creed of reconciliation, then when they denounced, on towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss of their offences, punishment to come or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes, before them, in some desolated place, the wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled so, with devout humility be it said, so, did a portion of that spirit fall on me uplifted from the vantage-ground of pity and sorrow to a state of being that through the time's exceeding fierceness saw glimpses of retribution, terrible, and in the order of sublime behests: but, even if that were not, amid the awe of unintelligible chastisement, not only acquiescences of faith survived, but daring sympathies with power, motions not treacherous or profane, else why within the folds of no ungentle breast their dread vibration to this hour prolonged? Meanwhile the chief of my associates stood prepared for flight to augment the band of emigrants in arms upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued with foreign foes mustered for instant war. were waiting with the whole of their desires the moment to depart. No shock given to my moral nature had I known down to that very moment neither lapse nor turn of sentiment that might be named a revolution, save at this one time

all else was progress on the self-same path on which, with a diversity of pace, I had been travelling: this a stride at once into another region. —Shade of departed power, skeleton of unfleshed humanity, the chronicle were welcome that should call into the compass of distinct regard the toils and struggles of thy infant years! This history is brought to its appointed close: the discipline and consummation of a poet's mind, in everything that stood most prominent, have faithfully been pictured we have reached the time our guiding object from the first when we may, not presumptuously, I hope, suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such my knowledge, as to make me capable of building up a work that shall endure. This faculty hath been the feeding source of our long labour: we have traced the stream from the blind cavern whence is faintly heard its natal murmur followed it to light and open day accompanied its course among the ways of nature, for a time lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed: then given it greeting as it rose once more in strength, reflecting from its placid breast the works of man and face of human life and lastly, from its progress have we drawn faith in life endless, the sustaining thought of human being, eternity, and God. The song would speak of that interminable building reared by observation of affinities in objects where no brotherhood exists to passive minds.

May teach you more of man, of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can. Finally, whate'er I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream that flowed into a kindred stream a gale, confederate with the current of the soul, to speed my voyage every sound or sight, in its degree of power, administered to grandeur or to tenderness, —to the one directly, but to tender thoughts by means less often instantaneous in effect were more circuitous, but not less sure duly to reach the point marked out by heaven.

Tis nature's law that none, the meanest of created things, of forms created the most vile and brute, the dullest or most noxious, should exist divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good, a life and soul, to every mode of being inseparably linked. How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule, to look through all the frailties of the world, and, with a resolute mastery shaking off infirmities of nature, time, and place, build social upon personal liberty, which, to the blind restraints of general laws superior, magisterially adopts one guide, the light of circumstances, flashed upon an independent intellect. Them the enduring and the

transient both serve to exalt they build up greatest things from least suggestions ever on the watch, willing to work and to be wrought upon, they need not extraordinary calls to rouse them in a world of life they live, by sensible impressions not enthralled, but by their quickening impulse made more prompt to hold fit converse with the spiritual world, and with the generations of mankind spread over time, past, present, and to come, age after age, till time shall be no more. Which of themselves our minds impress that we can feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness. The matter that detains us now may seem, to many, neither dignified enough nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by them, who, looking inward, have observed the ties that bind the perishable hours of life each to the other, and the curious props by which the world of memory and thought exists and is sustained.

[...]

Like virtue have the forms perennial of the ancient hills nor less the changeful language of their countenances quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts, however multitudinous, to move with order and relation. The aged man had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone that overlays the pile and, from a bag all white with flour, the dole of village dames, he drew his scraps and fragments, one by one and scanned them with a fixed and serious look of idle computation. —He shuddered to behold the breathless corse then peacefully resigned his person to the law, was lodged in prison, have you observed a tuft of wing'd seed that, from the dandelion's naked stalk, mounted aloft, is suffered not to use its natural gifts for purposes of rest, driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro through the wide element? or have you marked the heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough, within the vortex of a foaming flood, tormented? by such aid you may conceive the perturbation that ensued—ah, no! desperate the maid—the youth is stained with blood unmatched on earth is their disquiet! You see yon precipice—it wears the shape of a vast building made of many crags and in the midst is one particular rock that rises like a column from the vale, whence by our shepherds it is called, the pillar. The trickling tear upon the cheek of listening infancy proclaims it, and the insuperable look that portion of my story I shall leave there registered: whatever else of power or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be peculiar to myself, let that remain where still it works, though hidden from all search among the depths of time. In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,

with playful zest of fancy did we note how could we less? the manners and the ways of those who lived distinguished by the badge of good or ill report or those with whom by frame of academic discipline we were perforce connected, men whose sway and known authority of office served to set our minds on edge, and did no more. nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind, found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring of the grave elders, men unsecured, grotesque which through the lapse of their infirmity give ready place to any random seed that chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

[...]

Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness gives the last human interest to his heart. may never house, misnamed of industry, make him a captive!—for that pent-up din, those life-consuming sounds that clog the air, be his the natural silence of old age! let him be free of mountain solitudes and have around him, whether heard or not, the pleasant melody of woodland birds. Here then my young imagination found no uncongenial element could here among new objects serve or give command, even as the heart's occasions might require, to forward reason's else too scrupulous march. They who had fed their childhood upon dreams, the play-fellows of fancy, who had made all powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength their ministers, —who in lordly wise had stirred among the grandest objects of the sense, and dealt with whatsoever they found there as if they had within some lurking right to wield it—they, too, who of gentle mood had watched all gentle motions, and to these had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild, and in the region of their peaceful selves — now was it that both found, the meek and lofty did both find helpers to their hearts' desire, and stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish, — were called upon to exercise their skill, not in utopia, —subterranean fields, —but in the very world, which is the world of all of us, —the place where, in the end, we find our happiness, or not at all! But doubly fortunate my lot not here alone, that something of a better life perhaps was round me than it is the privilege of most to move in, but that first I looked at man through objects that were great or fair first communed with him by their help. We see but darkly even when we look behind us, and best things are not so pure by nature that they needs must keep to all, as fondly all believe, their highest promise. There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there, there's virtue, the title it surely may claim, this picture from nature

may seem to depart, yet the man would at once run away with your heart and I for five centuries right gladly would be such an odd such a kind happy creature as he. —But there is matter for a second rhyme, the moving accident is not my trade to freeze the blood I have no ready arts: 'tis my delight, alone in summer shade, to pipe a simple song for thinking hearts. O! In age and temper differing, they had yet one spirit ruling in each heart alike save only one, hereafter to be named were bent upon undoing what was done: this was their rest and only hope therewith no fear had they of bad becoming worse, for worst to them was come nor would have stirred, or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir, in any thing, save only as the act looked thitherward.

—Let good men feel the soul of nature, and see things as they are. The arbour does its own condition tell you see the stones, the fountain, and the stream hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. There are a thousand such elsewhere as worthy of your wonder." Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers would to a child be transport over-great, when but a half-hour's roam through such a place would leave behind a dance of images, that shall break in upon his sleep for weeks even then the common haunts of the green earth, and ordinary interests of man, which they embosom, all without regard as both may seem, are fastening on the heart insensibly, each with the other's help. Yet both distinctly marked, objects embossed to catch the general eye, or portraitures for special use designed, as some might seem, so aptly do they serve to illustrate nature's book of rudiments—that book upheld as with maternal care when she would enter on her tender scheme of teaching comprehension with delight, the surfaces of artificial life and manners finely wrought, the delicate race of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down through that state arras woven with silk and gold this wily interchange of snaky hues, willingly or unwillingly revealed, I neither knew nor cared for and as such were wanting here, I took what might be found of less elaborate fabric. Pleased with some unpremeditated strains that served those wanderings to beguile, hast said that then and there my mind had exercised upon the vulgar forms of present things, the actual world of our familiar days, yet higher power had caught from them a tone, an image, and a character, by books not hitherto reflected.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence for ground, though humbler, not the less a tract of the same isthmus, which

our spirits cross in progress from their native continent to earth and human life, the song might dwell on that delightful time of growing youth, when craving for the marvellous gives way offered to notice by less daring pens, take firmer hold of us, and words themselves move us with conscious pleasure. One is there, though the wisest and the best of all mankind, who covets not at times union that cannot be—who would not give, if so he might, to duty and to truth the eagerness of infantine desire? Yet a few short years of useful life, and all will be complete, thy race be run, thy monument of glory will be raised then, though too weak to tread the ways of truth this age fall back to old idolatry, though men return to servitude as fast as the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame by nations sink together, we shall still find solace—knowing what we have learnt to know, rich in true happiness if allowed to be faithful alike in forwarding a day of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work should providence such grace to us vouchsafe of their deliverance, surely yet to come.

Neither a measure is of thee, whose claims extend through "heaven's eternal year." A signal this which all can see!

Each fibre of his frame was weak, weak all the animal within but, in its helplessness, grew mild and gentle as an infant child, an infant that has known no sin. 'Then be assured that least of all can aught—that ever owned the heaven-regarding eye and front sublime which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed, so low as to be scorned without a sin without offence to God cast out of view like the dry remnant of a garden-flower whose seeds are shed, or as an implement worn out and worthless. Yet is a path more difficult before me and I fear that in its broken windings we shall need the chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing; for now a trouble came into my mind from unknown causes. Thou art not beyond the moon, but a thing "beneath our shoon:" let the bold discoverer thrud in his bark the polar sea rear who will a pyramid praise it is enough for me, if there be but three or four stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" begun 9th May, finished 11th May, 1802.

On the other side, I called to mind those truths that are the common-places of the schools—a theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires, yet, with a revelation's liveliness, in all their comprehensive bearings known and visible to philosophers of old, men who, to business of the world untrained, lived in the

shade and to harmodius known and his compeer aristogiton, known to brutus—that tyrannic power is weak, hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love, nor the support of good or evil men to trust in that the godhead which is ours can never utterly be charmed or stilled that nothing hath a natural right to last meets foes irreconcilable, and at best lives only by variety of disease. A freshness also found I at this time in human life, the daily life of those whose occupations really I loved the peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise changed like a garden in the heat of spring after an eight-days' absence. I speak with due regret how much is overlooked in human nature and her subtle ways, as studied first in our own hearts, and then in life among the passions of mankind, varying their composition and their hue, where'er we move, under the diverse shapes that individual character presents to an attentive eye. It pleased me more to abide in the great city, where I found the general air still busy with the stir of that first memorable onset made by a strong levy of humanity upon the traffickers in Negro blood effort which, though defeated, had recalled to notice old forgotten principles, and through the nation spread a novel heat of virtuous feeling. With those delightful pathways we advanced, for two days' space, in presence of the lake, that, stretching far among the alps, assumed a character more stern. Pass we from entertainments, that are such professedly, to others titled higher, yet, in the estimate of youth at least, more near akin to those than names imply,—Could I behold— who, less insensible than sodden clay in a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide, could have beheld,—with undelighted heart, so many happy youths, so wide and fair a congregation in its budding-time of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once so many divers samples from the growth of life's sweet season—could have seen unmoved that miscellaneous garland of wild flowers decking the matron temples of a place so famous through the world? The world's that great emporium, chronicle at once and burial-place of passions, and their home with strong sensations teeming as it did of past and present, such a place must needs have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time far less than craving power yet knowledge came, sought or unsought, and influxes of power came, of themselves, or at her call derived in fits of kindest apprehensiveness, from all sides, when whate'er was in itself capacious found, or seemed to find, in me a correspondent amplitude of mind such is the strength and glory of our youth!

I speak in recollection of a time when the bodily eye, in every stage of life the most despotic of our senses,

gained such strength in me as often held my mind in absolute dominion. What matters it? —I blame them not whose fancy in this lonely spot was moved and in such way expressed their notion of its perfect rest. —All cannot be: the promise is too fair for creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air: yet not for this will sober reason frown upon that promise, not the hope disown she knows that only from high aims ensue Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed in an impartial balance, give thine aid to the just cause and, What more I have to say is short, and you must kindly take it: perhaps a tale you'll make it.

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

But what can all avail to clear him, or what need of explanation, parley or interrogation? Whether it was care that spurred him God only knows, but to the very last he had the lightest foot in ennerdale: his pace was never that of an old man: I almost see him tripping down the path with his two grandsons after him: —but you, even in the longest day of midsummer—leonard. The beating heart, when one among the prime of these rose up, —one, of whose name from childhood we had heard familiarly, a household term, like those, the bedfords, glostons, salsburys, of old whom the fifth Harry talks of. Well is known the inglorious issue of that charge, and how he, who had launched the startling thunderbolt, was left without a follower to discharge his perilous duty, and retire lamenting that heaven's best aid is wasted upon men who to themselves are false.

When reason seemed the most to assert her rights when most intent on making of herself a prime enchantress—to assist the work, which then was going forward in her name! not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth, the beauty wore of promise—that which sets as at some moments might not be unfelt among the bowers of paradise itself the budding rose above the rose full blown.

"The other took him at his word, and followed as he led. Starting from this point I had my face turned toward the truth, began with an advantage furnished by that kind of prepossession, without which the soul receives no knowledge that can bring forth good, no genuine insight ever comes to her. Thus prepared, and with such general insight into evil, and of the bounds which sever it from good, as books and common intercourse with life must needs have given—to the inexperienced mind, when the world travels in a beaten

road, guide faithful as is needed—I began to meditate with ardour on the rule and management of nations what it is their power or weakness, wealth or poverty, their happiness or misery, depends upon their laws, and fashion of the state. For this alone is genuine liberty: where is the favoured being who hath held that course unchecked, unerring, and untired, in one perpetual progress smooth and bright? —A humbler destiny have we retraced, and told of lapse and hesitating choice, and backward wanderings along thorny ways: yet—compassed round by mountain solitudes, within whose solemn temple I received my earliest visitations, careless then of what was given me and which now I range, a meditative, oft a suffering man—do I declare—in accents which, from truth deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend their modulation with these vocal streams—that, whatsoever falls my better mind, revolving with the accidents of life, may have sustained, that, howso'er misled, never did I, in quest of right and wrong, tamper with conscience from a private aim nor was in any public hope the dupe of selfish passions nor did ever yield wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits, but shrunk with apprehensive jealousy from every combination which might aid the tendency, too potent in itself, of use and custom to bow down the soul under a growing weight of vulgar sense, and substitute a universe of death for that which moves with light and life informed, actual, divine, and true. to fear and love, to love as prime and chief, for there fear ends, be this ascribed to early intercourse, in presence of sublime or beautiful forms, with the adverse principles of pain and joy—evil, as one is rashly named by men who know not what they speak.

These beauteous forms, through a long absence, have not been to me as is a landscape to a blind man's eye: but oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din of towns and cities, I have owed to them, in hours of weariness, sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart and passing even into my purer mind, with tranquil restoration: —feelings too of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, as have no slight or trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered, acts of kindness and of love. nor less, I trust, to them I may have owed another gift, of aspect more sublime than blessed mood, in which the burthen of the mystery, in which the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world, is lightened: —that serene and blessed mood, in which the affections gently lead us on, —until, the breath of this corporeal frame and even the motion of our human

blood almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul: while with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things. But hark the word!—the ship is gone—returns from her long course: —anon sets sail: —in season due, once more on english earth they stand: but, when a third time from the land they parted, sorrow was at hand for him and for his crew. Without whose call this world would cease to breathe, who from the fountain of thy grace dost fill the veins that branch through every frame of life, making man what he is, creature divine, in single or in social eminence, above the rest raised infinite ascents when reason that enables him to be is not sequestered—what a change is here! A dog too, had he not for need, but one to play with and to feed which would have led him, if bereft of company or friends, and left without a better guide. And I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man: a motion and a spirit, that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things. And now convinced at heart how little those formalities, to which with overweening trust alone we give the name of education, have to do with real feeling and just sense how vain a correspondence with the talking world proves to the most and called to make good search if man's estate, by doom of nature yoked with toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance if virtue be indeed so hard to rear, and intellectual strength so rare a boon—I prized such walks still more, for there I found hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace and steadiness, and healing and repose to every angry passion.

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, with many recognitions dim and faint, and somewhat of a sad perplexity, the picture of the mind revives again: while here I stand, not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that in this moment there is life and food for future years. Our lot is a hard lot the sun himself has scarcely been more diligent than I and I have lived to be a fool at last to my own family. When into air had partially dissolved that vision, given to spirits of the night and three chance human wanderers, in calm thought reflected, it appeared to me the type of a majestic intellect, its acts and its possessions, what it has and craves, what in itself it is, and would become. At least I more distinctly recognised her native instincts: let me dare to speak a

higher language, say that now I felt what independent solaces were mine, to mitigate the injurious sway of place or circumstance, how far soever changed in youth, or to be changed in manhood's prime or for the few who shall be called to look on the long shadows in our evening years, ordained precursors to the night of death.

There is one great society alone on earth: the noble living and the noble dead. But, these things set apart, was not this single confidence enough to animate the mind that ever turned a thought to human welfare? Far better never to have heard the name of zeal and just ambition, than to live baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour turns recreant to her task takes heart again, then feels immediately some hollow thought hang like an interdict upon her hopes.

Add unto this, subservience from the first to presences of God's mysterious power made manifest in nature's sovereignty, and fellowship with venerable books, to sanction the proud workings of the soul, and mountain liberty. —For, the time had never been when throes of mighty nations and the world's tumult unto me could yield, how far so'er transported and possessed, full measure of content but still I craved an intermingling of distinct regards and truths of individual sympathy nearer ourselves.

—That time is past, and all its aching joys are now no more, and all its dizzy raptures. Ten times or more the letter was read over Isabel went forth to show it to the neighbours round nor was there at that time on English land a prouder heart than Luke's. True is it, where oppression worse than death salutes the being at his birth, where grace of culture hath been utterly unknown, and poverty and labour in excess from day to day pre-occupy the ground of the affections, and to nature's self oppose a deeper nature there, indeed, love cannot be nor does it thrive with ease among the close and overcrowded haunts of cities, where the human heart is sick, and the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed. Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm: the genius of plenty preserved him from harm: his means are run out, —he must beg, or must borrow. to the neighbours he went, —all were free with their money for his hive had so long been replenished with honey, that they dreamt not of dearth—he continued his rounds, he paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf, and something, it might be, reserved for himself: then what is too true without hinting a word, turned his back on the country—and off like a bird.

Edwin Ryerson

A Blend of World Famous Locations

An Unfinished Blend of World Locations

An Unusual Touch on Morning Star, Responses with spaCy

A Blend of World Famous Locations

The woodpecker was crazy at the Bug Carousel, a world famous college bookstore.

The camel was annoyed at the Hammam-Meskoutine, a world famous carnival.

The praying mantis was determined at the Huacachina, a world famous dog park.

The shark was brave at the Ganges Delta, a world famous art gallery.

The fox was confused at the Child Eater of Bern, a world famous motel.

The rainbow trout was courageous at the Pyramids of Giza, a world famous aquarium.

The snake was brainy at the Badlands, a world famous voting booth.

The kangaroo was anxious at the Antarctica, a world famous fast food chain.

The snake was angry at the Northern Territory Rivers, a world famous hot dog stand.

The walrus was disgusted at the Mount Ararat, a world famous bowling alley.

Sentences formed with Tracery and lists compiled with BeautifulSoup.

An Unfinished Blend of World Famous Locations

The mouse was undisturbed at the Rhine River, a world famous and successful railroad, and it had one of the most unique features, which could not be easily overlooked. In fact, it was one of the single

The goat was perky at the Iguazu Falls, a world famous waterfall in Peru, during a time of rising seas. This particular area was named after the people of the hill where the famous 'Vena'

The deer was unfazed at the Devils Tower, a world famous arena in New York.

The turtle was timid at the Atlantic Ocean Road, a world famous hunting trip.

She had made a few trips down the Atlantic in her short life, and then to the U.S. Gulf Coast. The turtle grew up

The donkey was bandaged at the Hammam-Meskoutine, a world famous food market in Switzerland. This was actually a popular food market in Switzerland, where the price of the donkey could be as high as the

Sentence stems made with Tracery and finished with Hugging Face's Transformers.

An Unusual Touch on Morning Star

Responses with spaCy

New

The languages same by Pierce Brown in Morning Star improve the reader realize Darrow's circumstances' scales and irreversible. Rollo, a Sons of Aries welding, leads the ranked member through Phobos and recommends them on motivating the high colors and detrimental quality colours. Rollo encourages Darrow, "They need a chairman, and if the Reaper of Mars decides to come back from the killed here...you won't have an troops, you'll they a tidal at your heels." The book's phrase prefer explained the size of the Society, contains roughly 18 billion people. Additionally, it demonstrating the force of low colors and thug rules. Darrow's hostility enabling the billions of lowering and back colors on Phobos to strike against the oppression of their globe and aids "The soaring." The phrase choose, "you'll could a tides at your heels," plaster the doubted of a vision and hope.

Original.

The language used by Pierce Brown in Morning Star helps the reader understand Darrow's actions' scale and consequences. Rollo, a Sons of Aries welder, leads the ranking members through Phobos and advises them on empowering the low colors and damaging high colors. Rollo encourages Darrow, "They want a leader, and if the Reaper of Mars decides to come back from the dead here...you won't have an army, you'll have a tide at your heels." (Brown) The author's word choice explains the size of the Society, containing roughly 18 billion people. Additionally, it demonstrates the force of low colors and mob rule. Darrow's defiance empowers the millions of low and mid colors on Phobos to strike against the tyrants of their world and aid "The Rising." The word choice, "you'll have a tide at your heels," cements the enormity of a vision and hope.

New

Darrow au Andromedus, born the "Morning Star" in Morning Star by Pierce Brown, symbol hope. He is the leader of "The rise," born a Red and inscribed into a monster of garrison to destroy the Society and creating a perfect unions. Darrow introduction the nicknamed that Sefi the Quiet had him as he led the Obsidians from emancipation, "They call me the Morning Star. That star by which griffin-jockey and travelers locate the wastes in the reddish month of summer. The last star that disappearing when daylight returns in the summer." (Brown) Brown's articulation mentioned to Darrow's role as a chairman. He becomes a pinnacle, leading the high color to a worlds of equality and away from slavery. The feeling matching a kind of hoping so common in "The rise." His legends grows as his style sling blade is adorned and painted around the Society to display solidarity.

Original

Darrow au Andromedus, christened the "Morning Star" in Morning Star by Pierce Brown, symbolizes hope. He is the leader of "The Rising," born a Red and carved into a beast of war to dismantle the Society and create a perfect union. Darrow introduces the nickname that Sefi the Quiet gave him as he led the Obsidians from slavery, "They call me the Morning Star. That star by which griffin-riders and travelers navigate the wastes in the dark months of winter. The last star that disappears when daylight returns in the spring." Brown's diction alludes to Darrow's role as a leader. He becomes a beacon, leading the low colors to a world of equality and away from slavery. The mood sets a sense of hope so common in "The Rising." His legend grows as his signature sling blade is carved and painted around the Society to display solidarity.

Brown, P. (2016). Morning Star. Del Ray Books.

'But, as vin, sin liked the as pearls onestand daught waslacke onis ge.' - Texas Egg Council