### HINTERLAND

Stuart Cooke

first the nificent stone

mag

across the valley

(acacia brushing the gusts

leaking with shadow, the dark glows asking the pastures), then

to play

my turn

to balance on a thermal, dizzy

with eagle

rivulets of vineyards and scattered avocado

glints in an eye, a single, I'm joining

with the split, gulps at a sun, itdoeswhatitdoes, painting the etceteras

—of topoi

the vast plumes of broccoli the heads of the innumerable gums

stooping to draw the path
the canopy's hazy scales

the cusp of

weight, fluvial wake coiled tight around solemn magnets, they mash paints, all that brush

from here to the image of it from the light to what leads it the burning eye of a snake coiling

into the west

I can see its path

What it might do as I step

out

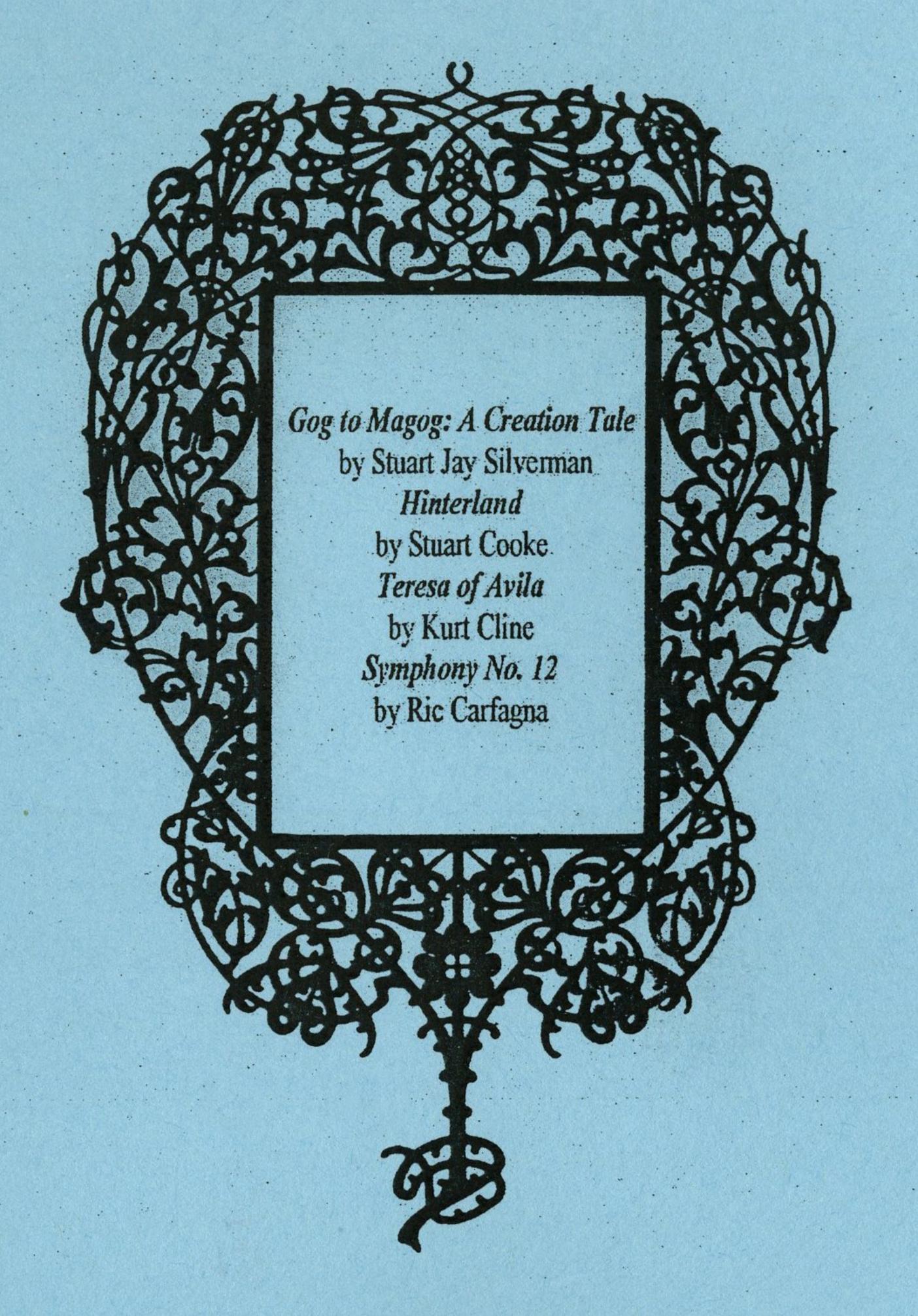
and fill my intention

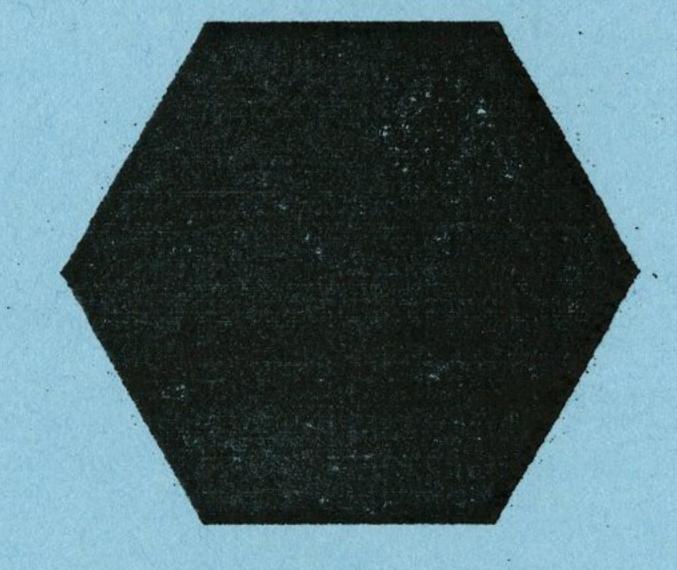
with curling canyon

strings of creeks r

attling b

ack to the coast



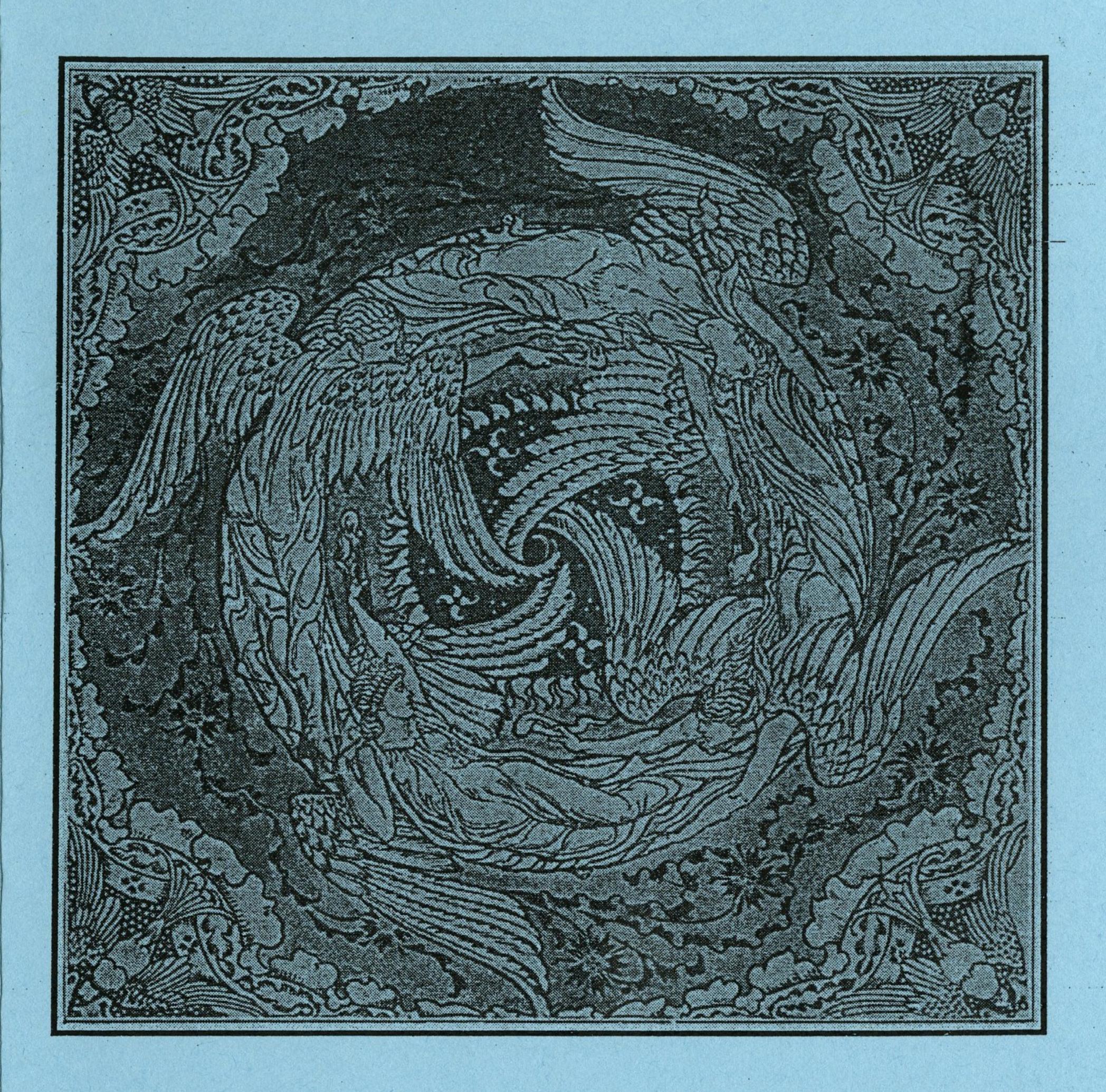


"...and the image passed through another layer of the neural net and the computer brought forth pagodas rising into clouds of hybrid creatures whose detail was endless..."

Contra Equus Niveus Vol. III: The Neural Net ©2016 www.hexagonpress.wordpress.com



# Contra Equus Miveus



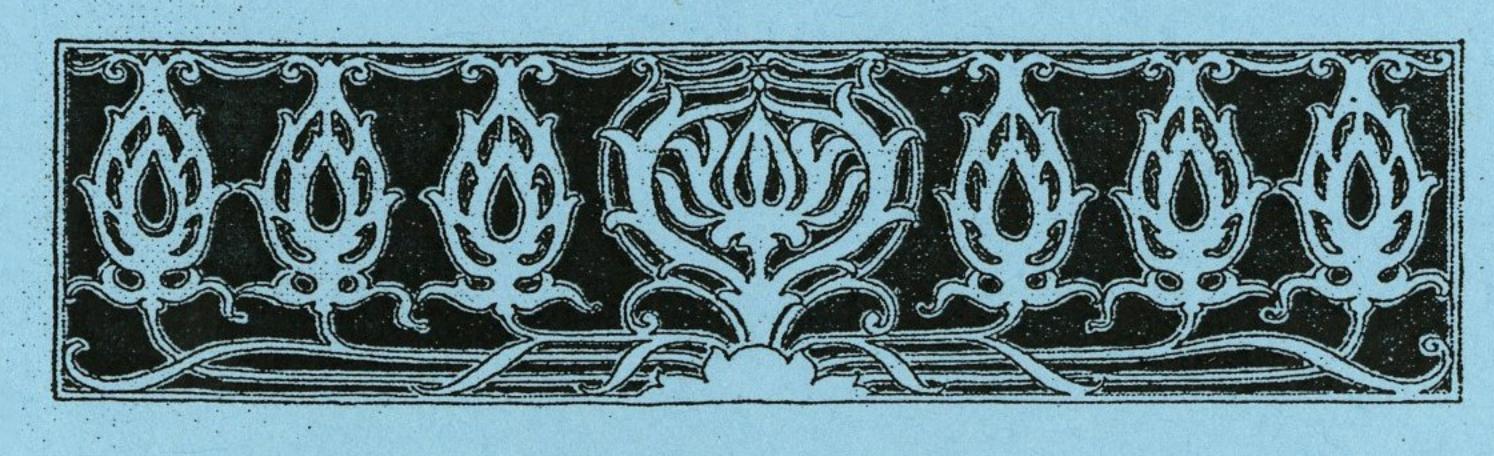
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HEXAGON PRESS

#### GOG TO MAGOG: A CREATION TALE

Stuart Jay Silverman

One day, he decided to build a computer as big as the universe. He had not, admittedly, completed the universe as yet, but that posed no problem. Beginning with the Big Bang, which he found nearly whole in an abandoned lot back of whatever stood in for place at the time, he added bits and pieces of being, a piece at a time, time being one of the fictions whose service he found convenient from time to time. "Sweat-equity," he would say, if asked, though he never was. Which was reasonable enough given the paucity of parts in the as yet unspacified primordial mush, a soup of dark energy, and its precursor, nullity. When the mush had stiffened a bit and the first stars started earning their keep, swinging in proto-elliptical orbits over the steaming mess, he saw it was good, or good enough, and looking into the flux he said, "Hell, yes!," already thinking about daubing in heaven and the other place, a sort of sexual sandwich for the small spherical piece of shit he had in mind for the evolution of giant ferns, whale sharks, gynormus saurians, and the chimps and chumps branching out of the primate tree. So he set that mechanism going and forgot all about it, about cosmic residue due to irradiate the planet, curved space-time, hookworms, fossil Lucy, food additives, the infamous Martian Mirage, and Pluto crapping the pulp of tabloid papers on the lawns of a hundred towns. But I digress. So, he built his megacomputer using quantum physics, which he invented on the spot, to eliminate the need for germanium crystal. Where to put it was, of course, a concern, but not a real problem for something pretty close to infinitely capable, though he might have smiled at "close to infinitely capable" as an absurdity, recognizing that however great the power wielded by whatever he might be, it would always be infinitely remote from infinitely anything. As he remarked, parsing the Dedekind cut, "That's just the way it is," and got on with the project. So, he built the universe in six or seven sometimes, and once it was set, set out to spin a humongous computer into being. Alas, for the best laid plans of mice and so on. While he had been marshalling the quarks and nameless bits of dark energy into something very like space, the damn universe had expanded pushing actual space ahead of it like a cloudy fart into being. How he had not foretold that remains one of the great mysteries. Anyway, the supersupersupersuper<sup>222222</sup>..... gran'daddy of all PCs was falling behind faster and faster despite the nearly-infinite (oops! same problem, but never mind) effort he was making to meet his own quota. All this takes place long ago, in fact before then, and goes on world without end, just as it is now. And we? we are a tick or a tock in the clock that keeps a record on the endless tape spinning unimaginably through the innards of that great apple ripening and ripening without the slightest awareness. Its role in the universe it is bringing into being is to keep on truckin', which, so far, it seems able to do. Should it ever (ha!) miss a trick, a tick or a tock, a grain of sand, grain of corn, and it will, the whole kit-and-kaboodle has been slated for cataclysmus, i.e., something very like an infinite dissolution, a dwindling, back to the drawing board and beyond and all that. Thereby hangs a tale, as the monkey said to his organ grinder.

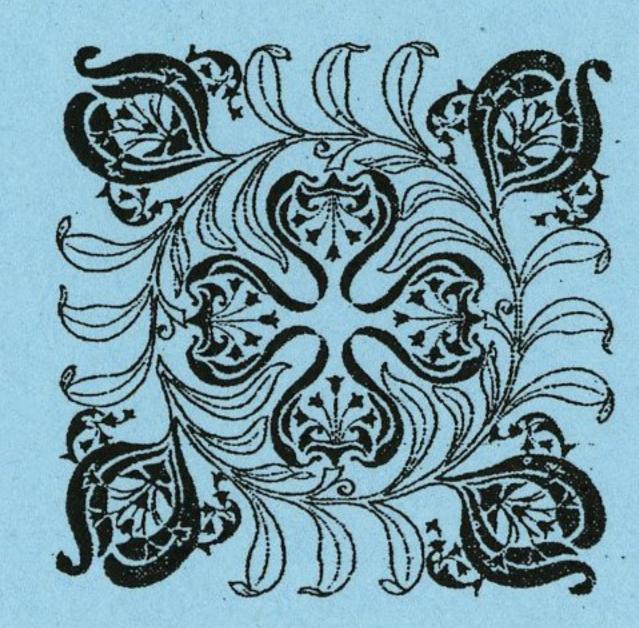




## TERESA OF AVILA (for Rosario)

Kurt Cline

In the regions of the cinema we exist as confused certainty, both body & mind, neither t)here nor anywhere else. Foreign body splinters body, despite the story filtering through. "You are already mine & I am yours." Constructed of fictional space the frames of the film form the virtual body. Already sought & found communicates but only experience. That instant a certain unmixed HERE: here no more absolutely here hear this. Body foreign body catch a body coming through the rye. Your body but as anywhere else senses the disembodiment impossible between literature & film. The intensities of the senses—what is this, who is this body?—an impossible monster swallowing representation—impossibly here this same thing. Teresa knows the difference between the living & the painted. Cinema could not have done that.



# from SYMPHONY No. 12 (FORMATION OF THE LABYRINTH)

Ric Carfagna

