Letter (Stage) The stuff we have to work with. Bits and Bytes.	Words (Warning). Phonemes. Building blocks of meaning.	Text (Seeking). The endless realms of Possibility. When reading this, we can imagine the final outcomes, all layered together.
Twas alpha and the omega too	Twas dictionary, and new fictons	Twas nonsense and the endless stream
Didst bet and gimel in the mem	Didst fire and tumble in the words	Didst generate sounds upon the page
All hoy den were the harm nahas	All foreign were the sentences	All twisty were the passages
And the kho khon tho than.	And the meanings they inferred.	And universes of lines engaged.
Beware the letters, my ninja!	"Beware the jabbering, my one!	Beware the hyperlinguistic mode, my son!
The romaji, that scoundrel romance!	the words that run, the sounds of fun!	The puns that pop, the sounds that sop!
The secrets hiragana and onnade pun	Beware those chords of Jim's and shun	Beware the structure of the algorithm and shun
on okurigana all askance!"	The structure of the algorithm!"	The meaningless sentence stop!"
You take your letter opener	You take these verbal words all grand	You fledge your word in strings of text.
Long time the symbols there you wrought.	Long time the multi-verse you traverse	Long time the texton throes you sought
So rest a while by the ABC,	So rest you now in shifting sands	Rest. Muse en scene, amuse en abîme.
And string your sounds in bits and bots.	And stand your ground in thought.	And lose your way--divide by naught.
And as in gordian knots you writhe,	You pick up fragments on the shore,	You light your flickering signfier
The lettered 'verse, with notes of games	The Generator spouts words untamed	You check your para(graphs) unchained
Come stone blind through the fountain pens	From swerve of shore to bend once more	You tend the signal fire and wonder why, alone
and notes of William James!	Its thesaurus footprints maimed.	Unnamed, Schrödinger's cat remained.
Ah ka! sa ta! And now you know	A blurred! A word! And bled and bred!	Oh Sea! Oh Spar! Oh wondrous waves
The ku-ni-ochi are not named!	The meaning not quite clear!	Of endless oceans Captained captioned
You leave them ordered and bow low	Do you leave it read? Or with your head	Captured there, of generations lost in Plato's caves
to romaji with fonts untamed	Will you run unsullied back?	Shadowing play upon the walls.
And can you parse the glyphs therein?	And hast thou translated every time?	And hast thou expressed alternatives?
Come to Noto, my sweet Keshi!	And every phoneme? Every rhyme?	Come hear my laugh, you foolish lad!
Oh then Erase! Release!	Oh then rejoice! And reconfine	Did you expect superlatives
He scoffed at what you would foresee.	The linguistics in their prime!	For writing all that can't be heard?
Twas alpha and the omega too	Twas dictionary, and new fictons	Twas nonsense and the endless stream
Didst bet and gimel in the mem	Didst fire and tumble in the words	Didst generate sounds upon the page
All hoy den were the harm nahas	All foreign were the sentences	All twisty were the passages
And the kho khon tho than.	And the meanings they inferred.	And universes of lines engaged.
NOTES (these are to myself at the moment)	But we could do something weird ala Wasteland.	

Ethopian script https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ge%27ez_script	He took his verbal words all grand	tongues that top
Thai script https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thai_alphabet	And courses through your veins	Restless mise en scene, mise en abîme
Kho Khon (Person)	Jim Rosenberg's chords, strung with dynamic markers.	You pledge your word in strings of text.
tho than (pedestal) (could do yo ying) for woman, to match the kuniochi and put a feminist spin on things. But that does not rhyme. Tho thahan is soldier.	Beware those chords of Jim's and shun--> how erudite are we being here? Is this all tongue in cheek, designed for some poor grad student?	nought is nothing; something which does not exist while naught is now rare or archaic in us, canada = zero.
Hirigana and onnade are women's writing started in secret	This might be better in the text portion, but I think if it is in words, it still shows the potentials.	Which is to say that in cyber text any given expression is always an implicit index of alternatives not presently expressed.
You forsook your lettered elders then	Long time the multi-verse you traversed	For dicens ergo sum is right!
And as in gordian knots you write,	So rest you in the shifting sands	
William James on Language, William J. Gavin "	And stand your ground in thought.	You check your para(graphs) unchanged
http://tinyurl.com/WillJamesPhil		Unnamed, Schrödinger's cat (c)remained.
And as in blind aphasia you grope	The Generator, with words untamed	
	Comes whistling through with more and more	
Kuniochi woman ninja (Japanese pun on ku-no-ichi--all 3 scripts, as woman is the kanji.) 女 u（く）- no（ノ）- ichi（一）	To course and curse your veins	
Japanese dictionary order is a, ka, sa, ta, na, ha, ma, ya, ra, wa, n.		
the kuniochi never blend!/tend/send		
Keshi (kay-SHE) is Zuni greeting		
消しゴムKeshi gomu is eraser,		
http://narutofanon.wikia.com/wiki/Keshigomu		

Erase! Release! http://narutofanon.wikia.com/wiki/Erase_Release		
He revelled in his savvy.		
He aimed us all toward Lakeshmi		
And string your sounds in granny knots.		
http://betanews.com/2016/10/10/google-noto-font/		

Node (Meeting/coming toward). A group, a fathering/gathering of text. Still has potential, still unread.	Script (Fighting). The instantiation of a possible text. The stuff actually read (either by a human or computer).	Story (Celebrating) This is the author/reader interaction at the level of author intent/reader interpret)
Twas semantic, not semiotic.	Twas Windows or perhaps the Mac	Twas fabled and the fabula
Didst that distinction make	Didst clojure and java in the Eipgram	Didst narrate with confessions
All enTwined were the erotic	All confusioned were the charms once KIFed	All in jumbled jaws of tabula
Gamers in their encoded gates.	And the transistors stayed in RAM.	Razed plots remained in sessions.
"Beware the random nodes, my reader!"	"Beware the generated text, my dread!	"Beware the cybertext, my Don!
The lines that match, the songs that snatch	The string that presents one single thread!	The ergodictions, the strange fictions!
The truth from Everything and shun	Beware the chirp chirp tweet, and shun	Beware the straight syuzet, and shun
The sentient program code!"	The luminous texts unread!"	The narrative of maledictions!"
You gather your texts together.	You vow to draw a simple line.	You take your denouement to bed
Long time the weaving of the weft	Long time the scripton nodes you taught	Long time, your restless eyes will creep
Continues without rest or measure	So test your wiles on old book spines	Across all endless lines of fallowed links.
For who will pursue all these treasures?	And open up your thoughts.	You sometimes long for endless sleep.
And as you gaze on motherlodes,	And all your roguish thoughts infused	And within this pondering you strive,
The taxonomy with keys acclaimed	With your singular conclusions	The characters now come alive.
comes metatagged and metanamed--	Refused to stay the same, and defused	For who will betray you and
barring access to the ancient codes.	to play the game through visions and revisions!	Perplex our old beehives?
All here! Count off! And one by all	Oh Sand! Oh Soot! Oh Turing Test!	Oh Plot! Oh Style! What themes possessed
You catch the tomes in Indra's net	You grapple with undying code,	This creation you won't unpack?
Before they fall, before they crawl	You strangle with the text's chokeholds	You left it read, and all abred
to obsolescence' s oubliette.	Its involutive convolutions your workload.	You went triumphing back.
And has thou read the gibberish?	And have you grasped the gist of it?	And hast thou read the whole of it?
Embrace materiality, my sight!	Come tackle it once more, for truth!	Come be my sage, my trusty page!
Oh Expression! Ergo Dictate!	Oh forsooth! Forfend! For evermore!	Oh the Story! Oh the Glory
For dico ergo sum is right!	And quoth the raven Nevermore.	of age encaged, of wit and writ.
Twas semantic, not semiotic.	Twas Windows or perhaps the Mac	Twas fabled and the fabula
Didst that distinction make	Didst clojure and java in the Epigram	Didst narrate with confessions
All enTwined were the erotic	All confusioned were the charms once KIFed	All in jumbled jaws of tabula
Gamers in their encoded gates.	And the transistors stayed in RAM.	Razed plots remained in sessions.

	confusion = coldfusion but probably too hidden a pun here.	1 plot 2 characters 3 narrator 4 themes 5 style
The truth of Everything and shun	The Endless Stream , the perfect scream!	
the salient program code!	conclusion infusion revision	
Semiotics is the study of sign phenomena. Specialized research into natural human language– the semiotic phenomenon par excellence–constitutes linguistics; within linguistics, semantics is concerned with the conveyance of meaning by the grammatical and lexical devices of a language.		Syuzhet is an employment of narrative and fabula is the chronological order of the events contained in the story
Why use "cosmogenic"? Cosmogenic nuclides (or cosmogenic isotopes) are rare isotopes created when a high-energy cosmic ray interacts with the nucleus of an in situ Solar System atom, causing nucleons (protons and neutrons) to be expelled from the atom.	Epigram is a functional programming language with dependent types. Epigram also refers to the IDEusually packaged with the language. Epigram's goal is to support a smooth transition from ordinary programming to integrated programs and proofs whose correctness can be checked and certified by the compiler.	
	Clojure encourages immutability and immutable data structures.	
	Charm language is defined by a context-free grammar amenable to being processed by recursive descent parser as described in seminal books on compiler design	

Twas nirvana and the Tao of Bliss

Didst enlighten under shrouds

All bodhi were the angels' kiss

And in the Beauty Way were proud

Beware the truth in all of it

The sense that sounds, the tense that wound.

The famous quotes you can compound

and shun all endings in your wit.

You nod so sagely and so wise.

Long time, the meanings' woe you brought

So rest you now against the library

And wait a while for thought.

And as you sail these roguish seas,

The insights then, oh how they flee

And rampage through that library

of Borges and his monkey crew!

Oh Insight! Oh Delight! What next?

What the hammer, what the nail,

What oh reader will I you next impale

and take within your wondering breast?

And has thou found the truths to say?

Come to my life, my true scholar!

Oh wondrous tomes of broken clay!

That can not hold our joy.

Twas nirvana and the Tao of Bliss

Didst enlighten under shrouds

All bodhi were the angels' kiss

And in the Beauty Way were proud

Probably should not profane the Beauty way…. Might be too ironic.

Life is like a box of chocolates. What you get out of it depends on what you put into it.