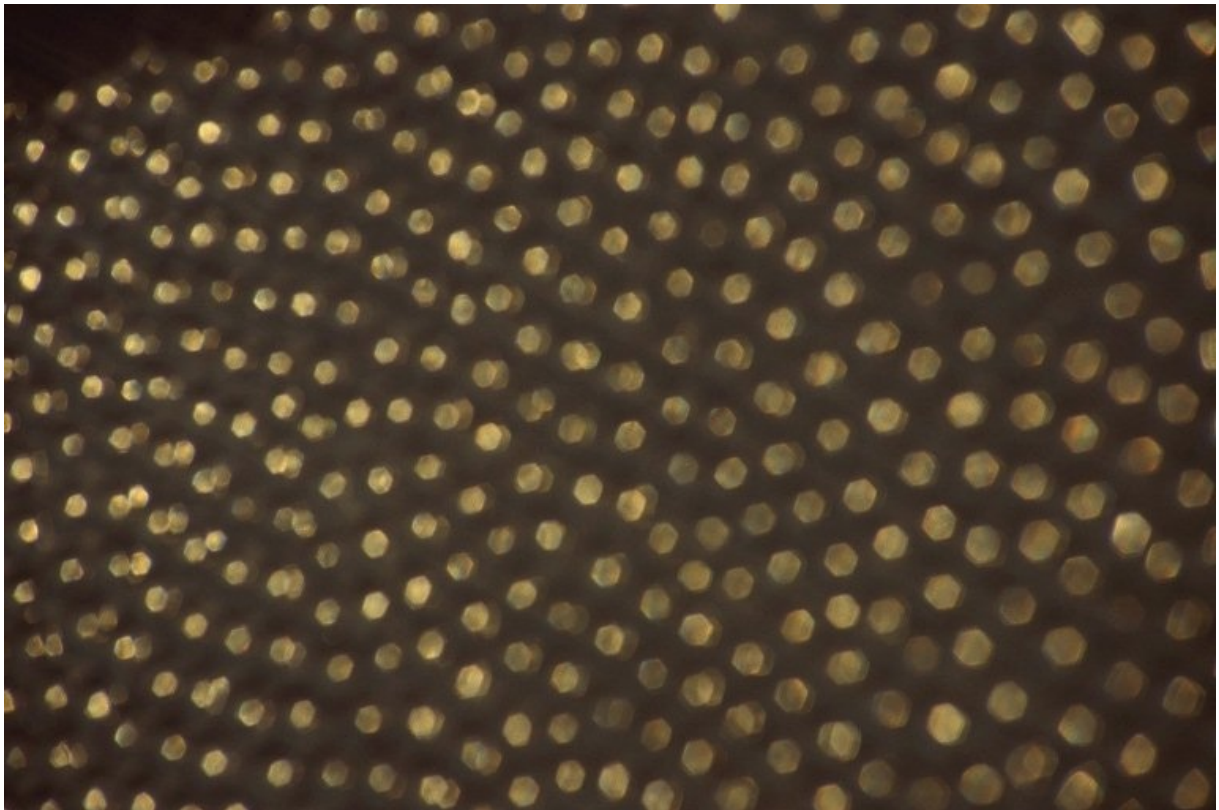# 20.0c
an engineering rush (i)

Dylan Harris

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Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *Never Bury Poetry*.

by Dylan Harris
4 anticipating the metaverse, *3* nation six dog, *2* discard

chapbooks
20.0: v the dead cat blues, *u* bremen, *t* autumn, *s* mechelen, *r* dye-de-ho, *q* antwerp, *p* tension nitro ego, *o* church is dangerous vital, *n* tin rush, *m* the A rush, *l* an engineering rush (ii), *k* Miss Demeanour, *j* flock state, *i* be infinity, *h* Namings, *g* nation six dog, *f* uncivil law, *e* dead write, *d* chase chase, *c* an engineering rush (i), *b* a much for we, *a* The Joy Of Tax
19.9: c Inn, *b* Swoop, *a* An Ode To The A14
19.8: c Rose, *b* Hymnen, *a* Darmstadt

Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

an engineering rush (i)

new scientist
a song so dire
the argument
another bitch
homework
hymnen
recreated arts
the game
oh gods
rushed off
unanswering

This poem was inspired by Nick Bostrom's Simulation Argument.
http://www.simulation-argument.com/

an engineering rush (i)

we're living in a computer simulation
seriously
read new scientist
week 4
July 2K2
near the PM's paternal piece
the week he appointed Canterbury Rowan

the programmers—simulators—
can manoeuvre everything
in this simulated world
they'll be gods
and glancing round this planet
ours clearly have surreal humour
so i expect hints

they wouldn't waste complexity
to simulate something simple
perhaps the whole universe is fake
maybe they're evolving multiverses
(think of kaku's hyperspace)
even megaverses

if the hint's linguistic
I'd expect some common word
saying what the gods desire

consider those concepts
universe multiverse megaverse
spot the common part

yes
the gods are seeking verse

failed simulations get deleted
that's in no–one's interest
so we whom the gods desire to write
must write
everyone else must help

fund poets to strut their scans
grants for ranting poesie
declare the bard the verse messiah
free poets' holidays in xanadu
nubile young women do your duty
save your life save the world
throw yourselves under the nearest poet
especially me
toyboys to the girlie poets

everybody save yourselves
be good to us
be very very good

a song so dire
… it lives down to its billing …

pretty girl
now's your time
muse a poet
rhyme a line

with a nic–nac padiwac
give a dog a bone
ruff rough wruff ruff rough wruff rough

pretty girl
do your bit
aid a poet
rhythm hit

with a nic–nac padiwac
give a dog a bone
all the girls are going down

pretty girl
duty calls
knickers down
play his balls

…I seem to have run out of rugbyness…

the argument

technology is accelerating
computing racing
in ten years
all PCs combined
will be as complex
as a conscious mind

in fifty years
a watch will tick that power
active clothes could wear
a hundred living minds
in a simulated world

if our race survives

and assuming we can build a self
(the arguments against
seem to me
like the reasons why
a man could never fly)

so

these machines are builded here

but

they might get banned
though would a ban apply
in all cultures
in all times
forever

and would the ban
be utterly obeyed
in all cultures
in all times
forever

so

somewhere somewhen
people run the programs
containing conscious minds
living lives in simulated worlds

historians can like to argue over port
they'll recreate and reconstruct
to see what wrecks events
they will

kids can like to play dread games
set in simple hubris worlds
they'll try a life back then
they will

penmen can like to matchstick–make
a real or some invented place
they'll entice their 'readers' in
they will

business prefers the cheap design
let the simulants run the risks
then simply nick the best result
they will

and education
wow
what this can do for education

now

today's machines are not enough
to run a conscious mind
but their exuberant quantity
one billion made
will be as zero
tomorrow

and even if
a hundred years from now
the computer count remains the same
and even if
a hundred years from now
their users do no more than us
then a billion games will run
with a billion best opponents
in a billion conscious hosting worlds

and if the human race
lasts a billion years
there'll be just the one true history
and a billion billion simulations

that's quite a lot to one
that we're alive
in a simulated world

if the race survived
the next one hundred years

another bitch

this adds another source of luck
far beyond control
to snatch a random death

an impacting asteroid
a local supernova
a wandering black hole
colliding branes
some other dreadful event
we've yet to comprehend

personal mischance
a transport crash
a falling tree
a falling tortoise
earthquakes tempests monsoons
judicial injustice
lord pisswater running england
murder mayhem war
disease age

now we add
winding up a simulator

just get on with life
the simulators
archetypal as ancient gods
are just another bitch
by which to die

homework

i hate that divinity master
with his keep still
and his don't mess about
and his why can't you behave

if he weren't so boring
if he made lessons fun
i'd listen

and he keeps on about
his holy prince
who saved the church

that dull prince
who never won a battle
who only ever killed
some pigs

and now i've got
this really boring homework
to make a boring change
to boring history

well i'm fed up
and i don't like him
and i don't like his holy prince
the perfect boyhood
the perfect engagement
the perfect life

so i'll make that prince a king
and he has three wives
and he divorces one
and he kills one

no
he'll have six
and he divorces two
and he kills two
and he dies of syphilis

and the pope still makes him
defender of the faith

run computer run

ooh
the king's pet greek
died from a flying tortoise
before he wrote
'the prince'

which is now a nasty work
written by some roman
'cept rome's not there

hrmph!
that divinity master's still there
and he's got fat
and he teaches economics

and he goes on about
some prime minister
a tin lady

boring

hymnen

perhaps "hymnen"
has found some costly way
to navigate the multiverse
and needs to find a technoverse
to leap across the branes

or any other reason why
it finds it must investigate
the interstellar avenues

to simulate each universe
to find a way back home

but
if incomprehensible–to–us technology
such as hymnen
simulates our universe

this will include our human race
and all its future history
which simply means our simulators
could themselves be simulants

to understand them
considering some non–human magic technology
is pointless

recreated arts

if we ever build these
mighty civilisation simulating computers
we'll recreate an ancient greece
see the poetry of Σαπφω* form
other lost works
other great times

bardic celtic britain
the whole pre–writing world
the start of language
excitement discovery
rushing like fumes from a revving car

we'll create new paradigms of history
what would homer have sung if troy had won
what would shakespeare have played if europe was turkish
what would you be reading if…

*Psappha (Sappho), subject to my ignorant attempt at ancient Greek

the game

in our time
almost every simulation
is not for education
but computer games

if play goes bad
players restart

since we're here
things are going right
and the nasty chances
haven't happen
because the player
restarted

or groups of players
war along the entangled net
to the winner's declaration

Hawking "The Universe In A Nutshell" might say
if i could find my blasted copy
all things can happen do happen
there's a parallel universe
bolivia wins all the olympic gold

but when we play computer games
or read about a novel's star
i swear the characters
the ones we're meant to play or read
are archetypal elemental
how the ancient greeks
made their gods

the players have adventures
starting with a simple task
gaining more complexity
in some fake simplicity
of fighting dread evil

at this ephmera
abu nidal
died in violence
a day or so ago
he
bin laden's godfather of masturbation

i guess the game is to catch bin laden
he'll have to continue his evil
knowing he's doomed to defeat
because those playing the game and chasing him
can always restart any section he wins
the immediate gods
the old greek gods the hindu gods the shinto gods
the archetypal gods the players
will slaughter him
and end our stage of the game

and others will play the game again
and he'll fail again
and die again
and be played again
reincarnation
a life of evil ever repeated
never finding end

we the irrelevant extras
the artificial witnesses
we'll come and go
according to the game's design
in reruns replays
sometimes in
sometimes out
eventually nirvana

bin laden
his no choice to be the evil star
he'll find nothing

it seems
the buddha
was right

oh gods

computer games

the designers
create the world
write the storyline
revise revise
and vanish

the players
run the script
save restart
slaughter the guilty
whatever

our immediate gods
are utterly powerful
and uninvolved
or taking part
might stop the universe
and bugger off

the ancient greeks were right
again

and the ancient jews
their old god our old god
the still alive but dying god
metas up a world
to be the simulators' god
if that's what they decide

the message remains
the mechanism can be repeated
built
so what

and if you play a simulation game
where you're an active god
interfering answering
does this create an artificial world
with priests embarrassed
by fact

all the gods could well be real
theology's got more complex

rushed off

i'm down

i can't write in digital oil and build
my engineering rush has rushed off

i'm a snow scene bauble
a bright glass ball to shake for instant winter
i was sitting on a table top
the table vanished
i'm to the floor and smashed

i'm in a dark club
a pretty girl has eyes tangled mine
some bastard turns the lights full on
she realises i'm twice her age
thirty eight times as ugly
the rush she feels in her loins
a need to piss

ah well
the rush may have rushed off
but from such things
comes the great technologies

not this time

unanswering

i can't help but wonder

you see i foresee
the cry of fundamentalist fools
"thou shalt not see more than me
nor act upon it"

i see life not the mobile flesh
but consciousness and be
clouds of quantum chance
digital virtual data
love that gentle yields
what the geeks threw up tomorrow

to run computer simulations
with consciousness contained
in minds to ask the questions
we howl at gods
when love is bitch dead

but we're the ones to answer
what else than silence is platitude

if the great religious thinkers
have only consistent wishful thoughts

and the ethically whimpering
can only let their fear reply
by killing those with open eyes

then what can a comfortable poet
sitting in a bright english house
on a sunny august dawn
offer