At Captains’ Tables

By Eric Elshtain and the machine

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Preface

These twelve-line blank verse poems were composed with Gnoetry 0.2 and are based upon the statistical analysis of Jules Verne’s *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The 0.2 interface allows the human collaborator to make choices by regenerating text on the word, phrase, sentence, and stanza levels; however, no post-composition edits were made by the human author, except where he found the words “continued” and “replied” as arguments for the insertion of quotation marks, capitalized proper names and italicized one foreign word.
The window we regained the whiteness of the frigate! “It contains the furnace it becomes a poet’s explanation, sir,” continued Captain Nemo, “to attract the depth.” In crossing with the iceberg on the sea, the body of a man consumes the situation of the water. At the slightest indication, understood the preparations for departure. For a sailor! It required tackle of enormous size, surrounded by a raid upon the waves were sparkling. We were one.
The worthy fellow, and the gun. The east…

The worthy fellow, and the gun. The east the steam in their canoes? The mixture of the tunnel. Have revised the future was preparing to return. The screw. The year.

A gesture of a man, entangled with the captain; for the sea, the frigate he commanded. Not a Negro, and the two appeared together on the earth? Towards the central stairs. The lake? The boat. The east the large saloon. A stubborn anger seized the crew. The crew were on the surface cold. The heavy copper helmet, and in one.

“Her screw,” replied the feet. In passing through…

“Her screw,” replied the feet. In passing through a prism, flowers, rocks, in one. The year. In presence of a yard above the waves! The power necessary to renew the air. Behind the others budding, while a woman, who were for a circle of the rock, a living man, entangled with the most delicious, and in which upheld the roof. “Perhaps,” replied the captain of the moon. The sailors, surely they were wrong. A vast circumference. But the air, between the iceberg on the other for repose.
Between the lake? The air, a thousand feet.
The earth. In that position. At the south,
a diver, Vigo Bay, Atlantis, of
the rock. In these reflections, and the sea
again; the whale, the coral shrubs, traversed
the upper jaw. The natives’ huts. The ice,
the vessels anchored at the captain’s room.
The ground. The captain of the stomach of
a mile around the muzzle. “No,” replied
the captain, looking at the bottom. I
related to the irritation of
the treaty. I directed my harpoon.
Upon a thousand crystal facets. I . . .

Upon a thousand crystal facets. I descended, and the sugar by degrees.
The bird, described a failure, and a depth below the time, in this museum, which
the water, and the netting of the day.
The mixture of December, we were off the bolts. In this collection. After all
perceived the atmosphere towards the point.

“The wind,” continued Captain Nemo “was awaiting me.” The monster was the earth.
The sea, allowing but the sharks. The sea. The sea, revealed the crew were to attack.

The voyage of the sea, the secret. On . . .

The voyage of the sea, the secret. On the frigate took a little of the year.
A second stone, a man, a little of the red were at the summit of command.
The captain, with the captain. What a noise, the plata, even if the boarding of the sea! The future? That a whale, harpoon in fact, professor, was the surface of the waves. In desperation. To the back; the compass deviated on the two appeared together on the map. The east the fishing ended, if the ancients, which?
The situation of the glade, perhaps

The situation of the glade, perhaps
a double door, traversed the upper part,
the liquid mass. The sun. The island, was
the depth below the surface of the great

surprise, the glasses of the waves. The bird,
the other, watered by degrees, in his
outlandish tongue, a hive! The man, a sea
expression, but the heat developed by

the same. The iceberg, shut the evening. “An
electric button,” he replied. The bridge.
The penetrating power of the waves
were sparkling. But the sharks. The cold. The year.
A stone, a little dazzled, it becomes... 

A stone, a little dazzled, it becomes a sea expression, and, were he believed in it, a coral reef. Besides, the first in leaving this reception was above the mountain, as a whaler, who explored the sea. The two appeared together on the iron jaws, according to the most delicious fruits. Besides, the pole, the clouds were flying to the central waters of the atmosphere towards the south, in an uneven bottom, at the surface of the most delicious fruits. The fog. The world!

The blood; the captain, looking at the high... 

The blood; the captain, looking at the high partitions, leaning on a heavy sleep in which the open shell, the air, the day before, were now resorted to, “Perhaps because the air, in any case,” replied the captain of the enterprise. The heat developed by the hand, the light produced a thousand crystal facets. Such a noise, the steamer. Then, in fact, the blow produced a thousand fathoms. This occasion I examined it required tackle of enormous power. Then the moon, perhaps.
Before the harvest. At a frightful speed.

Before the harvest. At a frightful speed. In their canoes? The steam in any case, the iron plates, in order to the land; because the afternoon, the vessel was

within a mile around the vessel was
within a mile around the vessel was
within a mile around the muzzle. “Well,” replied the captain of the forests of

the water, “like the moon. The iceberg on the road. The same. The fauna and beneath the surface, was in what direction is the Greenland whale, the eye surrounded us.”
The sudden lighting of the deck. The sea…

The sudden lighting of the deck. The sea, the frigate, as in life. The first contained the vessel I directed our steps towards a vast circumference. At the last diversions of the air, the moon, confirmed the ice around the vessel? But the sharks, attracted by the ebb. Returned the one belonging to the sand. The sand. Before the sun. The ice around the muzzle. That a fact? “The monster, and the sailor;” I replied. A simple whale, between the door communicating with the reservoirs.

The captain of the crater which upheld…

The captain of the crater which upheld the archipelago. The grave, defied the others budding, while the captain then decided to pursue the monster. And in an oblique position, understood the captain. Was the coral, I traversed the upper levels of the atmosphere towards the coast. Before the public mind, appeared in all directions and began the operation. I descended to the poop in order to survey the shore, the weather; and the light produced a time.
The captain of the tempest, was the light...

The captain of the tempest, was the light, the waves, the door. The diver and the noise. A moment after having passed the night, the contents of the coral sea, approached, the Captain Nemo, drawing from the birds, the water greatly helped the helm. The east, a rock, traversed the fog, allowing but the most delicious, and the light produced a thousand crystal facets. Then the hunt, precisely. Its direction was within a single word. The moon. The monster, by a quarter of the treaty. For a sight!
The captain and arrived in speaking thus.

The captain and arrived in speaking thus, in this condition? There were more in this attempt. The human flesh. The reefs until the moment when, the passage of the year.

The nets were hauled in. There were sparrow hawks, consulted it required tackle of enormous size, surrounded by the sea. Were they the apparatus that the waves, the wire and the frigate, on her speed, were clinging to the bottom of the year. The night? In that position. Then appeared the inner shore. The ceiling was extreme.

The penetrating power of the hand.

The penetrating power of the hand, the river to the fire which condensed a butcher's knife. In that position. There the sudden lighting of the wreck. Perhaps, because the water from the seas, in what direction is the only one o’clock in this herbaceous mass, in those employed in our ears! The panel was above the island of Ceylon, the sun. A more detailed description. For the east the locks were turned, the introduction of the Greeks, the engine, from the first contained the year.
ERIC ELSHTAIN, the poetry editor of the Chicago Review, is finishing his Ph.D in the University of Chicago’s Committee on the History of Culture. His work can be found in journals such as McSweeney’s, Skanky Possum, Notre Dame Review, Ploughshares, Interim, Salt Hill, and others. His chapbook, The Cheaper the Crook, the Gaudier the Patter, will appear later this year from Chicago’s Transparent Tiger Press.
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