Introduction to Digital Poetics, a story

STARTUP="afty_title"
SEARCH="title.htm"
SCROLLING="NO"
NAME="afty_control"
SRC="controls.htm"
SCROLLING="NO"
MARGIN="NO ROOM FOR ERROR"

FOR DIRECTIONS CLICK="Yes"
TO JUST FUCKING START CLICK="Go"

CLICK=Norton Anthology of Postmodern American Fiction special web edition
CLICK=Paywall CLICK=Paywall CLICK=Paywall CLICK=Go

SELECT=history of this place this thing these buttons wearing away with the oils of my
fingers like an erosion
OPEN=memories of taking the van out five times hitting something three of them
OPEN=two doors four doors locked doors

FRAME=a speaking voice like a ghost, a machine
EXECUTE=forkbomb in a crowded temperature-controlled room
SEARCH=denewithfifteencopiesofafternoon

I'm trying
to wake up in a new province but these provinces are all the same
Applying for the
same jobs, the same jobs I've been doing
There's no room for that in
here

FRAME=a digital poet gets programmers to do all the work; a visual poet gets artists to
do all the work; a graphic designer can do both

To wander through the hypertext as it forms itself around you black and neon green like the internet in a nineties movie, turn left. Turn left again to arrive at a crossroad, there are two choices, both lead back to the text. Turn left again my father is playing slots on his laptop watching NCIS on the TV both screens reflect in his glasses on the table not on his head on the table not on his face on the table he can't see. Turn left again my mother is on the second floor doing the same but watching Friends.

FRAME=six photos of my family on the wall
NAME="graduation.html" "graduation.html" "graduation.html" "graduation.html" "baby.html" "baby.html"