MCKENZIE WARK / DARREN WERSHLER

NICK THURSTON



OF THE SUBCONTRACT OR PRINCIPLES OF POETIC RIGHT

NICK THURSTON

FOREWORD \rightarrow McKenzie Wark

Afterword \rightarrow Darren Wershler

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Earn Money Just by Writing Your Mind



'The poetry of earth is never dead' wrote John Keats (1816), and indeed it is nature – the poetry of earth – that brings beauty into our lives; that pushes us to change our plans; that effects our moods. Poetry sets a sky aflame at sunset, magically transforms a familiar landscape into a snow-white wonderland, and prints a clump of daffodils with the glow of soft sunlight. Poetry is truly an intrinsic part of our lives. It is no surprise that poets have always written of the charms and harshness of love, and of cynical changes in the natural world around us. Nick Thurston's Of the Subcontract is a new collection of evocative poetry. The poems in this book capture nature's moods as well as feelings of majesty, love and emotion. They awaken memories and dreams, sadness and laughter. Of the Subcontract is a celebration of the changing seasons and the beauty of love, which is everywhere.

Poetry has great power to touch the heart. Primitive and essential things, like a man ploughing a field or a young mother with her child or a girl filling a pitcher from a spring or a light from a lonely hut on a dark night, are the best themes for poets

and painters. Strictly, they are not as old as hills, but they are more significant and eloquent than hills. Themes of nature, love, affection are made interesting by poets. There is note of pain in the verses of the poet in this book; a note of sorrow like the whisper of wind warning that moments of joy are the briefest of all seasons. Like youth, these poems are so bursting with life, so wild and blustery, so loud and confused and yet so sweet, so lovely – and like joy they are too soon gone.

English poetry is filled with gloom, pain, love and expressions of self-esteem. Keats, John Milton, William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley and other big names all selected those same themes. Themes are always the same but the words change. I remember how beautifully the idea of love was represented by Shelley in his poem *Love's Philosophy* (1819):

See, the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; No sister flower could be forgiven If it disdained its brother.

And how wonderfully William Blake made use of words in his poem *The Garden of Love* (1794):

Love seeketh only Self to please, To bind another to Its delight: Joys in anothers loss of ease, And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.

Of the Subcontract is an amazing work of the youth and energy. Self-esteem, confession, love, nature and pain are some of the themes used by them. These are not at all the new ideas but the way they are presented by the young souls is beyond words. Love is life for the soul – love is deep, loud, tinged through with seriousness. Pain and love step through life together, arm in arm, all along, out along, down along life. Once we love we

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can live. We all use the words but very few of us know the art of playing upon the words. Poets are the blessed; people they speak more than the words and can express what we want to say but can't find appropriate words to do so.

I Love This World (§1; pp. 21-22) is a wonderful poem. The poet praises God for sending him into the enchanting world. Nature is so tempting, and it attracts the poet's attention. The selection of words and the rhyming scheme of the poem are beyond words. The poet has made full use of his imagination. The temptations of the world are so alluring. He was given two US cents for his remarkable effort. The poet starts the closing section of his poem with the following lines:

Oh God, how great you are. You created all these for me. That I am grateful for your grace That makes me live joyous and prosperous.

Ideas of poets can be best expressed by words; words play miracles. Readers of this book will certainly enjoy the selection of words used herein. There is a kind of harmony among the lyrics. The musical effect created by the words is beyond description. 'I am worn out with dreams', the poet memorably writes of his youthful dreams. 'A weather-worn, marble triton / Among the streams; / And all day long I look / Upon this lady's beauty' (§1; p. 36) is another instance of the poet beautifully using symbolism. This poem, *Dreaming of Dreams*, is undoubtedly a beautiful piece of art. Readers of the book will enjoy this dream-like poem. It will fill their hearts with undying love. The statement 'I am worn out with dreams' pushes its readers to start visualizing the whole idea.

Those who love poetry are sensitive people; they love the notion of love. Beauty attracts them. The melody of nature is echoing throughout the tone. The wonders of the changing seasons and natural beauty are everywhere. By reading some of

the poems you will feel as if Wordsworth's spirit is still around. Solitude allows us to meditate. It gives us a chance to improve ourselves, and to think about the mistakes we may have committed. At times, we as humans want to run from this world of cruelties, and take refuge in solitude. This idea is presented in this book by the poem *Solitude* (§2; p. 50). The poet was given \$0.26 for his endeavour. The blend of human emotion and love for nature has taken the shape of a poem. I like this poem:

In the arms of nature I laughed and cried With nobody to stop me. In the arms of nature Solitude I found, Solitude I found here.

In solitude the poet fully enjoys objects of nature. Solitude gives him a chance to appreciate the beauty, and enjoy his time with trees and birds. Nature itself is very tempting. It can trap any heart. This is why the old poets, whom we call classical poets, have written a lot about nature.

I can see the trees swaying I can hear the leaves rustling I can hear the stream dancing To the music in my heart, Solitude is what I seek.

Lord (§2; pp. 62, 63, 64) is another piece of art. Faith in God is a strength of the poet. The idea of the poem is to convince the reader that it is useless to search for God here. However, He lives inside us. Again, the choice of words and the rhyme scheme is most appreciable. The poet took very little time to produce this poem, and he was given \$0.38 for his ideas. The essence of the poem is expressed in the last lines:

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Do not search for the Lord around you. He is the only one who resides inside you, So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.

Some pages of this book speak of poets' ideas. They are direct ideas. They come from the heart and hit you in the gut. About Me (§2; p. 69) is another pearl of Thurston's book. It is a bit childish, but it seems as if the poet is playing with words. The selection of words is very simple, describing colour, sky, mother, father, animal and birds for example. How simple the words are, and how deep is the theme of the poem. The poet thought a lot before considering this poem for his book. Some of his friends told him that the poem is bit childish and that it will mar the beauty of his book, but he simply loved the poem. Thurston gave \$0.40 to the poet for writing this poem on his behalf. It is kind of like a child's dream. I too hope that it will be fully enjoyed:

I am naughty but shy, And I like stars in the sky.

...

To keep me happy night and day. I want to become a doctor, And help every people.

The Last Day (§3; p. 89) reminds me of my childhood poem, Let Death Come. So by reading The Last Day I enjoyed what people call nostalgia. You might say that I have developed a kind of association with this poem as it has brought me back to my childhood days. In The Last Day, the poet is living his last day. Gloom and pathos rule the atmosphere of the poem:

This was the last day for me to live. Nothing left to take, nothing left to give. All that was left was this measly day. That is hardly fair some might say.

It is true that nothing is more cruel than time itself. Time does not even stop for death. It keeps on moving; nothing can stop time. The idea is beautifully presented by talented poets of the modern era. This poem expresses the poet's deep thoughts. \$0.60 was given to the poet for his deep and meaningful ideas. The poem ends on a very touching note: 'We acknowledge that life is our last day'.

There Was No Me (§3; p. 96) is a sad poem contributed by a very good poet. He was given \$0.67 for the beautiful lines he produced for this book in a very short time span. I am not sure whether I take this poem as the poet's complaint or not, but however it was meant, it is great. The simplistic use of words and stunning rhyme scheme are the peculiarity of the poem. It will surely grasp your attention.

Writing a Foreword for a poetry book has always been my dream as I always knew that the language of poetry hits the soul directly. Poetry is the voice of hearts. Words speak more eloquently than anything else. They have the power to win hearts over, and to touch souls. If words are expressed in the form of poems they become eternal. In *Of the Subcontract* the poets have presented poems of all moods and styles – this is a new collection of evocative poems in every sense. A Word for a Broken Mouth (§4; p. 125) is about the plight of a lover who wants her lover to assure her that he loves her – that he will be there for her through thick and thin, and that he will be there for her through all four seasons of the year. The voice in the poem is sad; she wants to hear everything. But A Word for a Broken Mouth will surely touch us all, as it is a story of every love-stricken heart.

I wrote many books in my life and want to help people to share that same experience. I believe that there is a great writer inside everyone. Freelance work has given me an opportunity to write other's concepts, ideas and stories the way they want to write but they cannot. Writing for other people is a great fun and I always enjoy this. This kind of contract is gaining

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popularity with each passing day. People hire other personnel to ghostwrite their books not only because it is in fashion but also they have something special to say but do not have time to express so. English is a language of the rulers of the time. It is the language of expression. I always feel as if I can express myself in English better than any other language. There is a great vocabulary of words available in English which are enough for me to exercise my ideas in a great way.

'Say it for me. / Say that you love me. / Now' (§4; p. 125). The love and warmth we receive from our families is beautifully expressed in the poem *Home and Family* (§4; p. 122). It is another poem by a very talented poet who wrote for this book in a very short time. Less than one dollar was paid by the poet for this writer's time and the ideas that he shared with us. His matchless ideas have been presented as follows:

I see pieces of my heart On the floor, couch and chair. Some sitting, some laying, Some playing over there.

Family members are pieces of the poet's heart; with each one so close to him that he considers them as a heartbeat. People give us satisfaction, love, comfort and undying energy to fight the odds of life. I wonder about how beautifully he has expressed his ideas. Dreams are the assets of life. Dreams save us from dying. But if you lost your dream, how would you feel?

No writer is more expressive than Wordsworth, Keats or Milton. Using words effectively is an art, and I have observed the knack of playing upon words in the works of the honourable poet of this book. I appreciate his work, and hope that our readers will love the book too. *Our Star* (§3; p. 98) does not talk about the planets and stars in the sky, but of the beloved of the poet. His lover is no less than a star to him. She gives him light, and fills his heart with eternal happiness: 'You are the shining star of my life'.

This book has all the flavours readers will want to taste. From nature to love, every subject has been discussed in *Of the Subcontract*. It is a little endeavour from my side to introduce modern readers to the taste and smell of poetry's nature. A long ago kind of nature is the main theme of the poems. From Wordsworth to Keats, every poet has tried his best to awaken the love of nature in readers' hearts. Nowadays, however, the topics have been changed. People prefer to read about computers, information technology and love. In this book, Thurston tried to put more emphasis on nature-related poems. For example:

A bird in fight is a beautiful sight to behold There are myriad species told The birdwatcher spots one in the bush The hummingbird frees and flies off in the dusk.

In this poem, A Bird in Flight (§3; p. 81), use of imagination is at its zenith. What an idea, and how beautifully it has been expressed by a young poet.

Today earning money is important. Freelancers can earn as much as they want to just by writing for websites via peer-to-peer labour pooling schemes. Pooling schemes not only help writers to earn well, but also give them an opportunity to enjoy an outlet for their feelings. Dying like an unadmired beauty is not at all a welcoming idea. We want to be popular, we want to be appreciated by everyone, and we want to be known for our peculiarities. Isn't it great that you get the chance to express yourself, for free? Isn't it a great idea that you can earn money just by writing your mind? Of course it is a great idea. Earning money is not something unattainable. Freelancers have contributed to this book, and in return, they were paid. It is a great idea, and we must appreciate all the potential poets who are around us; who want to write, but do not have any idea about where they can submit their work.

One of my remarkable works is *The Beach Beneath the Street*, published in 2011 by Verso Books. The aim of my book was

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to stir up a political awakening through a closer look at the neglected legacy of a movement, whose members were Bohemian at best and delinquent at worst, and whose ambition was, unabashedly, 'to change the world'. My narrative follows this group from its roots in the cellar bars of Saint-Germaine, in the 1940's, through twenty tumultuous years of expulsions and fracturing factions, to a time when everything briefly cohered around the nexus of a situation: May 1968. The book is less stylized than much of my recent output, but very agreeable to read. A Hacker Manifesto (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2004) is a remarkable and beautiful book that I wrote. It deals with the fact that we are living in an age of information, and where we are going is terrible. It also elaborates on what is called 'the vector class'; i.e., the owners of the vectors that control the flow of information. They use the 'hacker class' to turn information into commodity through ownership. Jacques Derrida argued against the 'informatization' of language, which transformed language and culture from a safe preserve into a resource that can be exploited for extrinsic purposes. Control of this resource is where the tension between the hacker class and the vector class plays out. This book has attained universal popularity.

Some of the lines from the 'The Torrent of History' chapter of *The Beach Beneath the Street* are:

In a celebrated passage, [Comte de] Lautréamont expands on his distinctive poetics: "Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it. It closely grasps an author's sentence, uses his expressions, deletes a false idea, replaces it with the right one. To be well made, a maxim does not call for correction. It calls for development." It's a passage which is often taken as saying something about poetics, less often as saying something about history. Lautréamont connects, not back to a lost purity or some ideal form, but forward – to a new possibility.

The first section of my book, *A Hacker Manifesto* is also very impressive. These are some opening lines:

All classes fear this relentless abstraction of the world, on which their fortunes yet depend. All classes but one: the hacker class. We are the hackers of abstraction. We produce new concepts, new perceptions, new sensations, hacked out of raw data. Whatever code we hack, be it programming language, poetic language, math or music, curves or colourings, we are the abstracters of new worlds.

Of the Subcontract captures nature's moods and majesty in the twenty-first century. Poetry gives us direction for how to feel the truth of life. Poetry is a weapon that is used to inspire souls. It is the voice of hearts, and only hearts can understand its language. Readers of this book will cherish the beauty of poetry. I hope my readers will enjoy the melody of poems created by the poetic spirit herein. The book is a celebration of the changing seasons, natural beauty and love and danger, which are everywhere.

The enthusiastic response I am expecting from the readers of Thurston's book will prove what a tremendous impact an idea can have. How exciting it is to see people focus on transforming inevitable stumbling blocks into stepping stones. They trust that in the end they will make it. And more often than not, they do. I believe that the greatest satisfaction a poet gets is derived from the opinion that people have about his work. In the army it is called 'service reputation' and I think that it is the most important thing.

McKenzie Wark → Lahore, 2013



Poems 0.01-0.25

0.01. *Pain* 00:02:45 \rightarrow \$0.22/HR \rightarrow 1/1

The pain and burden she carries Has left her legs broken and hairless I cannot sleep, I cannot cry One does not simply just say goodbye.

0.02. *I Love this World* $00:36:38 \rightarrow \$0.03/HR \rightarrow 1/2$

I love this world
That makes me joyous.
Aspects of love and beauty
Keep me stern and sturdy
All that glittering stars
And rainbow in humid sky,
Swans that move along the pavement
Make me happy and diligent.

How beautiful is the scene of A lass goes to market With basket in her hand. Oh look, there is a lad At that pavements junction With a smiling face.

White lotuses wave their heads In blue water of tranquillity. Their emerald green leaves Spread themselves and float on melancholy.

Oh God, how great you are. You created all these for me. That I am grateful for your grace That makes me live joyous and prosperous.

I lie down in the shadow.

No longer the light of my dream before me.

Above me Only the thick wall.

Only the shadow.

Only my hands!

0.03. Think Again $00:03:11 \rightarrow \$0.57/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Think again, if you think you're the best, Because you're no better than all of the rest.

Whether you're White, or Black or Brown, Don't always say things to put people down.

If you show them you're friendly, And you show them you care, You'll make many friends, It doesn't matter from where.

0.04. *Am I Blind*, *Or Maybe Dumb?* $00:00:11 \rightarrow $13.09/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Am I blind, or maybe dumb?

To see TWO cents has made me numb.

Would you do work for this measly amount? Would you take it seriously, would it even count.

This is insulting in so many ways, But it seems a trend, the newest craze.

I do not mind writing when the prices are right, But two cents is insulting and not worth the fight.

No payment and a rejection are sure to come, But I could not let this pass without saying 'I AM NOT DUMB'.

0.05. *The House* $00:02:11 \rightarrow \$1.37/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

The paint is peeling off the boards, And the tar paper underneath is showing through. Some shingles have fallen off the roof. The porch leans to one side, And the steps are rickety and swaying.

If I squint my eyes and look at it like that, I can see it how it used to be.
The paint is new and the roof is strong.
The steps are firm and safe,
And the children run up and down them.

0.06. Who Do I Think I Am? $00:08:30 \rightarrow \$0.42/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Am I who I think I am? Or am I who you say I am? I want to be free, I want to be me. You have put me in a box with a lock and key. I pick at the lock from time to time. But it is not so simple to be free. I am chained by the title you have put on me. I so long to be me, to break loose. But my fears keep me in that place. That place where you forced me to be. My greatest fear is of you not loving me. If I choose to set myself free. Am I who I think I am? Or am I who you say I am? I know the answer to be sure. I am not proud, I am afraid of being me.

0.07. *A Child* 00:16:40 \rightarrow \$0.25/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Child smiles as you smile, Child cries as you cry.

Child plays as you play, Child sings as you sing, Child dances as you dance.

If you watch them everyday, You'll see they learn as they play. They'll do what they see, and say what they hear. You're their teacher throughout the years.

Watch them as they learn to walk.
Listen to them when they talk.
Keep them safe, away from harm.
Wrap them gently within your arms.
Teach them to share and how to take turns.

Child smiles as you smile, Child cries as you cry.

Child plays as you play, Child sings as you sing, Child dances as you dance.

0.08. Pieces of My Heart $00:18:47 \rightarrow \$0.26/\text{Hr} \rightarrow 2/2$

I'm sitting at my desk
Trying to write a poem.
I want it to be about the hills,
But my mind is beginning to roam.
I'm thinking about all those days
That I thought were meant to last.
Now I know it never was,
It's all over, it is the past.

At night I'm always wide awake,
Cause you are forever in my mind.
And the simple, awful truth
Is that you'll never be mine.
I wish I could tell you
How much you mean to me.
But something's there that holds me back
Something I can't see.

As close as you might stand to me There's always a ridge between. We are two worlds apart, Although that can be seen. If there's something that you love Just let it go, they say. If it ever comes back, it's yours; If not, with you it shouldn't stay.

So you see, that's all I did And then I knew it's true. That you never needed me The way I need you.

We weren't meant to be together, But it's hard staying apart. But whatever happens, however many days pass, You'll always be in my heart.

0.09. (Untitled) 00:17:03 \rightarrow \$0.32/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Balanced on the thinnest strand, Although it's fun we must abstain. If only mortality and sexuality went hand and hand Slicing my wrist again.

Chasing, chasing his desire, His heart grew faint, his hands began to shake, So I cut her throat with a wire, Shake, shake, shake, shake, dog shake.

Pause, and face off his new foe, Quell your miserable fears! Oh my, that's, that's my toe, I'm going now to my castle to pick something to fight.

Swiftly running high above,
To lighten the display of crows,
For him who sausage loves,
They crunch between my toes like bones of sparrows.

0.10. But Alas I Am Alone and Poor $00:02:27 \rightarrow \$2.45/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/2$

Unlike others, I have many unaccomplished dreams, Not 2 be a king or a supreme, But 2 be in the world of joy and happiness, Understand the essence of life and delightfulness, 2 play with the children of my age, 2 feel like a bird when freed from a cage, Glee, glee, and glee and laugh every moment, Get exhilarated and make everyone foment, About highness of life, love and affection, Make my utmost bestowal in this direction, Spread education, build houses if I have money, And make every night colourful and every day sunny, Invite every 1 and celebrate every festival, And make this world just like a huge carnival, Help in exploring the lost smiles in destitute children, Remove their difficulties, problems and pain, Raise my voice against the injustice done 2 the people, Help in removing the stigmas, poverty and superstitions, This could have been possible if I had money, I'm sure, But alas I'm isolated, alone and poor.

0.11. *The World* $00:04:07 \rightarrow \$1.60/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Life on the corner ain't no mistaking the game.

The face of users no mistaking the face.

The game uses and abuses the players in different kinds of ways.

No ones to blame but the pain.

No one to point fingers at on the blocks of street corners.

Loan sharks, drug dealers, pimps, and rappers.

World ran by trappers and actors.

'Fake it till you make it' street hustlers were told.

'Never snitch and always stick to the G code'.

Too bold no M.O. just brains.

No M.O. just pain.

Please M.O. I keep saying.

And the only response I get back is 'keep playing'.

Stop the hate to stop the pain.

0.12. (Untitled) 00:10:14 \rightarrow \$0.70/HR \rightarrow 1/2

The dragonfly rose to the extreme sky, As if it had decided, to make the new day To raise the voice against the strangers new, To crash the deformities of the eccentric few.

Aiming towards the star, fearing the sun, And to clash the uncertainties, to strive to live But, 'I am so low', says she for we are unheard, Unheard in the crowd, unseen in the tide.

0.13. *Love* $00:03:33 \rightarrow \$2.20/HR \rightarrow 2/7$

I love you for you are mine,
I love you for you are precious,
I love you for you are unique,
I love you for you are the best,
I love you for you love me,
I love you for no reason,
My love for you is unconditional.

I love you for what you are, I love you for what you will be, I love you for what you were, All I know is that I love you.

0.14. *Appreciation* $00:01:36 \rightarrow $5.25/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Thank you Mom and Dad for parties that rock for awesome gifts and gorgeous frocks for wonderful treats and scrumptious food for teaching me to be grateful and to always be good.

Thank you for your sacrifices and all your hard work, for your patience and understanding, for laughing, sharing, and listening.

Thank you for the memories that cannot be bought, and for a warm and loving home where I never felt alone.

Thank you for the care and for constantly being there.

Thank you for believing and standing by me for keeping me strong and helping me see how much better life is when it's not just about me.

Thank you for the wisdom of your words and deeds. I hope that one day I can follow in your ways, be as selfless as you two, and an ideal parent too.

0.15. *Dreaming of Dreams* $00:00:05 \rightarrow \$1.08/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

I am worn out with dreams; A weather-worn, marble triton Among the streams; And all day long I look Upon this lady's beauty As though I had found in book A pictured beauty, Pleased to have filled the eyes Or the discerning ears, Delighted to be but wise, For men improve with the years; And yet and yet Is this my dream, or the truth? O I wish that we had met When I had my burning youth; But I grow old among dreams, A weather-worn, marble triton Among the streams.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

0.16. *I Am a Women* $00:10:00 \rightarrow \$0.96/HR \rightarrow 2/2$

Oh, breeze, come and chirp around me Give me a touch of love I am defeated and dreamless Because I am a women.

Till yesterday, I had wonderful dreams Brimmed with confidence, bright and gay But now, I feel lossing my visions, Colourful dreams and aspirations.

Like all of you, I put the questing to me What's wrong with being a women?

0.17. A Poem You Did Not Write $00:03:26 \rightarrow \$2.98/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

To write a poem for you That would surely not do For you to take it and make it your own.

I'd spend all my time For just a little more than a dime Giving you line after line of my rhymes.

Rhymes are not free But they come easy to me As I believe that by now I have shown.

These rhymes are for you Do whatever you do And fake it to make it your own.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

0.18. *Dreams of Freedom* $00:03:58 \rightarrow $2.72/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

There is a dream I wish to live, Come hear it as I sing along, I sing the song, the song of glee, While screaming aloud 'yes I am free!'

When I breathe, I feel the breeze, I feel the freedom around me, Taking the flight of my fantasy, Can't stop cause of a broken dream!

There is a kingdom where I wish to live, Where happiness and peace always outlive, Sweet and pleasant is the wind around, All I hear is the birds which sing aloud!

I wish to swim deep into the sea, Discover all the thoughts within me, Swimming along with fishes of blue sea, I wish to find the pearl called destiny!

0.19. Waiting 00:00:11 \rightarrow \$62.18/HR \rightarrow 1/1

A white feather falls, Watched through barred windows For once transparent.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

0.20. The Meaning of Life $00:00:20 \rightarrow \$36/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Love is the hardest pill to swallow. Faith isn't always something that you follow. Hope is something you have when you think about tomorrow. Pain is nothing but an attribute to sorrow.

Time is something that we all borrow.

Death is nothing but a transition.

Greef is a testament to what is missin.

A funeral just means that you've finished your mission.

Tears are the main course surved in life's kitchen. Believing means you're holding on. Emptiness is what happens when all is gone. Anger just means bring it on.

Life's a game of chess and we're the pawn. Wishing is just a form of play. Promises are nothing but things you say. The meaning of life is simply too far away.

0.21. *Key to the Kingdom* $00:00:35 \rightarrow \$21.60/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

One thing we are sure is that Mother is always love, love, love, love.

Love is strong yet delicate.

It can be broken.

To truly love is to understand this.

To be in love is to respect this.

In that kingdom there is a city.

In that city there is a town.

In that town there is a street.

In that street there is a lane.

In that lane there is a yard.

In that yard there is a house.

In that house there is a room.

In that room there is a bed.

On that bed there is a basket.

In that basket there are some flowers.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Street in the town.
Town in the city.
City in the kingdom.
Of the kingdom this is the key. Mother gives me love and care.
Father shows me how to fare.
Friends give me joy and fun.
Uncles buy me toys that run.
Granny tells me tales at night.
Brother spares his bike and kite.
Sister plays some tricks that please.

Flowers in the basket.

Basket is the bed.

Bed in the room.

Room in the house.

House in the yard.

Yard in the lane.

Lane in the street.

Teachers help me learn with ease.

I am the happiest you can see, To have them all here with me.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

0.22. *Blue* $00:00:22 \rightarrow \$36/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Beautiful. Calling me, Inviting me, Freedom.

0.23. (Untitled) $00:00:22 \rightarrow $37.64/HR \rightarrow 1/5$

Let not worry trouble you, Let not sadness drown you; Know that one person will always be there to guide you; You may not be able to see him, but God is always beside you.

ARTIFICIAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

0.24. *My Son* 00:03:32 \rightarrow \$4.08/HR \rightarrow 3/7

You mean the world for me, You are my sunshine, You keep me going whenever I am down.

I can't miss your smile, You are the only one who makes the greatest bond with my sweetheart, I am living for you, my dear.

You are my chubby bubbly cutie pie I love you my son For you are my only one.

0.25. Ode to Michael Jackson $00:03:23 \rightarrow \$4.42/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

It's been four years Since you have left this earth.

I just want you to know, Your legacy has worth.

In big city Gary, Where your talent was born.

Your boyhood was scary, Your self-esteem was torn.

"My dad's a great genius" That was your favorite claim.

But why shield such meanness And protect him from blame?

Ugly rumors and talk Are still spread about you.

Why can't people just walk And not say things untrue?

Your fame will never stop, Your legend lives on, too.

Rest in peace, King of Pop, I will always miss you.



Poems 0.26-0.5

0.26. *Solitude* 00:37:08 \rightarrow \$0.42/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Walking down the hill On the green green grass In the arms of nature, Solitude is what I seek Deep down in my heart.

I can see the trees swaying I can hear the leaves rustling I can hear the stream dancing To the music in my heart, Solitude is what I seek.

A little ladybird I found Sitting happily next to me Enjoying the sunshine openly Wishing I could be like her, Solitude is what I seek.

In the arms of nature I laughed and cried With nobody to stop me. In the arms of nature Solitude I found, Solitude I found here.

0.27. *Turk* 00:00:57 \rightarrow \$17.05/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Here I sit, and I work, Being a nasty little Turk, I hardly get paid and the hours suck, So give me a fucking buck.

0.28. Our Special Bond $00:18:15 \rightarrow \$0.92/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Friendship is a special bond, Of which I am very fond.

You are very dear to me, I need not kneel on my knee.

I always disturb you day and night, But you are with me even in my fights.

Don't be afraid because I am always there, You can call me anytime, anywhere.

Don't get angry when I fight, Come and slap, you have that right.

You don't like me telling you thanks, Together we play our pranks.

You are the one whose always near, And you wash all my fear.

In the whole world, You are most friendly and cute.

Your the one whom I need, When you don't eat I'll feed You.

Never tell a single lie, Because you are my cutie pie.

You are my world, And you like curd.

You don't share my secrets, And keep away all the regrets.

This bond lies deep in our hearts, But some fine day we have to be apart.

Friendship is a special bond, Of which I am very fond.

0.29. Turk

 $00:02:20 \rightarrow \$7.46/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

She watches the streams run. She watches the tide turn. Lost again, as if for the first time: Picture perfect.

The last place you look will be the first place I'll go, She says,
The last thing you need will be...

She doesn't finish.
She knows you're not listening,
She knows:
River of humanity, concrete jungle, the old metaphors.

0.30. Lovely Feelings $00:10:25 \rightarrow \$1.73/HR \rightarrow 1/9$

Love is the lovely feeling, that
Came from heaven to make man happy
Love is the mighty boon, that
Can Make the mind pure
Love is like perfume
It spreads everywhere in the world
Love is simple
It conquers the mind
Love is like magic
It makes the world a heaven
Oh! My goodness, I like
A world where love is power
Oh! My goodness, I am
In love with a lovely lad.

0.31. Sun and Rock $00:21:14 \rightarrow \$0.88/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

Sol confides in the ignis fatuus, A speck so far it is not in focus.

And a god desires nothing more, Than to become a rock for a moment.

How perfectly still it awaits, The strings of the unanswered question.

0.32. Poem About Love $00:08:57 \rightarrow \$2.15/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

What is love but an emotion, so strong and so pure, That nurtured and shared with another all tests it will endure?

What is love but a force to bring the mighty low, With the strength to shame the mountains, and halt time's ceaseless flow.

What is love but a triumph, a glorious goal achieved, The union of two souls, two hearts, a bond the angels have ordered?

What is love but a champion, to cast the despot from his throne, And raise the flag of truth and peace, and fear of death overthrow?

What is love but a fire, to guide the wayward heart, A blazing light upon the shoals that dashes appreciated dreams apart?

And what is love but forever, eternal and sincere, A flame that through wax and decline will outlive life's brief years?

So I will tell it on the mountaintops, in all places high and low, That love for you is my reason to be, and will never break or bow.

0.33. *The Storm* $00:05:42 \rightarrow \$3.47/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

The sky is red in the morning.
But rain is good in the desert.
The thunder is booming across the mountains.
I stand outside and watch the storm.

0.34. (Untitled)

 $00:08:03 \rightarrow \$2.53/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I was told love is pure
There is still a lot to cure
Why we count it all the times
If it soothes our minds
There come turns up and down
Is not like to count uncount
If love is at the first sight
Why we like to look in eyes
Love is not the way you deal
But is the way I feel
Is love like a child
Who is crazy and wild
Forgets all and enjoys
When gets toffee and toys.

0.35. *My Dear Friend* $00:23:12 \rightarrow \$0.91/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I just cant believe you are gone, It seems like just yesterday we were together, Every passing wind is a constant reminder of our love, I love you so much.

You are the air I breath, My life has a lot of darkness without you, The sea waves remind me of the times we had along the beach, My dove.

If I could replace you I would immediately, But you are a pure gold, so rare to find, A sunshine and star that lights my way, It is too soon for you to leave me.

Our love was so pure and refreshing, With you my life was complete But from the moment you slept my life has never been the same, It took a u turn.

You are now among the angels who watch over us at heaven, I can't wait to be with you when the right time comes, You are my silver lining in every cloud that comes my way, We shall meet again in that beautiful place.

May the almighty God keep your soul in perfect peace. I love you. Bye my dear friend.

0.36. *Family* 00:02:22 \rightarrow \$9.13/HR \rightarrow 4/7

Family is a beautiful concept.

Dad, mom brothers and sisters.

Grandpa, grandma, uncles and aunts.

I love my family.

Sharing and caring is the center of family relationships.

Unconditional love we share.

In difficulties we care.

0.37. Lord

 $00:00:08 \rightarrow \$166.50/HR \rightarrow 2/5$

The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.

0.38. *Lord* 00:00:05 \rightarrow \$273.60/HR \rightarrow 3/5

The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.

0.39. *Lord* 00:00:06 \rightarrow \$234/Hr \rightarrow 4/5

The guiding light,
Where there is love, there is cheer;
Where there is God, the path is clear;
Where there is choice, listen to the inner voice;
Where there is prayer, there is trust in every layer;
Let not fear rule you, or darkness cloud you;
Remember, where there is the Lord, you will win against all odds.
Do not search for the Lord around you.
He is the only one who resides inside you,
So seek the Lord within and be sure to always win.

0.40. The Seasons in Your Eyes $22:49:53 \rightarrow \$0.02/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

Dear o dear, to see your eyes how many days I waited, Dream o dream, please don't close your eyes I can forget this world.

In eyes burning summer season,
In your heart cold winter season.
In Love heavy rainy season,

Now we can always enjoy this every season.

0.41. Life

 $00:00:05 \rightarrow \$295.20/HR \rightarrow 5/5$

Life is beautiful – enjoy it
Life is challenging – fight it
Life is short – live it fully
Life is great – value it
Life is a gift – treasure it
Life is God – trust in it
Life gives us so many reasons to celebrate
Live every moment of your life as if it's the best moment.

0.42. Present Happiness $00:03:55 \rightarrow \$6.43/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Living in the past will drive you crazy, But being grateful for the present will make you happy, baby.

Planning for the future will give you security, But fear in every moment will lead to worry.

Be excited about our future together, And appreciate what we have to make it better.

Each day is a new journey, So love me without worry.

0.43. Charlie

 $00:01:15 \rightarrow \$20.64/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Charlie is big time.

Charlie has a boat named Tim.

One day Charlie go big to City.

Charlie hopes to find hot girl in City, one time, Hollywood.

Charlie goes big time everyday.

A Lexus is expensive.

Going big time is priceless.

Charlie wears a hat made out of American dreams.

$0.44. \ About \ Me$ $00:10:08 \rightarrow \$2.61/HR \rightarrow 2/2$

I am naughty but shy, And I like stars in the sky. I love my father and mother, And also the toys I gather. I love playing with colours, So I attract many lovers. I love sweets and chocolate. And watching cricket. I am very playful, And keep my day colourful. I respect my parents, They make my life bright. I love animals and birds, They are our true friends. I love teachers of my school, And love watching cartoons. I pray God everyday, To keep me happy night and day. I want to become a doctor, And help every people.

0.45. *Phantom* $00:01:21 \rightarrow $20/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

All over town
I will spread my love
Via visible sound
Poems for eyes
With a couple of moments.

Nearly etched into stone And sewn into The fabric of our lives...

Cotton.

I've got time to spare So I'm giving some to you A piece of mind too! A passing hello From a man in his shoes.

You can't do this from a car.

I'm taking a classic beat Egyptian and ancient Painting on cave walls And pee on fire hydrants.

I was here, And I will always have been here.

I have a magic wand. That when I wave it It turns stone to canvas.

These words become butterfly wings, And it's raining in Tokyo tonight.

0.46. *Pillow Full of Tears* $00:02:14 \rightarrow $12.36/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I reach out Across the night Between the stars Searching for you.

My heart is empty Growing cold with your absence Crying out into the darkness And receiving no response.

I need you Your strength surrounding me With love and warmth Safety in your arms.

But all I have Is a pillow full of tears A broken heart Lonely fears.

BENEFITS OF ON DEMAND, ELASTIC STAFFING

0.47. *Father* 00:06:04 \rightarrow \$4.65/HR \rightarrow 5/7

My father, he is everything for me, He loves my mom, he loves me, He loves his family, friends and society.

He taught me how to love others, He taught me not to hurt others, He guided me throughout my life.

Now it's time for me to look after him, He is such a kind man, He is soft hearted.

God gifted with me a dad like this, I am grateful to you, Lord, For such a wonderful gift.

0.48. *Mother* 00:03:23 \rightarrow \$8.51/HR \rightarrow 6/7

I love my mother, she is my power, She sacrificed everything for me, And just for me.

She was there for me in all my deeds, She understood well all my needs, She is a wonderful woman.

She is my leading light, I will not go away in my life, I will not do vice things.

Because she is always with me, To hold me, to scold me, and to kiss me, I love you mom for you are the only one I love.

BENEFITS OF ON DEMAND, ELASTIC STAFFING

0.49. *Get Away* 00:10:04 \rightarrow \$2.92/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Where can I go To get away from it all? Somewhere I am free Uncaged from these walls.

I can feel all the joy Build up inside me. Not one soul in sight As far as I can see.

I want to go to this place That's calm and serene. Unfortunately for me It's only a dream.

0.50. *Mother* 00:00:12 \rightarrow \$150/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Oh it's a wonderful.

What a sweet to tell the word in all language.

Oh she carried me, and gives birth to me,

She feeds me, she caring me,

She love me, she wiped my tears with her lips,

She teaches my lessons, and she does everything for me.

Oh my mother I don't know what I want to say...

I love you forever more than everything in the world.

Doesn't matter if am Indian or other nationalities.

Everybody when they were born their first cry as "mmaa" that means amma or Mother.



Poems 0.51-0.75

0.51. *My Baby* 00:06:29 \rightarrow \$4.72/HR \rightarrow 7/7

My lovely baby, my cute baby You are so precious for me You are like a red rose I like it when you smile It hurts me when you cry The moon is looking at you The stars are shining for you You are such a super shining pearl in the world I can't forget the day you came to this world I relish the moments I carried you in my womb I love to recollect all those happened and All my expectations when I came to know that A little angel is growing in my womb I love you my sweet heart You are that much precious for me Love you And will love you till my last breath.

0.52. *Lost Love* 00:08:29 \rightarrow \$3.68/HR \rightarrow 2/9

The gentle breeze around me
Has not any fragrance.
The calm air around me
Gives me the breath of bitterness.
The screaming mess around me
Whispered I am none.
Yes I am no one in this wonderful world,
For I have no one to love and to be loved by.
Day by day I could say,
Only the love story of failure.
When I think of my life,
My eyes become blurred with grief.
One my dear friend who is no more
Will you not come to me again?
Really I miss you.

0.53. *Life* 00:01:02 \rightarrow \$30.77/HR \rightarrow 3/9

In the places where the tankers flow
And the polluted trees don't grow
And farther, the forbidding dangerous zones
The only visible things are dead bodies and bones
Widows and orphans! What a sight
But tell me, who gave them the right?
The lines which are shot away
But what's its root cause? Say
Everywhere the people are best
But tell me, what in this war is real?
And everywhere what prevails? Pathos?
But please tell me what is its cause?

0.54. *A Bird in Flight* $00:00:07 \rightarrow \$277.71/HR \rightarrow 1/3$

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold The feathered flock and so appear bold Whether on a lamp pole or a tree A bird in flight looks to be free.

A bird in fight is a beautiful sight to behold There are myriad species told The birdwatcher spots one in the bush The hummingbird frees and flies off in the dusk.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold States name the bird not to be sold The Cardinal for Virginia is one of the breeds That represents the state in its redness of creeds.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold Flying in the fleeces of snow in the cold Follow the bird to is nesting place To see the birds feed the young after the chase.

A bird in flight is a beautiful sight to behold The heavens displayed, the flocks unfold Resting, nesting, eating, and flying high Over there now perched at home in the sky.

0.55. A Soldier's Prayer 00:13:08 \rightarrow \$2.51/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Dear God, please watch over me, I'll be wearing a camouflage green,

I've washed my hands in holy water and still they're not clean, Forgive me, Lord, for thirteen straight hours I've done nothing but sin,

I've killed your children one after another, over and over again, I'd like to ask for forgiveness for the sins I will make tomorrow because for me there might not be a next time,

When and if I wake up in the morning I'll be returning to the front line,

For the record I'd like you to know, I don't like to kill but I took an oath to my country,

If the war doesn't end soon, my Lord please reserve a space for me, I pray I sleep peacefully without a worry or a scare,

All throughout the day I've already lived a nightmare,

God I give to you always my mind, body and soul,

I pray that I'll be a survivor of this war so a soldier's story can be told,

God bless my family, my fellow Americans, my enemy, and my friend,

Jesus keep me near the cross, I love you always, Amen.

0.56. *A Weeping Lady* $00:07:24 \rightarrow \$4.54/HR \rightarrow 4/9$

Rain was showering outside, She was there beside the window Weeping and weeping the darkness.

Thinking about her love – He slept leaving her in grief – She so wished her woe begone.

Felt all alone alone alone and alone Without her man World is colorless.

Days went on on and on She walks out in the rain Saddles up in the rain rain in the heavy rain But she weeping.

0.57. *Behind the Mirror* $00:20:39 \rightarrow \$1.66/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Never I saw you in the mirror, Staring at me with a killing either That hurt in bottom of my heart Swallow it in and lock in dark.

Never I saw you in thrilling corner Standing alone with shying warmer That melt the fire in sky of love Where you and I on hill we lay.

Ever been feel you in the vision On the screen long imagine By the side I feel you there Where you never been near and ever.

Still I wait with gloomy eyes Flickering leaves awake my lips In the dream saw her kiss Feel a touch in slowly wish.

0.58. One Way of Love $00:01:38 \rightarrow \$21.30/HR \rightarrow 1/3$

I love thee, you love me not,
When birds fly in the sky
Try to reach very high.
A sparrow is indifferent to all
Still looks for her mother when she falls.
Her mother is lost in clouds
Despair runs deep, she shouts.
She is there to love someone
But finds no one.
Then she sings in rhyme
I love thee, you love me not.

0.59. *Master Slave* $00:04:28 \rightarrow $7.93/HR \rightarrow 2/3$

Tattered and in shabby clothes, There is a man on the door. Wrinkled face, old in age, An image of a poor race. What is wrong with his life? All pleasures are denied. His only fault a poor man, Rests are with rich man. State is run by a Prime who is head of a shrine. Disguised in his people's face, He is ready to serve his race. Where masters are all great, And poor are all slaves, Why not men knock the doors, Where lies all the hopes, Looking deep in my eyes, Making me share his pies, Many desires unfulfilled, But bellies must be filled, I was moved, offer coins, He is happy, sings in rhyme, God is all Great, Master is all slave.

0.60. Crazy About Cricket $00:04:36 \rightarrow \$7.83/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

It is raining outside
But players are playing
Like a warriors
They are all in total passion
And they are all courage
They are our countrymen
And we salute them
Hope our country again
Wins the wars of cricket
And we all can enjoy this
With lot of fun and passion
We love u cricket and we
Are your followers.

0.61. Should Not $00:02:10 \rightarrow \$16.89/\text{Hr} \rightarrow 1/1$

I should not be here.
I had other plans.
I should not be here,
Away from your demands.
I should not be here,
Should be far far away.
I should not be here,
While you think it's all OK.

0.62. The Last Day $00:11:45 \rightarrow \$3.17/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

This was the last day for me to live.

Nothing left to take, nothing left to give.

All that was left was this measly day.

That is hardly fair some might say.

Yet it is a waster to moan and whine.

For I still have power over this day of mine.

Time is a funny thing that carries on.

Sometimes it goes forever, then suddenly gone.

From the moment we are born we are dying.

Probably why our first action is crying.

Yet we can enjoy it if we live a certain way.

We acknowledge that life is our last day.

0.63. *New Age Love* $00:29:36 \rightarrow \$1.28/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

The plane lifts off, the wheels retract Our hearts will meet soon in the course of fact.

My dreams will become, my fancies soon to be met. I wonder if my ideas will match reality's set?

Three years seems long, without knowing the look. Personality only, but the match-up couldn't be better in a book

Twelve hours aloft, but unable to pass sleep's gate. The excitement building during an excruciating wait.

The minutes crawl slowly, As if encased in ice. Time becomes frigid when it ends in something nice.

But what If it doesn't, leaving twisted heartbreak? If desires become demons An leave an eternal ache?

Unknowing where lightning will strike, or what consequences will be wrought; The new kind of dating leaves no comfort simply a blind battle to be fought.

0.64. Won't You Come and Have Some, Miss $00:09:20 \rightarrow \$4.11/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

Liquor is the devil's piss, Won't you come and have some, miss.

We will scream and shout and flounder about, And wonder what it's all about.

We moan and groan and do bad things, And it's all as if it's in a dream.

Morning comes we move away, Oh well, it's just another day.

0.65. *Life, Thank You* $00:02:57 \rightarrow $13.22/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Love your life because you are living it, It doesn't matter what others think about it.

Love your friends because they are always around to help you, What would have happened to your life if they weren't with you?

Love your family because they care for you, Can you think of your future without a family living near by to help you?

Life is just a story that is being recited by God, So whatever is happening is happening according to God.

Be thankful for the God, who made all these People available to help you.

Because without these people around, Our lives would have been doomed.

0.66. Where Do I Start? $00:06:04 \rightarrow \$6.53/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

How should I begin. I guess I will just write until the very end. I could start with my name and where I am from. Yes. I will start with that and then more will come. My name is PRIYA and I was born in INDIA. I am nineteen years old but I feel even older. I look much younger or so I am told. My days are long and filled with joy. I have a daughter no, not a boy. I work, go to school, and am a father. I own my own business as God is my witness. I have a beautiful companion who is full of life. She is my joy no, not a boy. My two girls are my life, one is my daughter, the other my future wife. My Passion is business, My title is Entrepreneur. I love what I do. Which is more than most.

If you love your work than you too can boast. My business is a brand Perception Apparel is the name. I create unique clothes and nothing is quite the same. Check me out. the website is the name. Among my hobbies sports are fairly high. Basketball is my favorite, still not sure why. Other interests may include: food, movies, and long walks on the beach. This is begining to sound like a date. I can't think of anything else to say. My life in 300 words; it is sort of sad in a way. My life in one paragraph yet I have nothing left to say. Well it seems I have begun to rant. I hope now you may know me, there is not much to see. For this is all there is to me. In essence of time let's bring this to a close.

And if you are lost, this was my prose

assignment for my class where we were asked to introduce ourselves.

0.67. There Was No Me $00:03:30 \rightarrow $11.49/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

They didn't invite me.
I didn't know it was happening.
Only later did it start to hurt.
It nibbled at me,
Then started to eat.
I saw a photograph.
They were all there.
There was no me,
I didn't exist.
I don't exist.
I think I already knew.

0.68. *Life With You* $00:00:12 \rightarrow \$204/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Crazy days and crazy nights
You're always trying to start a fight
Life with you is so blue
Sometimes I just don't know what to do
So one day I ran away
Not looking back or listening to what you have to say
A life like that is like a soldier in combat
I would rather be alone then be in this war zone
Life is great now that you're locked away
I wouldn't have it any other way.

0.69. Our Star 00:00:07 \rightarrow \$354.86/HR \rightarrow 1/1

A star is named with love for us
As one entity to be eternally together.
We can always look up at it and know
Our own star of love will be there forever.

If we ever have to be apart at night Just look up at our star above. Forever shinning for you and I With beauty, brightness and love.

Like the light of our star Our love will never fade. For our eternal love In heaven was truly made.

You are the shining star of my life.

0.70. *My Dreams of You* $00:05:51 \rightarrow \$7.18/HR \rightarrow 5/9$

Your cheerful face And hearty laughter Will remain in my heart The way the whole thing Sings in my heart Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

The birds makes me feel
The chit chat of you
The breeze makes me feel
The touches of you
Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

The way you look, The way you talk, The way you walk, Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

You are my dream bird, You are my lovely word, You are my joyful world, Oh Dream! Oh Dream!

0.71. Heart Beats

 $00:18:36 \rightarrow \$2.29/HR \rightarrow 6/9$

As I sit alone, I remember those beautiful moments we spent together.

I miss the soft touch of your hand.

I miss the soft touch with you,

Doing nothing yet loving it

and I'm waiting till we meet again.

Because I believe our love is forever.

And neither time nor distance
can take you away from me!

Sometimes we meet someone who seems very special.
Who fills our very special,
Who fills our very essence to almost overflow.
This special someone lives within our heart.
With whom we start a journey which lasts till eternity.

This most precious possession that ever comes to man in this world is a woman's heart.

0.72. *Love* $00:10:20 \rightarrow \$4.18/\text{HR} \rightarrow 7/9$

Love is a happy feeling that comes from our mind. Our love is like the wind strong and growing. Our love is like the river forever flowing. Our love is like the sun that shines so bright. Our love is like the moon with its gentle light. Our love is rare... Our love is true... A bond that has grown between me and you. I can't live without you. I would breathe the air, but I would not feel the joy of life.

0.73. That Day $00:03:59 \rightarrow \$11/HR \rightarrow 1/2$

The day, the day, the day. The day I saw you, is the day I reborn.

The day I saw you, is the day I cherish. The day I saw you, is the day I love.

Mother's love and care is the beautiful gift in this world. You are such other rare and beautiful gift to me.

I lost all my thoughts and words to you. But you lost your heart and love to me.

I felt like, winning this world when your sight falls at me.

Now, why to wait my love? Come on, let us win this world with our wonderful love.

Now, why to wait my love? Come on, let us win this world with our wonderful love.

0.74. The Birds Sing $00:05:18 \rightarrow \$8.38/HR \rightarrow 2/3$

The birds sing so beautifully as the day goes on
The birds sing so wonderfully as the night falls
The birds sing to the sun so pleasantly
The birds sing so wonderfully
The birds sing so colorful and delightful
The birds sing to the trees so nicely
The birds sing so beautifully as the night falls
The birds will sing tomorrow when the daylight calls.

0.75. *Hope* $00:06:08 \rightarrow $7.34/HR \rightarrow 1/2$

When everything is against you When all your deeds are in vain When all that happens hurts you When what you feel is only pain.

A bright light, a drop of dew, A strong hug, a feeling that's new, It's nothing but hope which helps you to cope Making you pickup something each time you fall.

Like a ray of light through a dense forest Showing you the way to see through danger Assuring you that what you thought impossible Would surely turn out to be your destiny.

BELLOWS, REEDS, LEVERS; A THROAT, A NASAL CAVITY, A MOUTH OF INDIA RUBBER



Poems 0.76-0.1

0.76. *Work* 00:00:21 \rightarrow \$130.29/HR \rightarrow 1/1

Writing is such a hard job Much rather words I would rob Those people on 'Turk They'll do all the work So my brain I do not have to prod.

BELLOWS, REEDS, LEVERS; THROAT, NOSE, MOUTH

0.77. A Limerick for Nick $00:07:18 \rightarrow \$6.33/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

There was a requester named Nick, who asked me for a limerick, and in recompense came seventy-seven cents, fair pay for a lad from Brunswick!

0.78. My Girl 00:28:49 \rightarrow \$1.62/Hr \rightarrow 2/2

Oh lightning, you are in the large sky Did you come from my Girl's eye? Oh rain, you are so cool Did you use my Girl's words as a tool? Oh music, you have beautiful tone Did you steal it from my Girl's phone? Oh feathers, you have soft hairs Did you made by my Girl's tears? Oh flames, you seem to be danger Did you made by my Girl's anger? Nature has its own quantities But they don't exceed my Girl's qualities.

0.79. *Street Light* $00:31:25 \rightarrow \$1.51/HR \rightarrow 8/9$

My street had a lovely light Beside that lonely way It was not just a street light But it was life for many It showed way to many It gave shade to many It gave light to many It gave friends to many It was fun for flies. A boon for thousands The queen of our street With a glimpse of light as crown It was a rainy night in June Let me brush my memories With turns of thunder And lashes of lightning Oh my breeze, why you be so? I cried, with fear.

0.80. *Ode to Life* $00:03:22 \rightarrow $14.26/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I'm planting a new seed In the rush of the river From its mouth to where it feeds Into the ocean coming in Then pulling out There sways a single reed -That's me in the breeze Ripples and white wash Through all four seasons It's the dance most of all It's the breath most of all -Here it comes in down deep Back up, then out Now you're swinging with the planets, The moon and the sun Before you bow gracefully As all becomes one.

0.81. For My Dear Friend $01:02:44 \rightarrow \$0.77/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Ours is a Tom and Jerry story, Friendship, with aroma of a flavored curry. Yet, the fight continues as does the mystery, As to who is Tom and who is Jerry?

I loved fighting every game with you. I loved snatching everything from you. I loved being called your enemy, Still choosing you as the best among so many

There was fun in those moments, There were memories in those sentiments. But with you and me around, Friendship was always in the battle ground.

I am going to miss you And I know you will miss me too. Hope to catch you in future and say 'Tom dear, your Jerry is back here'.

0.82. *Hope* $00:48:59 \rightarrow $1/HR \rightarrow 9/9$

When I think about the hope, The misty sky asks me of you, The dewy ground asks me of you, The silence of hills reminds me of you, My moments of hope begin from you. The comfort of life are no match, To the memories of you among the green patch; The days we had, the times we spent together. The beauty of the nature adds even farther To the endless pain, which never subsides. As the sun sets and the tone rise I'd have no reason to try, no reason to be. You are my prayer, my shelter from hopelessness and despair, My sunshine, my light, my lazy days, my peaceful nights, And only you can keep the Spark in my soul burning light.

0.83. You

 $00:19:46 \rightarrow \$2.52/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

The sky is blue and the oceans too.

As blue as your eyes this is true.

Your hair is golden such as the sun.

Your spirit overwhelms me and then I have to run.

Your heart is black.

Your coldness so exact.

Your soul so cold.

When you were made, they should have broke the mold.

So go away far from me.

Not with you is where I want to be.

So run, run away.

Never again with me you will stay.

0.84. *I Miss Your Voice* $00:10:32 \rightarrow \$4.78/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I miss the soothing music of your voice,

As the rain nurtures the first blooms of spring roses.

I marvel at the beauty of the passing seasons while I watch my sweet child grow,

Sharing life's journeys with you at my side.

Yet, while we are parted, my love goes with you,

You are but a breath away, partaking in all of my joys and sorrows.

The smile of your soul radiates ever so brightly,

Like a guardian angel watching over me, all the days of my life. Until I hear you call my name, once more.

0.85. *Barren* 00:07:34 \rightarrow \$6.74/HR \rightarrow 1/1

War is a monster It makes life blunt War is an ugly It makes us dark.

War is a twister It makes life apart War is worsely It makes joy stunt.

The joys are gone The sky become black The humans are none Their minds are blank.

There is no hope There is no food There is no home Here is barren.

0.86. Snow

 $00:06:43 \rightarrow \$7.68/HR \rightarrow 2/2$

White, cold and pretty In the chilly, freezing winter As a visual treat for my eyes You come down, snow.

As light as feather As cold as ice As pretty as a flower You come down, snow.

Winter is nothing without you December is nothing without you Christmas is nothing without you Dear snow, you are wonderful.

God, it's the best thing You've ever made Thank you God For such a wonder for the world.

0.87. *Precious You* 00:01:36 \rightarrow \$32.63/HR \rightarrow 1/1

During the winter's cold, dreary days My body seeks the sun's warm rays. Filled with restless, irksome itches I fail to see my many riches.

So I search, though you are near Filled with love to calm my fear. May I embrace each precious minute My world's complete with you in it.

0.88. Poem for Donshae $00:01:15 \rightarrow $42.24/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Another leaf has fallen From God's mighty tree of life. No longer could he stand against The blistering winds of strife.

He painstakingly shimmered Until Jesus said, 'Tarry no more. I've come to give you peace. For you, I have much in store.

'Yet once a single entity You return back unto me To float, to fly, to soar abound For all eternity.'

And just before he hit the earth Gentle angel wings appeared. To soften the pain, to soothe the hurt To dispel all he'd ever feared.

'So fear not, my child And make your peace with woman and man, For your love is now a part of Me And I am the everlasting "I AM". 0.89. The Weight of Us $01:02:24 \rightarrow \$0.86/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

I remember sitting under Stars hanging like fighters – Heavy weights around

My neck pulling Me into you until I'm Deep inside your

Mind telling you what This is really all about – Time and the space

Between us or the lack of Territory we possess or repossess As if we're inhibited bodies

Controlled by inhabiting spirits Strong enough to drink you Under the porch swing beneath

The stars hanging like fighters – Very heavy weights that you've Draped around my neck

0.90. *Autumn*

 $00:04:06 \rightarrow $13.17/HR \rightarrow 3/3$

When you see faded flowers, And look these for hours, You find nothing for eyes, It's autumn that cries.

When you sniff a rose, It smells erode, You become obsess, What does nature possess?

Don't think you are sad, Autumn turns you mad, When flowers are in bloom, You never turn gloom,

When they are faded, Thoughts are shaded, Fragrance has gone, And autumn is on.

In autumn birds do chirp, Minds do lurk, Hearts do bleed, Minds do plead.

Nature changes minds And it's rust that we find.

0.91. (Untitled) $00:11:00 \rightarrow \$4.96/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

I was born a fool in a world I did not know The storm of time rushing past me. My hands covered my eyes And I huddled.

You came to me quietly in the dark of it all With eyes full of trust.

I knew then I had to rise
To shake the rust from my legs and walk.

You followed like a duckling As we both found the high ground. My life with purpose A fool no more.

0.92. *Home and Family* $00:14:47 \rightarrow \$3.73/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

It is warm here,
But not too hot.
So far from comfortable,
Too far from not.

I see pieces of my heart On the floor, couch and chair. Some sitting, some laying, Some playing over there.

I feel wanted, needed, Even appreciated. Loved, honored And glad that I made it.

Blessings from GOD, Things I have prayed for. Now I know the home My family was made for. 0.93. (Untitled) $00:38:12 \rightarrow \$1.46/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Rain and dampness fall away Chill of the late winter flown In moments stolen in this room Precious time now all our own.

Cold that lingers in my oddly bent hands Arthritis or other ills They will have to wait, those chronic aches For this time we shall not kill.

The sun of summer does not match The smile that fills your eyes – Each precious time we laugh and sing Fuelling our private warm surprise.

But our time is short And a spasm interrupts for now I strain as my eyes wince Then briefly loosen a furrowed brow.

Like sunlight filtering fast The glow and dark both flickering Fate is smiling on us now But soon I feel it's snickering.

Another day when we're cold And lonely in that day We need to remember this time now And make that cold delay.

You will push that cold away Find long lost sun once again For I will be a memory And you can play pretend.

My sweet grandson, with laughing eyes You see the world so new I cry a little on this special day And pray thanks for these precious few.

Thanks to the sun, to your innocence To how the warmth still feels We spend this glow and forget for now What time will someday steal.

0.94. A Word for a Broken Mouth $08:15:57 \rightarrow \$0.11/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

The way you look at me, My beloved, Makes me wonder if your eyes are Here with me Or maybe they are just The windows of my Bleeding destiny.

Yes,
Say that you love me,
Say that you want to be my spring,
My winter or my autumn,
But never be my summer.
Summer burned my eyes once
When I looked at you.

I cannot speak anymore – Your sadness stole my voice – And my mouth hurts From the unspoken words.

Say it for me. Say that you love me. Now.

0.95. *Life* $00:05:25 \rightarrow \$10.52/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

As I walk through the path of life I found darkness and brightness aside I felt both tears and joy deep inside And I tried to lose them in my mind.

But as I walk I found these shadows Shadows that are hard to fight Shadows that make my everything burden Shadows that make me tight.

And as I walk I found many inspirational things Things that has a place in my heart Things that I treasure so much But they leave me when I need them.

Then I become lonely and silent in my dark place So I closed my eyes and think 'what were my mistakes?' But as I open my eyes I found myself lying On the bed of failure.

Through these, I do accept that things are to be accepted Mistakes should be checked And life should be saved.

0.96. *Insanity* 00:02:57 \rightarrow \$19.53/HR \rightarrow 1/1

I lost my head It fell off my shoulders

I touched my arm And I lost my marbles

I held your cup In my hand It was full of tea And I fell in

Into this wonder Into this snow

It feels like I don't care About what I thought you said

Because I'm In my own world With my girl And it's all mine

I wonder why I feel so bad And I can't change My life

It doesn't matter when Because I'll be there then

I hold your hand On the corner of the block.

0.97. Falling Leaves $00:03:56 \rightarrow $14.80/HR \rightarrow 1/1$

Falling leaves
Drifting to the forest floor
Some less than whole, some more.
At least they are appreciated
For the continuance of life;
Wouldn't it be nice
If we were, likewise?

0.98. Our Star 00:45:01 \rightarrow \$1.31/HR \rightarrow 1/1

In the part of the heart where may you be there my feeling with you and side by shyly pushing
Your touch I bear in the bed of flower
There you and me in love of shower
Oh my heart you never is listening
Try to be beneath the crowdies tree
The smell I feel you near and near
Nowhere in the sight then so you where
Close your eyes and open the heart
There be you may in part of the heart
Lips I ever in the shadow of love
There with you in the cloud you bow
One by one that endless kiss
Never the day and night be finish.

0.99. The Cloud Speaks $00:00:08 \rightarrow $445.50/HR \rightarrow 3/3$

The Cloud speaks to the blue skies when it is sad, The darkness of its anger shows when in ire. The Cloud speaks to the breeze as it is carried away, The flowing of its fleeces hushed with grey.

The Cloud speaks to the starry skies at night, The darkness of its anger shushed when out of sight. The Cloud speaks to the stars and to the moon, The fleecing motion not to be seen in gloom.

The Cloud speaks but no one hears or listens, The silence of the white stratus silenced in the skies. The Cloud speaks to the wind but no one answers, The blown cloud settles into the shape of a salamander.

The Cloud speaks and moves along on its way, The day of the morning comes as the fleeces sway. The Cloud speaks and then fades away to oblivion, Then appears again silently flowing and then disappearing.

1.0. Our Star $00:07:31 \rightarrow \$7.98/\text{HR} \rightarrow 1/1$

The richest of the world would say Whoever has the gold rules Yet they do not know their hearts are grey And use the majority as tools.

Well I say wealth is a state of mind And they will never understand Why they will never be able to find The light or happiness in their hands.

For you cannot buy a love And those who seek shall forever fall. For when push comes to shove They will never own it all.

Title of Essay in Plain Type



This book begins with an image. We know it is a false image, and that is the problem.

This is not the late nineteenth century. We are past the point of delight and instruction. We are no longer capable of being amazed by the performance of the latest technologies and then elucidated by the description of their operation.

We are also past the point of criticism. In an era of faith-based presidencies and fundamentalist theocracies, reason takes a backseat to religiosity and gut feelings. Simply revealing the point where there were errors in our thinking solves nothing.

We know the fix is in. We know that the explanation we are offered is not the real explanation. And yet we hang around for it.

In this book's opening image, what we see, from behind, are the ostensible inner workings of the Mechanical Turk, an infamous 'automaton' built by Wolfgang von Kempelen in the late eighteenth century. This copper engraving was first published in 1783 in one of a stream of books, pamphlets and articles that claimed to have figured out how von Kempelen's machine worked. We already know that the revelations this image claims to present are a sham. We already know that what lies behind those doors and compartments are not the various and sundry components of an actual clockwork mechanism capable of playing a match-winning game of chess, but what movie set designers call 'gak' – elaborate mechanical confections attached to the surface of a prop to give us the sense that something marvellous and technical is occurring within it – something, in this case, made more opaque by the puppet dressed like an Eastern mystic who faces the audience. We're entertained by how impressive it all looks, even though we already know that what is really inside the cramped and stuffy confines of the box is at least one small, sweaty, poorly-paid human being.

This worries us, because we also know that Amazon.com's choice to adopt this icon to describe their low-rent Internet-based crowdsourced labour pool, Amazon Mechanical Turk (AMT), is both wholly appropriate and eye-wateringly honest.

Turkey has had a labour migration agreement in place with Germany since 1961. For decades, Turkish families have relocated to do the work that Germans would rather not; a pattern that recurs all over the world, within and without international legislation.

(My brother's first wife was German. Tradition in Germany has it that the night before a wedding, there is a large party. Guests bring old dishes, crockery and anything else that can be broken into pieces by throwing it on the ground. Afterwards the bride and groom clean up the mess together, in order to symbolise their hope that nothing essential to their relationship will be broken in the future, and that they are committed to working together to clean up any messes that might come along. The German sense of humour being what it is, my brother's fiancée's friends showed up with a load of old toilets, bidets and sinks and proceeded to smash them into large, heavy chunks. His

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soon-to-be-father-in-law waved his hand dismissively. 'Never mind', he said. 'My Turks will take care of it.' In retrospect, maybe my brother and his now-ex-wife should have cleaned it up themselves.)

We have a growing suspicion that Amazon's Turks might not be faring much better. Researchers have conducted some very detailed studies into who, exactly, works for AMT, and we have read them with concern.

From Panos Ipeirotis' dataset we know that 54% of the people that work for AMT ('Turkers') are between 21 and 35 years old. We know that 70% of them are women. We know that 65% of them have a household income of less than \$60,000 per year, and that 55% of them do not have children. We know that 46.80% of them are from the United States, another 34% are from India, and the remaining 19.20% are from everywhere else.²

We have also read essays explaining that the Turk is in fact an elegant metaphor for the precarious condition of the worker in a globalised and networked milieu.³ And we have made a substantial amount of art that actually makes use of Amazon Mechanical Turk as a productive medium to demonstrate the same point, but in a way that is, you know, *artier*.

The point is not that the mechanism is empty, like some kind of neutral reproducer. The point is that it is a mechanism that already includes a spot for *you* – like the Law in Franz Kafka's novel *The Trial* – whether that spot is in front of it as a player, inside it as the operator, behind it as the spectator being shown its misleading components, from afar as the critic describing and demystifying it by virtue of your criticism or, increasingly, as the artist or writer (mis) using it in your project. ⁴ The moment that you engage the setup as a problematic the machine springs into action.

The history of people using AMT to make art is almost as old as the history of the platform.

Gregory Laynor, Stephen McLaughlin, Kaegan Sparks and Vladimir Zykov published a series of AMT pieces in 2008

on their FOR GODOT blog, under the title *I WAS TOLD TO WRITE 50 WORDS*, which was exactly the workshop exercise they had been set by their professor, Kenneth Goldsmith.⁵

The same year, Blogger user Ann conducted an exquisite corpse-style experiment on AMT, choosing a first line, having several AMT workers submit next lines and picking one winner, then resubmitting that line until the poem was completed. One example still appears on the Crowd Poet blog.⁶

In 2010, Markus Strohmaier produced *In the daily life of a Mechanical Turk*, a poem constructed around the acrostic phrase 'infinite monkey' and arranged in a series of rhyming couplets. The individual lines that filled this framework were composed by AMT workers.⁷

Also in 2010, the question 'What are the most creative uses of Amazon's Mechanical Turk?' appeared on the user-generated Q&A platform Quora, and answers are still being added. Nat Friedman responded,

I had Turkers email poems to a friend of mine who was faced with a dilemma. For \$0.50 you get a pretty good poem, and for \$1.00 they really put in an effort. Be sure to set the time limit for the HIT high enough so that they have time to compose something good.

Ben Packer contributed this answer to the same question:

I had MTurkers write love letters to my wife.

I gave enough details for them to write something specific and personal (but not enough for them to find and stalk us – hopefully). I paid 25 cents with up to a 50 cent bonus for great ones. When I got them, I copied and pasted them in emails to my wife. She was very confused, particularly by the one that was signed 'Frank'. I told her it was a typo.⁸

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A year later, Suzi Grossman wrote several AMT poems. The first, *Scary Cat*, began with a poem by Alfred Tennyson, which she then excised text from and had workers fill in the blanks 'madlib style.' The second, a sound piece, consisted of single lines about 'late fall' read by AMT workers, then stitched together.⁹

Aaron Koblin and Daniel Masse's *Bicycle Built for 2,000* uses AMT on a larger scale. In this project, the workers listened to a short sound clip, then recorded themselves imitating what they heard. 2,088 such recordings were synced together to produce a choral version of 'Daisy Bell' (1892), the song used to create the first example of musical speech synthesis.¹⁰

On Strip Generator, a social media comic strip production portal, dogtrax's *Digital Writing Month* strip describes completing a difficult class assignment to write a digital poem by outsourcing it all to AMT... and then paying for it in Bitcoin.¹¹

Fred Benenson's Kickstarter-funded *Emoji Dick* submitted each of the 10,000+ sentences in Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick* to an AMT worker three times for translation into Japanese emoticons (emoji). Another set of workers voted on these results, selecting the most popular sentences for use in the final book. More than 800 people spent about 44 days working on this project, making \$0.05 per translation and \$0.02 per vote per translation.¹²

I am sure I have missed a number of other, similar projects along the way. Whatever. Reception cannot keep pace with this kind of production, and the resulting glut strips away our ability to distinguish. All that remains is the corporate ruthlessness of the search algorithm and its numerically defined sense of what your search should produce, presented to you as though it were perfectly transparent and logical or the poetic voice of some correlative intelligence.

What this history means is that we need to read *Of the Sub-contract* not solely as a critique of poetry (lyrical, conceptual or otherwise). Nor can we read this book solely as a critique of the

economics of the Amazon Mechanical Turk. *Of the Subcontract* needs to be read as a critique of artists and poets who employ networked digital outsourcing as a production method. If this is institutional critique, the point is that art is now quite comfortable inside the institution. There is no neutral place on which to stand.

Paraphrasing the work of Peter Sloterdijk, Slavoj Žižek summarises contemporary ideology with the following aphorism: 'they know very well what they are doing, but still, they are doing it'. The artistic gesture of using AMT to write poetry is fully ironised. It wants to assert, at the same time, that the once-lauded cultural value of the work of poets is now so close to nothing as to be indistinguishable from it, and that the work of precarious labourers in a networked digital milieu, which is remunerated far below minimum wage, without benefits or the collective bargaining power of unionisation, is nevertheless dignified. But we cannot even be bothered to agonise about the deadlock any more.

The act of using AMT to make art has already settled in the popular imagination at the level of a composition exercise in the classroom. We try it once, blog about it, perhaps crowdfund the product of our orchestrations in order to package it more elaborately and add another level of iteration to the multiplicity of our production. Then we move on. The traces of our efforts sit on various backwater corners of the web, echoed and reechoed by their real audience: spiders and robots, who, like us, read without caring.

Although Amazon Mechanical Turk might be a market-leader, it is by no means a unique business. Online portals that connect employers and workers and extract a fee for doing so facilitate a new sort of freelance production that is, in the double sense, data-based. Take, for instance, the foreword 'by' McKenzie Wark at the beginning of this book, which was subcontracted to a ghostwriter in Lahore, Pakistan, for \$75 via Freelancer.com.

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Of the Subcontract is entirely unconcerned with originality. We might consider it as an attempt to exhaust the gesture of using AMT to write a book of poetry by producing its most complete realisation, in the hope that we might somehow be able to move past the point of deadlock. In that respect, the message of this book would echo the title – and the futility – of derek beaulieu's recent collection, *Please*, *No More Poetry* (Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2013). Because, of course, even if the message is to stop and do something else, what has been produced is yet another book of poetry to add to the long, long shelf of unread titles. We can be polite about it, but we cannot even dignify our own request by refusing to partake ourselves.

This book is not a solution but a symptom, a litmus test of larger social changes, both basic and corrosive. We use data to represent these changes to ourselves. The meanings that we abstract and extract from that data enforce and accelerate those changes. Data is the great leveller, reconfiguring both the most privileged and the least privileged kinds of writing as Human Intelligence Tasks. Poets and professors can point to this change, but so far, have not been able to move beyond it. As we are beginning to realise, our tasks, too, can be outsourced.

In a myriad of ways, *Of the Subcontract* implicates us. It contains only synthesised voices from an unprecedented future, complicit in their own exploitation, mustering a form of writing that is brutally present.

Darren Wershler → Montreal, 2013

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