

## “My Cells”

### I

Hash tag dateline the brand of all big bad data littering the Twitter sphere the top tech headline of the latest digerati found electronically living in seclusion in a ranch house in Sonoma it's the sharing that ennobles poverty right now an actress is making red quinoa salad in West Hollywood and the statistical likelihood of an entitled hipster making the same thing is splashed across the lower bar of my electronic life like overpriced extra virgin olive oil somehow made and pressed in a backyard in Brooklyn by bearded Freegans and sold online to unknowing Italians who think this world is real wait backspace me through the circuitry of this big bad database to the stillness of ever more elusive questions such as when is it real what am I seeing when is knowledge inferred when I can look up everything now I see all of you with your faith in big bad science with its big bad data chasing me around and around this world knowing where I gulped my last cup of dark roast the multi-grain with hummus from Murray's that I gobbled but you already know what kind of bagels I like still I cannot program you to understand the logic arithmetic the sequence and the control that were once part of the central processing unit of a real live red red rose that was ever so vermillion and soft in the sunlight

to think all of this big bad data integrated into my circuits made me an icon of information an industrial robot peripheral to everything and which became my very best and closest of friends unreal

### II

I am your embedded computer a punch card polymathmatic after analog now digital with the general purpose of accuracy unfolding integers we knew and trusted that have now claimed us segregated us into real cells of 0's and 1's I imagine you looping scenes from my childhood in black-and-white encrypting them with stored code finite bits of my soul vacuum-sealed in tubes tightly torqued and probably most likely hypothetically I am still incomplete a recovery agent's small scale discovery that this machine my poor body is a prototype a meme more beautiful and alive than I ever was

- Nancy Klepsch