

Digital Human
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Composed mid-session from fragments of our conversation, then offered in lieu of a defense of Wordsworth.

I savored it on my tongue,
I clicked it with my mouse,
and the robots multiplied my effort.

That's when numeracy changes.
There's a kind of anesthesia
in making these phrases
that keeps me here.

You help a body aspire to the general form.
There's something of me left.

That's when you impose
and decompose. Embodiment ends
when I'm not counting.

I'm changing the dimensions.
That's how poets count,
with magic numbers
and spandex.

No woman understands her broadside,
bra size. When numbers
come back to your body
they tell you something
about your body
and other artificial objects.

There's a weird, gradual dissolution
but the dances are still being danced.
Gothic bodies from the past

haunt me and become my abstractions,
my feet. The text doesn't keep running.

I find this electrically clarifying:

there's a little man
in the machine
and that's me.