

Stonehenge 108

Eddy's daguerreotype nostalgia is a mental health issue or *harshad* number in the golden ratio. He dated a cow-herd *gopi* named Ms. Uptard and called her his *far-swooping elbow*. To undress her in *billowy drowse* and unclasp her *japa* beads is to fall away as nirvanic cliché of neodruidic gongs of revolt, devolving in red infradimensions. Is saren stone red? Mr. Daemon says it is, like a red marauder. A silica marauder of silicified sandstone? Only to piss off the nasty ultraforge trolling youtube to bully. Eddy's lintels are held in place with mortise and tenon joints. On October 8th, Eddy will propose to Ms. Uptard. She'll be *umadbro*. His cravat will be a slipnoose.

Commandment 613

This odd morphology of regret is his killjoy, blackburied and data burnt in effigy, gorging in captivity, dethroned, seizing the obscured, misidentified apostrophe. Eddy's derived like us from an *esthétique du mal*, is a philandering anti, teary sentimentalist, airy romantic, dark-blooded in rugged hallow and brainspin. He's also vacant as a shaken realist, thick-lidded with prophecies of a copycat mood killer, listening to our filial resentment. His negation has always been lit by eccentricities and *personae*. It's never mere panic or nostalgia for a past of fake halcyon days. He's not driven by a pedagogical anima. He's, *au fond*, our savage severity and copout.

Metron 6000

In the *logoi* of opposition, pick tragic *anceps*
like sub, ti, un, neg, haz, cide, mur, par, des, crit
to displace the choked genre. Eddy Daemon did.
The botched Eddy Daemon, belly-blooded usurper
of mythopoeic zones tagged zero-day flaws. Rename
him Eddy Mêleé, but it's an empty threat. Nothing
but a white room with a brown metal folding chair.
No Jabbok River, just faucet water in a plastic cup.
Not belly-blooded, the blood-brain barrier's endfeet
have been crossed. The condemned stock? The age
of the messiah is a farce. The rank and file have lost
their nerves bloated with endgame. At least Eddy's
here, Z:Lined in the stalled sever, but still here
as Henry Daemon without bats, bored by aliases.

Cipher 0

Zīðrəð, zī:roð, nɔ:t, nil, zilch, zip, zéro, zefiro, safira, sifr, śūnya, zephyrus, nada, goose egg or duck egg and scratch or love in two slanted wedges subtracted from three hooks and divided by zero—the small circle with a long overbar zero—Hellenistic or Venetian then morphed into Omicron to emerge as a glyph for the zero digit written in the shape of a dot. Eddy minus Eddy squared by an empty tortoise shell, uncounted in knotted cords, undoes historiography, biography, autobiography, memoire, belles lettres, travel guides and preemptive blurbs of praise, e-biled in ginormity and hashtags such as #zxcvbnmasdfghjklqwertyuiop, #zwix, hearing zombies stuttering on z-words. He is Eddy $1/-0 = -\infty$ and $1/+0 = +\infty$ that he is Eddy, less undefined for $\pm 0/\pm 0$ and $\pm\infty/\pm\infty$, either/or $x \rightarrow 0^-$, $x \rightarrow 0^-$, or $x \rightarrow \uparrow 0$ Daemon.

Monad 1X

Segment and the name of a glyph's uber cliché: number one, its own factorial of the empty product, but instead with respect to a unit, a serif at the top, traces roots to lines and originates from similarity into a long upstroke, its case the perfect first of the first person singular when prosody died. Eddy died later in a separate symbol. It may be all decorative and confessional. The function $1x$ always equals 1. Eddy's almost certain to occur: his resin identification code, sorted among plastic, reprocessing. Start the header. Backspace. He is a lighter element: hydrogen. His divinity is Neoplatonic. Without bliss, he burns Plotinus because his first edition Porphyry was lost in the fire. God's number? Only permitted among players who disappear later in hedges. These savage curiosities when so much else seems to matter. It's worth, literally, in human terms, as only one.

Wunderkind 1962

Vodouisants, don't the latecomer this time, to the few still as *sèvitè*, unknowable creator god (lower case "G"): human affairs—*bon dieu*—*vodouists* direct their worship toward spirits in this unironic state, down before, the fool, come and get it—*gris-gris*, worn on Eddy, sublime in his gothic ire to touch flesh without fingers—code this in your hands: voodoo a doll, his pure *Amurkin* lexicon as patriotic as air. Spangle, a hand on his heart: his ancestor's region, intact in schisms of toxic roots for *figuier maudit* are many used orthographies for this word: world, new epoch, new prefix avoided by a certain sect of scholars. Eddy has no memory. Eddy has no self-defense, exercised in dishonor and greed. Pure self Eddy! Kill this bastard from nineteen sixty-two! Coolness is overvalued, designed silent as texted libation.

Ubu 1896

Swap the canto stink for a realstate odor of *Père Cyber*:
ungodly anachronism of “kinging,” when Ubu rips transport
with algorithms. The latest master race serves an immediate
need: Eddy can’t get there. This mixed stealth of a sentinel
gene he lacks. A dear wife’s overhead is in default. Children
he never tags, don’t show up in the cult of these oppressed
likes of his admitted envoy. Today, no envoys, not even
a nuance demurs to place ceding pure was. Nothing was.
These chroniclers’ find holders. Elegances find a crying.
No one lives in nothing done, especially Eddy as *Vale Tudo*.
Eddy’s a lucky stiff with *jobie*, hatched from the least dark
eggs to forgive pardons critics spawn. How many critics?
They belong to the *School of Yaritza*. Eddy is denied entry
to King Turd’s palace wearing the body of the dead bear.

Denkstätte 1945

Dr. Eddy “Stacheldraht” Daemon triggers errors in this divine alias: unstable lockup, thrashing in a constant state of paging, pings death: peer-to-peer if ports are allowed or not, barbwires in, client back onto the client’s dialectic of enlightenment. Pat the *Denkstätte* with gloved hands as it parades teardrop attacks with neo-nonpitched Serialism. Stacheldraht hums the timbre as he treks through the mysterium horrendum. Stop the syzygy! How much more can be omitted? Two metrical feet as a single unit, stirs even the polyglots. Tone slips into biopolitics. Eddy is the oppressor. Dr. E. Stacheldraht Daemon is the oppressed. We all hide it from the whole even in errors. Five seconds later, Eddy is oppressed. Nothing here can comport. Nothing slouches. We’ll poke the zeitgeist. Please respond fulfills our antithetical natures to kill a remote host, praying to shards of a cracked sun