// Algorithms for Flowers

// by meika loofs samorzewski

meika.loofs-samorzewski.com

https://orcid.org/0000-0001-9182-4838

```
#include<reader's --expectations>
#include<a Latin grammar>
#include<19th century figures>
#include<20th century tropes>
#include<21st century memes>
#include<writer's ++intention>
using namespace SF

woke main ()
{
    vessel<list> ABarqueOfNoName;
    context<memory> backstory;
    People betters, brood, crew, olds;
    Char Collins, Aveto, us, I;
    memory* me;
```

Where am I;

Imagine a place built one care at a time;

Make "Hello, world.";

A run of little bits pieced into place, and every kiss steps a place back into the world. A word in your ear. A point on the shore. A hand up the tree. The gift of a fruit;

Remembered into kindness, a story special to the task; The childhood of heroes;

But then, the sky fills with smoke;

The world moves by repeatedly rehashing the day. An index of dropped moments, each an icon what went before, data of ghosts past, into triptychs of possibility for the children. So malleable, so plastic, these red flowers of imagination, that in this new world their potential was self-infinite. The blooms billow askingly, "Whatever you like you will want to need, that is the way of this world.";

But you cannot have whatever you want if you want to be first, the first
has come and gone, that's why we're here. Already. No;
No, you cannot be giants, you cannot be gods, nor their heroes. You
only smell smoke;
So you steal the hammer, now your favourite thing;
And when your favourite world is a hammer every child is a nail to
themselves;
Imagine a place built a greed at a time by your betters;
imagine hammering the smoke.
"You will enjoy it.";

ABarqueOfNoName.disembark (Collins, Aveto, crew, brood)
{

Inside the slow slaw of ice as it craked out the bay behide us into the bay, and from the slew on the shore, I saw, on the beach, a fever, or feud of olds. Standing a-lag these olds peopled in safety with slipstorrs and carrymats, with types and definitions not like we have held before, not before the brexeng, afore aleaving. And not ever while our betters remain in slight stupors of content and saity, or in the plaze-yoga of lay help when assistizing a mown complexion. "Leave us…";

And Collins, the captain of the vessel, stood over our us, and beside them us, glaring down, but then counting the profit often stopped them us from chucking our us over the side;

Collins, no relation to the Governor, smiled;

main.flashforward (I)
      {

           I saw him smile, though the sun hid behind a cloud
           rolling over the mountain, it came down and doused
           the camp ashore in hail and sleet, afore us. I never
           saw him or my brood again;

      }

"Aveto," Collins called over the heads of us, "Aveto, time has shinned.";
As Aveto nodded we swung our own heads back to Collins, all wondering who would lose theirs. Our breathing slowed, our hearts raced, in death we would, we knew, be born to die into me;

"Aveto, feed the krally ashore," Collins underlined, but Aveto was moving already. Collins often redoubled his definite instructions, but they were imperatives without reflexion;
"Aveto.";

main.backstory (Collins, Aveto, us)
        {
                "Captain Collins," said Collins beaming in the attention, "No relation to the Governor.";
        }

Aveto.despatch
        {
                Aveto grabbed the flay, and slipped a nool over the billhook end. Not looking, as if not making a choice,

Aveto grabbed a head to make the choice of me, and
so thusly, so thusly, Aveto separated my head from
my neck and kind as I watched Collins leering at my
birth;
me=&I;
Then Aveto hooked me, and spun the nool,
unwound it to nook it, and bang, I sailed like a cock
out over the crazed ice to land on the colder sands,
but the olds were gone a season, already, and I could
only delay my charge;
"To slow," said Collins gently, "too slow, despite you.
We know who you are. We always know who you
are.";

main.backstory (Collins, Aveto, us)

{

The first time we saw him come aboard,
Aveto had us stalled by the crib on deck.
Collins saluted his betters but soon swung
grandly into self-introduction, if unneeded,
by promoting the tale of his part in the rescue
of a princess at sea, from aboard the Alterna
of Hobson's, a choice derring-done;
"And her later life," the Read.Admiral replied
indulgently, "was of high rank but sad and
love-less, as Queen of Remark, and but for a
physician, the studmen of her brood, would
have given no heir to the throne, while that
useless husband, the King, consorted with
boot ladies.";

Return "They all quietly stared at us as if we
could understand.";
}

The world goes on without heroes;
I had time to tell myself this over and over, as the
olds returned to my place in the world, and
pointedly ignore me, as if I could not understand;
That a hero can save the world is the original
fiction, a myth that founds nothing except itself.
I stared blankly eye-to-eye with their barefeet;
The world goes on regardless;
I had landed brood-stump down seasons ago and I
could see, if askew, as well as my new comrades here
on the beach, Collins' ship frozen fast in the Bay of
Fires;

The ego can only save themselves in the world,
egotism confuses that with the world itself. Smoke
in the air.
I hoped the olds would become my new brood, even
these decades later. Hope and ice can staunch the
fiercest flow of blood. Hope points me out. Ices me.
If they would have me, and have me uneatened--
now I had heroed into ego;
A stone on the shore;
The world does not need heroes at all. But no story
will tell you that;
They didn't even eat me;

main.backstory (Collins, us)
    {
        "No, we want words about feeling, not words
        as feelings, we want what they mean!"
        Collins was expansive.
        They had come to say farewell, a week after
        the wedding, but had to listen before they
        could even say nought. Collins performed at
        his best, while we cribbed behind him;
        So the audience of his wife's few good friends
        in their steaming bonnets beamed, even with
        concerns for the newly wed wife to be
        widowed by a sailor's orders and opportunity
        in the South Seas;

"Poetry is not a...' Collins went on handsomely, but we were not interested in his vision of belief as a favourite thing; Instead we brood mumbled the code, "Feelings exclude possibilities, and that is how we can tell one person from another. What it is to feel a certain way is, in large part, to behave in certain way in the world, and to take various possibilities as either actual or deferred. It is of the essence of a feeling that it drives actions, and we evaluate feelings in terms of how well they define us. Some feelings are a better basis for action than others. All feelings are linked to identity. If all you feel is anxiety, the world

will fall apart as you fall apart into a haze.";
Of course, while Collins was wrong (all philosophy of the world comes from not understanding the logic of our language in the world we have spoken of) he had power in the world, anxiety was nothing to him, even though he was wrong, philosophically speaking, and even though the world had not come to be through that wrongness, and though we were right, we were yet enslaved by the wrongness on the deck of a barque we did not know the name of;
We groaned again at this, again and again, but this audible fact of our slavery was

ignored by his audience, their future incomes
depended on that ignorance. Pigs grunt,
what of it? Better to believe facts about the
world, rather than to know the world;
His audience knew, for a fact, or two, Pepe
Collins, no relation to the circumnavigating
Governor, had studied in Bismarckvale, or
Brexit college as it was then known. A
Read.Admiral of the txt.mchn had sent him
there to capitalise on his connections. A
hope which was realised when Bronte Park
had visited Cuba Court on the Shannon. She
married Pepe Collins at Exeter College, with
the Read.Admiral Max Hangover in

attendance, after their optional debentured
engagement stock had matured. They had
five hundred a year just from enslaving
sealers alone, with the furs and the blubber
they monetized, the newly weds would easily
decent themselves for a lifetime of encoded
novel behaviour;
Return ("They cribbed us aboard because we
required only light chains of silver and no
indenture paperwork.");
}

Laughter, Collins, brayed, bowed, this Collins, no
relation to the Governor, this Collins was no prayer

of delight. Pepe Collins' laughter rained down on the beach. A squalid warrant, casting algorithms as if the mantra would keep the criticals from over-verging on his soul;
He laughed because as a poet of commerce his words pointedly had no soul;
"Prego, prego!"

Main.backstory (Collins)
    {
        return ("Remembering Støvlet-Cathrine, her Absentia grew up among the red poppies on ill-graven memories.");
    }

```
                    return (me);
               } // aveto.despatch
        return (me);
   } //  AbarqueOfNoName.disembark
```

I woke into me rotting into a flower of flesh, pretty as a symbol of
the powers that be. I could not remember where we had come from,
and my algorithms degenerated into reality, the composted
heuristics imaged over the dusk like foreign fields fertilised with the
blood of lusty youths. There were no facts at all as I could see; All
ice is smoke.
A good thing perhaps, if the bad were a world away.

```
} //the end
```