

**BLACK HOLE REVISITED**



**GREG BEM**

*Note: each line is an individual tweet, and line order is reverse-chronological. Poem order is arbitrary.*

March 28, 2013

Hey. It's getting close. Twitter, I do feel you. I do.



March 29, 2013

Living to breathe and escaping twitter finding a newness to believe.  
Live tweeting from the stage right before reading Twitter poems.





January 4, 2013

Destroy the tweet.  
Birth the tweet.  
Dream the tweet.  
Live the tweet.  
Pluck the tweet.  
Perform the tweet.  
Plug the tweet.  
Pass the tweet.  
Steal the tweet.  
Juice the tweet.



Maim the tweet.  
Burn the tweet.  
Flag the tweet.  
Fear the tweet.



January 9, 2013

Twitter is Intellectual Freedom.  
Microcosmic tweet disaster featuring a decline in followers.  
Public tweet private tweet secrets and tweets image and tweets  
My life, tethered to twitter.  
Tweet of anti-virus  
Tweet of anticipation  
Prostrately tweeted tweet  
UFO sighting tweet  
Rain glass tweet  
Charged phone tweet  
It's so windy to be tweeting right now.  
Belated tweet  
Punctuated tweet...  
Tweet capitol.  
Have I tweeted it before?  
I tweet this I tweet that poem.  
Tweet advisory.  
Tweeting beyond good and evil.  
Every tweet need not be a good tweet.  
Every tweet needs a foundation.



January 10, 2013

Tweeting and Distance  
Tweeting and International  
Tweeting and footsteps



January 10, 2013

Classifying tweets by corresponding emoticons

Classifying tweets by emotion

Tweet hustling

Wheezing Tweet

Heaving Tweet

Breathless Tweet

Your ears are tweets, and tweet is singular

Pulverized Tweet

Globalized Tweet

Interactive Tweet

Basket of Tweet

Shipment Tweet

Imprisonment Tweet

Zone tweet

Live tweeting death

Pon De Tweet

The Next Tweet Southbound is Arriving in Two Minutes



January 14, 2013

Other on twitter.

Self on twitter.

Being on twitter.

Being an idiot on twitter.

Flock of Twitter.



January 16, 2013

Dying and tweeting.  
Browsing and tweeting.  
Begging and tweeting.  
Tripping and tweeting.  
Breathing and tweeting.  
Bloating and tweeting.  
Floating and tweeting.  
Moaning and tweeting.  
Dragging and tweeting.  
Crawling and tweeting.  
Skipping and tweeting.  
Hopping and tweeting.  
Jumping and tweeting.



The Twitter Retreat  
The Twitter Warehouse  
The Twitter Labs  
The Twitter Space  
The Twitter Workshop



January 18, 2013

The taste of the tweet on the breath.  
The crush of the tweet on the skull.



January 18, 2013

Do not tweet go. Do not collect \$200.

The Killing Tweets.

A city plagued by tweets.

It's on the tip of my tweet.

Relentless tweets.

Tweet assault.

Tweet raid.

Tweet storm.

Tweet others the way you want to be tweeted.

How can I help you to help me to tweet the way we all want it tweeted?

Was asked to speak "fantabulous" at an event the other night, which I did. And now I've tweeted. My life is complete.

Live tweeting failed through this mist.



January 20, 2013

    Tweeting focuses

        Tweeting exercises my dexterity

    Tweeting takes my mind off the god awful pain

        Tweeting and tweeting

        Jumping and tweeting

        Running and tweeting

        Walking and tweeting

        Crawling and tweeting

        Sitting and tweeting



January 26, 2013

Every idea needs a tweet to carry it.

Does not negate.

Does not turn around.

Does not neglect.

Does not breathe.

Does not hear.

Does not tweet.

Does not quit.

Does not sit still.

Does not stay.

Does not compute.

Does not compete.

Does not sell.



January 27, 2013

Twitter doesn't have to reveal your health.  
Twitter doesn't have to reveal your mood.  
Twitter doesn't reveal your height.  
Twitter doesn't reveal your weight.



I think of the self.  
I drink the fluids.  
A ingest the pills.  
I compose the tweets.  
I read the blogs.  
I watch the movies.



February 6, 2013

Retweeting reminds me of school  
Retweeting makes me feel diseased  
Retweeting makes me feel cool  
Retweeting makes me feel dirty



February 25, 2013

Checking up on what my phone has to think about all this.

Everyone is waking up and my mind is gone.

Shake your hand at me when you tell me you're okay with all of the hype.

The glamorous and the hackneyed come together for a mashup memory made of deadest dreams and circling circuits.

There are more familiar entities out there and I want you to relay their experiences to me as though I knew nothing, not one bit or piece.

Tell me about your abandoned hotels and illustrious damning.

Tell me about your poverty, your tweets of disgrace and the unloving, the grime, the grimace of the window shades.

Tell me about all the mouths the city feeds.

And how the streets bend when you close your eyes.

Tell me more about city life.





Hospital of the future has remote heart and oxygen monitors regularly sharing your vitals on Twitter.



Twitter Clot  
Anticoagulant as Twitter Clot Stopper  
HOSPITAL MEGA TWEET



Want Gary who is asleep or in coma to be hooked up to a twitter feed. Stream of Gary's unconscious state.  
My room is divided with a curtain.  
Just overheard "oh does he have his own machine?"  
Hey Gary, can you pick up your head? No response.  
Gary, Gary, Gary! Breathe! And then they used a truck horn noise. On some laptop.  
They were all saying breathe for like five minutes while Gary didn't respond and I watched from the corner.  
GARY! being yelled out across the vast nebula of twitter  
Then saying in calm voices "wake up hun, you're out of surgery now, etc"  
Everyone is shouting GARY  
The man who is my neighbor is asleep



Are you cold? Are you cold? Charles move your head if you cold  
He said "I'm not a person" - his wife  
Charles, close your eyes!  
Are you warm? Are you cold?  
Charles are you tired?  
Are you tired, Charles?  
Sucking up some of his snot down in there. - Nurse  
Charles, wake up.



February, 2013 "Music"

= tweet it tweety now.  
And the tweetroll, please!



Now tweet the dance floor.  
West side tweet it out. South side tweet it out. East side tweet it out. North side tweet it out.  
Now tweet it out.



Tweet swag.  
Tweet music.  
I tweet hard.  
Tweetset  
Damn son, where'd you tweet this?  
I'm tweetin' dirty. #RickRoss



Started off hustlin' ended up tweetin'.  
A milli tweets #OldIamOld  
Revisiting the Carter 3.



Tweet-a-wub-wub-wub.  
Tweet-a-dub-dub.  
Rub-a-dub-dub-tweet.  
Dubtweet.



February 7, 2013 "Usher"

Too much Usher to tweet  
I just crossed a street IRL thinking about the artist formerly discussed as Usher  
Twitter as Usher aggregator.

I don't love Usher.

I don't hate Usher.

Usher intersected my life when I was maybe eleven. Or twelve.  
Tho I cannot deny the influence Usher has had on my entire life.

If I dream of Usher, it could be better, but it could be worse.

Usher is not a race card.

Usher as perfect example of human capital.

Why, Usher, why?

I have Usher stuck in my head.



February 14, 2013 "#CandyHeartRejects"

Beach don't kill my tide. #SometimesAlone #CandyHeartRejects  
The cloak of the city will cover you. #CandyHeartRejects  
I'm eating your Jelly Beans. #CandyHeartRejects  
You aren't fun anymore. #CandyHeartRejects  
First time wearing pre-hospital jeans since being in the hospital. I have gained weight. #CandyHeartRejects  
Harlem Baby Shake Syndrome #CandyHeartRejects  
Don't retweet. #CandyHeartRejects  
My insurance bill this month is \$1,500.00 #CandyHeartRejections  
I just got my whooping cough vaccine so I'm safe. #CandyHeartRejects  
Can we just do this over email? #CandyHeartRejects  
I gained 15 pounds in the 2 weeks I've been out of the hospital. #CandyHeartRejects  
I'm a sound poet most days. #CandyHeartRejects  
I've got to work in an hour. #CandyHeartRejects  
I don't speak your language. #CandyHeartRejects  
Google hangout? #CandyHeartRejects  
Meet me on Twitter. #CandyHeartRejects  
#CandyHeartRejects will make this Valentine's Day the best yet. Thanks, twatters.



Part Three:  
Twitter Poems



February 2, 2013

Last night's complete lack of Twitter.  
Last night's crazy dreams.  
Last night's smoke-filled lungs.  
Last night's battle raps.  
Last night's walk through Hitt's Hill.  
Last night's discussions of connection.  
Last night's over-stimulating ice cream parlor.  
Last night's over-stimulating ice cream parlour.  
Last night's staircases, hills, houses, lights, dog pressing up against the window'd door like he HAD to leave.  
Last night's Boulevard drug dealer.  
Last night's Lake Washington.  
Last night's three hour walk.  
Last night's sirens.



February 13, 2013

"He never saw it coming."  
The traffic is what will kill me.  
I have arched hands and a keystone resembling a phone.  
I have my personal shadows.  
And the memories of freeze stay sleeping.  
The city trains its eyes on the ground.



February 15, 2013

Stop Watch Chocolate Bar Shape  
Fake Farm Houses  
Dwarfs Wearing Ice Skates.  
Dresses, but Juniper Trees.  
Mountains of Masks.  
Hordes of Lambs.



March 13, 2013

All stood waiting for a train  
The cold smother of the Other's air  
And no one ever found an answer  
They have all pressed their toes into the cracks.  
From above, the carvings in the earth equal a giant networked monument  
Everything everyone saw, and everything that could not be seen  
Your core rests below your mark  
Infrastructure, a poem



March, 2013 "Seattle Homage"

Seattle you're the landscape sonata turned over by the birds  
Seattle you look like a painting in some museum and the smell is stereotypical (of death). Thank you.  
Seattle. You're snowing. And it's March 22nd. As if you didn't make your population crazy enough with your timber and  
timbre alone . . .  
Seattle: sludge lurking beneath the surface, deep in the underground corridors of a city scorched early.  
Seattle your ethereal embrace chills my oily face.  
Seattle you hailed on me and your sentence is not appreciated  
Seattle I've stared into your vortex pits & had my mind lashed at by neon suspenders, excruciatingly small cranes, &  
barrels of dead crows.  
Seattle, let the manic ones be responsible.  
Seattle I've biked on you once again and my blood pours wild but only on the inside.  
Seattle you have an infinite number of peoples idiotic to themselves.  
Seattle I can't sleep under your shallow breaths and damning coughs.  
Seattle you sell the same unhealthy, fluffy birthday cakes like the rest of Hell, America. And everyone knows . . .  
Seattle your happy hours combine death of animals with death of culture and everything is reminiscent of the 90s.  
Seattle your cherry blossoms are already spoiled.  
I don't really know anything about Seattle but still it's there, screaming at me in the breeze.  
Seattle's kisses are laced with anthrax.  
Seattle, like Facebook, blowing like a flag in the stagnant, smog-choked wind.  
Seattle, if a man was found screaming on your streets, what would you do with him?  
Seattle your geniuses will keep you from appreciating your greenery.  
Seattle you've got so much glass in your heart and your eyes are painted blacker than your segregated districts.  
Give me my hook and saddle, Seattle, you sad bear with a giant cross under your stomach and a plantation of plankton.  
Seattle is a zone of dead carp and molten limb shakes.  
Seattle, these chains are made from timber. And salmon carcasses. And the wind doesn't smell like ocean. It's weird and  
you're not helping.  
Seattle! Give me your iron lung! Give me your wheezing and coughing! Your stoops and your dirty gutters! Give me your  
skies lacking rain!  
Seattle, the horizon is as bleak as the slits of your eyes--grow them wide and release thy pride!  
Seattle, come at me with your scalpel of brick buildings and abandoned sky lines!



March 28, 2013

Tweet as self

Tweet as ignoring any possibility of humanity while claiming ownership over it as well

Tweet as though it were only one way of sending

Tweet as Madison walking up hill your skull is vibrating

Tweet as the whole twang hole torque entirety of the lo-fi

Tweet as flush

Tweet as an attempt to validate one's spam

Tweet as telling me what I've got in store tomorrow

Tweet as Marion's daughter

Tweet as ROI POV SUV COD NYT

Tweet as trajectory

Tweet as any single person who angered you with the phrase "I know, right?"

Tweet as though you were dough

Tweet as though you were a bro

Tweet as you're tweeting too much man

Tweet as marketing scam

Tweet as marketing scheme

Tweet as flaccid face

Tweet as test tube like Shakespeare

Tweet as I will never know or have known or I

Tweet as entire core being rotted from within

Tweet as long dull ache stemming from the hip

Tweet as Ms Tweet missing you

Tweet as no ma'am or sir

Tweet as no fresh air

Tweet as Space Needle

Tweet as Burien, Washington

Tweet as overall before being gunned down in the suburb gutter

Tweet as plastic wrap covering

Tweet as only effort

Tweet as last ditch effort

Tweet as doom patrol

Tweet as slick slice to forehead

Tweet as symptom

For the love of tweeting, for the hate of tweeting, staring at the screen as a window looking into some vast expanse of every/no/thing

Tweet to me before it's too late for me.





January 9, 2013

Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}Episode{}  
Episode{}Episode



January 16, 2013

For everyone trying to do a conceptual piece based on individual characters, I advise against it. "D" is considered a command, not a tweet.

DEFEATED BY TWITTER.

E

C

B

A

27 Letters



January 31, 2013

#clot #clot #clot #clot #CLOT



February 5, 2013

#12345678910111213141516171819202122232425262728293031323334353637383940414243444546474849505152  
53545556575859606162636465666768697071727374



February 7, 2013



Upside down tweet





Greg Bem has been using @gregbem to create Twitter-based poetry for the past two years. From approximately January through March each year, @gregbem serves as a springboard for short-thought poetics.

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Please follow [@gregbem](https://twitter.com/gregbem), and please read the original [Black Hole Document](#) (published 2012).