

Execution_Line.PY

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size(400, 600)
#maybe this is a lesson in brevity
#thanks hemingway
#maybe it's Maybelline
print('Managers of supermarkets\ncall the area before the registers\nthe corral.')
background('#050000')
#what is the opposite of white space
whitespace=(' ')
#this is the white space that makes the white space
print(whitespace)
stroke('#FFFFFF')
strokeWeight(7)
#he likes his lines thick
line(10,10, 200,10)
#we're not emily dickinson. we title our poems.
strokeWeight(4)
line(10,35, 85,35)
#this break wants me to take a knife to my wrist long ways
print('I am going to call \nthe end of this poem\nthe corral.')
line(10,45, 120,45)
line(10,55, 50,55)
print(whitespace)
#welcome to the poetic abattoir
#good poetry kills the reader
print('This stanza is a judas goat\nand you are helpless\nto follow.')
line(10,75, 95,75)
line(10,85, 115,85)
line(10,95, 50,95)
line(10,115, 125,115)
print(whitespace)
print('This stanza is filler\nand self-aware and\nso meta.')
#if that was a fourth wall break then what is all this
line(10,125, 85,125)
line(10,135, 50,135)
print(whitespace)
line(10,155, 75,155)
line(10,165, 78,165)
#in workshop i would tell you how horny this line makes me
print('This stanza is an image\nof a bottleneck instigating\nyour gag reflex.')
#by line i actually mean stanza, i mean sentence, i mean...just say it again re
al slow
line(10,175, 50,175)
line(10,195, 120,195)
print(whitespace)
line(10,205, 135,205)
#everyone loves a poem in tercets
#the best and worst things happen in threes
print('This is the last line\nwhich you will think about\nfor the rest of\nyour life.')
#i want c a conrad and their friends to run a quatrain on me
line(10,215, 65,215)
#all hail the poetic line
line(10,235, 85,235)
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#don't ever touch the margins. especially the right one. fuck the right one.  
line(10,245, 120,245)  
#worship the line. the conga line, the coke line, the line at the dmv  
line(10,255, 90,255)  
#let the line get so long you run out of air  
line(10,265, 50,265)  
#let the line kill you. let your poems take your life again and again and again
```

Managers of supermarkets
call the area before the registers
the corral.

I am going to call
the end of this poem
the corral.

This stanza is a judas goat
and you are helpless
to follow.

This stanza is filler
and self-aware and
so meta.

This stanza is an image
of a bottleneck instigating
your gag reflex.

This is the last line
which you will think about
for the rest of
your life.

