LANGUAGES PART OF RESUME

Here's the languages part of my resume written as a song.

Perl, Python, PHP. Standard but
you C, I also Lisp
FORTRAN rocks and TeX rolls
It's fun to assemble

JavaScript, Forth, Pascal, Bash
Bash is a smash
People should not trash
Bash is a smash

Tcl/Tk: people today disrespect it a bit
but with me it's a hit
Java is not JavaScript
Lua how'ja Dua

Octave and Matlab not the same
Close enough there's no shame
SQL What the Hell
Several versions

OLDCODER EXPLAINS HIMSELF

Somebody asked me to explain myself in Fall 2012. This was the extemporaneous answer:

I will write
About why I do what I do
When I write it
I will know the answer

I will do the right thing
If I do the right thing
I will be real at last
I will be real at last

There is a song
From 1970
The boy who sang it
Is dead of old age

I am the boy in the song
Time to put that aside
I'm going to be real at last
Good day, Gentlemen

TO EXHAUSTED BONSAI KITTEN

Bonsai Kitten is one of the lead Gentoo developers. I sang this to him one night when he was tired.

You're exhausted, accept the fact
Posts, VPS, and patches exact
Will wait
Your fate
Is to address it

Take the appropriate steps
To regain some peps
Put aside ssh in bed
Run zzz instead
Connect to the Land of Nod

Port number in the imaginary realm
Head to port 22 and turn right
There you may sight
Dark Knight of the Soul
Truth about your role

Perhaps the Ineffable;
Festivus and Robanuka you'll celebrate
But at any rate
Before a CPU can achoo
You'll be gone

DAEKEN FORSAKEN

There's a story behind this piece but I'll omit it for now.

Daeken, since you ask
Take me to task
So bluntly and rudely
I hear a rhythm with appeal
When I write I feel
I'm singing out loud to you

The lines I write
In my sight
Are a song
If you can't accept that
Right off the bat
/IGNORE is where I belong

So chill. Whitebread Hacker
Not a Slacker
I'll admit
But a drag is sort of
What you are
Go decode an abode API sub-par

PRAY FOR A START

I didn't write this piece. It's an example of my editing. I'm adequate at editing. The original draft was by Bennett.

People who have lost much
Gained little
For those, I pray

I pray for freedom
I pray for love
I pray for care

This was not written
This is from the heart
There's no simple solution
I pray for a start

For the fear of being forgotten
For the fear of never waking up
For the fear I'll lead an empty life
For myself and my undoing

It's odd how calm I feel
But I have a hole in my chest

For those who were forgotten
For those who lived an empty life
For those who couldn't escape
For those who couldn't fight

For my uncle, my grandfather
For me and you
For every one
Some say pain comes with loneliness
But those forgotten don't feel pain
They feel nothing

Before I go I'll explain this part
When I speak
It is not me speaking
It is my heart
And whatever else may be true
I pray for a start

DREAM ABOUT DOMAINS

This IRC conversation is from 121209. Mr. Meow offered a comment as I fell asleep and I answered him an hour later:

<mrmeow> dream
<mrmeow> about domains
<mrmeow> falling from the sky

Lots of dots
Lots of coms

<mrmeow> yes

Puddles of dreams of riches
On the ground
Splash through the APIs
And the acronyms
Dreams of magic ponies
Pulling wheelbarrows of money
Down from the server clouds

<mrmeow> dropping dns servers, web servers, mail servers, vps

THE BACON BURGERS SONG

I tend to rhyme these days. It's more about songs than poetry. Sometimes I sing when I write. This happens fairly often when I'm tired, distracted, or when my breathing changes as part of something resembling physical shock.

Here's a conversation that I had with Phenek after I ate on 121208. The Bacon Burgers piece is largely unedited. There are only minor tweaks. The piece, clumsy as it is, is extemporaneous. That's the part that stands out stands out for me. The Boy Who Talks didn't do this type of thing very often.

<phenek> had a tasty burger?

Won't need to eat for days
In a daze
With burgers and chicken
Too much
Such
much food

I'll probably pay for it
Breathing is shifting now
But I have had cow
Baked; and chicken too

Moo
Cluck
Not to mention Oink
For the bacon;
I have had
Bacon Burgers and Chicken

<phenek> :D
<phenek> sounds like you had some drugs too

Food is a drug
I need a hug
When I eat food
It shifts my mood
Food is mood
Shifter

<phenek> that's normal I guess

It is higher level for me
Because you see
System in body is broken
As a token
Of the world temporal

In the world where we live
Time does not give
Improvements
Time costs a dime

A leg and an arm
Time it does harm

A leg and an arm
I have lost
That is the cost
Of time

<phenek> now you can at least be very creative. you can make a lot of poems and maybe some paintings.

Time so real
It is I feel
What we must evaluate
Run towards our fate
But at least I know
Not far to go

I have eaten food
I will create
That to be sure is my fate
I will speak the truth
Though it be ruth-
less

You see this is me
The me that I can be
The me that I do see
The one that matters

At this point, Phenek mentioned that his unborn daughter was kicking. I closed with:

You, your wife, and baby too
Perhaps you'll go to zoo
When she is older
And you feel bolder
And will take her out
To shout
There is the elephant!

<phenek> of course!

I am the Boy Who Writes
I am pleased to meet you
And greet you
I am the one
Whose time in the sun
is now

It is me at last
Here I'll stand fast
I'll not be sent away again
Count from one to ten
I'll not be sent away again

OLD-FASHIONED GUY

This poem was a tribute to somebody who was busy.

I've made a forum script in PHP
You see
I'm an old-fashioned guy
I work in CLI
I like nano

My old PC is dying
But no time for crying
There are griefers and hackers
With whom to deal
This stuff is real

I've got a distro to make
Then my sister and I a cake
Will bake
For Goodness Sake
Time it's a-flying