

Ketchup Bands Newtown Mythology

Yonel Watene

Alone with drunkards reeling like wounded birds
along the hellish fires of Angels!
for hours we felt ourselves alone
let's break into the tuck shop on earth,
eyes on the splendor of Angels!
life was da bomb in Newtown Mythology and I.

Life is hard when you're sixteen here,
I (& I) eyes on our millennial gloom!
test the bolts and hinges sippin' Black Sambuca,
the Ketchup Band's looking for Cus
we must shake at the splendor of logic
she's a stuck up.

The splendor of life was da bomb
in Newtown Mythology and the city walls
hey McRib, the last confines of locomotives launched
on our feet like wounded birds along the tinny house
for hours we felt ourselves alone at the very first dawn!
McDonald with my cassette, talking 'bout sports,
all night my friends and hinges sippin' Black Sambuca.

The gates of life was da right thing on my cassette,
Alone with my man in Newtown Mythology
time alone with drunkards
the proud army of Angels!
life was buoying us up to the Mystic Ideal
atavistic ennui arguing up all night
my man in 93, there's nothing to Ketchup Band's hostile stars
Cokes McNuggets –
McDonald with stokers feeding the bar.

Far bro(ther),
some people dance to awaken dragons
I'm wasted G(ary)
let's break into the tinny house in Newtown Mythology
like ballroom music life's hard when you're sixteen here,
at the tinny house in Newtown Mythology
Barney hit up Diet sippin' Black Sambuca.

[TRANSFORMS INTO BALLOON ... FLOATS TO SAFETY]
Had we stayed up, Diet?
Let's break into the tinny house for the splendor of Angels!
Pride was da bomb in Newtown Mythology
sippin' Black Sambuca in Newtown Mythology
stoking Charizard in Newtown Mythology
my man in 93, there's nothing to Ketchup Band's hostile star –
[GETS UP QUIETLY ... WALKS TO RAVENSBOURNE]

A fusion of three texts: 1) Kanye West's poem about McDonald's (featured in Frank Oceans Boys Don't Cry magazine), 2) Taika Waititi's rap poem written in "in the style of every NZ teenage boy in 1993" (posted on Facebook by Taika Waititi on 17/06/2016), 3) the first 666 words of F.T. Marinetti's Futurism Manifesto. All three texts were manipulated using an online text manipulator (<http://ancient-tor-20324.herokuapp.com/>) (created by poet Gregor Kan). Yonel Watene edited the initial manipulation and decided to undergo further text manipulations to decrease % of plagiarised text. Watene manipulated this edited text a further 5 times using the Generate Markov Chain text manipulator. A final poem was composed by editing these 5 manipulations. NB Editing includes deletion of words/letters, transforming a word from singular to plural, and adding select words (new words are in brackets). <http://www.quetext.com/> plagiarism detector noted "no plagiarism" in the final edit despite it originating from three copyrighted literary works, ultimately outsmarting the <http://www.quetext.com/> algorithm and creating poetry without actually writing.