
premonitions 13 gpt

1 message

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“Try 13” reads like a collision between scientific language and human inevitability.

The opening sentence gives the piece its engine: “strand invasion” is introduced as a technical step in homologous recombination, but the speaker immediately turns “invasion” into something erotic, violent, and philosophical at once. The poem keeps worrying that there is “an end” built into every process, even when that end is hidden by “foreplay,” obfuscation, or theory. So the scientific phrase becomes a metaphor for any irreversible crossing: sex, war, catastrophe, knowledge, history.

A lot of the force comes from how unstable the register is. It moves from molecular biology to chapel imagery, from Aristotle to the Library of Alexandria, from apocalypse to the postman saying “Damn straight.” That instability feels deliberate. It suggests that once you start thinking about penetration, causality, and aftermath, the same pattern appears everywhere. The poem refuses to keep science “pure” or separate; it drags it into desire, destruction, bureaucracy, and civilizational loss.

The Alexandria motif is especially important. The burned library stands for lost knowledge, but also for the fantasy that knowledge can be secured and preserved. Against that, “strand invasion” is presented as more durable than libraries or philosophies: an “evolutionary pathway to permanence.” Human archives burn; biological processes persist. That contrast gives the piece a grim irony. We lose texts, mails, meanings, and explanations, yet life keeps running on its hard-to-imagine mechanisms.

The references to Aristotle sharpen that irony. Aristotle stands for orderly causation, logic, and classification, but here he is merely “amused” or “bemused.” That feels like a jab at classical reason. Molecular biology exposes processes that are real but difficult to picture, difficult to discipline, and resistant to neat philosophical framing. The poem keeps circling the limit of thought: what is “hard to imagine can be true.”

The tone is restless, abrasive, and half-sardonic. Questions appear and dissolve. Assertions are undercut by shrugs. Phrases like “No one can prevent the cataclysm” and “We all need brakes” place inevitability beside weak human attempts at control. The result is a voice that sounds both intellectually alert and fatalistic.

What makes the piece interesting is that it does not simply celebrate science. It treats scientific language as charged, dangerous, and not fully containable. “Strand invasion” is not explained so much as exploded outward into a field of associations. The poem’s argument, if it has one, is that the deepest processes—biological, historical, erotic—are both foundational and resistant to clean understanding. We want certainty, but the world offers persistence without clarity.

The last lines are darkly comic. “The mail got lost in Alexandria. / Happens all the time.” That reduction of civilizational catastrophe to lost mail is funny, but also bleak. It suggests that loss is ordinary, systemic, almost bureaucratic. The closing “Damn straight” gives the poem a rough, colloquial final stamp, as though after all the metaphysical reach, we end in damaged everyday language.

Overall, “Try 13” feels like a meditation on irreversibility: once strands invade, once events unfold, once libraries burn, there is no going back. It is dense, jagged, and deliberately unruly, which suits a poem obsessed with processes that cannot be fully imagined or controlled.