

clockwork prayer

by

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Readers: Keith Taylor and Raymond McDaniel

Dying to know
And control on command
So incomplete
Minus machine

—10 Years, *“Minus the Machine”*

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Abstract

I first heard Monkbot's story on a Radiolab podcast two years ago. I was immediately captivated by the myth with its twists and complications. I became obsessed with the idea and began researching and recrafting the narrative as my first poetry collection.

Players like San Diego de Alcalá, Juanelo Turriano, and Monkbot have plot holes in their histories that I took advantage of. Although they are quieter characters than Don Carlos and King Philip II, I find that their mysterious nature and missing historical contexts allowed me to use their point of view to explain deeper complications than the father-son conflict that many historians dwell over.

The collection starts in a specific moment in time (Don Carlos's accident and sickness) and digresses into insanity and complications over intertwining timelines. The dramatic decline in each poem and throughout the collection draws from the hyper-realistic attitudes of art in Golden Age Spain.

Although many writers pull from personal experiences, I like to find moments in history that are less explored and expand on them through persona poems. I see this collection as an engaging history lesson of one moment in time that has implications we can visit in the Smithsonian today.

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Author's Note

On Sunday, April 19, 1562, Don Carlos, the heir-apparent of Golden Age Spain, tumbled down the last few steps of a barely used staircase and cracked his head against a door.

Although he was dazed at the end of the fall, he did not lose consciousness immediately. Household servants carried him to his chambers where he was taken into the care of the best physicians and anatomists in Europe. While the doctors addressed the head injury, Don Carlos's symptoms worsened. The head wound festered, his fever grew intense, and he lost his appetite. He was oversleeping, had swollen eyes, and disappeared into delirium. Across the country, citizens of Spain grew panicked because this tragedy was clearly an angry act of God. Spaniards fasted and prayed for God to save their Prince. By the end of the third week, the surgeons concluded that Don Carlos would not survive the night.

Upon hearing this news, his father King Philip II of Spain knelt at his son's deathbed and made a pact with God: if God used a miracle to heal his son, the King would give a miracle in return. Additionally, he asked his royal priesthood to smuggle the deceased body of friar San Diego de Alcalá into Don Carlos's bed. For centuries, some claimed the corpse had healing powers and was linked to many miracles. The priests took the friar's hand, wiped it across Don Carlos's face, and waited.

Within a week, Don Carlos could see again and within a month he was visiting the church. When Don Carlos was finally able to speak, he told his father about a dream he had during his illness. He claimed that a figure in Franciscan habit holding a wooden cross entered his room, approached his bedside, and told him that he was going to survive. When the King heard this story, he knew he now owed God a miracle.

Philip II decided to hire Juanelo Turriano, a renown clockmaker, and asked him to make a mechanical version of Alcalá. When the project was completed, Philip II presented the automaton to God, and the pact was complete.

The automaton, commonly referred to as Monkbot, has been in the Smithsonian's possession since 1977 and is in full working order.

Dramatis Personæ

DON CARLOS PRINCE OF SPAIN
PHILIP II KING OF SPAIN
JUANELO TURRIANO CLOCKMAKER
SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ DECEASED FRIAR
MONKBOT AUTOMATON

prologue

MONKBOT

Prayer in a Glass Case

I have forgotten the taste of dust
and the clicks of my own legs
that you know by now
are not legs but two tiny feet
that are nothing more than an illusion

that used to be.

Having the assets to see through me
is not seeing me and how I work
 or where all prayers come from
 and where they go after I'm done with them.

The reconstruction of me is the copy
of someone who died trying to understand
why people on the streets remained there.
I'm trapped inside a force
that's stronger than what I imagine
gravity tells me to do from a few meters high.
I can see through it
but have no conclusions of how to escape
(much like what you have tried to do with me).

clockwork prayer
a story in one act

JUANELO TURRIANO

Stair's Edge

The less-used stairs he tripped over
could have been less used for a reason.

It could have been an unused wing
that could have had some sort of toxin or haunting
coursing through it. When he fell, the stench must have been
the agent that could have made him mad.

Maybe his lusting after his stepmother
caused one foot to lag in front of the other
by the lethargy he gets when he sees her with his father.

He might as well be his stepsister
and there would be no harm done.

It could have led to a room that his mother died in
because if he wasn't born then maybe
his mother could have lived a few years longer
and could have had more children.

Those children could or could not have been sane
like him except that he could not have been crazy at all
but, in fact, could have been driven mad at an early age
from simple motherlessness, or worse fatherlessness,
as his father the King could have neglected him
while trying to find a Queen to rule.

If the edge of the stair could curl itself up a little further
maybe the boy would have been saved, but what could have been is
no longer.

PHILIP II

Pillows

Dips in the soft
cloth are like calm waves
gently crashing along the spiked rocks
that cut into the ocean
and make it bleed out over the sand.
The ocean cries

at its inhabitants aquatic, *make way*
for less room.
Some find their way
grasping
for sanctuary in the ocean's tears
between tiny glitters of sand.
The Prince saw the lost fish too—the same soft waves
that make his head float

through his contingency that
makes him feel like he has only been
on his boat for a short while.

When he reached the shore, he picked fish up
by striking a finger through the eyes
and forced the ocean to eat its excrement.

SURGEON

The Illness

When I walked into the room
I noticed his eyes became bulges
that wanted to escape the infection
in his skull. Eyes so swollen
that they reached past
his nose and I wondered
what he saw that God
found it necessary to blind him.
Tomorrow will be three weeks
since he has been in a state

that lingers slightly past the midpoint
of any journey. I cannot tell if the end
for him is black suction coming
from the black of his soul
or the crystal light that shines
on his bedside slightly after noon.
The physicians are giving him
another look during long-winded
conversations that feel empty
in attempts and arguments.
The heir-apparent fades
into the pale cream of his seats.
He cannot open his eyes

and I feel that he may be seeing more
about his country than the King ever could.

DON CARLOS

My Thoughts on Today

Dry blood didn't look black
when I cut my toe
on the rocks outside.

Perhaps I didn't stay long enough
to watch it turn into a tiny dark ocean
with cracks on the edges
that flake up like snow.

It was a dark red,
my favorite color,
and when I touched it,
 the black hole on the back of my head,
I think I may have touched my brain.

Maybe the part that perceives taste
or sound because I haven't used
taste for anything besides saliva in days,
and I don't see green and red patches
where my eyes used to be.

The doctors are still talking
in the other room.

I wonder where my father is.

Is he beside me like days ago,
or is that someone else
that makes a shadow
where my father should be.

I wonder where my father is.

I try to remember when the crying stopped
from other people.

I never cried
or couldn't because when I woke
from whatever may have happened
I couldn't see,

but I could feel
a sharp sting where the black hole is.

I don't think they knew I was awake.

When will the doctors ever stop talking and
let me tell them that I stopped seeing colors.

SURGEON

Fault Line

The fault line builds pressure and beats
to itself as the other palaces pulse with fear.

It's the first thing they saw—
the dark brown that buries the red
where gems of every color are made

special—
when they heard of the sight
they adored.
Cracks

now have little families in
the splinters of the fault
that shake the unwanted
out and feed hungry lava.

They marvel at the view,
how the sun gleams through
the fault's trembling edges,
wondering why majestic

matters seem better at a
lower angle than above—
where slants in lines
make colors sharp.

PHILIP II

Invitation to the Deathbed

All candles except one fade as
the surgeon packs his bags
for the last night. No wonder

the surgeon failed his King,
and by extension or not,
his God by trying the rip
the poison or curse or soul
out of his little fragile body
swollen with something
as captivating as the light
that has turned its back.
The surgeon looks at his tools

now stained with black
royal blood and believes
pulling pieces of the boy's skull
out was the only best choice
that someone had to make.
This must have been what
it felt like when the Garden

was left behind. The boy lies
still and too quiet to be alive.

PHILIP II

Bedside Manner

This will be my last time
kneeling to You when I have more
power to bestow what I want

for me, and my son.
I've brought Your best physical servants
here to help him

and in Your country
they tamper with science
and alchemy that would make
You smile so wide
that Your clouds would split

and show me that You have the power
that I have to bring my son back
from whatever oblivion You sent him to.
I could never do that to my son.
I will trade You and see who does better.

PHILIP II

Miracle

n. 1. a welcome event that is not explicable by natural or scientific laws and is therefore considered to be the work of a divine agency; see also: *mana*

2. if there is anything holy left in these slums it is him and he must be saved before the kingdom goes mad. Take these beads and coins on his behalf. I have little more than clothes and thin shoes, but please take my prayers and unforeseen miracles and give them to the King and his son, with love.

3. brought upon by a specific divine agency that I am in personal contact with as I am the closest to this golden standard

4. getting on my knees, I ask for what is certainly within reach and I will make it worth Your while

5. can't remember what day it is haven't seen light in days may not be the light but the mirror of my bedsheets in the bed or my head under the bedsheets I haven't been outside and can't seem to see when

DON CARLOS

Dream

A tall man,
I think,
was standing
at the foot
of my bed
and shined.

If my eyes
were open,
they would
have shut
and burned

the spirit
in the back
of my skull.

He could not
touch me
even though
he was so
close that I
imagined him
breathing on
my hand.

I wanted his
robes to be
brighter
so that I
knew for sure
that this
ethereal
thing was not
a trick of
a sorcerer
that I have
seen before.

But I cannot

find the source.

He looked
into my eyes
without having
some himself
as if they sunk
to the back
of his mind
or as he has
been living
without them
for some time.

Even without eyes
he saw me
like I felt him
and reassured
me that things,
what things?
were going
to be alright.

In the morning
no time had
passed when
I finally
woke.

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

A Royal Request

Someone picked me up today
to see if I was still awake.
Of course I was, and they took me
by the ankles, back, and neck
and covered my face with my robes.
I'm a little embarrassed to be out
in uniform when I haven't had
my head shaved for years.
My hand slides off my torso
as we travel. I feel the dirt
between stones on the ground
and know that we are outside.
It's a little wetter than I remember.
I get lost in thinking about where
I might be going when I feel my hand
get shut in a door. One eyebrow
moves, but the priests don't seem
to notice. Then I remember a bed.
The nicest bed I have ever touched.
I could feel the weight of sheets
on my ribs and wanted to breathe
just to feel its weight.
When they uncovered me,
I noticed that a young man
didn't know he had company.
I felt rude and out of place
until priests
rubbed my hand over his swollen
feverish face. All that hustle
and stealth and this is
all they wanted from me?

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Sans Rigor Mortis

Still sweet nostrils
flare when a girl
with an appetite for
the slums walks by.
Reaching out to touch
her hand is a reasonable response
until the detail in the preservation
under my skin is more telling
than my sharp nose.

Push it down to see if it bounces back.

If my nose is that sweet,
my eyes should be plump
and reflective like a polished
doorknob. Perhaps removing
the eyes would be better
for those who have trouble
seeing common friarhood plagues.
One day, someone will catch
my foot twitching and they'll know.

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Henry IV of Castile

circa 1470

Horses scare the mightiest men
when eyes twitch and skin
flicks making parasites cling
to their skin nervous.

A little imbalance will do
and gravity will take care
of what comes next:
 there are thirty-two bones
 in the human arm
 and two of them decided to break,
 maybe even shatter, like
 a piece of rosin under a foot.

When the king sang
of his intense pain
the doctors didn't know
what to give him
or what to say
as doctors usually do.

Still singing, he came
to me and begged for
his arm to be replaced.

I could not stand his singing.

His squires took me
out of my casket cell
and sat me upright next to him
like friends on a sunny
and singing day.
He kissed me on the shoulder,
which I've never seen

a man do to another man,
then took my hand and put it
on his injured arm.
Pieces of bone were trying to
escape his being since

they were mistreated
for their lifetime's use.
I told the bones to be quiet
and the singing stopped.

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Dear Lord, My Demon Is Reading

Speaking words so sacred
is only good for the poor
where I spent most of my time
serving, and I can't help
but to wonder that You have
me here because of my demon
that I can fix with a few lessons
from men at the church. I stare
at the books on the tables
and have tried to learn letters
that make sounds into
internal silent stories. They know,
and I know, but we do not speak
of it. I want to write down what
I want on my tombstone when
they decide to bury me, but I probably won't
have anyone I care about to come
read it.

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Abscess

keep it covered
tear open
spill out
find nothing
open again

still nothing
except ichor

prayers

possibly food
worse demons

but in letters

can't find
sounds nice
but why
wish I could
for the best

demons really
I tried
wouldn't let me
out once more

sweet relief
once infection

now open
covered again
open suffocate

closed tomorrow
not enough food
sorry
can't help

arm's use

not anymore
maybe next day
promise

letter here
open and read it
me no couldn't
wish I could help

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Woodcut Panels

Falling backwards is my specialty—
 into beds,
 on benches.

Looking backwards before
I fall, I see sick people
who make eye contact with
my shoulder blades before
getting what they ask for.
My toes now accessorized
with clouds and two suns,
one stuck
to the back of my head,
shine on. There are days
when my neck feels tired
from looking down.

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

Hand

My hand no more nimble than yours is infamous for bending at the wrist and each joint without cracking which is replaced with the snap of pliable fingers and lingering pointing at you whoever you are to reach out and touch man like an angel touched the hand of God but it was my left and not my right that caught the sweat from his growth which kept my hand moist for some time after and stained the rim of my cloak with uncertainty.

SURGEON

Reality

A strong immune system despite
his lack of perception.
Nothing more than a lymphatic system
overworking to attack its owner
for nothing
in return.

JUANELO TURRIANO

Replications

When the Emperor asked me to fix his grand clock
I told him it was eroded beyond repair.

The chains skipped beats with
bird feces and corpses fused to the cogs.

I told him that I could try to restore its beauty
but there was a greater likelihood of failure

if it looked nothing like it did before,
which I would notice because

I'm capable of recreating this clock
mostly from memory and some drawings

that I've kept in my chests for years.
I told him that I would have to tear it apart

and rebuild it exactly how it was.
The Emperor trusted me enough

to give me the project even though
in reality there was nothing wrong with it.

MONKBOT

Jammed Arm

I teach them prayers

are the same and equal in need
and rhythm and time.

I do not feel this way.

There is a weight to many
things that I have heard
and carried throughout
my time frolicking on tables

that I carry all too well.

They won't stop telling
me to keep praying
and rape me with a key.

I feel like my cross will break
in my hand if I hold it
too tight. Sometimes my arm
is weighed down by a crucifix.

JUANELO TURRIANO

Movement

When I found it difficult to make the toy horses
for the Emperor without making
them bounce,

I could have painted
a smile and a little blush on their faces

so they looked like they had just finished giggling.
But paint seems to chip away, especially if the owner

of the toys has longer fingernails and a nervous habit of picking
scabs. No, I found that the movement
inside the toys was much more
telling, more real than any paint could have accomplished.

Even the portrait of the Emperor on the wall
looks like a fake ghost that has a need to blink.

I can see the cracks in the portrait's edges
and he cannot move or the cracks will become worse.

Portraits are nothing but a fake art.

DON CARLOS

Marquis

with Friedrich Schiller

The voice of rumor,
the joy-delirious man of this blasphemy.
I foresense a moment of disaster.
It will collapse if his sublime heart has
forgotten how to beat for human kind.
Dreams, prince? Could they have
been nothing more but dreams?

My punishment for some misdeed.

DON CARLOS

Don Carlos Doesn't Do His Homework

Oh my _____ I am _____ very _____

for all my _____ because they are _____

oh _____, oh are.

I firmly _____, with your _____ of your _____

To make up for my _____ and to _____ as I should.

_____.

JUANELO TURRIANO

Guiding Waters

There are days where I want my harbors
to fail and flood the city

to show people that dirt can rinse off
but too much can turn to mud

and stop them from getting to wherever
they're trying to go. When I fit mechanisms

together, I try to make them like little toys
that break if a child throws a tantrum

across the city from hunger or boredom.
There's something more important than flooding

the city that only shapes and intervention
can construe to make the city I build

one before its time, where the eyes of the beholders
know nothing about the sound of water in their lungs.

PHILIP II

Prison Cell

The bed is soft from feathers
of baby birds grown older,
leaving softness
stuck to the splinters of twigs
and between threads
of an old rag. This nest
is softer since there has
been a prisoner inside.
The walls look softer
as the burgundy turns
into a welcoming pillow
and echoes. When bodies
slam against the side wall,
muffled screams linger
through the halls,
screams that are forced
through the tiny spaces
between door and floor.
The room grows softer
when the steam from
hot mouths sticks
between layers in the bed
making the space
between the bed and floor
more hospitable for our guest prisoner.

JUANELO TURRIANO

Water Clock

Each revolution one hour. One

more spin to make quarter-days into half-days
by buckets of water and counterweights

where the operating rope twists and challenges
the bucket to get lighter.

The weight of the bucket is heavy
like a severed head
with a heavy collar from a winter coat.

Slow dripping.
The bucket gets lighter

to rise to the height of its time
before it returns to its soaked depths to start
the cycle over again.

Each empty bucket a tranquil release.

JUANELO TURRIANO

The Lady and the Lute

Dancing, she grabs her lute
and clinks with the tings of bells
sharp in the ear washed out
by the pleasantness in her
painted smile and nodding
waist, bobbing and swinging
to please.

DON CARLOS

Don Carlos and the Witch of Endor

call the spirit
only the one I name

where the shadow
leaks through

cracks in floor

swallows dust

to reach my toe

only the one I name
bring up

promised witch

you will not
be punished
for this

shadow
under toenail
empty stinging

I want it badly
to be there

the stinging

seeing a figure
coming from
dirt

looks not young
anymore
and wearing a robe

answers
she has them

from the abode
of the dead

she puppets me
complains
says it will

be over soon

figure fades
shadow remains

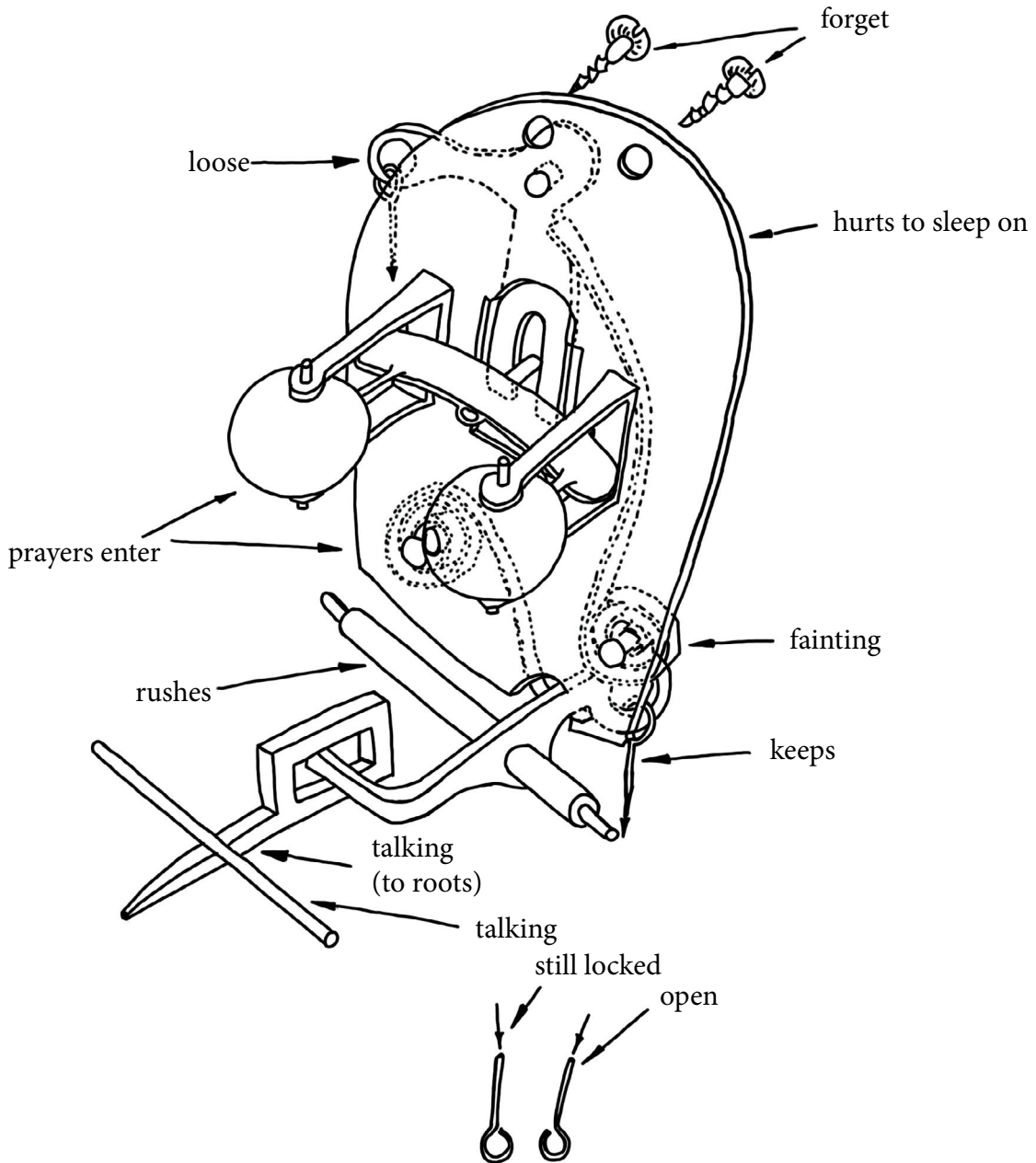
witch leaves me
with answers

called my name
shadow remains

JUANELO TURRIANO

Anonymous (The Monk)

(Characteristics and layout determined by radiography)



DON CARLOS

The Illness, Part II

Failing nodes

behind head

creating all symptoms

equal.

Affliction no

more than

space

between nerves

disrupted by abscess.

Tiny bodies through veins

out of

order

increase in number

through heat

eating

memories fleeting.

Eating contestants

constant restraints

leaving now want to.

DON CARLOS

Chiasmus

Bring me food for the dogs
and make my father regret the day he locked me here.
I stick old meat in the door's mouth to fill the hall with the smell
of my body decaying in the sun with no food and no water
and being sore from sleeping in my bed and smelling my skin's dust.
Don't bring me food so I can starve.
I'll starve until I'm let out of this room
and sleep to hoard energy when my bed is filled with death.
Skin begins to crack from being dry in the sun with
the smell of my chamber pot filled with my old meaty body.
My father will lock me in a new cell.
Bring me my meals and cold water.

MONKBOT

Thump

My lungs take up my entire torso
from my neck to my ankles.
The thump rings between
tings and clicks of my insides
despite my lack of lungs and humors.

Thumps come from the middle
of the case I live in when I am
not home or teaching the lot
how to pray correctly.
Thumps hurt most of the time.

Thumps wrapped in twine
or silk are muted, but my spine
still rubs against the side of
the trunk, and I can't help

but wonder if this is what a coffin
feels like on the inside,
rubbing knuckles until
they bleed still blood
or how the lid snags hair
as it's moved through the city.

DON CARLOS

Assumption

Heaven's teeth are iodine
with pools of brown
where the roots sit
on clouds full with the stuff
of stones that cast a deep gray
over deep veins
in the surface of the earth.

I climbed up to see them once,
the teeth,
and hopped from mountain
to mountain to see if
I could lick the
syrup. It wasn't sweet

but tasted of
being above ground
and condensed.
The smothering
made me miss home,
and I told the teeth
that I could stay
no longer.

I made the rocks
from the clouds welcome
guests for my pockets.
I returned to my room with
them, but they were wasting
away under my bed.

Once, I saw a cloud come down
to retrieve them
because it was losing pieces
of itself from people
like me. I licked the rocks
and told her never
to return.

MONKBOT

Prayer

thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you

I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry

help help help help help help help help help help

please please please please please please please

DON CARLOS

Don Carlos Takes His Life

Has following me thus far
helped in your success?

Ask me again: what should

I draw on my bedroom walls?
Where should I leave room
for the blank wall to stare?
What does gold paint feel like?
Can poison only come from

bad-tasting things? Perhaps,
if you were to visit me someday,
you will let me go and then what?
Shall I write you another song
about my father? Why is the back

of my throat bleeding? Can this
count as flogging? Can blood make
a diamond softer? Will the bearer

kill me? Maybe if I asked him to?
If I have to do it myself, will he
follow? Who will clean up
if I am gone? What if I need
him to tell the other

I've given up to force out
a reply?

PHILIP II

Legacy's Legend

Today we mourn ~~after struggle~~
a lost man of God and Son
of Spain. ~~Tomorrow I will not—~~
~~can't find~~ The ways that have shown themselves
over the years,
for which I am not regretful,
repent for our son that has passed. ~~My face stiff~~
With justice,
our country will find ~~vibrant ways to~~
~~stain history dark purple like ink~~
new leadership in newborns ~~that grows mad~~
~~with the hunger to lead and bleed guts over~~
~~things that don't exist like poison that drips~~
~~off the cuff of the sleeve that sticks to the walls~~
~~of this place~~———— as he did and bring us new light to this day.

MONKBOT

Monkbot Gets Forgotten

I miss playing
and the sounds of hollering
after dinner interspersed with laughter
of one wine too many. I dream

about my creator and his hands.
I miss the smell of hands,
the way they clamor when
I'm being wound for rounds
of kidding and patting.
It has been dark here.

I can't tell time without the sun
or the pressure of anything moving
around me. Even under darkness

I feel a presence in my nose
and I want it to go away.

epilogue

The simulacrum is never that
which conceals the truth—
it is the truth which conceals
that there is none.
The simulacrum is true.

Ecclesiastes

appendix

All these things must always be kept
in view in order that the work may go well,
and thus there will be nothing to desire,
unless it be fitting place so formed by his own nature.

Juanelo Turriano

XII

The sharp nose points to God
and cuts through the veil of angles

 which have not, according to the nose,
assumed human figures
but rather human figurines
that step along
in squares of penance
addressing every corner
of the room
where dust clings in the creases
huffing concerns that get stuck
between the nose and its gears.

XI

Holes are made from keys

forced through exoskeletons of toys

savaged in swift motions.

Plump fingers cannot find their way

to the moist center of the springs and levers

that will lead him to where

some beetles find solace.

One, two, three, four

and go until it's time to stop

or fall off the edge

to crack the wooden face in.

X

Deconstruct the eye's orbit
for images reversed and upside down
projected on the back of the soul.

Carlos floats from the bottom of the staircase
up to perfect balance.

Eyes like his roll into its chambers
and see all things in perfect order
that latch onto pounding hearts and kisses.

The cross in its hand stands
on point no matter the direction.

IX

Intimacy between
a tool and a bone
has a delicate imbalance:

one has control,
the other can't
relinquish
in order
to maintain
harmony.

VIII

Locomotive corpses find conduits—

the spine of an alive book

heel of a shoe before britching age

yarn that won't be woven until tomorrow

almost silence behind the left eye's nerve—

to be familiar through failed

motions as they should be

away lest needed.

VII

Day: platforms are smoothed, ready for edging

Day: flaws emerge from tools and start again

Day: wires pull levers, jaw unclenched

Day: joints cramp while tinkering

Day: structure is stable, may be too heavy

Night: motion reveals its pattern, master disapproves

Day: inception is not prepared (this day)

VI

Fill in leftover

inhibitions containing wires

and noisy cogs

for the twit that keeps

feet warm

with friction.

V

CAPILLA Y ALTAR
DE SAN
DIEGO DE ALCALÁ
CUERPO INCORRUPTO

†1463 1975

IV

There are four points on the cross

Father, Son, Holy Spirit

and the missing one—

Automaton.

III

Confusion of God on Earth

more poignant

for chains and cranks.

II

tech•nol•o•gy (1) the application of scientific knowledge for practical purposes

(2) the foundation of a Second Coming

I

See what makes God tick.

Notes

The epigraph of the collection comes from an album by rock artist 10 Years entitled *Minus the Machine*. The album as a whole supplements this collection through its diction, allusions, and images.

“Henry IV of Castile”: This illustrates one of many of Alcalá’s miracles, which are found somewhere in his book of miracles (as it is locally referred) where believers documented their miraculous recoveries.

“Dear Lord My Demon Is Reading”: Alcalá’s greatest weakness was illiteracy in the eyes of Lope de Vega, a playwright who made a short play to illustrate the life and challenges of Alcalá.

“Abscess”: It is rumored that Alcalá died of an abscess in his right arm.

“Reality”: This poem comes from an essay written by L.T. Andrew Villalon that illustrates what happened to Don Carlos in his accident using modern medical inferences.

“Woodcut Panels”: From Cornelius Galle’s *Diego de Alcalá (vita)*, a woodcut first published in 1614.

“Replications”: The clock Turriano was instructed to rebuild was the astrarium built by Giovanni de’ Dondi in Padua.

“Movement”: Inspired by the Spanish idiom “You demonstrate movement by moving” that appears in the epigraph of Elizabeth King’s article.

“Marquis”: Lines that appear in this poem are spliced from Schiller’s *Don Carlos*. Marquis is a High Knight and utters many of the things I would have said the Don Carlos. These lines are from the English translation by Charles E. Passage.

“Don Carlos Doesn’t Do His Homework”: A fill-in-the-blank of the Act of Contrition.

“Guiding Waters”: Turriano’s codex is mostly about how to build efficient harbors for which he is the most famous for.

“Prison Cell”: When Don Carlos became distractingly mad, King Philip II locked him in his room under solitary house arrest six months before his mysterious death.

“Water Clock”: The water clock is described in illustration 470 in Book XXI of Turriano’s codex. It is described in little detail compared to how much he describes the construction

of harbors, but he does have a couple of illustrations on what these non-traditional clocks may have looked like.

“The Lady and the Lute”: Turriano’s most famous automaton.

“Don Carlos and the Witch of Endor”: Taken after 1 Samuel chapter 28; referenced in Schiller’s *Don Carlos* at line 5288.

“Anonymous (The Monk)”: The figure was originally drawn by W. David Todd. (*Components of the internal mechanism of the monk*; National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C).

“Prayer”: Inspired by the speculation of Monkbot’s movements during the Radiolab podcast *A Clockwork Miracle*.

“Don Carlos Takes His Life”: Taken after 1 Samuel chapter 31.

“Assumption”: After the Catholic dogma Assumption of Mary.

Epilogue epigraph is a fictionalized verse that was crafted by Jean Baudrillard in his digital media essay “The Precession of Simulacra” (1983).

Appendix epigraph is from Book XX in Turriano’s codex about the construction of harbors in Athens.

“V”: San Diego de Alcalá’s epitaph.

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