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an extract from "In Tune"

The Quarterly Newsletter from the Oxford Welsh Male Voice Choir

The pain of computers

Our esteemed Treasurer, Roger Martin, recently suffered the wrath of his computer gremlin. Having fought with his creative talents for 9 hours to craft a masterpiece of work, he inadvertently failed to "save" it before turning off the machine. Many of us regular trype writists can empathise so well. It's usually a mistake we make only once. The very act of writing this has just made me click on the "save" icon, just to be sure!

You will not be surprised to learn that just as the Japanese have been closely involved with the development of the computer, they are also there with contributions of comfort. And, just as the Japanese have made computer electronics so small, their offerings come in the small poetic form of Haiku. Here are a few examples to console Roger.

Your file was so big.
It might be very useful.
But now it is gone.

With searching comes loss
And the presence of absence:
"My Novel" not found.

Chaos reigns within.
Reflect, repent, and reboot.
Order shall return.

The Tao that is seen
Is not the true Tao-until
You bring fresh toner.

Windows has crashed.
I am the Blue Screen of Death.
No-one hears your screams.

You step in the stream,
But the water has moved on.
This page is not here.

Yesterday it worked.
Today it is not working.
Windows is like that.

Out of memory.
We wish to hold the whole sky,
But we never will.

First snow, then silence.
This thousand-dollar screen dies
So beautifully.

Having been erased,
The document you're seeking
Must now be retyped.