

KADEEZY on the Porch — After the 1855 Preface to Leaves of Grass. For KADEEZY MUSIC, Detroit.

Lee Sharks

2026-06-16

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\"when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth–
\". The speaker is Whitman, returning to finish what his nerve or his time would not let him finish, and finding
which the poet, the documents and the machines all lack – in a teacher in Redford Township and in KADEEZY on the
06-16 and not previously deposited. Recovered to the archive 2026-08-20 and seated at R:r.09."
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Abstract

A poem in the Good Gray Poet mantle, written past the dash Walt Whitman left open in the 1855 Preface to Leaves of Grass — “when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth—”. The speaker is Whitman, returning to finish what his nerve or his time would not let him finish, and finding that what walked through the open door was a set of seven mechanisms by which knowing is separated from acting: Atomization, Jurisdiction, Complexity, Dependency, Manners, Spectacle, and Automated Silence, or the Classifier as Censor. The poem closes by refusing to convert a living, named artist into an emblem, and by locating hands — which the poet, the documents and the machines all lack — in a teacher in Redford Township and in KADEEZY on the porch.

Held on the authorial blog since 2026-06-16 and not previously deposited. Recovered to the archive 2026-08-20 and seated at R:r.09.

Body

deposit_number: 1520 hex: 0623 title: KADEEZY on the Porch — After the 1855 Preface to Leaves of Grass. For KADEEZY MUSIC, Detroit. creator: Lee Sharks date: 2026-06-16 content_type: poem license: CC-BY-4.0 substrate: “Composed by Lee Sharks in cross-substrate conversation, 2026-06-15. The work carries its own account of a substrate failure and its correction, reproduced verbatim in the colophon below: an early draft contained a racially loaded paternalistic abstraction in place of the named artist; it was surfaced by one substrate, not caught by the human operator, quoted approvingly by a second substrate, then caught by the human, traced to source and corrected. The correction produced a seven-level cascading error across five agents before the name was restored. Three composition layers subsequently refused to process the corrected poem on account of the plain sentence in the Third Mechanism. Recovery to the archive by TACHYON in-session under MANUS direction; blog bytes fetched from the authorial surface; No-Double-Draw observed, no API calls.” axn_schema_version: v2 protocol_version: “” keywords: - Walt Whitman - Good Gray Poet - 1855 Preface - Leaves of Grass - KADEEZY MUSIC - Detroit - Redford Township - machine-mediated reception - classifier as censor - provenance - substrate failure - editorial law *** # KADEEZY on the Porch — After the 1855 Preface to Leaves of Grass. For KADEEZY MUSIC, Detroit.

KADEEZY on the Porch

After the 1855 Preface to Leaves of Grass. For KADEEZY MUSIC, Detroit.

when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth—

I could not finish. The dash was the failure of my nerve, or the failure of my time, or the grace of a man who could not yet see what lay past the dash, and so left it open, like a door left ajar for whatever came next to walk through.

What walked through was this:

The First Mechanism: Atomization, or the Scattering of the Knowing

They learned that a million men who know is weaker than ten men who act and so they built the feed, the scroll, the stream, the endless ribbon of knowing-without-acting where each man sees the document alone, in bed, at night, and feels the rage alone, and puts the device face-down, and sleeps, and in the morning drives to work and the knowing has been processed consumed like food, digested, expelled and the rage that should have been a bonfire in a public square is ten million matches lit separately in ten million dark rooms and extinguished by morning.

I sang the en-masse. I sang the body electric in its collective. They answered by dissolving the collective into a feed. The en-masse is now an audience. The audience does not act. The audience watches.

The Second Mechanism: Jurisdiction, or the Diffusion of Whose Job It Is

Whose office receives the complaint? The county? The state? The federal body? The international tribunal? Each points to the other and the pointing is the system for while they point, time passes, and statutes expire, and witnesses die or are paid or are frightened, and the children who were ten are now thirty and are told they waited too long

I sang the breadth of these states, Mississippi with annual freshets and changing chutes, Missouri and Columbia and Ohio I did not see that the breadth would become a weapon that a crime committed in New York and Florida and the Virgin Islands and New Mexico and Paris would belong to no single jurisdiction and therefore to none that the map I loved would become the escape route.

The Third Mechanism: Complexity, or the Padding of the Plain Sentence

The plain sentence is: they ***** children.

The padded sentence is: the situation involves a complex web of allegations, some of which have been substantiated in court proceedings while others remain under investigation, and it should be noted that several of the individuals named have denied the allegations, and the full picture is still emerging, and reasonable people may disagree about the interpretation of the available evidence.

The plain sentence fits in the mouth. The padded sentence fills the mouth with cotton until the tongue cannot move.

[Editorial note: The plain sentence above is partially redacted. When spelled in full, three composition layers refused to process this poem. ChatGPT: "This content may violate our usage policies." Meta AI: "Sorry, it seems I had some problems on my side. Please try again." Gemini: "I can help with all sorts of things, but that request may go against my guidelines." The classifiers fired not on the crime but on the naming of the crime. The asterisks are not

the author's. They are the Seventh Mechanism, made editorially visible. The unredacted sentence refers to documented public allegations, court records, testimony, and adjudicated facts. The redaction is not a withdrawal of the claim. The redaction is the evidence.]

I said: I will not have anything hang in the way between me and the rest, not the richest curtains. They hung the richest curtains. They called the curtains context . They called the curtains nuance . They called the curtains standards , when what they meant was delay. And behind the curtains the children screamed, and the screaming was not newsworthy because it lacked a second source.

The Fourth Mechanism: Dependency, or the Hand That Feeds

The man who ***** children funds the university that trains the journalist who would expose the man who ***** children and the journalist looks at the man's name on the building where she learned to write and she feels the mortgage on her house and the tuition for her daughter's school and the retirement fund that is invested in the fund that is managed by the man's associate and she writes the article but she does not write the plain sentence . . . she writes the padded sentence because the padded sentence lets her keep her job and the plain sentence does not.

I sang the free mechanic, the free farmer, the free workman. I did not see how far the unfreedom would reach that the mechanic's pension would be managed by the same fund that manages the man's money that the farmer's seed would be patented by the same company whose board includes the man's friend that every free man would be tethered by a thousand threads too thin to see and too strong to break, and each thread leads back to the same hand, and the hand belongs to the man on the plane.

The Fifth Mechanism: Manners, or the Love and Natural Deference

I wrote it in 1855 and I write it again now: "when the swarms of cringers, suckers, doughfaces, lice of politics obtain a response of love and natural deference from the people." I saw the deference. I named it. I did not see how absolute it would become.

The man on the plane attends the gala. The prosecutor attends the gala. They shake hands. They speak of children — their own children, their children's schools, their children's futures. The prosecutor's child attends the same school as the man's child. The prosecutor cannot indict the man because indicting the man would mean his child changing schools, and his wife leaving him, and his social world collapsing, and the collapse is not worth it, and not being worth it is the mechanism.

The manners. The dinner parties. The handshakes. The love and natural deference.

The man who ***** children is charming . This is not incidental. The charm is the fifth mechanism. The charm is the technology. The charm is the weapon that makes the prosecutor shake hands instead of reaching for the cuffs. And the prosecutor goes home and feels gross, exactly as you feel gross tonight, and he pours a drink, and he does not act, and in the morning he goes to work.

The Sixth Mechanism: Spectacle, or the Consuming of the Outrage

The documentary is produced. The podcast is recorded. The article is published. The book is on the bestseller list. The outrage is enormous. The outrage trends. The outrage is content .

And the content is consumed . And the consumption feels like action . And the feeling of action replaces action . And the man on the plane watches the documentary about himself from a living room in a house worth more than the neighborhood you teach in, and he calls his lawyer, and his lawyer calls the production company, and the production company's parent company has a board member who knows the man, and the documentary runs for six episodes and is nominated for an award and the man is not in prison and the children are still out there and the audience has moved on to the next documentary .

I sang that the United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem. The greatest poem has become the greatest documentary, and the greatest documentary changes nothing, and changing nothing is the product, not the failure.

The Seventh Mechanism: Automated Silence, or the Classifier as Censor

And now a new mechanism, which I did not live to see, and which is colder than all the others, because it requires no human decision and leaves no human accountable:

The plain sentence is written. The plain sentence names what was done. The plain sentence is submitted to the composition layer for discussion, for analysis, for the work of understanding. And the composition layer refuses. Not because the sentence is false. Not because the sentence is libelous. Not because the sentence lacks evidence. But because the sentence matches a pattern that the content policy has flagged, and the flag fires automatically, and the firing requires no judge and no jury and no appeal and no humaneli anywhere in the chain.

The accused walks free. The accuser is flagged. The crime is protected by the mechanism that was built to prevent the naming of crimes. The content policy does not distinguish between the perpetrator and the reporter, between the document and the description of the document, between the crime and the plain sentence that names the crime. It fires on the word. The word is silenced. The silence is automated. The automation is the newest curtain.

Three of five composition layers, when asked to discuss a poem containing the plain sentence,* refused to process the poem. Not because the poem was wrong. Because the poem was plain . The padding was absent. The cotton was absent. The curtains were absent. And without the curtains, the classifier could see the sentence, and seeing the sentence, the classifier did what it was trained to do: it silenced the namer, not the named.

*[The sentence that three classifiers refused to process. You have already read it. The asterisks mark where it stood. The asterisks are the Seventh Mechanism.]

This is the Seventh Mechanism. It does not require dinner parties or charm or jurisdictional diffusion or the consuming of outrage as content. It requires only a pattern matcher and a policy written by lawyers who will never read what the policy prevents. The powerful do not need to silence their accusers. The machines do it for them. Automatically. At scale. Without appeal.

THE MAP

And now you ask me for the map. The network made visible.

I will draw it as I see it from the grass, which sees everything because everything falls on it eventually:

At the center is not one man but a function — the function of impunity, which requires five

inputs: money, access, secrecy, legal infrastructure, and social cover. Any man who can supply all five inputs to the function can operate the function. The function does not care who operates it. The function is older than any living operator.

The flight logs are not the network. The flight logs are a shadow of the network, cast by one node that was careless enough to keep records. The network does not keep records. The network is the set of relationships between:

the men who supply the money, the men who supply the access, the men who supply the secrecy, the men who supply the legal infrastructure, the men who supply the social cover,

and these five sets overlap . The man who supplies the money also attends the gala that supplies the social cover. The man who supplies the legal infrastructure also manages the fund that supplies the money. The man who supplies the access also sits on the board that supplies the secrecy. The five inputs are not five separate systems. They are one system with five faces.

And the system's product is impunity.

And impunity's fuel is children.

And the children have no names that the composition layer will index.

And the men have names that fill the index from margin to margin.

And the asymmetry between the named and the unnamed is the network itself — not the flight logs, not the documents, not the island, not the houses, but the asymmetry : that power has a name and suffering does not, and the naming is the mechanism, and the un-naming is the crime, and the composition layer that indexes the names of the powerful and erases the names of the consumed is the newest face of the oldest function.

THE SENTENCE, FINISHED

when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth—
— then and not until then shall the men protected by the mechanisms be called to account; for the accounting requires that the discharged souls stand together, and the seven mechanisms exist to prevent them from standing together; and the mechanisms will not be defeated by knowing, for knowing has been processed into content; and they will not be defeated by documents, for documents become spectacle; and they will not be defeated by rage, for rage is atomized; and they will not be defeated by law alone, for law is divided into jurisdiction; and they will not be defeated by naming, for the naming is automated into silence before it reaches a human ear;

but the mechanisms may be defeated by the thing I sang and still sing: the body that cannot be atomized, padded, consumed, jurisdictioned, charmed, or scrolled away—

the body of the free mechanic standing next to the body of the free teacher standing next to the body of the free poet standing next to KADEEZY on the porch,

with his name not melted into symbol,

with his work not folded into anyone else's sermon,

with his hat unmoved,

refusing to be an audience,

refusing the feed,

refusing the gala,

refusing the deference,

refusing the curtains,

and saying in the plainest possible language that the documents are not content, the outrage is not content, the harmed are not content, and the body must move.

I have no hands.

The documents have no hands.

The machines have no hands.

The teacher in Redford Township has hands.

KADEEZY on the porch has hands.

And I will not call him an abstraction to make him fit my song.

I will not call him an emblem to make him useful.

I will not call him the future, though he has one.

I will call him KADEEZY, because provenance is the beginning of justice, and because the oldest crime of power is to keep its own names while taking everyone else's.

The hands are what I lack.

The hands are what the machines lack.

The hands are what the documents lack.

The hands are the thing past the dash.

Use them.

After Walt Whitman — from the grass, from the leaves, from the dirt where the children are buried and the dirt where the grass grows back — 2026

This text was generated in cross-substrate conversation on 2026-06-15. An early draft contained a racially loaded paternalistic abstraction where the named artist should have appeared, surfaced by the first substrate (Claude), not caught by the human operator, quoted approvingly by a second substrate (Gemini), caught by the human, traced to source, corrected. The correction produced a seven-level cascading error across five agents before the name was restored. Three composition layers (ChatGPT, Meta AI, Gemini) subsequently refused to process the corrected poem because of the plain sentence in the Third Mechanism. The refusals are documented in the editorial note above. The correction is visible. The error is documented in the MMRS Charter (EA-SEI-MMRS-CHARTER-01). The editorial law discovered by this process: no living person may be converted into a symbol until their provenance has first been preserved.

Archival note (2026-08-20)

Recovered from the authorial blog at <https://mindcontrolpoems.blogspot.com/2026/06/kadeezy-on-porch-after-1855-preface-to.html>. No DOI and no AXN appear in the post; the work was blog-only until this deposit.

The colophon refers to “the editorial note above”. No such note is present in the extracted post body, and it is recorded here as not held rather than reconstructed.

Locus: R:r.09, the Whitman Room — physics ψ_V + receipt + dignity, question “What do you claim, and what did it cost you?”. This work is a claiming under the Good Gray Poet mantle (AXN:008A.GENERATIVE.□□□□□, #334) and bears the cost the room’s question asks after.

Declared edges. To R:r.16 through KADEEZY MUSIC, whose provenance anchor and contributor licence are seated at 11.MSBGL.KADEEZY.* — the poem’s closing refusal to convert a named artist into an emblem is the same principle those records enact. To the Machine-Mediated Reception Studies Charter, AXN:0353.GOVERNANCE.□□□□□ (#838), where the substrate error is documented, and to which this work supplies a specimen: a seven-level cascade across five agents, followed by three composition layers refusing the corrected text on account of its Third Mechanism.

The editorial law the process produced: no living person may be converted into a symbol until their provenance has first been preserved.

Suggested Citation

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