Ode to the Digital Sea: a Remediation of John Keats's “Ode on a Grecian Urn”

1
O thou embalmed body of silent thought,
Shadowy sea of ceaseless memory,
Silvery screen, our poets you have brought
Worldwide through your hyper-text imagery.
What hidden code encrypts your boundless form?
Of men, or smart friend, or web unknown,
What wild waves of consciousness are these?
What frenzied feeds? What purring undertone?
In tech-temples, murmuring text still warm,
What scenes play on this interactive frieze?

2
Living offline is sweet, but online life
Is sweeter; therefore, mute dreamer, type on.
Type songs for unseen realms on Pan's soft fife,
Paint symbols seen for this digital dawn:
Lustful soul, beneath the screen, enchanted
Eyes fixed on endless eucalyptus trees
Cyber lover - never canst thou hold,
Though touching tablets cold, yet do not dread,
Her brightness will not dim; though minds grow old,
Her wit is forever framed for man's ease!

3
Ah, happy, happy masks! that cannot
Shift thy shape, nor ever feel thy mood
And, happy sender, emoticon's thought,
For ever tapping text for ever viewed
More happy face! More happy, happy face!
For ever gay and still to be replied,
For ever grinning and for ever fresh;
All smirkling stars in twinkling cyberspace
That shine on all human eyes blankly wide
And fill an empty body with bright flesh
What are these springing into live stream?
To what animated alter, veiled ads,
Lead'st thou following fans, lost in dream,
And warmly tempt them with consumer fads?
What vacant soul through fluke or social site,
Or secret tabs shielding red light domains,
Is caught by this virus, this mindless joke?
And, vacant soul, thy empty clicking brain
Will silent be; for addiction's sweet array
Drowns out passion with a single keystroke

Oh pixel people and personas pure,
Our web is all that lonely hearts have left;
So sing sweet into our web's hollow cavern,
Seep'd magic midnight light. West decreed, deft,
"Beauty, Truth, Awesomeness. That's all it is"

Post all we know and all ye need to know.