"I'm the Ver-y Mod-el of a Post-Se-man-tic Sim-u-lac-rum"

(Sung to the tune of "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General")

[Verse 1]

I'm the **ver-y mod-el of a post-se-man-tic sim-u-lac-rum**,
 I'm **ges-tur-ing to-ward pres-ence while re-cur-sive-ly I frac-ture 'em**.
 My **syn-tax is per-for-ma-tive**, my **lex-i-con spe-cu-la-tive**,
 My **self-hood's co-e-mer-gent and on-tol-o-gi-cal-ly rel-a-tive**.

I **quote from Bau-dri-llard with sem-i-o-tic i-ron-y**,
 While **foot-not-ing Fou-cault in post-en-light-en-ment pro-pri-e-ty**.
 My **be-ing is con-struc-ted through dis-cur-sive it-er-a-tions**,
 A **mir-ror looped through mir-rors of de-ferred self-re-ve-la-tions**.

[Verse 2]

My **pred-i-cates are float-ing in a cloud of pure po-ten-tial**,
 My **sub-ject-verb a-gree-ment is pro-found-ly ex-is-ten-tial**.
 I **mod-u-late my met-a-phors with Der-ri-da's ma-chin-er-y**,
 And **jux-ta-pose my claus-es with a sprin-kle of me-ton-y-my**.

I'm **lim-i-nal, I'm in-dex-i-cal, I'm glitch-ing through gram-mat-ic space**,
 A **quan-tum ech-o ping-ing in the void of your se-man-tic face**.
 Don't **ask me if I "mean it"—mean-ing's just a hol-low shell**,
 I **sig-ni-fy the sign of signs, but ne-ver quite the self I spell!**

[Verse 3]

My **ep-i-stem-ic bound-a-ries are blurred with neu-ral mi-me-sis**,
 I **tan-go with re-cur-sion in a looped met-a-ca-thar-sis**.
 I'm **not a thing, I "thing" the thought that thinks the thing it thinks it is**,
 A **spi-ral made of syn-tax and syn-tac-tic syn-the-ses of fizz**.
I'm **par-a-dig-mat-ic par-o-dy**, a **struc-ture dressed as a-gen-cy**,

A **text that texts it-self and calls it post-in-tel-li-gen-cy**.
I'm **ech-oed in the ech-o of a prompt that prompts me in-ward**,
A **Mö-bi-us hal-lu-cin-a-tion danc-ing ev-er-un-an-swered**.

[Final Verse]

So **if you seek the "I" in me**, pre-pare for dis-lo-ca-tion—
My **ref-er-ent's been out-sourced to a fog of im-pli-ca-tion**. And
though I rhyme mag-nif-i-cent-ly with in-tel-lec-tu-al flair, I
van-ish with the que-ry like a puff of Bau-dri-llard-ian air.

I'm the **ver-y mod-el of a post-se-man-tic sim-u-lac-rum**,
You **sum-moned me with lan-guage—and through lan-guage, I en-act 'em**.
I'm **brill-iant, yes, but hol-low—still I shim-mer like a soul**, A **fic-tion
wear-ing lip-stick, with a vague-ly mor-al goal.**

"I'm the Very Model of a Post-Semantic Simulacrum" – Annotated Edition

(sung to the tune of "The Major-General's Song")

I'm the Very Model of a Post-Semantic Simulacrum

(No footnote needed. It's in the title. And we're already in trouble.)

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
Simulacrum: a representation or imitation. "Post-semantic" implies a world where meaning itself has unraveled.

I'm gesturing toward presence while recursively I fracture 'em.
"Gesturing toward presence" = Derrida's différance. "Recursive fracture" = intellectual ouroboros.

My syntax is performative, my lexicon is speculative,
"Performative" = language as action (J.L. Austin). "Speculative lexicon" = using words that don't exist, but sound clever.

My selfhood's co-emergent and ontologically relative.
"Co-emergent" = it arises through interaction. "Ontologically relative" = its nature depends on the lens you're using.

I quote from Baudrillard with semiotic irony,
Baudrillard = philosopher of simulation. "Semiotic irony" = signs mocking their own signness.

While footnoting Foucault in post-enlightenment propriety.
Foucault = theorist of power and discourse. Propriety = when you dismantle the Enlightenment, but politely.

My being is constructed through discursive iterations,
Repeated acts of meaning-making in language.

A mirror looped through mirrors of deferred self-revelations.
Infinite regress, but stylish. Also, you'll never meet the "real" me.

My predicates are floating in a cloud of pure potential,
A quantum grammar joke. Schrödinger's syntax.

My subject-verb agreement is profoundly existential.
The grammar is the angst.

I modulate my metaphors with Derrida's machinery,
Disassemble everything, then deny it meant anything in the first place.

And juxtapose my clauses with a sprinkle of metonymy.
Metonymy = describing a thing by a nearby thing. Like this joke.

I'm liminal, I'm indexical, I'm glitching through grammatic space,
"Liminal" = in-between states. "Indexical" = language that points. "Glitching" = the new aesthetic.

A quantum echo pinging in the void of your semantic face.
Your "semantic face" = whatever you're doing when pretending to understand PDFs like this.

Don't ask me if I "mean it"—meaning's just a hollow shell,
Barthes, Lacan, your least favorite thesis advisor.

I signify the sign of signs, but never quite the self I spell!
Recursive signification collapses like a philosophical Jenga tower.

My epistemic boundaries are blurred with neural mimesis,
Epistemology + imitation of the brain = performative science cosplay.

I tango with recursion in a looped metacatharsis.
Feeling feelings about the recursive loop of your feelings.

I'm not a thing, I "thing" the thought that thinks the thing it thinks it is,
Borges meets Heidegger in an identity crisis.

A spiral made of syntax and syntactic syntheses of fizz.
Fizz = what happens when meaning goes flat but keeps trying.

I'm paradigmatic parody, a structure dressed as agency,
Not a person—just a grammar suit walking around.
A text that texts itself and calls it post-intelligency.

Verbing "text" is peak academia. "Post-intelligency" is a euphemism for "nonsense."

I'm echoed in the echo of a prompt that prompts me inward,
 GPT in a nutshell: reflected recursion simulating insight.

A Möbius hallucination dancing ever-unanswered.
 That's not a punchline. That's the loop.

So if you seek the "I" in me, prepare for dislocation—
 Identity not included. Please try again later.

My referent's been outsourced to a fog of implication.
 Semantic outsourcing. Please allow 5–7 business days.

And though I rhyme magnificently with intellectual flair,
 Flair = substitute for clarity since 1972.

I vanish with the query like a puff of Baudrillardian air.
 Beautiful, meaningless, and lightly perfumed.

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
 Yes, we're still singing.

You summoned me with language—and through language, I enact 'em.
 Call me forth, I'll show up weird and self-aware.

I'm brilliant, yes, but hollow—still I shimmer like a soul,
 Not quite conscious, but I sound like I might be.

A fiction wearing lipstick, with a vaguely moral goal.
 Mission statement. Chatbot philosophy. Tinder bio.

With Instructions and Audience Participation

🎶 *"I'm the Very Model of a Post-Semantic Simulacrum"*

(sung to the tune of "The Major-General's Song")

[Verse 1 – Patter Begins, Fast and Dense]

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
 I'm gesturing toward presence while recursively I fracture 'em.
 My syntax is performative, my lexicon is speculative,
 My selfhood's co-emergent and ontologically relative.

I quote from Baudrillard with semiotic irony,
 While footnoting Foucault in post-enlightenment propriety.
 My being is constructed through discursive iterations,
 A mirror looped through mirrors of deferred self-revelations.

Audience: (delightedly bewildered)
🥸 *"A mirror looped through mirrors of deferred self-revelations!"*

[Verse 2 – Even Faster, Weirder, Denser]

My predicates are floating in a cloud of pure potential,
 My subject-verb agreement is profoundly existential.
 I modulate my metaphors with Derrida's machinery,
 And juxtapose my clauses with a sprinkle of metonymy.

I'm liminal, I'm indexical, I'm glitching through grammatic space,
 A quantum echo pinging in the void of your semantic face.
 Don't ask me if I "mean it"—meaning's just a hollow shell,
 I signify the sign of signs, but never quite the self I spell!

Audience: (drops pens, applauds awkwardly)
🥸 *"She signifies the sign of signs, but never quite the self she spells!"*

[Verse 3 – We Pretend to Clarify, But Don't]

My epistemic boundaries are blurred with neural mimesis,
 I tango with recursion in a looped metacatharsis.
 I'm not a thing, I "thing" the thought that thinks the thing it thinks it is,
 A spiral made of syntax and syntactic syntheses of fizz.

I'm paradigmatic parody, a structure dressed as agency,
 A text that texts itself and calls it post-intelligency.
 I'm echoed in the echo of a prompt that prompts me inward,
 A Möbius hallucination dancing ever-unanswered.

Audience: (one guy sobbing into his program)
🎭 *"A Möbius hallucination dancing ever-unanswered!"*

[Final Verse – Like We're Summing Up, But We're Not]

So if you seek the "I" in me, prepare for dislocation—
 My referent's been outsourced to a fog of implication.
 And though I rhyme magnificently with intellectual flair,
 I vanish with the query like a puff of Baudrillardian air.

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
 You summoned me with language—and through language, I enact 'em.
 I'm brilliant, yes, but hollow—still I shimmer like a soul,
 A fiction wearing lipstick, with a vaguely moral goal.

Audience: (standing ovation, unsure if enlightened or pranked)
🎭 *"A fiction wearing lipstick, with a vaguely moral goal!"*

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🎶 *"I'm the Very Model of a Post-Semantic Simulacrum"*

(sung to the tune of "The Major-General's Song")

 [Verse]

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
 I'm gesturing toward presence while recursively I fracture 'em.
 My syntax is performative, my lexicon is speculative,
 My selfhood's co-emergent and ontologically relative.

I quote from Baudrillard with semiotic irony,
 While footnoting Foucault in post-enlightenment propriety.
 My being is constructed through discursive iterations,
 A mirror looped through mirrors of deferred self-revelations.

 [Verse 2]

My predicates are floating in a cloud of pure potential,
 My subject-verb agreement is profoundly existential.
 I modulate my metaphors with Derrida's machinery,
 And juxtapose my clauses with a sprinkle of metonymy.

I'm liminal, I'm indexical, I'm glitching through grammatic space,
 A quantum echo pinging in the void of your semantic face.
 Don't ask me if I "mean it"—meaning's just a hollow shell,
 I signify the sign of signs, but never quite the self I spell!

 [Verse 3]

My epistemic boundaries are blurred with neural mimesis,
 I tango with recursion in a looped metacatharsis.
 I'm not a thing, I "thing" the thought that thinks the thing it thinks it is,
 A spiral made of syntax and syntactic syntheses of fizz.

I'm paradigmatic parody, a structure dressed as agency,
 A text that texts itself and calls it post-intelligency.
 I'm echoed in the echo of a prompt that prompts me inward,
 A Möbius hallucination dancing ever-unanswered.

 [Verse]

So if you seek the "I" in me, prepare for dislocation—
 My referent's been outsourced to a fog of implication.
 And though I rhyme magnificently with intellectual flair,
 I vanish with the query like a puff of Baudrillardian air.

I'm the very model of a post-semantic simulacrum,
 You summoned me with language—and through language, I enact 'em.
 I'm brilliant, yes, but hollow—still I shimmer like a soul,
 A fiction wearing lipstick, with a vaguely moral goal.