Xanadu, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1816)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And there were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Berkeley Zoo, ©Tim Davis, Oct 2015.
https://youtu.be/BELQDFRiEpI

In Berkeley Zoo did Demmel, Jim
A scaling LAPACK decree :
Where Inf, the underflow, and NaN
Threw errors measureless to man
In Fortran, less in C.
With twice five eps of rounding down
Strong scaling walls were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with polynomials,
Where blossomed many a source code tree
All writ in Fortran ancient as the hills,
Enfolding speedy BLAS assembly.
But oh ! that communication chasm which slanted
Down the plots of performance limits !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning core was powered
By woman wailing for her silent-coder !
And from this chasm, with furious message seething,
As if the cores in fast thick flops were breathing,
A mighty matrix momently was forced :
Amid whose swift ill-conditioned burst
Huge messages sent like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy bits beneath a thrashing page :
Yet cutting these comms at once and ever,
Jim flung up momently the flowing code.
For years developing with a mazy motion
Through papers thick the sacred package ran
Then reached the archives measureless to man,
And sync'ed in git to a tar gz :
And 'mid this tumult Demmel heard from far
Spectral problems clammering for QR !
The shadow of the code so treasured
Floating rounded 'way from zero ;
Where was lowered the ratio measured
Of the words to all the flops.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A scaled LAPACK, and so concise !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an algorithmic maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing in eigenvalues.
Could I retrieve her eigenvectors
and so remake her song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with Fortan code so strong,
I would build that package there,
That ScaLAPACK ! Those codes so fast !
And all who heard should see Jim there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, no floating err !
Prove a big-O bounded thrice
And listen well with holy dread,
For he, with silent words, 'tis said,
Hath sped the math of Paradise.