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A Tribute to the Link List

A *Poetic Reflection on Hyperlink Curation*

The link is a gesture. A quiet act of trust, of invitation, of attention.

We are curators now, all of us. Not of galleries or artefacts, but of paths—little glimmering trails across the vast dark forest of the web. We build them not with signs or fences, but with hyperlinks.

A hyperlink is deceptively small. Just some underlined text, or a blue button, or a tucked-away URL. But beneath it hums a whole philosophy of connection.

A hyperlink says:

"*I found something, and I want you to see it.*"

It is the internet's softest art form.

The Garden vs. The Feed

The curated list of links is something tender. It pushes back against the algorithmic torrent of the feed, the endless scroll of "what's next." It is slow, human, intimate.

Someone—somewhere—sat down and chose these things. Not because they would go viral, but because they mattered.

The link list is garden-like, in the way of digital gardens. It grows organically, by attention. It is more compost than code. And like a real garden, it rewards revisiting. Things bloom in different seasons.

A Poetics of Connection

Hyperlinking is poetic. It is the metaphor of the web—this thing reminds me of that thing; this leads to that. It's Whitman's lists, Borges' infinite library, Calvino's constellations. A hyperlink list is a poem built from nodes, not lines. There's a quiet thrill when two links—side by side—speak to each other in ways the author never planned. That's *serendipity*, yes, but also emergent meaning. A digital form of intuition. The list becomes more than the sum of its parts.

The Time Capsule & The Ghost

Every link list is also a time capsule. It reflects a particular mind, at a particular moment, caring about particular things. When we find old blogrolls or hand-coded link pages, we're peeking into someone's ephemeral map of significance.

But links rot. Pages vanish. Domains expire. Some links become ghosts, echoing something that once was. That haunting is part of the beauty too. It reminds us that the web is not eternal, only extendable.

To Curate Is to Care

To make a list of hyperlinks is to practice care. Not curation as self-branding, but curation as a gift. A care package of thought.

"Here is what I've loved," it says.

"Here is what shaped me. Maybe it will shape you too."

The hyperlink list is a kind of public intimacy, a digital mixtape. And like the best mixtapes, it doesn't shout. It invites. It rewards those who linger.

In Praise of the Hand-Curated Link

Let us build link lists like altars. Like trails of breadcrumbs. Like letters to the future. Let us keep making hyperlinks by hand—not to optimize clicks, but to weave meaning. Let us resist the infinite feed by choosing a few, and saying: "These mattered."