The Prefiguration

Poems by
Frank Samperi
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Books published by Frank Samperi include: *Song Book* (1960); *Of Light* (1965); *Branches* (1965); *Morning and Evening* (portfolio with stoneprints by Will Petersen) (1967); *Crystals* (1967); *The Triune* (1969).
Contents

Song Book

Of Light

Branches

Ferns

Morning and Evening

Crystals

So Close
Song Book
On the night of my death
fires will lace
the shoreline
of some unknown beach—

and children
    in loose
    half-length
    blue gowns
will sing my dirge
as unknown vagrants
place my body
on a raft
    covered with lilies
    and seaweed—

and after they have
fastened down my body
with rope
    they (the vagrants)
and the children
will set
    the raft
    adrift
I am an anchorite.
and (I am Manfred’s half-brother.)

In the morning
I go to a coffee shop.

Sunlight is
on things.

the young wives are wheeling baby carriages
the old wives are carrying large packages of food

The Avenue
Seethes with health.

After I have had
my coffee and toast
I go back to my furnished room.

I am stirred by some
white blossoms near
low uncut hedges.
and

the wind cools my eyes-
for the trees are blinding.

In a moment
I shall be in the room
and I shall be glad.

I cannot bear
sunlight in the morning.
Some boys are talking
softly under a tree.
Some girls are sitting
on the stoop
of a two story stucco home.
They are hoping the boys will come over.

I pass them. I have had my supper.
I feel better at night.
The streets are less cruel.

I am in
the room again.
I am going
to hear Gieseking
play Brahms’
Intermezzi.

Then
I shall read
some of Landor’s Conversations.
the trains
My room shakes.

run
I am lying on
my back in bed.

every
The lights are out.

five
Between the second and third finger
a lit cigarette hisses.

minutes
Anemone.

the
I think of anemones.

subway
And sequins. And reeds. And mice.

is
My deadness is now complete.

two blocks from
my room
I waste
    my afternoons
    in streets
where faces
    drift
in sunlight
    and brick homes
fling
    Mozart tunes
against Pet shops.
    Dame it,
there’s something
    wrong
with this place,
    says an old man,
as I wait for a bus.
Memory sends me back
time is dread

formerly, the dead moved on the graveled path past the chipped virgin

and

children gathered apples from the nearby orchard

green and red

eyes caught in the incense going up

and corn fields

burned up and little boys stood at the fence watching with sunlight

and then went through a hole in the fence down to the farms
The sorrel horses gallop along a dirt road

fields recede

hills flatten

cities sink

—and the sorrel horses continue to gallop along the moving dirt road.
Come here, by this window—look,
Up there, the sun has become inconstant.
Hapless, I shall take
my little bag of necessities and move closer
toward the ivory gate—
for I have paid
my debts, and having neither father nor
mother nor brother nor sister, I am now granted
freedom—which is the quickest way to death.
But I swear I shall die happy.
To be saved I must
slip away from the moderns
quietly
and go to that land
I have heard
so much
about (the north wind)
the gardens
full
with my favorite
lilacs.
There is no sunlight
in this room.

Outside the bee song
of people
and cars
penetrates this tomb
of coldness of darkness—

But the features
the partic
uar i ties of
the living
are not seen by the Prince (inmate solitary of this tower without windows).
Tune comes from the street:

dark, cold treeless—
a cops’ band practices in the basement of the apartment house near the car lot:

streetlight opposite

the basement

lights upon

the instruments through

the open window—stones,

glints tangle—

free

as mind, as fog.
Turn
look!

the brindled
west

lion

is stalking
the river-bank.

Say goodbye;
greet owl, yes!
or, I you can,
at the high wall

ape Buddha.
An iron fence
a brick house—

blackbirds
in grass

at the edge
of the walk—
from
the ground floor

piano

base
treble—

toward
the back

in his garden
an old man

stooping

plants
seeds

heard from
the kitchen window.
A crowd stood in front of the church gap—
ing as four pallbearers carried the coffin down the steps to the hearse as the grieved children of the deceased were singly es-
corted to
the family car—
after when
the last car
was seen slowly turning around the corner they went their way.
Among rocks
looking down on nude bathers
gulls high against sky
gulls low against high
ships against
blackness
Window looks
out on the shore
rowboat drifts
in toward the bell buoy
water infolds comes up goes back rain beginning
the window looks and sees
eight birds
fly
down from
a tree
to drink
rain
water
from
the gutter
later—
two

spot
some crumbs

under
a car

five
scatter

as
children

run by
and

one flies
up
to a
window ledge
To give these words to someone,
   Wherein being shall be made known.—
   “No, my friend, no, I cannot hope

To get away. What you say, I know.
   I have always wanted new sights—
   Such as, the movement of a leaf

Struggling to free itself from a branch.
   But I also know that if free I shall fall.
   So I stay with my books, and sometimes make songs.

It is better, I mean, to be here,
   Where the mind can act
   And make light where there is none,

Than with the crowd, whose mouth defies the sun.
   No I can never go; it is dark beyond my gate;
   And my mind could not live out there.”
I shall go where light is clean
(this, too, I know is inapposite
to a way);
nevertheless

emerge
and gain a
sight
of clear ground

from which one may—
as before he
couldn’t
didn’t

when

a wall
which admits
no light
but sound

secured him from,
as it were,
grossnesses
and, also,

possibly,
graces—

start again

and see
with eyes made clean
by an apt use

a haze
over
rich fields

and a hedge
alive.
Altho there is no evidence
in the streets,
hills, etc.,

that He exists

it is right to think
of Him to *be*:

viz.,
as a *conceptual limit*,
wherein order might be dreamed—

for an adept
once said:

the angles of
a given triangle

are equal to
two right angles—

this I understand;
however, I’m not convinced
that such a triangle
exists-

where?—in nature,
of course-

where existence
can be gainsaid?—

yes—then, it’s the mind
that gives a thing being?

yes &
no.
A grotto
   A wonder
Of workmanship

Where a bird
   On the shoulder
Of a saint

Sings
   Of a night’s
Calvary.
If prescient then knowing
of Its beginning is with Him,
if beginning can be
applied to It—

since even before the battle
He knew of It:
being that Is—

and since good, therefore, It couldn’t be from Him:
but, maybe, It is with Him as His “I Am Not”.

The Christ of meadows, lost, prayerfully awaits a sunrise.

And the satyrs’ lithe movements tempt the candor of his aliveness.
I have seen him
in the garden
when a songbird
flew among bright
branches and a dog
barked in the street,
walk by a rose bush
and along a path of tulips
toward her grave,
which lies to the right
of an apple-tree,
and place a wreath
of white carnations
on the headstone.

This I have seen
him do many times.
My songs
would

praise
her doves;

but now shadows
pass

over
a wall—

and the broken
head

of a Cupid

lies
beside

a cobbled
walk

past
a hothouse.
Ice floes
out
beyond
wreckage

break
against
a faint
sunrise:

seabirds
tumble
under
a cliff

and bridal
wreaths
mingle
with rue.
Our vines burn on the garden wall—also,
snow lightly covers the shovel by the wooden steps.
Of Light
daybreak—

chicks
under
the
wing

nightfall—

a
dimming
of
trees
How long I’ve leaned against the screen-door!
Our porch empty of the few guests we’ve ever had;
And the white roses, under the shadeless window
That looks toward the freight yard—dead, too.
You say
I’m not:
so trees
bloom?

tired,
I gave
love, sat
on grass—

held
your head
up; even
a cop

thought
it new
that a
lover’s

eyes
could be
bloodshot:
wakeful,

I knew
only
a dawn
—and you.
Cavalcando l’altr’ier per un cammino

Riding the other day along a road,
thoughtful of this hateful journey,
I found Love up a ways in shadows
in the tattered clothes of a pilgrim.
He seemed wretched
as if he’d lost lordship;
and he came sighing, with head bowed
—I guess, not to see people.
When he saw me, he called out,
and said: “I come from a far place,
where by my power your heart was—
now I bear it to serve a new pleasure.”
Then I took in effect his movements,
and he vanished, but how I cannot say.
this thinking
can’t overreach
body
nor body
thinking:

   seeming one,
we’re music’s
nightly
spell
— not spheres’.
Tonight I, hero, have drunk wine-
For no doves tremble above the golden branch.
Now I stumble along a low garden wall;
And pray I’ll soon fall toward hidden grass.
I will take away the hedge
and it shall be wasted—
the lovers placed

a long table
on the
lawn

and crowded
it with
meats, wine-bottles

and clusters
of grapes—
later

they walked
naked
among the

panthers
crouched in
the trees’

shadows.
The roses, song, droop
  On the trellis;
  Dried petals, shadows
Are this garden’s music.
a dream
a falling away
into darkness

after wandering thru
the wood
coming out

standing on the edge
looking down
the slope

the church
to the right
behind pine trees

the playground
to the left
behind the school

slanting up
more pine tree
on top

arranged in rows
against the sky
behind the fence
came down
to a river
sat under a willow

birds flew
from the river-bank
over the wood’s treetops

to mountains
The garden’s fig tree’s covered with burlap

and the leaves on the grass are wet with rain—

nor yet has the twittering of a bird on a hillside

waked me to the glint of grass at the gate.
…must
you talk
of failure;
even this
snow’s
right
—ah, oak,
branching
over
my work
shed
a phase a despair
in hope or dying
worrying least
whether the voice

behind the screen’s
more like faith
or undivided
—or why ivy vines
after snow
forsythia
bloom against
a white fence

no luck left
only
a memory
of a child

behind
his
attic
window
Come scatter the garden’s blossoms on the hill above the beach! an old man under an umbrella lies toward water where a ship sails out beyond a cliff.
in memory

the old men stand outside the fence

near the grape arbor of the small two family house
Not soul, but body
otherwise limping we go;
*Intelligences’* substance
tautologic;
matters not, really,
glass vase

and liquid in it
that seems
same color—
An old lady
   behind
some artificial
   flowers looks
from her dirty
   ground
floor window
at the kids
in the school
   yard
a block up
   from the
repair shop
   for the
city’s
   buses.
Taking
the train
back to
Brooklyn—

thinking
always day
posits
your intent

in the
renewing
as in
the old—

my loneliness
greets
a friendly
world

even
the painted
sign
on a factory

wall:
House
of the
Dairymaid.
Nothing so good
as this thought
of green under light
wherein branch

over branch against
sun moves toward
its green under
a guise of light
Icicles
hang
from
branches
glass
under
branches
sun
glass
sun
icicles
icicles
falling
down past rocks
children running
under leaves beyond the bench
fronting grass where birds hover
against the trees in back—ground
relieved here and there by apartments
because of the steps leading
up to the street
in
  music’s
least melody
  there’s
a memory
  its beginning’s
a flowering
  of light
At
return
of
memory—

when
morning
light’s
behind

roofs—
the first
sight’s
of roses

on the
garden
gate—
then:

fading
shaows
of
a dream.
below
levels
of
hills
white
horses
galloping
down
the
road
from
the
wood
above
the
valley
at
the
foot
of
the
range
of
mountains
in
moonlight
against
stars
up
beyond
mountains
a
grove
beneath
rays
of
light—
below:
eagles’
shadows
gliding
toward
valleys
the garden’s paths darken under plum blossoms in shadows from the walls
going out
to
    the backyard
to shovel snow

away from
the
    cellar door
an old man

looked up
at
    a shadeless
window

blinding
in
    the sun
setting

behind the
homes
    beyond
the freight yard
the trains

shaking the dust from the El scatter the birds from the trees to the roofs
a branch in bloom

in the light

from the hills
trembles under the lighting of birds
hills
behind
the
branches’

shadows
up
past
a

fountain
slope
toward
light
upward
in
light
flame

in
flame
dying
to
its
memory
of
snow
this
quiet’s
but

a
fall
of

light
from
hill
to
shore
where

the
odor
of

the
rose’s
more

of
sea
than

earth
Branches
A wind’s in the persimmon tree—
Come under its rustling.
And so
  the bird
was

said
to rise
from

cinders—
  a way
of
holding
  the sun
to

heart.
Always
    now
for me
    in dreams—

yes!
    at noon,
too—
    children

in shade
    longing
for the
    grass
along the
    house
wall
    in light.
You see tho
   leaves
fall

   the stars—

out at
all
times
for

in
no
time’s
sake.
in memory
of your memory of a time far back:

birds
to your call falling to your
shoulders
Claudia,
Autumn’s
come round
again—

now
leaves
like birds
tumble
from
the hill
behind
our
garden
overlooking
grass sloping
toward
sea.
looking
toward
the
wooded

hill
under
moonlight
you

spoke
of
the
rose

leaves
of
our
marriage

day
tho now it’s only noon
    we speak of moonlight
on the trees among the houses
    closed in by the hills
in the after rain
a child stirs in
the wood beyond the
clovers in the tree’s
tree shadow above the moored rowboats
If they knew
why this grief
the hour when
men gather in
fishing nets
or boy alone
on a hill
hesitates between
light and shadow
they wouldn’t go
looking backward
along this river
below the olive grove.

To carry a song
into the city,
not to come away
with a prize—
this can’t be
considering
in memory
the aftermath
of burntwood—
but nevertheless
to sing of a rose
against a sunrise
and of a man
moving toward water.
You’re in light, song; 
birds on branches 
already in bloom 
begin to twitter; 
nighttime’s behind you, 
which, in truth, can 
ever enter into 
the melody you have in heart: 
see, the old men 
sit above the river 
twisting toward the ocean, 
and the children 
carrying baskets of lilac sprigs 
turn momentarily 
to look at the hills and woods 
around the city.
from
the cold
wood
a silence
close
upon
a fluttering
of birds

beyond
behind the
apple-trees
among the
telephone
poles
on the
hillside
a falling
of
leaves
in the wind from the wood

a woman

stoops to gather

wild flowers

at a bridge
No longer
the singing the melody
following upon the seeing
light from the hills
from the particles
either way
a way of getting beyond light’s ghosts
but in the voicing
—no sun today
and a drunk shivering in a doorway—
a falling toward dream
or a wandering
among trees along
a river
in love in longing
remembering a dream
of a cliff
crumbling away from under him
and the birds
beaten down by the storm
along the coastline
a man
walks in a meadow
casting least
shade
—Come sit
under a tree
in the shadow of the farthest hill;
there, before you
a river

and the flamingoes
The trees
along the road
up to the rocks
against the moon
loom above the dead
leaves
Of the sea 
coming to the imagination 
under an aspect 
of tar 
comes to the mouth 
after a night 
spent at a window 
looking toward the darkest 
outline 
of the highest hill 
revealing forest 
stars
yesterday’s hills:
    birds,
insects—

today’s:
wreckage
    under
light
Passing by
a bridge
and then over the one
over the dried stream
to a field
along a wood
sloping toward rocks
above sea
a man
a woman
and a child
Dolores, now I make my songs for you— I don’t need a window at least not the one seeing you and Claudia as branch over water at the foot of a hill in morning light
You’ve seen me in pain
moonlight on my hands
my talk dying away
Today
we’ll probably
go sit in the park
or maybe
on the bench
in front of
the bus stop
by the hospital
at least until
the sun goes
down
this crisis
of our life
when the stars
mean little

as background
Morning and Evening
A man going away to sorrow.
The furnished room: a bed a chair an end table and a lamp on it. Lo giorno se n’andava…: he lay dying.
Morning and no sun—nevertheless wandering under a hill, a man looking toward rocks and so much farther down a wood.
Architectural pomposity: reflections of cars and pedestrians in the shop windows in the skyscrapers of maximum glass.
Sitting under light as if it were a tree, no shadow anywhere around him, a man who no longer remembers, seeing the whole world among branches.
With star and from star and from one’s gathering of the
significance of each, a transformation whose flowering’s a
new heaven and a new earth.

From a hill, a man down from a hill, weary of solitude
and the cold night, sees the waves against the sunrise and
the gulls under the cliff.

To gather a spirit up out of its own consciousness: He
stood at the foot of a hill and the flowers and animals around
him gave off odors suggesting the perfection of fragrance
beyond the hill. Walking slowly, passing by the stream to
the left of a grove, the grass everything perfect in the
morning light, some birds swift under branches, some
lighting some hovering, he came to a place of roses and
lilacs to the right of a grotto, and then past a willow climbed
the fullness of path.

Continuing: If he was capable of seeing the phenomenal-
ity behind and impossibility of extrication, then to be in the
dark and at peace was more of the nature of a forthcoming
transfiguration.

One would have it illusion another fault and either may
take offense at the other’s sense of former and latter.

Concerning two lines opposite each other whose point
in common (and equalizer) is perpendicular: the point in
common (and equalizer) if infinitely removed would still
remain the point in common (and equalizer).
Foreknowledge’s fault: neither light nor darkness, and then light and darkness and the inclusion completing the one dispelling the other.

He wandered into an area of shops and bars: people hung about the corners—streetlights and neons dominated—no inkling of hope in the signs—if there were stars no reason to look up: a man could determine his direction by relation to mechanical light.

He walked along a shore and then up a path to a hill—dawn at the edge of grass.

Awake! and the hills remain. Sleep! and the awakening that is a dream sees the land sleeping in the folds of the horizon.—More snow on the ground—however, not so bad—the wind’s died down.

He walked along the shops under the El—a few blocks down, the ocean.

At the foot of a slope, a man in the light from branches, sees clusters of birds in the glare above the hills.

Concerning an angel dying by a river and a man sorrowing in a street and the nature of the prefiguration of the one of the other depending upon whether one’s by a river or in a street:

An angel came down a hill and moved among the flowers along the river-bank to a place where river and grass twisted
toward deepest wood, then following more to the right than the line of the river he saw a white flower and a path. Sorrowing along the path, imagining flowering trees on a hillside and birds in the shadows of a grove, he moved as if downward, taking his sense from his movement down the hill, and came to a brook reflecting animals fleeing to woods and at the same time revealing as if under glass birds dying in a withered tree. Then going on, he passed under overhanging rocks to a meadow past vines. He kept close to shadow and a little ways down turned in on grass leading toward what seemed sea. In memory he saw a land exempt from the misery that placed the hill under the deepening of shadow. When he reached the roses at the foot of the slope what seemed sea was instead ice; then he took the path beyond the lilies: along the way, off behind the rocks in the weeds, a stirring of animals. After crossing a stream and climbing a hillock, he moved down into a valley. He felt as if he were at the edge of a field next to a forest in moonlight under sky sloping toward stars. Then he came to a path leading upward past mountain ledges looking down on land revealing to each level its horizon. Continuing along the path, seeing eagles swooping down on prey, remembering the grass gradually fading as he approached declivity, he moved into a grove where leaf and songbird
trembled under faintest wind, and then down above
branches growing out of cracks in rocks to a field in snow.
Then he turned to the left and some ways up beyond the
trees under the hill came to forsythia in bloom on a slope.

If a work is primarily addressed to God, then it follows
that the audience isn’t essential—in fact, a period that places
the movement in the audience whose referential is the
standard that impedes draws to itself a principle whose point
is finally to exclude totally: therefore, it is right to say that
no identifications can be telically intended when a work
is so primarily addressed.

The other movement: We moved to another place—
and what seemed to be direction of another sort was, in
truth, only a second period devoid of a wake but nevertheless
profound enough to transform memory.

“Do you think a writer needs a room of deepest dark-
ness?”—“Yes!”—“Does deepest quiet mean darkness?”—
“No!”—“Then why use the word deepest….”

“Is it possible to write amidst noise?”—“No doubt—a
truism even speaks of a part inwardly contained.”—“Yes!
but if one contains himself even amidst noise, can the word
be anything but dynamically scanned? that is, each to each
discontinuously rooted?”—“To project no argument as
answer would place the meaning in an implication whose
release would be to draw to itself a view no longer implicative.”

Conversations with oneself: they’ve a way of going on even in book shops where one goes only to browse—and then after satiety, one finds himself in a street ostentatiously structured toward the intellective that gathers in only for the sake of the river-god who demands that the flow continue—and the shops along the way are not an afterthought. From this it becomes valid to say that what is commonly called direct vision is, in truth, just that and no more, that is, the integument is the reflection; therefore, if you walk a street and come out with a presupposition that is a plain whose perspective is homeric, then you are as they say in the world but not of it.

Given a beginning, it is true to say that by the second or third day a man’s words falter—he falls away from that confrontation that makes him secure even tho each step shows him to others a man to be shunned.

There are those who are so sure of a place in letters that smugness is the upshot to the idiom nothing can displace them—this comes from a contemporaneity moving them to conceive of themselves as the originators of a movement whose touchstone is in proportion to the audience’s relation to the referential wholly civil.
One can go on writing like this for a lifetime and still not be false to a movement opposed to a work in progress.

From Leibniz “Car (quelle paradoxe que cela paraisse) il est impossible a nous d’avoir la connaissance des individus et de trouver le moyen de determiner exactement l’individualite d’aucunne chose, a moins de la garder ellememe; car toutes les circonstances peuvent revenir; les plus petites differences nous sont insensibles; le lieu ou le temps, bien loin de determiner d’eux-memes, ont besoin eux-memes d’etre determines par les choses qu’ils contiennent” the clearest insight is: state as unity as space and civil right as time; therefore, seen this way the differential calculus is progressive.

Deeper thought reveals a yes and no in the statement: propositions de fait propositions de raison.

Mind discouraged again—long walks as curative—hope this place causes me to move about differently each day.

There’s a sorrow that arises from a contemplation unable to come to grips with a work that needs to complete itself and say: it’s a new period and the time of fulfillment closer.

“Should a writer feel guilty that he makes no money from his work?”— “No!”—“Even if he makes no money another way?”—“If his work brings in no money, then he’s in the same position as any other unemployed worker;
however, since it is granted that the audience substantiates his position as artist, it leaves him little hope of help from ‘welfare’—therefore, he must let go of the one and take on the other, that is, poverty and not feel guilty.

Since civilization is not for the poor, there isn’t much to it—by the poor one means the world before God; therefore, one obviates the condescending tone “does not include”.

“...quod ideo est quia scientia habetur de rebus secundum quod sunt in sciente, voluntas autem comparator ad res secundum quod sunt seipsis. Quia igitur omnia alia habent necessarium esse secundum quod sunt in Deo, non autem secundum quod sunt in seipsis, habent necessitatatem absolutam, ita quod sint per seipsa necessaria; propter hoe Deus quaecumque seint ex necessitate; non autem quaecumque vult ex necessitate vult.” When natural theology appropriates the above, we get an image of God as “mechanical wizard”: that is the State has succeeded in drawing its variables unto itself.

“Can you honestly say that modern literature is beyond these traps that are societally ‘formalized’?”—“It would seem that the most argue state propaganda is to imply the contrary in its use of its most intransigent subjects: that is, ‘free society’ conducive toward free literature, which is to say, each author is left more or less alone to satisfy the
audience occupying a mean reflective position, which the 'lone author' conceives as his to mould by astonishment, taking his sense to act from 'free society' granting him this illusion to discover, thereby giving ample praise to a pro-gressiveness, whose Unitary Field Theory is discontinuous, therefore, circular, and whose image is shoreline to sea…”

—“Can you tell us anything about merit?”—“Yes! It doesn’t work here.”

“Unde perfectio naturae angelicae requirit multiplicationem specierum, non autem multiplicationem individuarum in una specie.”

Modern criticism views let us say a 16th century poet and proceeds to divest him of an 18th century critic’s view, never owning up to it—else why criticism at all—that the next century stands to rid him of his slant. There’s something ad infinitum about this.

It seems that I haven’t said what I’ve wanted to say, that is, when confronted by such a tradition—and yet the idea is not opposed to tradition—no reason to write seems to be the honest action, that is, of course, if we accept audience as end, but since God is the reason we write, then it follows that the perspective that is historical is pointless.

Little relation to the civil: does this make me uncivil?

“Isn’t it a pity that in the end an artist becomes just
another example of grandiose state propaganda!”—“Yes! but even more piteous is the image of his youth.”

It is better not to know what I’ve written yesterday— not that one writes to discard, but when there’s a sense that I’m not right today, then the next day leaves me in the position of a viewer of things under the hill; therefore, it is fair to say: I have no world.

Everything down here just teems with the give and take that is exploitative.

To take up what was said above: if one continued to write as if the right hand were unaware of the left, then at the completion of such a work he could only be as much surprised as any possible reader. But the sorrow that arises from such a writing can only be compared to a journey unaware of every step along the way but the end in mind fully presupposed and, of course, the reason for moving. This end in mind should be solace, but somehow, because of the steps along the way, it leaves the sorrowing man ever in a state of renewal or better vigilant enough to know that if tense then bowed, if relaxed, that is suggestive of flesh bespeaking least or more truly no bone, then bleassed, full of the peace that gets you thru, that is, least or again more truly no trace of the other world, that is, circle, passed thru.

One wishes to write honestly: therefore, is it honesty to
be concerned primarily with the rhythm of language? isn’t the triumph in the very vanquishing of language?—Don’t be misled: language is your better part, and the flow is life. —If language is the better part, then since you call the flow life, it follows that language is to matter as the flow is to soul, which is to say, if so, then the flow is a consequence of the matter language…—Logic is circular: is the angelic nature circular?

Again: light and darkness—if evil is a privation of the good, then evil is not an opposite: does this make the good tautologic?

“What you pose a statement in the form of a question, have you already answered it?”—“Yes! but it seeks to enlist another—this establishes it as an argument, altho the calm to be revealed makes it ever singular.”

“There’s always so much more going on—a writer could draw completely only haphazardly—you it seems place yourself—it’s criticism; I do it not to hurt, but to make you, eventually, of course, realize yourself more in the way that is cultural—in a position too inward; therefore, you force the reader to bow his head—this kind of art is at least from the historical view immature and altogether misleading: it uses simple words and expects us to come up with an even greater simplicity and yet at the same time gives also indi-
rectly the involvements that are of greatest complexity—
you cannot expect a people inured to surface to accept your
depth.”

No one, of course, speaks to me in the words of the above;
therefore, why not give myself over to such words! they
place me in direct relation to my daily walks—people move
I move—rapidly: is the street the river? the sidewalks its
banks? buildings a wood’s tallest trees? is a man insane to
see distortion of this sort? or is it really the builder who in
the withdrawal from “the natural whose presupposition
is creation” impedes the will only to make it take stock, that
is, unlearn the learning, come finally to the glory that laid
no traps?

Should mention that the words meant as criticism ended
up in praise of…: can such a writing be valid?

The gloom reaches down—a valley a prey to deepest
shadow: what’s above?

Lovely birds my birds singing in the backyards of stone
and rubble—

So many windows from the ground floor to the 5th
facing the row of tenements opposite, and each to each
immutable except for the snap of shade the fall of light and
the abysmal yawning gap the backyard.
Light altering things—angelic nature in time and not time that is planetary, but rather time that measures virtually—what kind of time is that? is it cosmic time? out of a man’s reach?—Read of angelic power! its movement that can be either continuous or discontinuous—is the discontinuous its better movement? and yet either movement in no way to be compared to “things corporeal in movement”—does it leave you guessing? science distorting an ancient definition—taking unto itself for the sake of the more intense or better world-wide slavery—should a man damn science? or rather see it rightly, that is, that which is for sole consideration of truth—is truth outside? more complex than in head? therefore, why consideration of motion? and the other aspect of science, that is, the more prudential whose impediment is use-value as substance (and this not to say that the other side’s any better—in face, in a way even worse—
feigning a system conducive toward free movements)… You’ve again written indirectly—and yet you’ve been direct in the way that abstracts from here and now: thus another inverse ratio.

A man in deep darkness hears birds and imagines flowers. Let there be words to express a child’s gaze at moon: in father’s arms, she points at the moon and says: bird! not knowing the moon’s name—then hearing its name, she delights in it—says it over and over—they pass the shops, the avenue busy as ever; and then at a corner father sees the moon just a little to the side of an apartment building—he reminds; child says over and over: moon moon… sleep my child heavenly under moon!

What constitutes a true definition of sentimentalism? a risk involving a man in a past whose ambience is sensible? should an angel look down upon a man? God forbid!

“You must not let them get you down—whatever they say, it’s beside the point: that is, their ultimate interest is how much is in it for them; therefore, to subsidize you would be false to an age checking every gift to see how much is risk how much is to their advantage (that is, ‘the force behind’, which leads upward to munificent capitalist, who in turn draws us completely to participate in the choral praise of the Material Ideal, the State).”—“When you use the word
choral, are you thinking of it anteriorly? I mean, the dance?”

-It is now late afternoon: hear paraphrastic words: How do I know? The father has told me.

Writing of misery and in the long run isolated from the world, a man can only move along streets as if no relation were possible. Yesterday, for instance, everything went wrong, and so he thought of streets, but once out and amidst the flow things fell away or began to topple—so he was left alone in a plain—of course, he knew that this was illusion; but again, he thought what is the cause of this illusion: “The only cure for your malaise is manual labor—you should stop your wandering, feeling as if the world were in distance—your logic is leading you astray; therefore, work hard—forgot the inwardness—the great thing about our century is just this: we’ve succeeded in getting everybody into the hard labor market—and it’s good—it keeps the inward ones from going off on pilgrimages. You must not see this as an error, rather you should—using all your strength—come to its feast—it doesn’t exclude; in fact, it wants you and your children. I repeat: give yourself to physical labor—what you do is not labor—it can’t be measured.” There’s movement in air but it isn’t light.

I’ve returned from another long walk—the day so depressing, but, of course, it isn’t the day, it’s the sorrow so
deeply inward-and maybe to use depth is still to be in perspective-a reason why there’s something frustrating about that direction, too.

One involved in a way foreign to anterior and posterior must consider it true that work done “isn’t looked back to” for a different reason.

Angelic knowledge despite “species connatural” is still a confrontation.

There can be no audience when a work’s vision is total.

Since the final pleasure is the whole work in mind, then “in the end” implying only “some statements” does not hold.

The park was crowded today—no reason to stay away—but always why parks built within city rather than cities within park—not right to pose this even as a question let alone become sorrowful over it—but nevertheless you find yourself being drawn to them—yes! to take a breather—and the best reason for being there is the child.

Then there is the movement away from the park: along the streets is the direction, and the sense is supposedly straight—this illusion adds to the sentiment “my city”. No man can escape this trap—for by extension the suburbs and deserts are but the city in extension. So you continue to walk, and every relation comes to you insincerely.
Now you think of various religious and sciences—and when seen from the standpoint of the city, an image of the world belaboring an issue never to be at rest, and the stress is just that, that is, the encomium to commotional world, and the city the better for it, teaching the citizens no life only burden of death, reduces the mind to stoical severity as its only triumph over quotidian movement.

You have your work—no amount of impediment can hold you back—you must if need be think that each word is in praise of the Word—it comes to that! give yourself up to Him and then place is yours or better is of no account for just that reason of love.

The world has its own, therefore, it seeks to establish the Christ-Phenomenon as the outcome of the Graeco-Roman Hebraic clash—this makes it cultural; therefore, those who labor for a new culture are justified in their desire to exculpate themselves from any action that deracimates: that is, they wish the crime to be enacted by the masses. Anti-christ cannot triumph, for the life has nothing to do with progress as such, that is, the conservative and liberal dependent upon the so-called infinite straight line—nor is tradition of any concern, nor does this mean that restatement is necessary.

You must come to grips again with the principle of
individuation: the difference is formal the singular material
— the singular cannot be known in itself because intelligence
is spiritual, therefore, it is by way of abstraction that the
singular is known simpler than it is; however, species intel-
lectus angeli, quae sunt quaedam derivativae similitudines a
divina essential, sunt similitudines rerum, non solum quan-
tum ad formam, sed etiam quantum ad materiam.

It now seems valid to see man’s relation to the Gift, that
is, the image of a man at the foot of a hill, revealing the
angels similarly disposed—the signification of this revel-
tion shows up the fault of pantheism.

When it is said that the angels behold God’s wisdom, the
meaning is: dwelling in His City; but when it is said that
they do not comprehend it, then the heart obviates: are they
at rest in it? establishing a kind of trust holding even them
in check—God’s wisdom completely informs them, holds
back nothing that is theirs; therefore, no tragic ache can
subsist in them.—“How do you explain the Fall?”—“How
do explain Salvation?”

It might be mentioned here: if a man in stressing the
angels’ inability to comprehend the Divine Wisdom states
nevertheless it isn’t necessary to know everything in it, then
he says in effect the same that was said above.

The morning and evening knowledge of the angels is a
refinement of the principle of individuation: that is, to know things in God and things in themselves is to know angelically. (It should be mentioned again: the principle of individuation does away with the knowledge of things in themselves.) When it was said above that “the singular cannot be known in itself because intelligence is spiritual”, it was done more to state the implication, intelligence, rather than that “the singular cannot be known in itself because of the matter”.

Aquinas has treated Aristotle and Plato justly by quelling all talk concerning tabula rasa and innate ideas.

A good morning walk! cloudy at first, therefore, streets almost deserted—then after a pause at a book store, started again to walk—this time to a park—sun out, therefore, streets becoming crowded—in the park, the various kinds of people, more various because of the outfits rather than “the head structure, the skin”—therefore, words come to mind: why then argument running out race race!—sitting down, letting the child play—two girls playing catch in the distance—coming closer to move the child to join them—child responds immediately! before that: lady walking dog responds to child because child shows no fear of dog—lady moves away—girls take unto themselves the whole movement—beyond: the fountain and around it the various
kinds—ball remains in a puddle—child moves away—girls
who remain also as fixed as ball nevertheless fall away—
then the walk continues along streets lined with paintings—
child sees the ones representing birds various animals—
there is the clash between the bright ones and the somber
ones: the sun shines forth! finally out if it—now only shops
to see—just before turning up a street heading toward home,
a playground: groups gathered here and there along its
fence: sun now noon!

To a man whose shoes are falling apart a movement
toward a park is a movement toward unearthly existence.

He came to a park and then after some searching for a
place to sit to a bench as if that time were without reference
to another time far back or up head…

Neither to sow nor to reap—

It is important that you let go none of your principles—

Songs tonight may get you thru the night better than
drink—

But the angels are being reduced to the clever atomic
theory—

Fly up and then out unto areas of transformation—

Let the mind awaken in the way a man opens a door to
a hallway of darkness and feculence and still senses the odor
of lilacs—
To be in the way implies no end because the beginning is no longer implicative—

None of this will get you anywhere, altho you can go on indefinitely—

A drunk all bloody upsets the balance of commercial movement—no one cares—if he were to drop dead in an alley, they’d leave him and say the better place, but the law requires that a truck come to cart him off to immemorial ground—“life goes on”; no man can stop to give thought to a drunk all bloody.

“Give us another form rather than that old reform, and you’d see no Skid Row—“

“You’d see fields and no notion of surplus could arise from them—“

See the drunks sitting at the windows above the restaurant—

See the drunks unable to get up—
Legless men selling show laces—
But they have nothing to sell—they’re simply unable to get up off the street—
Wounded animals! the pedestrians see no more than images of animals—
Sorrowful animals! Bloody animals! dragging their broken, dispirited bodies thru forests—
No traffic has concern for them—
No charitable organization is truthful enough—
No longer face to face charity—rather relegation to institution bent on screening applicants—
Traffic continues—
Shop owners stand outside shops—
They pose—
Cigar their sign of success—
Policemen stand at corners—
Shop owners and policemen greet each other—
Legless drunk finally drags himself into an alley—
Traffic triumphs—
To stress even this aspect of city is to say it incorrectly, that is, the others use similar tactics—if you’re against a race then the best way to write against it is: raise scatologic news up front! that is, single out and let mob carry out sentence universally.

My beloved’s lost in Babylon—
My beloved nevertheless sings of the waters of Babylon—

My son, the beloved, is a shepherd to none of the people because none know my son, the beloved—
My beloved son gather up my lost people—

My son, the beloved, is a shepherd to all of the people because all know my son, the beloved—
And then there is the East—which one comes off best?—pit them against one another—see both as outcomes of clashes, therefore, of little importance except as Types

None of this makes sense! East as Beginning West as End

—East and West opposites

Not to the Sun!

A man awakens early to go down to the freight yards—

A man awakens from that awakening to know that the level is street—

A man falls down in the street—

Rain—

Litany is invalid too because it presupposes an audience equally interested in the same object of adoration as the speaker.

Walk downtown—go to areas of renovation—think upon the meaning of a structure built with a look toward the horizon.—But what about the meaning of tall buildings confronting you with a closeness that is almost natural?—See it as a lie!—Yes! every lie misleads you. What is right architecture?—One thing is sure: it is not nature presupposed by motion.

Every statement that you make if it releases you from a notion that is dialogic alters the ostensible dialog in a movement ultimately concerned with the Light that Is and the
light that is by participation.

“To write as if every substantive were not valid unless first adjectivally qualified—this presupposition’s behind even the most austere work: therefore, do you mean to imply that your work is not so founded?”—“Yes!”—

“Then you must be saying something other than what the work conveys.”—“You seem to be criticizing yourself—not me.”

Children in a garden—

Waiting to catch a train, a man thinks back, oblivious to the empty station and the hills behind it—

Children in a street—

A man walks the whole city without a cent in his pocket—

Cents in this city are dollars in another—

What next: children up from a wood down a hill—

Like what?—

Like shadow—

Birds fly up as children run down—

You’ll have to go for blocks before you see a tree in this city—

…then you walk along warehouses till you come to the tallest building—you turn right and some two or three blocks up you’ll find a park…

“The nature of city speech: to keep you moving: up
and down.”—“I don’t think you’re using the word nature correctly.”—“I get your meaning—birth is different from purpose.”

An experiment: go to a park—sit on a bench and listen—then go home and try to write the variety of voices: you can’t do it—no man can—you’re always trying to make it simpler than it is: that’s the reason why no man is capable of banning works of art.

Necessary question: then how is it possible that city structure impedes the will?

What is the nature of grief?—To see a man who belongs to no city is to see grief; however, to be in the world but not of it is his way to Life.

If you spent your whole day trying to find reasons why you should love God and man, then you’d be in the very predicament that is against nature.

It seems that images of poverty can be used only for the sake of propaganda, that is, the end involved is the State paternally concerned for its whole household: so the wonder is: how can the State act paternally?

Again the contradiction is: seeing the city from the top floor of the highest building, and then later on, seeing a drunk dying in a doorway.

Passing by a home for the aged, you see the old people
grouped under beach umbrellas, and the flowers and grass seem immobile.

You’ve reached a depth of despair from which no gathering up is possible: to wander is to have little voice to interest others—in a place of depth, the cry to a world above reaches never so high but only returns back revealing you even deeper than before—but there’s an end to this depth, this you repeat to yourself as you go down even lower than the depth occurring from the cry returning.

Given a notion of blessedness, how much more salutary is the grace whereby blessedness is merited. But once blessedness is attained no notion of merit is compatible with it—charity completes itself, seeing fully.

Nothing that is natural shall be done away with, but the perfection that comes from blessedness shall but say: fulfillment implies no opposite.

But what about a world principle that would do away with “specific difference”? wouldn’t one be right in seeing such clearing away as “spiritual democracy”, that is, for the sake of imposing on a world order incapable of right movements the notion of “numerical difference”?

If there’s longing for confraternity with the angels, then every movement a man makes to establish such is a movement toward specific difference.
The differential world is the glorified body.
The world is prison—
I’m allowed to walk about—
No one knows me—
Or better they’re told to shun me—
I gather flowers—
I reach out to birds—
From the standpoint of the world’s own, there’s no better way to “welfare” than the one that engenders a feeling of repugnance toward nature.

Following again the way downward, you come to an impasse that shows you to yourself as the maker of your own obstacles—but once clear of the impasse, which presupposes that the way out is thru the realization that accuses oneself, an image of deeper clarity comes thru: you as victim.

Why again the dread? is it true that the exclusion will take place shortly? You know that they can’t harm you—if you order yourself properly. no circumstance that tends to bow can truly overcome—remember, the city has no intrinsic power, I mean, it can’t act upon you unless you place yourself in a position of passivity—do you mean to say that the city’s in the same position?—yes! its principle of movement seems to be general consent, that is, given an
extreme populous honorabilis apparent virtual interiority
must follow—but what about the general consent: how did
it come about?—the answer is obvious: to turn away from
God is to turn toward self—yes! and the city’s founded on
self-reliance; from this it’s safe to say: the State, the Material
Ideal, is the Self magnified blown up a thousand times—now
that you know this you can walk anywhere and feel no
oppression—but the impossibility of relations that brings a
man to the realization that each man moves toward specific
difference, turns the movement upon itself, leaving him
groveling in darkness, gathering to himself a justification
that is metaphorical: that is, the darkness that releases one
from heat—but you know that this is impediment; there-
fore, release yourself from feelings of oppression.
No identification is possible when a man says: see the
child standing by the window looking out at the rain.
What good is it to see the drunks sprawled out on the
sidewalks, if your seeing can’t go beyond, that is, to gather
them up and feed them—does it do you any good to go
away sorrowfully—the injustice writhes at the root; there-
fore, do your work of transformation.
To use you is to imply I—
Every time?—
Yes—
Then why the distinction?—
Call it a circle—
Persons in dance—
Motion is its first principle?—
It depends—
Go to a wood—
Find a pool—
Look into it—
There’s no more wood—
There’s heaven—
Totally light—
Do you mean it’s buoyant?—
*You* see pun—I don’t—
But to see heaven in a pool is not to see heaven—
The moment you looked into a pool to see heaven was the moment you in heaven saw a man looking into a pool to see heaven—
“I’ve seen you walk along the markets by the waterfront—you don’t buy—I hardly ever see you walk the neat streets.”—“You don’t always see me—but it’s true! I prefer the streets that look like time.”—“That’s a strange simile: aren’t all streets involved in time?”—“Yes!”—“And wouldn’t one be right to say: old street—anteriory contemplative; new street—posteriorly active? And also respect—
tively: back; front?”—“Yes!”—“Then give up the old streets—go over to the new streets.”

“Time is always old—new time is “here one moment gone the next”—future time is similar, that is, the only difference is: it’s just a little ways up the river; therefore, time can’t be anything but old, that is, circular.”

“You were wrong from the start—no man can be serious in this society—yesterday, for instance, I heard an illiterate in front of an office building ranting about the injustice of the people in ‘high places’—he said to be phoney is their motto and they want their workers to follow suit.”—“The illiterates make sense—once I heard a drunk amongst fashionable street say: I’m right everybody’s else’s wrong!”

“Ornament is beside the point: is the world ornamental? —“No!”—“Then how can you say that the world is prison?”—“I meant in so far as it is ‘strapped in’.”—“Then society is ornamental?”—“Yes! however, I prefer the word State.”—“Do you mean that the State is society’s stance?”

Remember that the Occident takes its force from the Fall.

To say “total light, therefore, total vision” is to say more than any proposition, because one knows wherein the place is angelic.

You hear: is the converse true of to use you implies I? and
if so, does it alter the stuff that follows? to tell yourself that
it is true and that the stuff that follows does remain constant
is to hear: a yes or no tips the scale....
Beware of the moon mirrored—in water? What about the
back black fender of a parked car?
A drifting out toward open sea—
Open window—
Angel—
Beloved—
Words gathering around a word—
Cliffs under moon—
Birds lighting—
Sun under tree—
Downtown the journey—
Upward the bird—
Blazing forth the journey’s downward under tree—
Beyond open window sea—
Between open window and sea angel—
Beloved’s the word that gathers the world to himself and
then upward fulfills—
Awaken to see neither open window nor open sea—
See the stars from the burnt hill—
Awaken the city—
Sing the stars—
Cry out to the angels above the city—  
Sing the stars the angels the angels the stars—  
When you find yourself looking out of a window—the last night of the day metaphorically in the position of a shepherd leading sheep toward the darkness that is no more than a step—then every ache that is memorial comes before you, and, because of the possibility of a future intending breakdown, you sorrow as if renewal were but deceptive action, that is, a mask revealing a reality everywhere un-resolution.

“Why pay any attention to a future no where in your power—that is, if you know that time is old, therefore, circular, then you’re already in a position that has nothing to do with it—therefore, walk in the light knowing that there is no impediment.”—“But today I see only death.”—“Then I can only say: you are blind!”

It is the intensity of activity that impedes contemplation; therefore, any system that pretends to release even tho enslaved is one that seeks to get the most out of you without incurring the loss of profit that come from revolt.

Poverty seems to be the only action capable of reducing an intensity of activity.

“Are you seeking future things?”—“An intelligible metaphor for in the world but not of it is: if one finally contains place, then to be in it is tautologic.”
on
  a
bridge

behind
  branches
an

angel—
  a
memory

of
  sea
a

longing
  for
home

scattered
  by
the

dance
no
grass
no
trees

a
block
of
homes

cars
speeding
by
in

rain
Behold the hill
And beyond
Against a wood
The birds above

The burning grass
lie
   down
angel
   broken

at
   the
wing—
   the

river
   flower
below
   you

withers
   by
the
   wood
so close
the trees
birds

and
grass
along the
river

ending
below
this hill
my

home
there are

the children linked arm in arm on
the circle of green
    and in the midst:

a tree
a beginning of snow
and in a garden
in moonlight
an angel

inwardly radiating
under
  the
branches
above

the
  water
from
the

hill
  beyond
the
wood

a
  flower
in
sleep
shaking the dust off the feet and yet smiling
the

angel

passed

thru

city
and

moved

up
and
down
trusting
in
the
path
Night longer
than usual
vision plainly
lost
music
evidently
best
under streetlight
little else
to communicate
sound draws them in
the circle
the fire
the rose
back from walk
remembering the reading
nepenthe
coming in after 9
a long table simulates
committee room
room again
furnished room
sorrow futile
to move
city
seeks to
bow
or balance in a way
indifferent to either
extreme
sit amid the ashes
cry out
stars listen
woods give back
Words
hills
woods anciently
sung
overheard
from under a wall
reveal
a depth
the voice
another man
given up to himself
pondering
reflecting
you
Reflecting traffic
a window
of the corner house
shaded by the only tree
on the block
fails to reveal the tugs
going toward the opposite shore
Almost for three weeks
the same walk
theaters
markets
warehouses
coat old
lining torn
returning
facing the wind
the water to the right
memory
Cast
into
darkness
words
meaning little
people wandering about
no flower
no bill
Then over to waterfront
ships
and beyond
hills
and everywhere
falling
snow
Crystals
The new man is always the spiritual man.

We, too, conceive of contemplation as the activity that is wholly compatible with His City; therefore, the act poverty that moves us in that direction is in no sense negative. What we are trying to say is this: to live in God is to be contemplative.

It is wrong to think of contemplation as the opposite of activity: that is, contemplation is a prefiguration of the very activity that pertains to the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the State that fosters the idea that contemplation is passive, therefore, more in keeping with the man who doesn’t work, or better who won’t contribute to the give and take that is the market. From this it is just to ask: what is the meaning
of the word activity when the State is Unity? It’s obvious: exploitation.

How can we know life to measure and to name pertain to determinations wholly our own!

Now what is this problem concerning knowledge: that is, is there any? We cannot place it in words; but even to say that is to place the statement in the intention rather than in the real: does this bring us before a background ever changing the moment we start to move toward it?

There is knowledge! and it’s of the kind that makes a man see the whole world as the work; therefore, to love the work is to be face to face (would it make much difference if you were to say: to see face to face?).

It all amounts to this: if a man is capable of knowing completely, then his companions are the angels.

To say that a man’s knowledge is face to face is to say that the vision is never at odds with the life.

A man need not formulate in such a world: that is, where the vision is never at odds with the life truth can never be an approach.

If truth can never be an approach, then what is it?

The beatific vision brings the world face to face with the Truth.
In the meantime, what do we do?

Aquinas says: “Et in rebus quidem corporalibus apparet quod res visa non potest esse in vidente per suam essentiam, sed solum per suam similitudinem; sicut similitude lapidis est in oculo, per quam fit visio in actu, non autem ipsa substantia lapidis. Si autem esset una et eadem res, quae esset principium visivae virtutis, et quae esset res visa, oporteret videntem ab illa re et virtutem visivam habere, et formam per quam videret.”

The hierarchical orders of the Church can only be valid metaphorically; therefore, every movement toward specific difference is the church’s movement toward its proper prefiguration.

A man’s proper prefiguration is his proper stance.

The ontological is still propositional. There isn’t much that you can say about the real, except that it is: this makes one walk freely—that is, no system of thought of just plain system can overshadow him: therefore, if the argument is ontological, then any attempt to re-establish the natural is asymptotic.

Blake’s argument against Analytics is an argument against himself: that is, the ontological is still propositional.

To be fair: to argue existentially or ontologically is to
argue incorrectly: however, the former at least stresses that knowledge is in the knower according to the mode of the knower, while the latter encloses existence in its insistence that it has grasped essence.

Blake’s prophetic books still remain subservient to history—therefore, he places another generation in the position of a justifier of the ways of God to men: that is, another shall write of him in the way he wrote of Milton.

One has the feeling that Blake’s final image of the new heaven and the new earth is an entangled image—that is, there’s something discontinuous about it.

Now that you’ve said that Blake has spoken all the old truths, remembering what his argument against another was, release him and call him friend.

It came to me in sleep; Blake’s Four Zoas is an attempt to square the circle; therefore, the indication is ad infinitum.

Blake never released himself from Homer—that is, his battlefield is the homeric plain.

From such a plane you can only get heroic type—that is, our “contention…with dominion…principalities” is still to be at the mercy of the gods.

The old truth is historical truth.

Since the Material Ideal is not out there with the force of
nature, then it follows that its mode of being comes from a reasoning that is ontological.

The resolution of the possibility of a spiritual art is: isn’t is never valid except in relation to thought.

Riemannian space retains the notion of the horizontal in its confrontation with the unbounded.

A mathematical universe is equilibrated when its formulation is complete; therefore, any substantiation that is existentially presupposed is a consequent rather than an antecedent—that is, the latter is apparential.

This argument has nothing to do with existence or non-existence—its concern is this: the possibility of a progressive formulation, that is, every possible temporal relation solved the universe is solved (it is obvious that the statement the universe is solved releases the word possible from any meaning).

Is there any meaning in a formula complete enough to represent a universe in the round?

To be drawn into the market only intensifies one’s sense of the ambience that impedes; therefore, any science that pretends to have discovered a means to a re-establishment of
the natural has, in truth, simply proposed to the mind an end that places the whole populace in a position conducive toward complete service to the State.

The despair: to say the world is to give rhetorical definitiveness to your world.

It is obvious that the notions making it on your own and being responsible are there solely for the sake of stressing the eternity in the now.

Linguistics is the sole study of the logomachist.
Looking out only to refer back and then finally looking out significantly.
A doctrine is only valid ontologically, that is, nothing that one man or another can say can place the meaning unequivocally there rather than here. What is intended is a boundary that reduces each man’s movement to a movement essential in the sense that the ambience is but a projection of his inner state.
Am I dead? My pulse
Still beats, and my eyes
Do not suspend:—
O my people,
My earth, my seraphim!
There’s none to mourn me.
It is as it were sorrow
to walk these streets
where, after supper,
one, looking back, sees
the diner in the shadow
of a bridge—
Are there joys, friend,
when light
comes from no day?

Minds die this way;
wilt from
their own heat.
I hear of Ren’s illness—and hope
this concern

finds him
up an around
hungry for cookies

and tea: and ready
for rompings
in snow—not yet?

then, at least,
at the window
watching

his playmates
belly-whopping
down the hills

below Mt. Hiei

l’envoi

Go, song, to Will and Ami;
tell them of my concern; be graceful in your phrasing;
try to speak of melting snow.
here’s
a
cherry
spray

for
each
of
you

—could
n’t
find
any

birds;
they’ve
flown
to

woods
light over leaves above water where a sight of sloping green breaks thru
a river’s flow

a fall of leaves from the hills sloping toward its banks
the wood’s clearer
because of the children
gathering flowers
along its paths
Passing by the shops past the El
past the blossoming
apple-trees
a man
turns down a street
to factories
and then up
to homes
looking toward weeds
along tracks
Quarter
moon
car
turning corner
rear view
window
five storey
trucking
c co.
So Close
against light you my wife gather flowers along
the river reflecting hill and forsythia
at night, your fragrance dissolves metaphor
in the midst of the collapse our room dark our speech our love the background
our bodies naked given up to each other reveal
the ecstacy the earth
the world a river flowing reflecting light revealing
a river flower the world reveals our love in love
your odor returning night the bed our love returns
sea our first year
body to body our night less boundary than fragrance
releases bird hill river