





the ground is a bent ring

circularity is caesura

of no use to us hear it not  
be  
eventing, but only the place for it, sensing  
in the motions to us, & us, our  
motions to you,  
are we reciprocal *here*  
can we exhaust what we've brought, *here*,  
what potential, what clamouring  
breaks constitute,  
what, if we be the form of the  
problem,  
we present  
the problems in the form of us, *here*

may we be here, may we learn here

this be an advent each time the moment of  
noumena  
wisply multiplies in these gestures of ours,  
these dyanmi-  
softer than that -c, dynamis is, the  
potential in the sustaining  
the site, the pointing & the thinking

but also such diaphora  
written down, less continuation than

diagramming  
an actualization, yet  
folds keep them, unfolding  
calls to them, to the craft  
in them, the hands  
behind such note-taking  
the folds accelerate their turning  
decelerate towards their reflecting,

our imagining	my writing this towards
the fondness	the transforming of it
the deeper of it	the diaphora across
what        where	can settle to
participate in	learning/