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Anaximander on the possibility of exclusion

I can imagine a print without a foot.
But I cannot imagine a foot without a print.
I can imagine a world without life.
But I cannot imagine life without the world.
Oh what horror!

Anaximander counts down

Five senses for one heart.
Four corners of the sky for one earth.
Three dimensions for one space.
Two beings for one child.
One life for one death.
No word for the infinity that binds
heart, earth, space, child and death.

III

December is strict and solemn,
the sun's rotation makes it ache.
Promises flutter away in a flock,
romances grow mouldy.

The world is unbearably perfect,
like the imperfect verb to be.
Someone wants to hide in nothing,
God is in the instant. And lost.

The beloved, blackened by desire,
is not of this kind. He lives for his errors.

He lives, forgets, falls into dreams.
He attacks a woman like Franky Gote.
God is in the instant. And ice cold.

V

We measure the moments, because eternity
is a given, the idea of absence.
The image of mother is a memory
that makes the soul perspire: close, but unknown.

Time belongs to matter: bell, weight,
clock, sand, shadow, spring and crystal,
buoyancy, the splitting of the atom, a wave
remembering a particle. But time is the doorway

to repetition. The same entering as apparition.
What upsets us about return is change,
the strangeness of our lover, the myth.

So let us measure only the nothingness that never passes:
not the pulse of the moon, not the being of the sun -
but the grace that the beginning doesn't understand the end,
the disintegration of song.

Sixth canto: Fire

Eyes burned, cities burned,
authorities and plague became history.

Hearts grew inflamed, imperia grew inflamed,
insanity shut down the immune system

Tempers flared, hair flared,
Giordano Bruno at the Campo di Fiori,

love and Sarajevo became as dead
and eternal as Latin.

The idea of the Holy Grail glowed dead
and eternal. The bones of children

smouldered after Hiroshima and the fall of physics.
The horn of plenty, the squandering of god's gifts,

has taken on the image of a monster. Never again
will manna fall from the sky, only dung.

Man, melted from rock, clay, water
and light, blurring to the age of ages,

has finally cooled down. Now he is cold, united with
power. Cold Power. The power of Cold Power.

A simple man went into the world

You arrived at simplicity.
Now you are a simple man.
You see a daisy, a grain, a wellspring,
you hear the frightened barking of a dog in the suburbs.
Everything comes before you, eyewitness, creature
who belongs to no one.
Nothing continues into another thing.
It is not important, it is not unimportant.

Even you, simple man, are none too bright.
If you felt beauty in your throat, you feel
disgust first.
But that's not what matters. What matters is the emotion
that nearly cauterizes metaphysics.
Now it rises within you like a coral island from the sea,
a child, a child.
- You recognize ease, you mother gave you that.
Go into the world and be happy,
you sweet little fool.

And you go. You see a simple man, you bloom white,
you finely sprout, you murmur among the stones,
frightened, you yap into the insensible night.

light rests inside of me
until I am extinguished.

because it is everything
that is revealed from secrecy,
a market stall of appearances,
we must bow
before the blue iris.

Aristarhos spoke of it,
it obsessed the master of Kyoto.
in an overlooked footnote to the critique
of pure reason, Kant placed it
high above death.

it makes no sense to explain appearances,
appearances must be seen.