Later, when those mysterious words would again possess you, desire and ideas from yesterday could cause familiar people to seem imaginary. The zodiac was useless, hours were ancient, memory was just memory. You began with the thought to improve what you had made, but then maybe it would be better abandoned altogether, to try and make something new.

So here you are, beginning again what you’d once believed was finished. Present pleasures anchored in the past, you walk across a familiar landscape and arrive at a new mountain, as if there were such a thing. Never sad, never powerless, you are a climber whose form of joy would go on and ever upward to murmur strange opinions into a thinning sky.
“The world sucks, let’s drink some wine and look at the moon,” she summarizes her favorite classical Greek and Chinese poems as they sit together laughing and sharing a can of sour grapes beneath a waning moon, November 24th, 2018.

The moon sometimes seems to be a line break for a night-walk: you look comfortably up at it from a dark path, and when your gaze returns everything is darker. The world sucks, so they drink wine and look at the moon. It’s perfectly alone as it moves the sea.
The universe may be a material reenactment of spiritual concerns, or else a series of contradictions resolved by intuition, discovered in foreign languages, organized as an execution on a hilltop.

The universe may be a hilltop, foreign and spiritual, as an execution or organized contradictions, discovered by a reenactment, resolved in intuition, a series of language concerns or else material.

The universe may be a spiritual reenactment of material concerns, a series of intuitions resolved by contradictions, discovered in a foreign execution, organized as languages on a hilltop, or else.

The universe may be a reenactment of an execution on a hilltop, or else a series of foreign languages discovered by intuition, organized as spiritual material, resolved in contradictions and concerns.
THE LAMP OF FLOWERS

As the beauty of a blue sky
beyond the young gardener’s thumb
held up, to slow the dripping blood,
above their heart, filled with longing,
goes unnoticed because of pain,
their face, as if determining
the answer to a mystery,
both relaxes and gains focus.
Volcanic in its origins,
the island’s dirt grows flora well,
but it would be wrong to reckon
that large numbers divide the worth
of each discrete blossom. In fact,
the opposite is true: because
they are surrounded, people here
exalt in a taxonomy
so detailed it makes a formal
study of even the plainest
bloom, so the gift of a flower
is intellectual and sweet
because it echoes the time spent
reading science and old poems,
like the one that ends with the line:
three roses in a palace vase.
THE LAMP OF REVOLUTION

Like the small light that will confirm misunderstanding as a great shadow behind a small person, some crimes stand apart from themselves to become laws. And then flows the blood that washes clean a great multitude, but only after their tragedies have ended, and so one way of life consumes another as the future takes revenge on the past to save it from a history of resentments. What confusion is there, always in the way that one would speak of who one was, of their excesses and wants, these contagions often confused with life? The world changes but not the way the people in it change.

The better the teacher, the less useful they become with age, as each epoch invents the means by which the next will destroy it. God is the sun. The sun has set. It rises again, then re-disappears.