

MORNINGSIDE VIGNETTES : TEMPORALLY AMBIGUOUS

PRÆSCRIPTIO (cf Ezra Pound)

download, muses, to me the memory
of tradition, poetic tradition mixed
with prose. wisdom that exceed
particularity: universal
but primed in *real*

from that time when gods
made heaven and earth.
helen adam eve and troy:

the thousand ships that sailed to troy;
they said:

love, an age-old equaliser
promises history, is a drug
that suffice for social progress.

but could the morning glow,
a short-lived shimmer
really absolve us?

...

then the christbirth:

καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος,
which means Word, as in

“just one word and he’ll strike me down”

↓

down to inferno
where by experience
you shall know
ὁ λόγος

where i met the dead tiresias, who said:
there is only one thing, whence proceed
particularity

and i awoke, adrip, in a regal purple wine
senselessly senseless alone in my mind

in the morning glow,
but could a short-lived shimmer really absolve us

TEICHOSKOPIÁ (cf Homer)

come, child, and i will weave our deeds since 1754
which those living today may never surpass.
see in yr mind's eye a stack of papyri, rune-scribed,
plus ten more volumes of schólia, *leatherbound*.
in their circle the pregenerational warriors make
elixirial libation to gods, copy it all down (such as ten
of you might not) *with variation* and still find time
for sunrise. stern marble busts of the interpersonal
contact, fixing their ties all day, impeccable dress
for the boys club, and they didn't think there was
any pleasure past cicero, seneca, certain platoesque
verses of la divina commedia : *but catullus be vulgar*

come, child, and i will weave you the faux bourgeois
of kids who became men on the strand of troy.
she yearns for new leadership, troy does: greek leaders.
the future will be wrought by those with courage,
stolid toughness to let the spear rip thru yr sinews,
to fall like a poplar ravaged to make way for development.
ought fight for lakedaimonian justice from those who
would trample every sacred covenant of mankind,
the dogeyed factblind usurpers will combust in a
final iliadic pyre of kid and girl and boy, and to be
a warrior is to be noble, indefatigable, and prescient:
bringing so much glamour besides

and child, who is that woman on a silver throne?
with a stack of dogeared cross-referencing books and a
queue of disciples she hath in thrall, out of nothing more
than mutual respect and a need for social discourse.
i fought beside her, deeds such as ten of you might not:
“breaking down barriers for those of every creed, each
woman, man, and child might claim the american dream
with stern effort and mutual support, and we've made
strides in every field of understanding, social, natural
sciences, awaiting that day when we have earned our rank
as Wise Beneficent Guardians of This Earth, with compassion
that all persons are created equal...”

and then you show up
to shatter universal affirmation.
only first principles, extensive
exposure to classic tales might cure
insufferable adherence to tradition *and I enjoin you :*

PARTICIPATE, CONTRIBUTE TO THE DISCOVERY,
CREATION OF NOVEL PERSPECTIVE

SENSUAL DISCOURSE (cf Plato)

[scherzo]

lleno de amor
for brickwork.
marble column
& mahogany door

admiración for a
salade composée

multispangled sound
echo thru the —

[para le siusxe
i kleoi heno,
argo nostos ui
defyt, ong ang
oui and

higher

thru rings of bodies.
enlightening love
contained in bodies.

midst bodies
can i suffer anostos
w/o reality illusions

/

scheming daemons
who'd have me deal
solely

in sensual discourse

amen

MORÆ (cf al-Qu'rān)

what an enchanting place we have granted you, and to think we found you as nothing more than dust. we will raise you up from dust and form you in our gilded image. what formative years, the best years (which you'd do well to remember) and *those who obey* we will honor with the *right to discourse*—we deem intellectual discovery yr birthright, you my chosen people, and you'd do well to remember the following (and lo, i lay down this quran for your own benefit, imean, you don't even understand the bliss my quran will bring you):

- brush yr teeth morning and night
- coffee, alcohol, etc are Bad with no exceptions
- network with yr peers in the spirit of social adventure!
- restless exertion for maximum flow
- exercise morning and night
- be orderly!
- and pay homage to ionic spirits

- know that it is worth it to know yr history, the eloquent, seminal movers of a literary-philosophical history; that we know what this history is, and *there could be no harm* in a historical discourse

- and verily verily, thru a post-dogmatic unbiased enlightening discourse on morality
- you won't believe what love, compassion, humility, love of service, temperance, love of truth—in short, *how blessèd thou shalt be*

amen

till i realised that time
is but a radical lack of existence

*instantly do we will the future
into the past
and the present doesn't exist*

that life is not scribed on a playbook

that i could, right now, will
an act of radical creativity
unimaginable.

...

that you don't even know my name...

and that living for other people sucks—
and no uncontradictory information
thereto: ethico-philosophical arbitrage
in which i always, always lose.

...

and to my 9yo sister, how could i explain
that Disassociative Depressive Affect
of the Yuletide is only a function of
how much i actually care about her...

...

ridiculous and counterproductive, this be^

and i have lost all conviction?