The deconstructionist’s triumph

this is a poem

it is a poem about the poetic prerogative

for now, let me speak

without artifice or obscurity.

hmm...um...

er...uh...sorry.

i just can’t do it

Why? because

there are things known only to me

and maybe everybody else

for which science has no naming

there are things described only with poetry

the necessity of poetry is just one of them

there is no science to the meaning of life

or the subtle nature of reality

there is no clear logic

that holds the code of consciousness

this is the realm of art

I could rewrite the above thus:

There is no science to the meaning of life, no describable juxtaposition of elements or mathematically legitimate concatenation of well-known linguistic axioms which will expose logically the subtle nature of reality. Such things are best left to the creative imagination and intuition of the artist to explore and communicate;

but I won’t, because it would lose meaning and effect.

that there is ambiguity

is the key to understanding

that there is intuition

is the capstone of clarity

and freedom is their witness

when science is at its deepest

it is indistinguishable from art

to describe the deepest underpinnings of our Us

can only be done with picture and metaphor

let me give you an example:

where water meets air is the meeting of two oceans

neither of which is more or less real than anything you can imagine

and where consciousness meets substance

is the meeting of two oceans both of which are more real

than anything you can know

the above is a poetic truth which describes a literal one

allow me a momentary departure:

we live in a soup of tiny strings

this is mathematically elegant

but means nothing to most of us

but when i tell you that we live in an ocean

with neither surface nor bottom

where the swirling of infinitesimals

is the substance of the infinite

and the twist of consciousness

it changes you, like it or not

you have learned no math

but you have leaned out of the window

glimpsed the impossible

and made it possible

for in an infinite universe

among an infinite number of universes

whatever you can imagine

is out there somewhere

and you don’t know the smallest fraction of it

i could have written all this as an essay

with unambiguous punctuation and unbroken lines

i could have capitalized and italicized

i could have made it square, and solid, and formal

and you would not have read it

it is not for nothing

that the greatest poem in history

begins with the greatest contradiction in language

*the way that can be named is not the way*

nevertheless I have named it

i call it water (see *Spring*)