

## 0.1 I

there is a truth we cannot bear

oh, all the drowning men have seen it  
their foaming eyes have almost touched it  
in all their hearts it was a ruby  
it was a moon as red as sunset's dying zest

if you have walked, a shadow of your shadow,  
a ghost quadruped, primitive, not feral still, but close—  
if you have listened to the beggar's begging  
when sitting in your bed at night, alone—  
if you have heard a whisper cry  
a piece of bread, for love of god...!  
and turned to see the darkness in your room—

if you have loved I mean, a love outcasted, caged,  
then yes, you know the truth we cannot bear  
you know there is a sea of drowning men  
and in your heart there is a ruby  
a violent moon you can't give up  
however much its weight may search the kiss  
of sandless abysses of time

## 0.2 II

How much I wish to find you, pecisely you who were the one who took me. Do you recall the secret which was my offering to you? Remember you how young the dreams I dreamt, how pure the shyness of my eyes: Remember now how well it stood the truth there dripping from my lips. Now I have learnt: Love drowns, it always drowns—the flow of life is irresistible—nothing is true but for a day.

Once you said to me: *I will never leave you.* Strawberries were everywhere, the moon was shining clear—Your face was that of early youth. But you have failed to love me—and who's to blame? You knew the secrets of my soul: You failed to love them. You knew the ugliness of me: You failed to love it. You knew I could be foul and ruin: You failed to love that.

To love is to uphold the entirety of a being, as if it was a final offering, the one and only sacrifice which could bargain the forgiveness of our god. You loved my poetry and my music; you loved my brain and books; you loved my singing and my laughter; you loved the color of my voice. You could not love my silly ways; you could not love the sadness of my heart; you could not love the way eternity distracted me; you never saw how deep a well my sorrows are. You'll never know how deep my sorrow is.

And why, O why? Why make me hope that we should live a life together, when you were quick to turn your heart away? I wish I'd never known you. I wish to die a quiet death. I wish so many things, but not oblivion—no. I shall remember. I must remember you so as to live the life which gives the memory of you.