

OPENING

ONE:

MEANING AND MEANINGLESS

1.

All names are meaningless.

All words are summaries.

No summary can reach

The fullness of what lies behind it.

As any attempt to speak will fail,

Why would I bother to try?

2.

All names carry meaning.

Some carry more,

Some carry less.

None carry none.

All carry all.

All words are summaries.

Some reach less

Of the fullness of what lies behind them,

Some reach more

Of the fullness of what lies behind them.

3.

All names carry all meaning?

All things reflect each other.

Words are mirrors,

Built to reflect reality.

A name is a sound and a shape.

The meaning is greater,

Reflected in the mirror of the word.

Meaning is too large for the mirror of words,

But it is still visible in them.

In every mirror,

Behind and around the object being reflected

Is the rest of the Universe.

Far too large for any mirror,

The Universe is there nevertheless.

4.

All things are summaries.

All things are mirrors.

Words are summaries.

Choices are summaries.

People live their lives as summaries.

None express none.

All express all.

In the corners of all of our mirrors

Floats the rest of the Universe.

5.

As any attempt to speak
Is a step toward fullness,
A small reflection of the Universe,
Why would I stop trying?

Even with tears in my eyes,
And words that weep
For the meaning they are too small to carry,
Weep until they flood
The paths of my existence?

TWO:

SUFFERING'S QUESTIONS

6.

Why would I stop trying to speak
The truth of myself to the world?

I am burned,
Poisoned,
Afraid.

I bleed,
Cut by memories
Sharp as paper-thin blades.

I suffocate,
Rejected, lost,
Alone.

I am devoured
By what I trusted.
Used like a possession

And tossed aside.

I suffer.

7.

I suffer, and I pause.

I pause, and pause,

And pause.

I pause,

And try again.

But why would I stop trying to speak

The truth of myself to the world?

8.

Why would I keep trying to speak
The truth of myself to the world?

I laugh,
I die.

The Universe's balance,
Matter with energy,
Time with space,
Motion with stillness,
Sings:

The Flow
Of all things moving as one thing
Can be harsh or kind
To the pieces of Itself.

Yet through all loss,

Through all pain,
Through all suffering,

Nothing is unnoticed,
Or forgotten.

9.

Why me?

Why do I have to suffer?

Think of the Flow of all things

As a body.

Why do the parts of the body suffer?

Maybe I am a cancerous tumor,

Being cut out.

Maybe I am an overactive gland,

Drowning in my own errors.

Maybe I am a vessel,

Unluckily burst in a bruise

As the body moves.

Maybe I am a nerve,

Too close to a flame,
Crying out pain's warning to the body.

Maybe I am the muscles of an arm,
Stabbed through
To stop a piercing of the heart.

Maybe I know the answer now.
Maybe I never will.

10.

You laugh.

You die.

Sometimes that is more than enough.

Sometimes that is all there is.

All words are maps.

The landscapes they describe stretch past horizons.

THREE:

TRUTH AND BREAKING

11.

False?

There is really just less true

And more true.

In some things,

Only a tiny ember of the truth

Scratches the edge of the mirror.

Useless?

Perhaps.

A distraction?

Perhaps.

But an ember, if fed,

Could become a blaze.

The greatest blaze is a star.

In other things,

Truth looms vast,

Overflowing the mirror.

Leviathan beneath the waves,

Encircling worlds.

Gravity

And the other serpents of spacetime,

Who stir galaxies.

12.

This is why I avoid destruction,
Reduce breaking, favor connection.

Heaven is a hoarder.
Every piece has a use.

All things, all beings, all ideas,
Contain part of the truth.

13.

Sometimes, a thing or being or idea

Contains only a very small piece of truth.

Separate yourself from it?

This is often best.

Clutter can slow or confuse your movement.

We are too small to hold on to it all

Without slowing to a halt,

Without being pulled in the wrong direction.

But the Universe can hold all clutter, comfortably.

Maybe the sliver of truth will be useful in a small way.

Maybe whatever that sliver of truth is useful to

Will itself be useful in a larger way.

If the right connections are made,

Truth can combine with truth,

Forming larger and larger truths.

14.

Sometimes, a thing or being or idea
Contains a vast piece of truth.
Indispensable.

Too large to hold on to
Without being pulled along.

But the Universe —
How could it be pulled?

What would happen if the indispensable broke?

15.

To heal is to know breaking.

To break is to be able to be whole.

Death:

What is the healing?

Is it laughter?

Is death its own healing?

Is it the balance of death and laughter?

What is death?

What is laughter?