

MIDSOMMER

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When Ludwig Wittgenstein decided to come and stay in Norway,
his mentor, Bertrand Russell, is rumoured to have said:

*I said it would be dark and he said he hated daylight.
I said it would be lonely and he said he prostituted his
mind talking to intelligent people. I said he was mad and
he said God preserve him from sanity.
(God certainly will.)*

*I can't imagine that I could have worked anywhere
as I do here. It's the quiet and, perhaps, the wonderful
scenery; I mean its quiet seriousness.*

Ludwig Wittgenstein, 1936

PRIVATE POLICY

Affection and the coded, effective spreading and
resisting it. The full-ended defacement.

And the truffles in the basement, gnawing at the
boxcar.

Weeding of the chimneys (*chimera?*).
The chimera fits in the blanks;
Pergaments shimmer with swimwords.
Glistening pre-tensions.

Words, swimming over like wild boars crossing
waters to an island; in their right mind remain
silent.

I'm about to speak about it – come to dust, but
still leak about it.

I've been clustered in a deep blue fountain.
Carve the inside of a sleeping mountain.

Syntax, symbol, system, sustain, strategies, stand-
offs, scores, stability, structures, straining, suggesti-
ons, simplicity, sanding, sanity, sameness, spectrum,
stamina, surface, speech, silence, sight, sensation.

When the *absence*-colorway is on, telling resides in
the dark, candlelight story (kids be in bed).

OSTINATO – STATE OF CHANGE

Innumerable fractions, frequency-weaves,
intersecting wavelengths. Reflection, resonance:
a sky-silk mirror.

The fluid freshness of the lighthouse's pawns ge-
nerates oscillation along the vastness, as ever-chan-
ging as the perception of it.

Is the sun setting or rising? Setting? Yet?

Last time seemed in swallowing; the glissando
elusively unified, undefined — *sans fin?*

An eclipse state of conceptual thoughts' normal
placeholders.

Time slows under the subtle continuity-stretch
these nights. We disorient ourselves, drifting from
distinctions' pointing fingers.

Now, the transitory state we're in is diffuse.

Transients have softened their curves.

The tape repeats a drone of soft fuzz-and-crackle,
saturated, an old helium voice skirmishing hints
before its gas runs out.

Our sun-skirt has been lifted; the glow follows
the mellowed curve, the offset allowing it to never
touch the ground, not go under for many spiraling
repeats to come.