



\* On Poetic Conceptions \*  
[www.mytho-logos.net](http://www.mytho-logos.net)

## Mytho-Logos Verse

### Forests for Trees

Getting down to it  
The forest is many, the trees ones  
whose many make the one that is  
The Forest  
What is the exact difference between  
the each that some how make "the wood"?  
The eye takes in, by scanning  
the all that is an entity  
yet, pausing upon one trunk  
splits that whole at a single stroke  
into so many trees  
Can a forest then be counted?  
Is there a toll that tells its one-ness?  
Or are the trees that make it without number  
until they are taken all apart  
becoming each an only  
all by their selves?

### Counting On It

Where would we be without  
the measure of the mind  
posing us among all that it surveys by incremental steps  
quantums of arbitrary constancy  
self same so each remains accountable to all?

How far, how long, how much  
past and yet to come  
would be unfathomed by objective marks  
subject only to imaginings  
the as ifs of disproportional memory  
qualified by mere comparisons to what has been  
only felt and seen?

Counting on counting to know  
how it really is  
is the way to add it all up  
divide it all exactly  
make ends meet  
leaving no thing out that matters  
in so far as one can  
count on it

### **Spirit of Our Times**

The spirit of our times is measured  
exacting numerous accounts  
to make a mark on each and every thing  
Its church has no place for chaotic symbols  
that fail to quantify their meaning  
It makes its way by precisions  
predictable formulae  
calculated moves  
that promise a final sum for all

Reduction to essence, however removed and abstract  
from that which It puts to the rack  
of truth telling quantification  
is its methodical purpose  
Rendering from seeming chaos  
the orders it creates  
by the virtues of its purely formal logic  
It can do no wrong so long as  
It is done just so

Here then, at last  
is a god to be relied upon  
Revealer of reality that makes no mistakes  
abstains from self-contradiction  
following Its own example indefinitely

And yet, there ever seems some remainder  
For all the counted more materialize beyond number  
and some things else elude incremental grasp  
as if their being is beyond measure  
at best can be cast as probability

Such flaunting of Its rule enflames  
the cold calculations of this Demon of Degrees  
until its computations digitalize everything in sight  
even seeing and what seen  
though perhaps not feeling and what felt

By Its own handling that once measured Space  
in Time  
Those two great constants are now numbered uncertain relatives  
whose beings are no longer exact and reliable  
And Its digging deeper splits the hairs of atomic parts to pieces  
over and over  
And reaching the heavens finds no end  
and so no centers that can hold  
the all in the thrall of Its meter  
though still It ticks away  
with useful certainty

Technical virtuosity of definitive determinations  
counting every which way  
Elegant elaboration of potential fragmentations  
taking parts to pieces in search of missed wholes  
It lays down Its rule so far as It can go until  
all Its marvelous reductions reduce  
into the limits of reduction  
And so again, as all great spirits gone before  
It affirms a cosmos of unfathomable creation  
phenomena beyond measure  
endlessly countable without ever being totaled

World without end.

**Where Meaning Lies  
Speaking What Cannot Be Spoken**

Beware Ye Who Enter Here  
Go Not Gentle Into That Good Night  
Even though, As It Was In The Beginning, Is Now, And Ever Shall Be  
out of darkness came  
The Word  
Deus ex Machina  
Speaking existence into itself out of no thing  
but the sound of air moving  
Yet how can what is ever be  
said before or after its becoming?  
How can meaning make being without lying  
After its facts and beyond their fullness  
falling so far short of what it brings to knowing  
by speaking what cannot be  
simply by being spoken  
yet is?

**Here There Be Monsters**

All maps used to end where  
The world was no more  
In a there that was not void but wholly  
Other than what is known, perhaps knowable  
'Beware Ye—Here There Be Monsters'  
as are all things we have yet to reduce  
to the terms we determine

How now, that the world is round  
wrapping over into itself as our grid defines  
the nature of its form so that  
the maps are now all one  
The edges that were there  
where what is known ends  
and the waters of the great oceans roaring

over the edges of time  
becoming the un-navigable vortex of eternity—  
all those wild places  
peopled by who knows what monstrosities  
yet to be identified  
have been banished  
exiled from the Real World

All that that lay beyond our furthest travels  
now lies only within  
below the ice of “I”s  
skating the surfaces of consciousness  
where maps have yet to make the territory  
round into a circle of knowing that no longer knows  
where it ends

Here, ‘in here’  
as there ever were  
There ever will be  
Monsters of the UnKnown

### **Attending Attentions**

Listen—what you hear is listening to listening  
Look—what you see is looking at looking  
When you get the feel of It  
You are feeling feeling

If we do not doubt  
how appropriately the ‘I’ does this  
Paying attention to attention  
How will we ever know  
Our knowing?

What the hell has happened  
When you know what has happened  
And then you realize  
What the hell has happened?!

Listen . . .

## **What Is Meaning Full?**

What is meaningful  
would seem to be that which  
one finds full of meaning—  
meaning ‘it’ arrives, is revealed, as important  
But there are meanings—associations  
of some particular significance  
that are learned by example  
by being told  $1 + 1 = 2$   
that the particular word “tree” means  
a thing that takes a certain branching form  
Then there is meaning that occurs  
without expectation, without preparation  
significance that simply manifests  
as if out of no where already known  
importance that is felt even though  
it has been neither felt nor described before  
Meaning appears then to exist  
before we know it is meaning full

## **I Think I**

### **Therefore I Am**

### **a Thingless Thing of Thought**

What is one to make of it  
this making up a world full of images  
out there, in here  
that is itself the very picture of imagination  
Looking at myself looking at myself  
thinking about what I am thinking  
about to believe I know where these thoughts begin  
and end as if I were not them  
I wonder which is which

All these notions make versions of what is  
some fitting, others not so

Yet any one as real as others  
as each is made of the same  
Thingless things that make the thinker

**The Knowing that Arrives  
Where It Is Not**

Only then, when how I think It is  
is known  
can how It is not thought  
become real  
Now accurately strange, precisely extra-ordinary  
this place appears, unearthly earth  
being beyond telling  
in whose unknowing one comes home  
after as before it was  
known for the first time

**The Myth of Logic, Logics of Myth**

It is always one thing after another  
This way or that  
Time after time  
From the beginning to the end  
Or so the story goes  
That Tale of Tales that tells all  
About how everything comes to be  
then stops when the next thing is  
And there is no going back  
save for telling it over again as it happened  
Step by step  
Or so the story goes  
that tale that can tell all tales  
one thing after another, leaving nothing out

It is a great myth of How All Came To Be  
Answerer to all whats and whys  
Oracle of Reason that knows the one true way  
Heroic myth of Self-Consistent Logic  
Granter of the right to be infallible for those  
who make the proper sacrifices

Burning on its singular altar all anomalies  
demonic deviants of act and thought that dare  
to contradict The Way It Is  
supposed to be

How different Its kin  
Twin Tale of Tales  
that reasons just as well  
though back and forth, over and under  
again and again until its telling makes a concatenation  
converging then, not yet, and now into  
was, never will be, but is  
because that is how it knows the way  
things are all that they are  
intimate with what they are not  
while partly this and that  
what is said, imaged, measured  
while also not as so re-presented  
and always more

That is just how It is  
the logics of myth telling it backwards  
and forwards side to side  
till meaning is occurring as each moment does  
concurring with its being  
becoming here and there  
Until it is now  
and then

**Out Of**

**Into**

**A Reasonable Nature that Knows No Bounds**

From eons of trials and errors  
heirs to tested tales for how it is and works  
set their selves apart  
by a world of forms so structured  
as human knowledge has it  
drawn out into view from veils of chaos  
defined by rules for how to be and what

to do  
as makes a human, a part from it

So the social world states itself against the rest  
then goes further a field  
crossing its own boundaries  
structuring that All  
from which it made its own as if  
the endlessness without began to end  
the sea becomes the boat  
the captain commander of the wind  
that blows this cobbled craft every which way

Out of what it turns back into  
the social mind tries to make sensible order—  
that Nature it cannot grasp yet must  
All at once  
the Boundless leaps  
beside itself, in us, and beyond  
So reasonably unreasonable in knowing  
it is anti to what we make of it  
that must, after all that is is All,  
be of it none the less  
Structure imposed on what it bears it  
though bound to exceed every measure  
begging reason to mark the gap that all marks attempt to make  
disappear

### **The One that Makes Two, Two that Make Three**

If all there is is one then there  
is no other than here  
Nor now more than then  
What was is and is  
not

So there must be no one without  
some other to make the difference  
if only the other of no thingness  
zero of negation that positivizes some one

And only then there is a space between  
this and that one

Yet already now there are two  
how so ever opposite and un-alike  
By such contrast even these are kin  
in each making the other what it is  
if only by being and not  
And so these two come together  
causing yet another then as follows after  
where two that are not the same so make a third  
that is both and neither nor one or the other

That is how it goes  
No singularity standing alone  
All oppositions making way for thirds  
So that the one that makes two and two three  
falls, tripping over again and again  
into a cosmos of constellations that know only  
radical complexity

### **Which Way is the The Way to Go?**

Born into a wayward world  
each mortal coil unwinding its one life to live  
among so many possibilities  
which way is my way, which way yours?  
Which comes from within, which from without?  
Which way is the Right Way  
The way of the Family  
The way of Society  
The way of Religion  
The ways of the Sages  
The way *I* want—  
Any way but the way They say?

The Way of Reduction  
The Way of Amplification  
The Way of Salvation  
The Way of Transfiguration

The Way of Control  
The Way of Surrender  
The Way of Competition  
The Way of Relation  
The Way of Obedience  
The Way of Confrontation  
The Way of Quantification  
The Way of Literalization  
The Way of Metaphor  
The Way of Doing and That of Not Doing

Perhaps there is no Single Way  
Perhaps each of us must go  
this way and that, sometimes together some apart  
traveling many roads at once  
doing differently, being variously  
coming and going along and among  
The Way of Ways

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Leslie Emery