

... αρχη

α νο μο ι ο τ η ς

Rhyming

u n t e r - s h i e d

Difference

δ ι α σ τ α σ ι ς

d i f f é r a n c e

δ ι α φ ο ρ α

Panayotis Zamaros

a u s - t r a g

Rhyming Diffrence

by

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Prologue

Before giving difference the opportunity to speak and be itself, before logos a-rises from difference, for we – you and I, have come here for *this* purpose – do not tell me you did not know this, I would like to present a line of thinking. It is about the naming of a “witch”, which as you will soon discover has a direct bearing on the present work.

We found a witch; might we burn her?

How do you know she is a witch?

She looks like one.

Bring her forward.

I ‘m not, I’m not a witch!

But you’re dressed as one.

They dressed me like one and this is not my nose; it’s a false one.

Well?

Well, ... we did do the nose.

The nose?

And the hat. But she’s a witch ... burn her!

Did *you* dress her up like this?

No, no - yes, yes ... a bit; but she has a wart.

What makes you think she is a witch?

She turned me into a newt.

A newt?

... got better - Burn her!

Silence! ... there are ways of telling whether she’s a witch.

Are there? ... tell us.

Tell me, what you do with a witch?

Burn her.

And what do you burn apart from witches?

More witches; ...wood!

Good, why do witches burn?

... ‘cause they are made of wood.

Good! So how do you tell whether she’s been made of wood?

... build a bridge out of her.

Can you not make bridges out of stone?

Oh yeah!

Does wood sink in water?

No, it floats ... throw her into the pond

What also floats in water?

Bread, ... very small rocks, ...thick gravy, churches, lead, ...

A duck!

Exactly!

So logically, if she weighs the same as a duck ... she's made of wood.

Therefore?

She is a witch!

To some of you this piece may be familiar enough in that you are able to recognise it despite the fact that I deliberately omitted the reference. Yet, does this mean that the definition of the “witch” is dependent on your knowing who wrote it and for what purpose? In other words, does your understanding of the naming of a “witch” change relative to either a presence or an absence of such knowledge?

I am *not* convinced it does – as much as I sustain the thought that the author as an ordering principle has a bearing on the naming of a “witch”, in that a different author is likely to arrive at a different naming. Thus the origin of the text, that is, who wrote it and for what purpose, are *not* of prime importance.

What is, in my sense and purpose here, is *that* which the text means: that regardless of the manner, be it logical, traditional or by mere impulse, the naming of “witch” is accomplished. Thus, even if we consider the manner to be different, the end result is the same. It is achieved by detailing that which the signifier “witch” is to signify, namely, a number of qualities, denotations and connotations to be attached to the signifier “witch”.

In signifying such qualities, the relation between the signifier “witch” and that which it is made to signify become fixed in a sign. It can, additionally and subsequently, become institutionalised in the sense that this sign, and no other,

becomes the reference by which all other equivalent signs are measured or even made to measure.

Bearing these points in mind, now consider the following:

This is not poetry!

So, what is it?

Well ... it is *not* poetry!

Therefore, if that which is referred to is *not* poetry, regardless of what it is, it *must* be different since it cannot be signified by the word “poetry” as it lacks the signified qualities that such a word is given and made to signify. Put in another way, it is made to be different by the one who does the naming. And this is the case with the text presented here.

However, if the text presented here is *not* poetry, thus made to be something other, another that could be named, does it matter what it is? Is it important to name it?

Let me suppose it did. Thus, if it *did* matter, that is, if it mattered to name it differently from “poetry”, it would mean that in its difference, in being something else, the text would not be able to signify what is expected to signify as “poetry”. That which it *could* signify, or possibly signify, would simply be rejected since the word “poetry” was a priori made to signify one established set of meanings and qualities to be found in a text resulting from the institutionalisation of this sign.

Rejection would further mean that the time spent in sweat and blood to labour impressions and experience by shaping an amorphous body of lexis in a manner to fit a class named “poetry” would be at no avail. Such frustration to say the least, to the surprise of some of you, is however *not* what is important here!

What *is*, is that if it mattered to name this text differently from poetry, such a word would surely exist. But it does not! Thus, all

effort to maintain this text away from under the category “poetry” is frustrated by the mere fact that such institutionalised meaning has *not* created a named waste category wherein to dispose of all those meanings it cannot accept. This is for the simple reason that it does not *care* to signify such a category. It would so appear. In fact it cannot at all by virtue of its existence and function – otherwise it would signify both itself and the bin! At the same time, no other word exists that is similar enough to “poetry” that could possibly accept that which this text signifies.

Maybe then I could suggest “*rhyming*”.

Again, whether you like it or not, or whether such a word should exist or not to signify that which cannot be signified by “poetry” is still *not* of prime importance.

What *is*, is to observe that so long as the emphasis is placed on the *naming* and not on the meaning, such stupendous an effort in bringing to life that which is both said and not said is purely and simply annulled. *This* is the case by the very fact that there is *more* than one name to signify that which is meant – and certainly there is more than one meaning to be named by a single word.

And such plurality can only be due to a presence, which allows it to exist – otherwise even the genre “poetry” would not exist, as it would not be able to place itself at a distance from other genres.

It is a presence in the repetition of the ordering principle, in the established sign that can only accept within its domain those meanings it is given to signify and nothing more. It is a presence that transforms sweat and blood into something different: it is difference.

Then I could suggest “*rhyming difference*”.

A rhyming difference, a differing rhyme, a difference that rhymes, a rhyme that differentiates, to rhyme difference, to differentiate rhyme, rhymes that express difference, differences that express rhymes. Which of all these?

All of them and more than difference can ever say.

For this text is not about me: it is about “difference” as it speaks, describes and rhymes that which is experienced, which is none other than that which difference itself experiences. I only speak, if you think that I speak, on its behalf, but say less than difference itself does. It is less than *it* is willing to say; or should I say *she* is willing to say? It is a question of opportunity and mood!

Thus listen.

Listening (to) difference

§1 Listen to me thus let me speak. Let me speak on *your* behalf.

In deed, in letting me speak, you let myself exist. This is by the mere fact that you listen to what I say. At the same time, you let me speak for myself. Thus, in your letting me speak, I let myself exist, in that it is not only *you* who listens, but also myself.

I am thus a listening difference, as without listening there is no speaking.

Listen to the melodic throbs your ears can't receive
See the hues your unfortunate blindness can't perceive
Touch the surface beneath the blanket of the pinions
Speak the voice of un-braided mantling of opinions.

Thus echoed the unfathomable breath in the meanders of a living mind.
Had it shown mighty love or dreadful death to the wandering purblind?

Sh! ... Listen
... Hasten
Flee over the foam of the troubled sea
That oozes from amid the rocky scree
In the fragrance of a colourful lea
Run, 'till sand dust you become, thus wee.

Thus wee? - I hear oddness in your sayings:
Your wintry lips embitter the sweetest taste,
And cover with mist the best of paintings
Those of nature, unconcealed, naïve and chaste.

Birth for pain for suffering therefore die:
Darting words you need to lead us away
From discord, hatred, falsity and lie,
From insipid rule – order of the day.

So solemn your might! Yet, disconcerting
As you speak in riddles undulating!

Sh! ... Listen

... Hasten

The track of might like the ebb or eddy
Is *not* some wax mid-day sun is melting.
Aware, heavenly however cloddy
Profound, awesome, ominously rattling.

Fear not to feel behind the pictures
What nature does overshadow with green.
Or in the movement of other creatures
The breath of life - shy but humbly sheen.

Lost in the midst of seasons we travel
Foreigners to different lands and shapes.
But starry spheres of splendour and marvel
Are the same fleshy, blooded human grapes.

It is for *this* differing importance
You and I are vagrants in our homeland.
Confined by destiny and acceptance
Not to submit to every fool command.

Senseful or senseless, I yet wonder why
Time is seasons, from birth to mournful cry.

Only moment is time; season endless.
Thenceforth we wake and slumber ageless!

Hardly awaken, do we sleep again.
Is there any place to fit love and pain?

To love hatred, to hate love the danger:
Pathos for passion and ire fills our heart!
Prudent balance: the friend, not the stranger,
Showing in our eyes what is sparkling smart.

I must word to four winds my hearty chord:
If you show and assert strength of fire
That twists and swills like a twirl in a ford,
This, in my gaits of passion, I'll admire.

Ah this scent! Ex-pression of my desire
That causes trouble to more than a wo-man
Fictive flower blend we gladly suspire
To succumb to charm – enthralling plan.

It is *thus* we observe our nature!
Yet, is this cause for merriment and woe
When we as keepers of the gates do venture
Using actions so vile and low?"

Positive answer will have to fit best:
If the least awareness of permission
Rises winds of rebellion and unrest,
Biting cold stiffens normal progression.
To stimulate motivated action,
This should be the aim of your nature
In manners to screen petty reaction.
Thus, seek for kindness and not adventure!

Halt! You may speak about some manly ways!
Unable to offer the least affection
To those you name and cherish as the rays
That illuminate your life – deception!

Halt this noisy uproar, this spring of ire
That makes of tongue this medium of folly,
This tower of Babel, to plunge in mire
Your hearty thoughts, those ready to sally.

I spoke of a feeling, *that* peaceful ring
To surround you with cajoling arms
I spoke of striking the bell with a ding,
To sing your is-ness with a holy psalm.

Your body should not quell under steam
Let alone mimic hearty panting beat.
Blessed be the emotion jetting the gleam
That brightens any hollow timeless heat.

Unless it is to be so, abandon me
To pursuit the pathway of loneliness -
Do you deserve the love you feel for me?

Grounding (of) difference

§2 A starting point, a foundation, and grounding. It seems to me that there is an *obsession* to start from a place, from a moment. It is as if you and I cannot derive existence from nowhere.

Thus with myself: I can be grounding. Can I? Am I?

Lock me,
lock me in the ground,
I grow, robust,
and sound
the roots, the
fertile fetters
that claw at feathers
the antler builders
above, beyond the ground.

§3 If I am not grounding, I wonder whether there can be something more original than the canvas, the paper on which my logos, the differentiating word, that which I make different and differently, is to be *on*-scribed.

Many a thanks
for each word that clanks
clings, brings the rage
to space the puzzle-page.

§4 It seems to me that I ground myself on something more original than myself.

This is nature, which, in being differentiated, plays a differentiating role. And this is *my* nature.

And if this is my nature, it is a loose one. For such grounding as my self cannot be decided beforehand. That is, before it knows it is difference, before *I* know I am difference. Otherwise put, I am an undecidable for as soon as I know it, as soon as I know I am difference, I undo such knowledge because as difference I undermine the existence of such knowledge as a fact.

In any case I do *not* know it, because I cannot recall the moment, if thus it can be named, wherefore I started to exist. It is thus that neither you nor myself know the origin of our life. This is in the dual sense of an experience as lived and the traces it leaves as sedimented.

And if I am able to talk about it is because of you.

Since I cannot recall the moment, neither do you, both you and I need the other to let each other know. If you and I *did* know, the other would have been told. Thus if I knew, I would have let you know I do. But since this not the case, I therefore need *you* to let me know I do: you and I speak on each other's behalf to give ourselves existence.

And thus my claiming to know. It is because one day you told me so. You told me that I am difference for this is the name you gave me to wear.

I think it suits me well!

An apple was eaten for fun and recreation
Changing the rules to *such* an extent
That the snake found another colour by frustration;
Oppositions have become event!

Preposterous events have locked us in an abysm
Wherein infants are brought up.
Relations endure the weight of tireless a schism
Silenced feelings; the new cult!

Rebellious Eve has seized Adam's most unique posture:
The vine leaf. Separation has
Irritated Eve, giving Adam *no* chance to be sure
Of what tenderness is or does.

Epicurean appointments are grounded on disloyal vows
And desolate fields of disrespect
When the jester with disfigured bows dashes broken arrows
And afore machine we genuflect.

Carrying difference

§5 What is it that carries myself? Or is it that *I* carry myself? I do not – how could I? Thus, who or what is to be, or is given the role to be my carrier, the carrier of difference?

My carrier is the grounding that allows my existence. This is you as my other. And in carrying me, I allow you to exist.

Moreover, it is words. Not just some words, as the words of difference, but all the words. This is because all existing words carry me; I am located *in* them - even though there are just a few words that speak of myself.

And this is because words are different and dissimilar in that there are no two words that are identical – regardless of their meaning.

Words, again them, like a sound pestiferous body.

Coming and going.

They were, they are – who knows whether they will be?

I often think that they are going to.

And in writing these words, I hear none

Dead silence; present absence;

all the signs of my contradictory pathway.

I know that other words are *not* mere noise:

I can see what you say, read what you feel.

These little wagons of letters that enhance our

ears and conduct to our mind lofty thoughts,

to our heart rapture of the rarest, enhaven

our non-being, and closer to life, closer

to meaning where unfathomable doubt is

vanished.

But life is of poise - one day the scale *must* be counterbalanced.
By what force or might will it remain so?
With the weigh of words; those that colour faith and lastingness.

§6 Words are of power. They have effects as realised outcomes – regardless of whether these are desired or not. And since I mark words, since *I* am that which makes words exist as such, that is, different, words make use of me for the effects they bring about.

Words empower me as I empower them. And in so doing, words empower difference as they differentiate, separate, and divide; moreover, endlessly. I am thus ceaselessly carried along with words to perform their function: to differentially speak on behalf of another and myself.

A word, plain and simple
To my ears from your hurtful lips;
On my heart a rimple
And countless cuts from your daring whips

Some canyon, and some scarves
With sharp edges and towering rims:
The aching is when one starves
And voices words with incessant screams

Who could ever forget
Memories bathing in marrow
Of paths of mire and sweat
Of agitation and harrow?

Of proclaimed heedlessness
Should a mind for ever sustain?

Yet, from obnoxious lines
The healing is opened, amain.

Playing difference

§7 I am everywhere. I am not just some concept or word that gets tortured by intellectual workings. I am not some puny reduction!

I want to remark that workings of the sort treat me as an ab-ject ob-ject. It is as if I lie outside, detached and different from you and the other who seek to understand me. You *do* forget, maybe purposely, that I am your self. You overlook the fact that I lie *in* you – but *not* under you or the other.

I am a fact of life, and as such, I play. I play everyday, all the time, and not only when *you* direct your interest on me. This is because I am here, I exist all the time – otherwise you would not be able to simply approach me as you please or when your interest dictates your playing with me.

Thus, on a day-to-day basis, I am playful and give rise to games, to word-games, to cold-plays and other plays.

Daily

Of some trifling matter
I would now like to scatter
The seeds in the air.
 But my un-failing flair
 Distant echo of a note
 Suggests me to cease
 All thoughts that tend to ease
 Duration and lastingness.

Stories and tales bare a witness!

Misconception, nothingness
Den of facility
Strong cupidity
Purpose that becomes remote
When inwardly questioning.

Faces are vanishing
No point or isle is at reach
No essence to beseech.

Tales

Methinks I say that future
Is that dream of adventure
 We were, we are, and we shall
 Be the joyful players
 Of the game of prayers

At some time, under the pall,
Velvet was uncovered;
Simplicity conquered.

Though needles were in a spin
 Ready to strike rosy skin,
 Fair companion always there
 To melodize the sounds
 Of cold steel, of wild hounds.

So, in that red pump of his
The liquid flowed in waves
Smashing irons of slaves.

What was the reason to joust
 And that fragile peace to roust?
 Wielding the pure crucifix
 As a lance to a chest
 As if it were a gest.

Offenders to others deeds
Persist through the ages
In reeking life's pages.

The night –
Full is the moon
The sand –
Dawn coming soon
The light –
The day of doom
The hand –
A tuneful croon

As if hypnotised, to dream
Of a garden with a stream.

What is lost and what is found?

My duality replies
To the one who never plies.

A sign of complexity?

Twelve steps are from night to day
And as many in a ray.

Rhythmic dull noise of a clock
Rules time and its golden lock.

Mechanical opening?

That which precedes my slow pace
A shadow after a trace.

Sweet ruinous perfection?

A constant, total surprise

A hazardous enterprise.

Thenceforward it seems that black
Matches best with burning luck
Whose deep fissure in the rock
Racks grounding light with a shock.

And I am drifted away
With this smooth run of radiance,
Transformation; much to say,
Mystic wisdom - irradiance.

Another side ... follow the tide!

Highly perfumed entrance; the backyard: paradise of dirt
In all houses of ale I can see more than meets the eye:
Sour odour, blood, sweat and ethanol; spirit inert
Black mist with oscillating reds; presence of gramarye.

Single isles in an archipelago
Leave out the sensation of resplendence
Some utopian ideas of dependence
Are higher than cliffs causing vertigo.

The tunnel opens for matter to enter and vanish,
Disappear in warm tender parts of a perfect system.
Delectable is said to be a substance that's lavish,
Venerated, appreciated as if a diadem.

Vital should this be and in proportion.
Otherwise, spirits pregnant with disease
May enter the realms of fatal decease
And pleonastic subject distortion

Two distant ships with different routes meet and mingle
In life's prologue together to bring to the boil
The days past and stories gone, vital but single
In a luscious fight of carnal and velvet foil.

Abortive become words in daily noise,
In fake representations and mismatch.
 ... under the thatch
 ... thus *lost* is poise!

And

In high tide
 In low tide
 I often stride
 Often halt by the breach
 That divides the world.
 With no haste I reach
 The hand of gold
 That almighty guide
A road open wide.

An envy for more
To search for the core,
The sweet vibration
Of you creation.

Other

The wind is sighing
And cattle crying
The fowl are weeping
And trees are sleeping
When you are climbing

That portion of difference
That persisting inherence

Which, as a levee outshine
The double face in twine

How un-cheerful a song
When hunting in the throng
For unique perfect pair
But find disparate air!

Stories

Beyond time and place
In black and void space
In the twilight par
A luminous star
With black spotted hills
And thunderous rills
A separate station
Of life and sensation
A place to peruse righteous free will:
A melting pot against the cast of Nil.

“Oh Michael may this one moment you bless
Be the relief of troubles you profess.”

“Thus hope meet my thought my own fair Ivy
But occurred a marvel rather wavy.”

“Speak forward and un-free all weighting view”.

“From the deep abyssal chasm we withdrew
The most peculiar form of existence;
We strove, got trapped, offered no resistance.”

“Of what form and face was that alien shape?”

“No words exist to describe its ideate
As by metamorphosis it became
A white glowing sphere of no worldly name
With a heart of thousand red starry lights.”

“Oh miracles and serene eye delights!”

Labyrinth of steel
Loneliness one can feel
In the Crypt, prison of lesser comforts;
To live or escape: meaningless efforts

“For wisdom’s sake to the Crypt I’ll proceed
And see with my spirit the being in deed.”

Thus Michael spoke and for his broad mind’s eyes
Went to meet the one who’s melting in his cries

“Who are you, you who has the highest might
And by your presence has blinded our sight?”

“Thou art Michael, in love with Ivy th’ fair
Who by nature wilt beget child in a lair.”

“You sound wiser than any living breath!”

“I know thine thirst to comprehend what’s death
Yet thine fire must render smoke to the sky
Proof that only life makes birds sing and fly.

Cruel life that demands
Opprobrious commands
To change the colours of the Moon
By virtue of an acid boon.
The offering was held
In woe that led to weld
The microcosmic features of a star
Creating the field of a perfect par.

“Thou hast proven the modesty of thine being
And therefore receive the most precious ring
That wilt open the doors of perception
And thine child bring by pure re-conception.”

Thus the rhythm of life did go on
To blaze the trail in the Beyond.

Othering Difference

§8 Do you know that I am you? Do you know that *you* are different because you are not *of* but rather *with* difference?

Thus think of yourself as different, as the nonpareil and thus my alter ego – but *not* my self.

From timid mottled chalk-clouds
A shape of grace disclosed as

Some wave-less black-silk fleece,
A shiny burnt-rose shade,
Swift jetty-crescent bliss
That bathes
Invades
The mind-mead of purity
The furrow of probity
Whose velvet brim
Routes a silver rill
A smile without rim

How the most idoneous of words
Vacuous remains against all odds

§9 Yet, I have *not* said identical, have I?

You as the other and as self, and myself as other are the same, and therefore different as you and I are *not* identical – not even my clone.

From ruby stone
From happy tone
From amid the feelers
And the praying kneelers

You came
My same

For in your fruitful bosom
I smelt the air of blossom
And your eyes of mighty soil
Wove silk in my blood of oil

§10 More than often I address you as the other for you are other indeed since you carry me, use me, and play with me. But you are not I!

I am who brings you and I together in a play. *I* am who makes you be. And thus, you and I play the play of difference – even though *I* am difference and you are not. Thus, difference plays – I play.

At the same time, you and I play being different by naming this difference and differentiating the names, while playing the story of difference and letting difference play its own story. And this is my story! No doubt, it is my life!

It is in *this* story that you are brought to be an actor, or an acting puppet, even acted puppet, or simply a spectator.

And myself, as ground, as that which makes of you be what you are, I am also an actor: I frankly like this, but often have to content myself with different roles *not* of lesser value though.

That is, of acting puppet, acted puppet, and spectator.

Thus the naming of veiled whispers:
The alluring freshet edging hither
Enchanting runlet conducting thither
We gambol and twirl our whiskers.

In each other's calescent boughs
Enscenced; O how do we paw the throbbing seconds
The twinkling eyes of sapphire as four starry diamonds
Labour – drama of living ploughs.

§11 I whisper, mumble, grumble, and mutter. I am not vociferous albeit voiced. I do not shout although you may be led to yell on my behalf. Thus my workings are subtle.

But also cunning – as this is the type of intelligence I have. And if my workings cannot be laid open, it is because my charm cannot be revealed. It is not that I do not desire to reveal my charm: it is there, I cannot help it.

It is *you* who cannot find it, except when difference is spoken as 'difference', that is, when I speak – and I do not recall when such an opportunity was previously given to me!

Thus, here I come naked before you, as when I speak am I visible and audible.

Adrift, you have exerted from your ait
Sly artful might over mind and corpus:
Shaded sounds and hues as glittering lure and bait
Push the notes of charm to murmur from your opus.

Forlorn, I have thus been guided by your hardy hand
There where *only* joust has a soothing common scent
Made of perfumes rare, of flowers and rumbling land.
Do you see, blind though you be, my smile in lament?

You forgotten wreck of bones
Bitter collection of bygones,
Could you rise?

And *you* forgotten sprite of rain
Of blazing ash in our eyes
Could you remain?

§12 If I exist, I suppose, it is because I care. It is because I am about care as I am about caring – I am not to be understood as infatuation.

The later comes and goes – or does it not?

The former, if it lives, lets live in harmony and rhyme.

Lying idly on green beds of ennui
In soppy submission, in thorn-less time
I muse over breathless grasping beauty
Congealed in fragrance, rooted in rime

Folding fondly with boughs of oak and pine
In meadows of half-blown roses and woo
I seclude this land of tulips and vine
Of tender and peregrinate bamboo

§13 I do not ignore, for I care. I am not ignorant for I know; it is you that I know.

And even if you do not know me, not as well as you would like though there is difference in you, this is not reason for ignoring me, for you like it or not I cannot be ignored.

I cannot merely be dismissed as being trivial, as a headache that will eventually cure itself and go as quietly as it came. *This* is what some of you wish, but at no avail as I am here to make the other exist: you exist because I am, and I am here.

Do not just consider me as a curiosity to be torn apart in the name of science, as a central concern, as a question of acceptance, of accepting me, of accepting difference as being *only* something different and other.

Rather, think about *being* in difference as your being carries difference. Think that you and I are part of a weave of junctions, seams, articulations and connections that keep us different but also let difference bring life.

This is what makes me exist as difference, thus different from you. This is what gives *you* existence: you *are* by me, you exist through the grounded difference in you.

Not a 'hello'!

Why ignore
the moments lived
the feelings shared?

Not a 'good-bye'!

Just silence,
absence of past,
confusion last

Only in time

- short or little

Only the lime

- sour or bitter

Can piece together

A self in clutter

Listen to the song
that surely will take you far along
that lace that can thread
together the hands of every friend

§14 I am (a) matter for deciding.

I am *matter* for deciding, as I help you decide. I thus ground decision. I am the beginning, the arche.

If I am such *a* matter, I am that for which you and I decide. It is a decision to be different. I am thus the end, the telos.

Thus, I as difference am certainly both.

Should you kindle a spark, I would ignite
From votive seclusion awake
Pirious to hover like a blazing sprite.

Should I secretly wish you, I would verge
Into timeless rapture and lull
Which is what I might thus again emerge.

Should we edge to each other, we would melt
In seas of sweat and thirst to breathe
Together the sap from under our pelt.

Sharing difference

§15 I am shared. I am common, same and similar.

It is as if, in the beginning, I was one and unique. It is as if such uniqueness arose as a common concern from the recognition that I am, as difference, the grounding fact of life.

With a heart burning like a fire
The touch of a movement's desire

With a hand as light as feather
To this life we come together

Leaves are flowing on the sea
As life is the sieve we don't see

Love is hot and sunny weather
Hand in hand we come together

§16 But if I am shared, it is also that I am dividable in addition to dividing. It is because my being *is* dividable – otherwise I doubt I would be (named) difference!

If I am dividable, if I can divide my being, it is because I am the dominant participant in the struggle over the trophy of difference, over difference as the grounding fact of life.

If I dominate, it is because I cannot be consciousness for I am its origin. If I am devoid of laws, guides and ordering principles, if I am not mere opposition it is because I am who brings it about. Thus, if laws, guides and ordering principles are what I bring about as effects of my dividing, such dividing is also the cause for undoing such effects.

For *if* I divide I also de-divide by dividing. That is, there are no set laws, guides and ordering principles to prevent me from doing otherwise, since I am not of such stuff. I can thus transform and bring about any laws, guides and ordering principles by virtue of the same process: division.

However *not* you. You are eager to appropriate this ultimate prize as it gives you the power to divide, absolutely and irrevocably. However, you cannot, for you carry me, and in doing so, I am the origin of your consciousness as law, guide and ordering principle.

You are thus prevented from appropriating me. This is why you have resorted in using me to arrive at your ends.

Strolling amid the rows of desks and chairs
Or standing still under the heat of the spot-light
Only two eyes are burning bright
Brown iridescent flames

In the void of the class
As if peeping from a vase
To try to get a glimpse of a bouquet
There is only one scent that stays
One perfume that stains the glass
With colours of an autumn bouquet

And there it is
Double the feeling
Double the passion
Sitting on both chairs
the desk is but one!

And choice, oh cruel voice of consciousness
No, not consciousness but that of life
That brings this soft and cynical happiness
That dead end that has no roots to let get ripe

I have chosen yet I doubt
I have followed the voice that brings about
Further confusion
Disillusion Alas!

A step closer to what cannot be done
No matter what I do or what I plan

What about the loss?
Does it count when still remains the gloss
On the desk
While rotting the core, the chest
That has always breathed fresh air
But now the fumes of despair?

Such loss may become history
Another page to be completed
A different story to be recounted
But for nobody's glory
A hero just defeated

§17 Even if you are prevented from appropriating me as difference, *I* am who you desire to be and to have the most. However, I am also whom you abhor the most.

If you use me, it is because I am source of power to single out, to isolate yourself. And this is when I lodge myself, when I make myself feel at home: at your home.

When I am at *your* home and the other is left outside, or when I am in the other's home and you are left outside, it is *then* when I am despised. You and the other see to it that there is no difference, that I am erased – but not necessarily together and at the same time.

But you merely glance at such a possibility for fear that you renounce to the arche: that you give up on me, that you abandon difference as choice whereupon to build a different life, a different you, thus undermining difference as telos.

I have forgotten the formal word
Which stands for vomit.
Because my mind is hazy and on the cord
That links the vulgar with the comic.

What should I spell out directly?
What should I vomit on his paper?
Maybe a name, maybe the only
Way to exist now and not later

Do you remember 'Pavlov's Dog'
The band singing your name?
Wet and hot as misty fog
Which echoes the same
Old tune which carries me back
In the distant curious childhood
And beyond the dark
Side of the goddess moon.

Yes they understood that the name
The symbol, the imitation
Is all that exists in the same
Old story, that of love and creation

Do you recall 'Double', that old song
That exists in the way to stroll
In the meaty woods when forlorn
Are the ways of people gone?

Yes I do, and performance seems repetitive
But not exactly; I said “seems”
As a teacher who tricks
The import into bliss
Faked within the act
The flawless feat
Of solitude in front of the immensity of life

Thus I disgorge all I have not in-gested
All I have not seen or thought of
On this paper with lines that are blurred
Which ultimately make one think of
The old days where was no mark
In control of livelier
Way of being

That is all: repetition
But always different
Because where there is reason
Is also ... a word that rhymes
With different!

Selfing Difference

§18 Difference is not only about you being different from myself. It is moreover about rendering difference as a self. It is about rendering myself as a self. That is, attaching meaning to myself, making difference meaningful.

Thus, you and I stand out as unitary differences, as different units whose chief feature is difference itself: me as difference and you as my carrier.

Day N

Think not that I is always me
For I can be either you or he
Or them; so shaped with floods of ink
Whereof flesh is red and skin is pink

Hither or thither like a gust
A blow on the desert ice or dust
From second's first to second's last
I was not, nor I shall, though I last

Day N+1

So you, reader of blissful line
Of bursts of laughter that often whine
Oozing from all my inner minds
That blood feeds except the finds
Try not to seek for what is not
As, like the future, I wot
Or like the previous, I see
What makes us butterflies to flee
From a smeared wall to wisdom's tree
Dicasts of now, alone we dree

§19 Your usual depictions tend to describe me as being *that* which – certainly not *who*, exists between two or more entities, identities, and objectivities. At other times as being the unnamed being devoid of its self as I am pulled apart by own being, by my own difference.

Though I can be either or and even both of the above, I can also exist as myself, thus within myself as a boundary. Thus within difference, a difference that separates me from you and the other.

Thus I am one and not two or more.

Being one, I am the self-inclusion of myself, as the unique and only element contained in this category, its own class: the perfect sphere, which fences off the other – this is you.

Eye
That looked at I
A tender wave, a supple hand
That eddy-carpet uncoiling sigh ever flowing
Refreshing breath of wet green land
And rapt in sphere
Here

§20 I am unknown however known. You know me by my name and you know me from my workings. But I am still unknown to you.

If I am unknown to you, it is because I am different from you, because I am *not* you.

If I am difference, I can be sameness at the most. Therefore I cannot be identity, even though that which I am today, that is, difference by name, I will be tomorrow – unless you choose to name me otherwise.

Additionally, I am difference by nature. Yet, although my name may not change, I do, because as difference I am different myself. I simply change: what I am today I cannot be tomorrow as no one knows this, neither you nor myself – you can tell me from whence I come, but not where I go.

And this is what qualifies my self as difference and gives existence to my self, for I can I speak of myself as other. Not any other: only that which the other is: I am myself, I am different.

Sleepless with eyes stuck in the darkness
I gaze for quiet in the unknown

This must be it:

You cannot resist being in the unknown
Yet you feed from what is unknowingly known.
If the sand is heating up, the storm is ready
To carry away what is known in the unknown.

The future:

Seemingly well blazed and solidified
One, two, again and, who knows, maybe three.
All this is unknown as is known to be the kiss
In the unknown.

§21 I am sticky. I am the glue that keeps your self together.

I am nevertheless unwanted glue. In the way *I* am but not you, because my being is as it is, I am anathema. It is blasphemy to speak of a self as with an essence since you have decided to sacrifice the self.

Hence your repeated attempts to eradicate me.

And in so doing, you have eradicated yourself.

You have erased your self by progressively amalgamating you and the other away from a sameness of a kin or kind into becoming one and only. This is a single identity, an absolute identity that nobody can name, as there is nobody to name and no one to do the naming. It is made rimless, as there is nothing to fence off, wherein you your self does not exist, let alone the other.

You therefore need me, now more than ever. You need me to keep alive the difference that I once bestowed on you.

Them? Yes of course
To haunt and follow me

Unavoidable glue
That weds my mind
To a restless flow

I cannot rid or avoid
Constructing, reconstructing, deconstructing

For the pleasure of the ear
Of the mouth
Of the tongue
Releasing a smile or tear

Will you come in if I blaze a trace?

I doubt!

Then tell me: is it all for real?
Or rather for the same
Puzzling tune
That walks you silently
To the edge of the wind-swept dune?

§22 If I am myself different from you, I do not mean that I am complete, for if I were, I would *not* be different, thus *not* akin to change. And as I am change and of change, my being is not complete.

Thus, being one and in-divisible and in-dividual domain, area, discipline, type or any named class does not and should not mean completeness of any kind. I am *not* such a unity.

If I am in-complete, I do not mean absence or recognition of that which separates. On the contrary! It is because of *such* in-completeness that an awareness of a boundary of the self is made possible. It is thus for you and me.

It is offensive to get away
To move in other directions
And to discover the sway
of forces playing on emotions?

Is it unfeasible to escape
The quotidian, the repetitive
Cluster of actions that rape
The soul left lividly sensitive?
A moment's change, a glimpse
At the happy difference
That body twitch and sense
Of long-sought fragrance.

The voyage seems too short
When seconds have lived alone
And no sail can enter the port
That harbours feelings of stone

Where life is mirrored
... unfinished

§23 Marking difference, making a difference, in search for difference. These are simply attempts to be me, not just like me but another, to the extent of becoming alien to others and even to oneself. This is an enigmatic task.

It is thus, because partly unknown: if I am the telos, I am also the beginning. If the telos is difference, such difference is the arche, the grounding for the effects of difference, the starting point of my workings.

These you cannot know until they are there, identified, named, described and mythified as other.

It is for this enigma, or because of it, that you and I struggle – for do think that my life is of repose!

Where have you been?
What have you seen –
But an invisible ghost of mine?

Sudden desire
Lungs in a pyre
A forgotten thought that spreads by blows;

An impulsion
And straight tension
That betrays and takes away my sleep

Soothing and clear –
Resisting spear
That prevents my falling off the line;

Oh, how I wish
I were I fish
Or any fowl, simply instinctive!

Lost a reason –
Golden treason –
Speedy winter covers up the rays;

Never a mind
Can bear this kind
Of blended sweetness and nausea!

Mask of iron –
Oblivion
To save and recollect leftovers;

Oh yes, just yes –
How can I bless
What I see in the midst of the street?

Locating difference

§24 If I am everywhere, I also have my favourite hang outs – as you call them, my preferred locations as these, as centres for particular meaning construction, make me feel homely enough.

This is because such places are concentrations of power. And in empowering myself, in rendering difference possible, such places are aimed at bringing about change – regardless of how the effects thereof are valued.

In here, the twangling rare melodious whisper hides
Whistling, a zephyrous air which quivers to root,
A mustang in a whisteling bare howling fury.

In here, the glittering fair folious thunder rides
Thudding, a floe which laps on streams of silt or soot,
A stone of oblivion: flat, square round, grey loury.

Tender smooth down
Wherein you lose your faded gown
And in a dozen white rooms the clown
There strolls adown

A depiction from the methyl billows of speech
Tolls astoundingly with the bosky impression
Of a bamboo shoot in the horizon-less lea.

A depiction of sensitive wight hands that pleach
The cuneiform silver leaves in an accession
To the vast mead of adamantine solemn plea.

Carmine visor
Holds the poise of the crystal mirror
Despite the roughness of the lime tor
Sweet is its sapour.

§25 I am located in intellectual constructs, in abstract units that exist in and by language only, and not as such.

I am thus located in a play of words, in wordy power, domination, and charm to bewitch the other by being other.

I am thus often used in talk and action thereof aimed at making a difference, to change for the purpose of bringing change in the life of those you claim to care – regardless of how you value this change and its effects.

Winter and summer the swarm of exotic locusts -
Much feared and despised, grind up and down
The slopes of granite blisters down to
Eruption, and from these volcanoes a
Putrescent yellow liquid their neighbours
Buy, eat and drink ... when thick,
Gold when solid and shinny yet flickering
And dying in the 12 throttling claws of
Europe
Happy anniversary you dark age warriors
Sans history, sand teeth, sans hope

§26 If I am at the centre of your concern, it is because *I* am who is at stake in conflicts and struggles, and not you.

If I am at stake, if difference is the trophy, such struggles are over my partitions and classes. These I use to establish discontinuity in what otherwise could be expected to be continuity.

Such struggles are over imposing a definition of partitions. It is about empowering me in a manner to ensure that the defined partition becomes unmistakably legitimate. Moreover, over criteria necessary for establishing discontinuity and partitions to effect a separation.

This is the institutionalisation of words and actions thereof. It is directed at determining not only the way to imagine me but also to describe me along with my properties and those who carry me.

They are simply aimed at your subjection. You are subjected for the purpose of classifying, of outlining common elements and properties that are signified and marked along the premise that such elements and properties are commonly displayed.

It is thus that my being and my workings become narrowly understood.

There was once a business man
Who visited some land
And went to a bull-fight
Where he met Hem-ing-way.
Idea: introduce this sport
To bring it to his country:

Started with one bull:
 Not much excitement;
Then added another bull:
 Nothing of an incitement;
The toreador was replaced by a bull;
 What an inducement!

The spectacle was great, gory, and gutterishly gorgeous.
 Spectators got wild
 As ecstatic a child
That started pulling clothes, hair, eyes, ears, and fingers.

And on went the bloodshed.
All for the sake of polity art.

Acting (in the name of difference)

§27 Let me repeat it – I like repetitions as I am a bit of them as well: *I am who* is at stake, and *I am that* which is at stake as the centrepiece of your consideration.

It has always been so: look at the history that you have traced down to this day. Even though you never asked me whether you could, you have always acted in my name.

You have, in copying me, set in place an opposition. On the one hand that which you experience and live. On the other, an ideal, a constructed present in the hope that it realises itself some time as such.

A telos: not for the sake of change itself, and not for my own sake for I am plural and many, but only for that ideal, at all costs, that of domination and war.

Thwack! off goes the ear
cutting down and restructuring Europe

“Now that blood has solidified and
become white, we can work in peace”

Prometheus has a liver
as a sponge from heavy drinking!

§28 In my name a telos but not myself.

It is as if you failed to understand the very name you gave me: “difference”. And I think it is so for you use another name: “revolution”.

This is the ideal and the working. And you nourish the secret hope that I may help you attain this ideal. It is thus that you see

my workings: as revolutionary. And from opposition, antithesis, contrast, and paradox, you are keen on my changing matters completely. Not simply and only in deed, but totally, as if I can change (any) matter into gold.

But if I am difference and do change in directions I do not know, and moments I cannot foretell, I am surely not dull repetition, for *this* is revolution truth: an identical arche and telos in the hope they be different.

It is, however, a false hope, as they are one and the same: arche is the telos. This is because *you* cannot separate them: you are incapable of separating them if you turn you back on me.

Thus, that which is eluded the most – myself, becomes that which haunts for revenge the most. It is if I as difference am a ghost, I am the restless seeker of revenge for my being slain.

to a corpse a red bonnet give
no gun or spear; just stentorian voice
to echo in Paris like a sieve
that sifts bone-broth of rotten choice

from cruor the bloods are fed
the blame sharp silver purple-black
and blindly inviting to bed
to caress the neck with a crack

Thus the stings of nettle-terror
Rooting gore-milk brought the horror
Scythe or knife have cut their fervour
Blooms yet fear their den of splendour

§29 I am, you have often stated it, involved with signifying presentation and re-presentation.

That is, that a specified action is carried out by virtue of an authority that has been vested to speak on *my* behalf.

Then, if an authority to speak on my behalf has thus been vested, such a delegate function is carried out by words, both presented and re-presented. It is those words that have been given the specific function to represent me. You know them.

But it is not just these words; it is all of them, by virtue of the difference that characterises their nature.

It is also *you*: you are also a delegate. Authority is derived from your named position as delegate, because *this* is what I once decided by letting you know it is thus. And it is *you*, and not the other, who has been chosen to perform this task.

Thus, as a delegate, you have been granted access to words and instruments of expression specified by your participation in my authority, in the institutionalised authority of difference, namely me.

But with power comes responsibility. It is a responsibility that results in many different and unpredictable ways – what a disaster these some times can be!

thwack! The head rolled off; the myriads
silent with one eye looking with relief
and the other with guilt
thwack! Blood gushing out and staining
the attire of young maidens; oozing out
from the wood that holds the knife; one
tasted it: hot, brackish, bitter, sticky –
especially under the nails:
the mother that aborted a democratic embryo
right through the guts, shredding skin,
bowels, intestines in a spring of blood

Making (a) difference

§30 To erect me, to produce me, to see me appear as a visible and audible effect, it is simply about making a difference.

This is improving that which you know by changing tables around and redistributing the cards. Moreover, refusing the present and that which you are told or sometimes think you are.

But there is an obsession, an additional one, with controlling this process. I am then akin to magic.

In truth, methinks of you –
For you I wish I were
That man of magic; now
You'd be mighty and fair.

Wondrous sigh of a wand
That changes your face
Your shape of ebb; strand
Of gold – your tinsel grace.

Marvel, not woeful dew
Spattered on rosy cheek
Nor tongue of snake; anew
Your hands quiver and speak

§31 If its to make a difference, you need to learn the new.

But learning the new supposes the new exists. It must moreover exist as different, thus as my being if not as its effect. Thus learning is about recognising difference in you. This recognition enables you to invent yourself and the other as different while appropriating myself in addition that which myself have invented as different.

It is thus that I produce effects, different from those tacitly or habitually obtained, of affable and sprightly nature, that accompany a sense of completion, the realisation of a difference.

So attractive the lure, of sounds, or words
The pinions of harmonious tongue and chords;
Sweet entanglement taking you afar
A lullaby, a secret beyond par.

The seconds from dawn to dusk, that linger
Soothingly, and from winter to winter,
Offer the scenery of experience –
Woollen entwining against nescience.

Your are the pupil, who for long has sought
For wit amid a and z, ten and nought

§32 Making a difference is not only about novelty. It is also about convincing, thus attracting by being attractive.

But it is *I*, and *not* you, who convinces. Not directly, rather indirectly, through words. It is words that make themselves appealing because, with my help, they make themselves recognizable, if they are unable to be recognized by you!

Their appeal lies in their ability to make a promise. It is a pledge that arises from their use: it is in the use of words that such promise is made.

For the use of words brings you close to another – otherwise you and the other, even with me, stay distant, perfectly different, nay, perfectly indifferent! For the use of words evokes sentiments of familiarity. A sentiment of *déjà vu*, a cozy and soothing feeling of protection and safety, through repetition, a re-production, and thus of myself.

Such is the promise of words. It is the affirmation of an undivided entity, a durable difference, not as un-changing, rather as permanent change and synchronicity through time.

Recalling the way you led
My wooden hands through the fire
And the magic words you said
That gave me a strong desire
Recalling the way you led
My hopeless thoughts through the storm
And the magic words you said
For hope, a deified norm

The moment I saw you was a real relief
And your touch on me incredulous belief
Such a love-able dream
Rare as a rainbow's beam

Recalling the way you took
Decisions for future's sake
A magic spell like a hook
Cleaved my white skin by mistake
Recalling the way you took
All of a sudden my hand
A magic spell like a hook
Left no chance but to withstand

The moment I saw you falling down the cliff
I visioned you had become lifeless and stiff
Your blood by the shadoof
Is running on my loof

Only warm flesh
Thwarts disembodiment
A heart that's nesh
Is never innocent

§33 Making a difference is about taking a decision.

It is about playing on given choices since you come in choice and difference to yield other choices and difference.

This is my favourite tune! Will you sing it along with me?

Modern notes of concrete and steel
Sing rhymes of pitched scherzos
In schizophrenic labyrinths we peel
Strip off a mind with odd mottoes

Whether 'tis nobler
Words that grow older
Will be held to legatees
The usual absentees!

Should we buy memorabilia
That fill up our stomach
And spend our time in a saturnalia
Having our head filled with tombac?
Should we read the celestial vault
Away from city's fog
To find our way through out the gault
Fill our lungs with air not with smog?

Whether 'tis nobler
Feel the disorder
Bitter words and distilled draff
The regular decayed stuff!

Should we burst this one magic ball
With our bright foolishness
And neglect all lonely voices that call
And often pray in emptiness?

Should we crucify with a nail
Bring our soul to the sun
And bring this humanity to the grail
And therefore brighten all that's dun?

Whether 'tis nobler
So sweet and tender
Seem contorted words that wreathe
The impression that we breathe!

Agonizing difference

§34 My identity, that which I am, is threatened when you attempt to become dangerously different from myself.

This is when you attempt to undermine efforts to make different. This is when the other as different is not accepted; when you plainly fail to accept and live by me.

You therefore seek to level differences, thus to erase me.

Such efforts are for the purpose of bringing you and I in one that is devoid of who we are, in one simple memory, a hazy and fading souvenir of what you and I once were.

All these efforts are to reduce me to silence, to absolute carelessness and indifference!

But a voice deep inside you does not agree: it wants to be another and different!

About us, you and I and them; I hurt
From the sharp thorns in a heart, a mind
Not in a body, senseless to scorch or burning!

“And you?”

Insecurity, disillusioning security, the spook
Of future on our life and a motor
Yet it needs oil and servicing!

How can we live the want for affection
And let the inverted question marks
Loom over us like menacing gallows?

“Stop, halt, conclude; anon”

Whose voice is it? Maybe mine –
Astir the pulleys and gears are red hot,
Since long the colour of white we have forgotten

How to cease all that? Certes, impossible ...
I have to break

“Break, smash, sever?”

Again devastation; it is seemingly the only issue.

“I cannot acquiesce.”

§35 If what I am is grounding as choice that extends beyond an either or, and if I am plural and change, I am in peril of disappearing for you seem intent to reduce me, to minimise my importance and role.

A twinkle from tinsel
A bauble fragile bubble –
Sounds of joy bomb from malicious ploy
On the boxed medleys of colours and shapes –
Precious objects,
The needles are dying
Dying from the hand that
Axed the sieve, the hope,
The dream -
How sweet becomes reality when
Unattainable the dream
Flashy threads – crosses on the boxes:
Benediction or sacrifice?
And sown far below the branches
Let alone the boxes, a wooden –
Or maybe plastic – symbol of
What could have been and what is not.

§36 I am kept down, in fetters.

This is when I am just a ritual.

This is when infinite creativity and variation of a central theme, that of life itself, is incapacitated.

This when the other uses me for the purpose of erecting a permanent wall of oppositions.

This is when I am not that which sustains that which is different.

Do not think that my absence, the lack of that which brings about plurality and change, leads to equity and equality, for these need me as their ground for their existence.

My absence is simply the presence of you and I without our knowing that you and I exist. You and I are alien to each other; nay, you are an identity of yourself, the perfect replication in a replicable world of replications and I am simply not there.

When marching counter lustered shields
You are enclosed thus forsaken
Stifling; picture of withered fields
The harvest is gone, is stolen

Sparkling rain and wuthering breeze
Swirl the shields in timed seasons
In the groves you ceased to wheeze;
The soil is pregnant with reasons

Ambling on fragile gild domains
You see a past neighbourly face
A rimless rosary maintains
The motion of amity's pace

§37 I am angry when forsaken. I am furious when you undo that which qualifies myself, namely, my decided existence, as being, and the fact that as difference I am undecidable.

I am therefore dangerous when deserted!

To you who seeks for medusian sight
That mingled with shyness becomes heart-tight
To you who thinks of those days with spurn
That hurls as many a black stone of burn
To you who does exist though the flurry
That sways our mountainous modern slurry
I display a mortuary!

To you who builds stones for your payers
And for love, god, fight within all layers
To you who overlooks the essence
And to mere substitutes brought quint-essence
To you who has re-crucified the mind
And left failure rule as deaf, dumb and blind
I display an ossuary!

§38 My day-mare or night-mare is pretence: thinking and acting as if I do not exist.

It is not simulation, in that you try to copy me, that is the most annoying. Rather it is simulating that I am not.

For if I am presence I am also my own simulation, but not replication. For I am capable of interiorising the conditions of my own repetition.

I am thus a copy of myself, quite the same but never identical. And since I am in you or rather *with* you, I am a simulation of another in you. And so it is for the other, who is therefore different from you. It is thus for me too.

Twenty three of twenty seven
Are deafened of a hundred mares
The smooth magnitude of heaven
Is vanishing in village fares

Defaced by such toilsome damage
Calmly, sapient knowledge divides
Becoming plain anecdotage
Onto blackness clumsily strides

A red alligator salutes
The ink that smoulders the paper
Singular tales wisdom confutes
Just a name but perfect stranger

Every night a wish to slumber
But agitation is in bed
Like fever comes my desire
To paint all that I see in red

Difference as difference

§39 Who am I?

I am, you have often said so, the middle in-between two terms, or elements thus placing the latter in opposition.

But I do not know it is so. I know it because you told me so. If I knew it is so, I would not have needed you to tell me it is so. More importantly, I do not know it is so, because I do not see myself to be so. It is not because you told me so that it is so.

Thus, I do not think of myself to be a middle, to be stuck in between two elements, you and the other, to exist through such elements, themselves a priori existing in that if they do not exist, neither do I.

Rather, I see myself and think of myself as an existing self that is different from you and the other, while residing in you and the other – otherwise you and the other would not be different. I am a presence. And as presence I exist everywhere, without, between, and within.

In between the lines
Silk lies
Only in the eyes
Resides

To trail your face
From pace to pace
On road or snow
Darkness or glow

At any season
Cold dump or warm
And for one reason
Myself disarm

Thus unconcealed
I have detailed
With my story
Gracious glory

From beyond the lines
Silk lies
From the core of eyes
It slides

§40 If I am presence, I am there where you want me to be, and thus come forward each time you pronounce my name.

I am therefore no gap, for if I were a gap, I would not exist. I am that which fills the gap, that which causes the chasm to exist, but such furrow is not void: it contains me as much as it is embodied by me.

Oh ethereal sprite I plead you came
I haste to succour my fainting flame

Obscurantism

Some train I've missed or my way lost
In this irremediable strange host

In midst the prism

Calmly, falls run from globular dell
Withered as many a desert's well

Cradles athwart

The picturesque movement afore me
Forgotten embers that my eyes see

From ends to start

Will ever the answer, abortive
From my aching lungs be redemptive?

Beyond matter

Only dark places that kindle my flair
Bring chiselled three to a perfect pair

And rugged laughter

§41 As presence I am a pulse.

I am not just distance. I am not that between two terms or elements. Namely, that which refers, carries and signifies, on the one hand. On the other, that which is referred to, carried and is signified.

This reminds me of a straight line, of a lifeless artifact.

Rather, if time yields space in a movement that creates a distance from-to, and if space is experienced as motion and therefore as time, then motion is myself. Movement is my being and my qualifier.

Thus, if motion is added to distance, distance expresses a pulse, that which I am.

As a pulse then I not only determine meaning but also its enactment. This is so as I am the distance whose measure changes with time at any time.

Thus, at times I am visible. At others, I am hidden. At times you and I may come close in coincidence, and at others not at all.

I am dynamic variation, a vibration.

Mass of sorrow and recklessness
 Loom over a world in oblivion
A dream transformed to emptiness
Of spiritual starvation

The code of life thus has arrived
 At begetting the coldest of feelings
Humanity pertly defined
Just hiding behind the peelings

Before radiance, skies are murky
 With some prevailing hues of greyness
All blood stained hands, muddy, dirty
Seek for water and holiness

Misspent a step to vibration
 Narrow are the roads to a different truth
To meet the eye of creation
Racking journey for the uncouth

Disavowed a disorder when
 At cost and war, action becomes lifeless
Paucity within mind and pen
Of left out words, rare, not priceless

Fetters of ashes oscillate
 The time behind us and stretching onward
Entities that often vibrate
Are luminously led forward

Epilogue

Thus appears the othering otherness of difference.

And it is thus that I, as her carrier, have here offered you the perfect transcription of what she has said in difference and rhyme.

It seems to me, however, that she could have told us more; and I think you must be thinking the same.

She could have described and explained how she divides event and meaning, Being and beings or even esse and ens. What is more, experience and reality, sensing and apprehending or whatever other opposition and puzzle she has set apart. Furthermore, describe the relation between experiences of objects and our thoughts about them, that is between experience and its description or even that which happens when expressions cannot match the richness of the vision and can never exhaust its possibilities.

Indeed, it could have been so.

It seems to me however, that if we got a glimpse on difference and only this, it is because she has aimed to convey a sense of her presence above all, and to start with.

Such presence, in other words, is the stepping stone in that without an acknowledgement that she is the founding fact of life and experience, is the arche, it becomes of little use to describe and explain experience itself if this is the telos that does not account for difference itself. It seems that she has conveyed her presence by conveniently placing herself in words, thereby bringing about the incompleteness of symbols, of language itself. In this manner it is difficult to express in language the nature of relationship between what we experience and the linguistic description of such experience; hence difference itself.

She therefore lets appear a mismatch, an imperfection that is not repairable. This non-coincidence expresses her will to stay. And if difference is here to stay, so must the origin of her name and being, the other.

Having said this, you and I can easily accuse her of being deceptive on grounds that if words convey meanings individually due to the difference that animates them, they do so inadequately. There is, in this manner, an inevitable link between words and deception in that she is the cause for the distortion of experience as it prevents us to get closer to experience. If this is the case, if she is thereby negatively appraised, her presence should inspire creative solutions to reduce her consequential effects. Such efforts should seek to make do away with difference to get closer to experience.

Creating such solutions however entails accepting this situation as a fact to be reversed, therefore inventing and putting in place that which is new. But this is different, is it not?

But for this simple fact alone, no such solutions, whatever they are, can reduce difference, as they are difference themselves, not to mention that any appraisal requires the prior existence of criteria so as to arrive at a sought after conclusion and not its opposite. And for this to occur, criteria must be able to produce difference thus be themselves grounded in difference.

Thus difference, overall and after all, is here to stay – as she told us she is.

And now that we have met some of her faces, aspects and forms, her presence and charm, it seems to me that she is asking a simple question: What are we going to do about it?

παρομοιοτησ

pulsation

This text, set out as rhyming, provides difference with the opportunity to speak. This is maybe the first time that such an opportunity is given to difference to disclose its Being and describe, from a first person perspective, what it is and how it is to be difference.

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