

Din & Sit: Cuts of Phi on *Sein und Zeit*

The As Is Near Hear Is As Again

Left-Handed Variations

Cuts of \square

Needles and Throne: A Haydigger's Song

Dinsitinson

The As Is Near Hear Is As Again
"Dnieper wrestlers run"
Emily Dickinson

noema		noetic
anomie	the	noesis
gnome		noumena
no me	as	physiognomy
chrysoprase		christian-raised
matter-made	is	mister maze
burden		green grass
bury 'em	near	the ass's ass
sophistries		chyroplast trees
deathless eaves	hear	the bees of be
one for all		a few have more
steal the sun	is	some have none
Iscariot		circumspect
mis-marry it	as	your bark is wrecked
dim nid nid nodding		list nil nil nulling
last fall fall filling	again	dine sit din drumming

Left-Handed Variations

We care because we are.

It's not that things are are they:
it's the are not the they.

You need to die to be with yourself.

We care because we fear--

(chitchat doesn't)

and fear protects us from being in awe.

The flower is its bloom, is its postponed rot.

You are entangled if
you maintain

You are most in the world when
you are dead.

if you contain, you
are entangled more.

The fall is being thrown--

a recluse has the universe no less

You know before you
know to ask. I ask that act
is one possible.
Is disclosure choice?
Is music understanding?
To carry a tune is one
possible to disclose.

Wind from the south is warm and worth a long
night outside. Weather is physic enough,
witness the cold and us in it.

The furnace, on a feedback loop,
is roaring now. All is happening at once:
the once is never.

Falling pray and pulled in by death
for a bracing swim we are against
gravity. Witness tune the mood made

that made stars. Though death is coldshod
and sunshorn, though it comes
with the future, the future passes it by.

In the creek, the wood was a dead dog, wet rock, then wood again.
The hill was summer and fall, then had snow on it.
Snow was never the same snow twice.

Humans followed a track that was never the same fall twice.
They called it history.
It lead to every door.

The doors stretched for miles to make the shape of a nation.
The nation was before nation and citizen before city.
The city rose and fell, then had fire on it.

Citizens were never the same dead twice.

late again mate again
turn off the right
late again gate again
give back my sight

and again ann again
set out the π and
again mad again
let this dog lie

patrinomy patrinomy patricide
you can't read the writing on the other's hide
matrimony matrimony matricide
you can't take the other from the other's side

word again warn again
bodies expire
word again warm again
close to the fire

passed again missed again
find the next prime
that again this again
nailed onto time

If you count consequences you'll get:

the number of walls in a will,
ills in alive,
the number of millers who cheat on their bills
and tillers who cheat on their wives.

Fate is a bald eagle tearing carrion north on Highway 63
scarlet-headed turkeyhawks in a mudflat bend of the Missouri River
three snakes in the grass, one at a time, when the weather's
springwarm enough to trust
all stages of frog, the eating and the rotten
flies at the neck
halo of insects anywhere Missouri summer.
An owl is outside the window now

Not that it's not what we think it is;	The one in the other is the same one;	A father who was dying took
the is is not what we think is is.	no one is your father and its other--nothing is its wife and your brother. The fire is	his dying son to fish. When the day was noon the son
We are and it's not what we think.	your family in the center of a name. The name precedes the	caught one on his line. When he landed it
family but not the fire. a star with skies. The formal disguise for the circle matter; a small fire inside to your wife and brother, other nothing that is your mother.	The fire is preceded by not the latter is walked around your dies as you die, loyal your cousin, and the mother.	and tried to tug out the hook, a small fish slipped out instead. Startled, he dropped the
bigger fish which would have flipped free had not the father caught it between his shoes.		

The son looked at the silvery fish. It spit out the hook and said, "Set me free and I'll grant you a wish." Without thought, the son tossed the fish back into the pond. "Why'd ya do that?" the father yelled. "What about the wish?" "I've got my wish," the son said. "It's called the future." The father said, "Good Luck with that," and tossed the bigger fish back into the pond.

One has no time. Nothing
like kin or kind. Move
the mass according
to the math.

*It occurs as it
occurs.
It recurs as it
recovers.*

To care for
is a clock;

To assure
is to give time;

To endure
is to resolve.

Bet on
fate;
it's
a good
bet.

Getting ahead of yourself is leaning unless you're
leaving.

On a moody day you can hear your mother call.

The ratio of a radius to a dream of the radius.

Hold your worth and call it an oath.

A fact is a fact as a timepiece is for keeping.

A temple is covered over.

Can a foe be disguised
as the present?

Your ways are numbered to your days.

Needles and Throne: A Hay Digger's Song
(to the tune of *Frere Jacques*)

aletheia
aletheia
mitda-sein
mitda-sein
augenblich & mister dicht
augenblich & mister dicht
dang zeit dong
dang zeit dong

Dinsitinson

Being is a late arrival
when Time says it's time to go.
Being is the cold that kills
when the sun is starting to grow.

Time is a mood in German
space is cornered in lines.
Being is dawn painted on
the mind's metastatic stein.

They give their gifts in portions
some are fatal some are later
they let you have the last word
when your say no longer matters.

Adorno's Turn

Suffering is the object of
subjectivity – price of Christ –
that's why the Buddha sits so still
why the mind is a knot pulled tight.

The coffer of commodity
feeds funding and body counts.
We invest in burial –
hedge in baptismal fonts.

Suffering comes like a concept
joined to joists with the urge to live –
that's why gravity grows in age
why dialectic is negative.

Scene: A tavern in a New England town. It is raining outside. BC takes a satisfied sip of whiskey and turns to the German seated next to him who's working on a dark-covered manuscript.

BC: Lovely day, huh?

TA: You are ironic.

BC: Happy to be dry and ironic.

TA: Happiness is a false condition of your false freedom.

BC: There's nothing false about the taste of this whiskey as it warms my throat, reaching my belly where it pauses as I consider the rain, consider another whiskey.

TA: Lucky you.

BC: Nothing to do with luck, pal. I wrote myself here.

TA: So you understand the relation. You wrote for the whiskey in your belly. What else do you write for?

BC: I write for my audience: One voice to other voices.

TA: One voice to the same voices.

BC: I mean the voice I speak.

TA: You mean the voice that speaks through you.

BC: My voice is accessible.

TA: Your voice is historically ahistorical, radically conventional. You sleep through the rancor of history.

BC: The history that concerns me is outside my windows.
TA: You mean your eyes?
BC: I mean my home.
TA: Mortgaged to history.
BC: No, I hold the deed.
TA: What you've done.
BC: What I've done is write what appears to me.
TA: Appears through you, subjective.
BC: If by that you mean I'm faithful to the subject, then yes.
TA: So you are a faithful subject.
BC: Yes, a faithful subject.
TA: Then let me knight you.

TA brings his manuscript it crashing down on BC's bald pate. BC, confused and frightened, grabs the manuscript and runs out the door. He holds it up to protect his exposed head from the rain as he dodges the poor suckers who work for a living. After a cup of hot tea and several kinds of olives, he sits at his table and writes this poem; he titles it "Positive Reinforcement":

Outside my window the rain
accompanies this turn of word
at my fingertips, washed of barter,

cleansed of fear, like my five
year old self, who, fleeing
trouble on the playground,

found quiet order in private
gardens, where flowers bloomed
uninterrupted. How I wished

their names were legible a few
inches above the ground. Here,
though, the rain needs no name,

as much home as my shelter,
within which I sit at a table, before
me, a wet book I will never read,

and a bowl full of apples.

Adorno in the Adirondacks

Schroedinger co-singer	Heisenberg cat's the word
Immanual See	Kant manual want
Dedekind ill-defined	Cut rut
Theodore stevedore	Adorno porno

Adorno and Solomon Grundy

In the lounge of a European Hotel. Solomon is seated talking animatedly with a little guy. A thick book is on his lap.

LG: Being qua being.

SG: What is "qua."

LG: "As." The as is near here is as again.

SG: Like here in this lounge? You talk to me and the words return as I speak them before you?

LG: No language comes before and speaks through you. Language stands before and asks us to speak.

SG: Like speaking backwards?

LG: Backwards into the present. Being as being before being as you are.

SG: Here I am, before and after?

LG: No before and before.

Little Guy becomes Big Guy and stands before a confused Solomon.

BG: "Language asks us to speak"? I bet you used to say being is a quality of a god whose existence cannot be thought without it. Therefore and therefore.

SG: I believe in God.

BG: You believe in the concept. Isn't that Idolatry?

SG: No, God comes before concept.

BG: There is no before without concept. You commit atrocities in the name of the before
Heidegger & Adorno, p13

before.

SG: No, *that's* a concept.

BG: Not a concept, the material condition of your history.

SG: You just say that because I'm an American capitalist.

BG: I say it on the authority of the dialectic.

SG: That authority is no author of me.

BG: Oh no? You have been written here to speak.

SG: Before and before?

BG: Before you were authentic you were a character in a script.

SG: In what language?

BG: It's called history. Do you want to read your future in it?

Big Guy leans over to pick up the book from the chair and opens it. Curious, Solomon peers into it. Before he can read a word, Big Guy closes it quickly. Solomon opens his eyes and finds himself in his oncologists office.

Last Vision

I see a log in the fire
red-embered, burning throughout
save its top which is cindered and dead.

There is a hole in the log, an "O"
through which shoots an intense blue
flame of nearly perfect clarity.

I realize: the fire is being
Heidegger is the scorched-top log
Adorno burns a circle through

the heart of Heidegger's logos
I see also that Adorno himself
needs the logos to burn.

And his concept that burns right through?
Adorno forgets that concept
is made from the fire too.