

Powdered Water

Don't forget forgetfulness. Call it deconstruction.
— King's X

Fascist-collectivists deconstruct Sophia, damn "I Am."
Paschein without *telos* is a sustained note
without notation, a forest of trees falling unheard,
a lock on a door to nowhere,
a boot stomping on a human face forever.

Logical-positivist *reductio ad infinitum*
is an Escher hand drawing and erasing itself.
The Cosmic Plaything chants the axiom that there are no axioms.
Bentham turns Pushkin into a game of Push-pin.

If it's all just about *about*, then it's all about nothing,
the sound of one hand not clapping.
If it's all a means to a means, then it's a prison
run by prisoners, fish not knowing they're wet,
batteries run by batteries, an infinite definition of *definition*,
transvaluation of transvaluation, powdered water —
Just add water!

(The ultimate Anti-Stratfordian theory: *Othello* was composed by an
infinitely typing monkey. Desdemona earned him a browned banana.)

I swear that "Sweet Jane" means *sui generis*,
and the abysmal underground is truly velvet.
The Velvet Fog croons, "There's a song in my heart."
Bergman, do you deny the heart in the song?
Brother, can you spare a damn?
Sister, can you feel the absence of absence in the human kiss?

De Man, Foucault, Calvin, Comte, Dr. Ruth, Dr. Seuss.
As Burgess says, "Every dogma has its day"
and might-right vogues volley for victory like guy gametes for ova.
But whence the song? Whence the heart?
Whence the face before the boot?

Time plus chance plus time plus chance plus time plus chance.
These things don't compute from time plus chance.