

Vitreous Hide (This Restless Abolition of Distances)

Descartes for the first time in years.
(The *Optics*.)
Seconds before they gravitate into my field.

This slate table, this widowed nook. — *windowed*.
My book, my thoughts
led astray of the page by what caught
my eye. The two of them
lost kissing
on the other side of this
glass. Not seeing.

What do you think they're saying? I'd ask.
You sit staring across the table
at yesterday's *Times* and my thoughts
just reflect off the glass. At a picture of The Pit.
Ground Zero. You can't look away
and you can't take it in. You can never look *at*
glass, only through it, or at something *in* it.
Only the play of light along its surface.
By this definition, is not all extended substance glass?
The primary element? What of the light?



Vision like fire.

Descartes grounding his whole
world on the assumption that there is
no vacuum. Blind to the laws
of motion. — *Bound*.

Second Meditation: "It is possible that I do not even have eyes...."

Not to the law of reflection.

Everything spiraling.

(Ground down and down.)

Everything in avoidance.
(Dust on the lens.)

Neither Heisenberg nor Heidegger
is available for consultation, let alone Lacan.

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Today everything present
is equally near and
equally far

The distanceless prevails

No abridging or abolishing of
distance brings nearness

What is
nearness

it seems cannot be

 encountered
directly

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Black holes haven't been postulated yet, nor the unconscious nor
force-carrying particles with no mass of their own (*virtual*)
known only by their effects. Only Cartesian space and refraction.

They draw the light like glass like kisses.

What do you think they're thinking? The Immovable

Mover knows, but is not forthcoming.

That's all rote now. — *rit.* — *rotten.* Shit—

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No. Science always encounters only what *its* kind
of representation has admitted beforehand
as an object possible
for science

Science's knowledge
compelling in its own sphere
(objects)

the annihilation of things as things long before
the atom bomb exploded

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My drink is reminiscent of the sun.
Just keeps pouring from the glass. Gets in my eyes.
Distorts the proper functioning or forming of cells,
organs, systems. I sit and think my refractive thoughts
do this, as well. I gave up philosophy a while back,
do not construct propositions, proofs, systems. I've learned
a new method and a new truth.

I sit here looking.
— *slaking*. — *slacking*. —

I hear the sound of hammers, nonetheless,
and big machines. Perhaps my dreams, reflections,
associations, too, are ill-conceived, lead to a dead end.
Signals. Messages. Communiqués. *Etcetera*
spewing embarrassingly like synaptic mishaps.
Maybe even they are malapropos.

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We represented
the effective feature of the vessel
that which does its holding void
a hollow filled with air Conceived
in terms of physical science that is what the void is

It is not the vessel's void

its own void

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The six flavors of quarks:

up

strange

top

A wave of particulars

down

charmed

bottom

The one true metaphor

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The outpouring is libation
the poured gift

Only the vessel can empty itself

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They fall with the light. It's all rote now.
Have they been each of them
referred elsewhere?

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Nearness brings near – draws nigh to another – the far
as the far

Nearness preserves farness

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The light falls
the night follows
the delay

a wave strange (a wave charmed (

only by their effects

they outpour the day the hollow

delay

the between

are they

(the distance)

the primary element
otherwise seen

) a wave near) a wave far

are they
otherwise referred

(in effect) they are (as)
as

orbital

NOTE: The subtitle, "This Restless Abolition of Distances," and each indented section but the last is taken (in some cases modified) from Albert Hofstadter's translation of Martin Heidegger's essay, "The Thing."