

TRAGEDY TO AID RESCUE

Hear in a south stairwell, frenzy of feet, controlled stampede
and sweat heat of bodies-close, with power off – that was ride, lark,
wild swing jump `round landings with all well, Tragedy
the goat song saying, slowed now to hold as it nevertheless read
notch with precipice; who, always, perceives concerned,
clear of Escapes' intent, delaying hurrah! and eureka!
spoke whisper to Aid, also turned captive the welter.

Out, in a *Book of OrAnd*, with the eagles, note floats air. Is scratch
double-sided - abstract at envelopes' crease. Scents of cinnamon, pine needs
and a lot of wet turf with open-air not factory, jet, fire, or risen topsoil pierced
tray the hope, break into nose, I might run! have mind magick swirl.
Spring's young tree pups goal their place Tri Holy Sun!

Music tickles the fare; I careen my scratch and stare.
A few Giraffe crane top crop. Lion, still the child knew, essences how and ear,
to chase and check a fleet-foot through. Room still for crocodile, alligator,
all long-time cousin cavern aimed and for the keep of virtue
that on those walls was written; heaved lift to life that later
from stone to wood to keyboard feature.

Securely, honed reap-and-roll got the red blood boil, but
cup out of hands, Keystroke in the central computing system - ça va? –
blew one Josephson Junction, `sweet violence!' to reach his dumb ass,
and leave as left insensate to mis-calculate!

Opening texts to no potential difference, ahoyed! that Konigsberg sage,
not hamper, not expelled like Fichte by Schiller and Goethe,
`Concepts are an achievement, not a gift!' `Duty! Not happiness!'
`Duty which leads to happiness!' showing the way to a slice `The thing in itself'#
did the labouring man issue!

Aid, pulling its too-short shirt said - With potentiality for being,
like The Galileo Galilei – all kinds of Lion on there! We roved there might be
accept of low sum, as young job applicant, High-fives timein where.
But the young barely line for that now!

Without doubt the great responsibility, in the red of morn, was Everyman's
(they agreed) in and on resultant Anthrope -cene, - *in potentia* –
allegory to growl, a few orders of tragedy to transport and hap
toward the highest realities; those sometime tedious that do affect an age;
comedies bibing, a past yet slips the stage!

In discovery I cheered Milton; and thanked the Music of the Spheres
as with a distressed Galileo wizened; as Galilean, the old hand pled,
“This, God likes it! So, I must like it!” As Soul, that Hundred Percent,
of one of the most aidfull of his Age – in redirect of the listening,
upright Universe, splendidly eyed plinthed formerly estranged,
now doubling conscious streams that on their Always comfortable perch –
anxious extremes, known for no room for insertion – true bowed,
touch-typed, and maintained how!?! the whole-iest urges now!

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Notes: `sweet violence = tragedy'. # - Immanuel Kant via Bryan Magee, Melvin Braggs' *In Our Time* or
from The Durants (Will, Ariel) Thx Rocky C! The whole-iest urges = for instance, [out of a long list of

expressives] John Searle's "Unified Conscious Field" (and of course Kant's "Ding an sich, thing-in-itself" is problematic, but not in conception, in stretch/add of perception; knowing you can't see the observed from all perspectives, vector points. Yet another useless controversy. And it was always there, this field, ether, environment, in what may be called, with accuracy, our belief-knowing inherent, what Indra had to do with, or not! The whole Without *with* its first element, Hydrogen for match. Which is as good an understanding as Dark matter and energy (dark to us) scenarios for Universes' supposed missing matter or bang. Ideas sift through the field, to, at, and atmospheres' no barrier. And then, with extreme inaccuracy, someone from 'race', state, financial or other partisanship supposition(s) says give up on Globalism, when we Are All fish in this bowl, and removing the Air will (K)ill All, who our Chomskys and laugh-filled Ellsbergs, ala Democritus, should give ear to. Or not!