In Medias Res · E. Grosholz

The whip of pleasure sends us all, our sensitivities bright red, delighted, lightly nipped, to some extreme. Herodotus observed that at the edge of the recorded world, things grow more strange. Hot spices and monstrosities are carried in by camel to the center where civil, solid folk are pleased to pay a lot for something from the corners.

Thus we who cannot travel very far but in imagination, sometimes fall deeper into the boundaries than tourists like Herodotus who saw, made notes, and came away all the more Greek for what they thought they knew.

Hard at the center, we undo the casks of Scythia and the serpent Nile, plunging through crimson, musk and wine to find what we are dying to, our secret folded there among the spoils.