Architecture II

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Assurances—the way in our absence, things repair themselves: the old barn leaning, birds nesting, allowing a common good to arrive sometime after. All along, a life of endless etceteras.

Can music be split open to reveal age, cosmologies: something about generations of families and the end of ages? Then one reaches to turn off the tape, getting up for a brief walk.

What then is the purpose of measuring this world through reason: at the finality (smooth finish of the quartet) only more particles—still divisible—then sadness, and no questions anymore.

*And the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat is inflamed: the beauty of the eyes . . .* When is one no longer listening to a fleeting sound (to intervals of distance) or those distances between?

In longitudinal waves, I've learned to hear a displacement increasing between the compressions and the rarefactions: all through this darkness structured more fully than light, space and time beating level, and corresponding only to the diamond in the eye.