2000

Orthoparadoxy, Continued

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Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5355
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Orthoparadoxy, continued

Terms like supreme fiction betray the grand religiosity of the Moderns. Many today would settle for, say, an enabling intuition.

*  
The new distance is intricacy.

*  
God moaned, They take my wings for coattails.

*  
Much of history could be read as a record of the humanities we inflict upon each other.

*  
Icarus reports, Where the sun lives there are only snapshots of windows.

*  
Against the erotics of knowledge: Getting it is not the same as getting some.

*  
The poet describes conditions; the great poet conditions descriptions.

*  
Too much poetry is propaganda for the Interior Ministry.
Breaking the window to stop the sun from shining through—

*

The sentence has changed slightly: *Death by proliferation.*

*

The first commandment of postmodernism: *Cover your mouth when you speak.*

*

Eros is eros is eros.

*

Science points out that Icarus actually died by freezing and suffocation. Still, we get the point.

*

What is it in an understanding that at once can blunt the edge and clip the wing?

*

All religions are based on the too-easy distinction between the guide and the temptation.

*

A Buddhism primer: *Don't take death so personally.*

*

A pointillist rendition of a target.
In his *Cures for Love*, Ovid recommends falling down in a public place as one cure; people will help the broken-hearted get on their feet again, and they'll feel better. I agree with Ovid's prescription, but the reason to fall down is to stay down—that's the cure.

* 

Don't think, look! (Wittgenstein) Don't look, paint! (Kandinsky) One might add, Don't paint, shoot! One might add, Don't shoot, spy! One might add Don't spy, surrender! But then one would have gone too far.

* 

The future seen out of the corner of one's eyes.

* 

Too many poems are ambitious but not delicious.

* 

A dead heart must be pounded violently and precisely.

* 

Asked if he could be a torturer, he had to say no. He did, however, regard this inability as a weakness.

* 

Disputed territory is the garden of philosophy.

* 

Madness only lacks a few disciples.
I know there is something greater than I, but without me it wouldn’t matter quite so much.

Carpe diem. Or, better yet, let the day seize you.

To live is to defend a form (Holderlin). O to turn this thrashing into a lunge!

Flux is victorious but cannot accept the award.

Aurelius on anatomy: Arms not for reaching but for balance.

Thoughts are like nights: the clear ones are always beautiful and cold.

The whole world? I would take anything for it.

One must love another world merely to see this one.

Nothing gives off more dust than stars.