

Theory given the lie by practice said some
who might with just cause execrate him,
the conscience of reason and art founded on rejection
of the will to power foundered on the will to order

the luciform swiveling city built by voices
striking the air glinting in the sun *ever more*
luminous in the light perfectly beautiful
in its formal realization each word

conserving — consubstantial with — the person it names
or who utters it (the authority of the author
privity to special knowledge of how to restore
antediluvian hierarchical social values)

a house of fame storing rhetorical flatulence
a house of glass in splinters from a bent axle
transformed into a contradictory message:
not a one-way radio transmission

but a verbal economy of exchange
language not as *logos* but as communication
a democracy of words histories
cultures impossible to exhaust or rank

every grain strain and swatch its own truth
a constantly site-specific text with no center
a chordal simultaneity at pains to put off
any coherence save that of its own provisional nature.

Not exactly the possum's forlorn prayer that salvation
come after death but acceptance on faith hope
karites that art might evade the overreach
of the one true church might find perch and purchase

unconfined by the skull might spread the word that
belief in difference for the sake of the different
is *our power to resist provoke re-think take sides*
in a reflection of *a conception of meaning.*