

What a fantastic philosophy as if
values, judgments about art and morality,

interpretations of poetry and religion,
were independent of existence as if art

transcended the body, imagination
endowed intuition with sense, mind

were self-perpetuating — his positions
put with *imperturbable perfection*

(*perfection of rottenness*) page after page
assertion after assertion without a shadow

of argument — as if ideas were above
day to day being the only place

a thing can be better or worse than another thing
the question is *Do we accept life*

*on these terms and if not, because honor forbids,
what do we do about it?*