

Father Parmenides Father Abraham
one foot one leg one eye one arm over the other
when all the world testifies to plurality

Though unity may be a paternalistic notion
meaning one in the delimited sense
of having naturally logical boundaries

Pythagoreans never speaking but of what is
actually perceptible what the sky encloses
one in the sense of rational totality

Though it's conceivable that the infinite the boundless
intangible yet spatial impersonal yet moral
moving knowing informing keeping things in order

like *physis theos psyche arche ousia eidos*
(necessity *eros* and *logos* for that matter)
are terms for the same continuum seen in different lights

Though it may be that the one cannot have a name
nor there be knowledge or perception of it
nor that it may be an object of opinion

Who could believe the goddesses all one goddess
with so many catfights going on in the powder room
the cloud-banked chambers of heaven racked with jealousies?

or deities and all attendant spooks
balled up in a static sterile numerical concept
subservient to an egotistical thunderhead?

Who could trust a walk in the wolf garden logic
once the fathers of the church universal got hold of it —
deduction *from* reduction *of* abstraction *out of*

the only reality that counts? Who of sound mind
could bring themselves to venerate *the metaphysics*
of the syllogism, estrangement from nature, the trivial

unsupported and unsupportable assumption
of oneness — monotheism monism —
the mental convenience underlying the whole

of so-called philosophical writing? or even conceive
of going through life wearing always the same face
despising Janus denying Judas never thinking

to look behind the eyes of the mask. Yet the two
Duns Scoti bookending the age of contemplation
affirm that being and existence *ens* and *esse* are one,

that bitterness is in two because one is not the other
but God is love and in love there is no bitterness
no difference only unity of opposites,

the world of becoming the world of essences. The one
made of light immanent and infinitely diverse,
the one made of scholastic nonsense *a fata morgana*.