

## By the Fire

The kindling flares up yellow in the wind  
the thicker branches fizz and wheeze  
yellow then blue the heat a pleasure.

Light a smoke from a burning twig,  
Think about it. The gibbous moon  
no longer a crescent, setting.

Think about it. The women who said *No*.  
the missteps, wrong turns,  
ten- and twenty-year sidetracks.

*An inventory*, said Said.  
*The consciousness of what one*  
*really is.* Know Thyself

*the first principle of the autodidact*  
*the product of historical process to date*  
*an infinity of traces.*

*Verum ipsum factum* said Vico:  
*We know only what we have made.*  
And now the jobs that won't get done

the books unfinished, the books unread.  
What key the inventory  
what images to represent?

The physical-mechanical?  
The sexual-biological?  
The moral-psychological?

The socio-political?  
The ineffable surreal  
spiritual-transcendental

otherworldly aesthetic  
imagination fantasizes  
in terms of satisfaction, meaning,

understanding, identity?