

To Die Before Death

*First she created Eros
- Parmenides of Elea*

To die before death, to live
free from the fear of dying
the promise of her mysteries.

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Taken up by daughters of the sun
on the steep path that runs
parallel to the pillars

rising from the dark fires
the infernal darkness of her consort's
subterranean domain

her nether realm,
to the brazen celestial gates
where night gives way to day,

transported — not by death
she assured him
Goddess of Many Names

taking him by the hand
welcoming him in peace
to her aitherion

where wishes come true
opposites together
intentions are always of the best

where her daughters (Justice, Proportion,
Necessity, Fate and the rest)
keep things in order —

to learn the Way of Truth
confirmed by insight.
Pay attention she said

to how my words work.
What is, is here now.
What is not, is not.

Nothing comes from nothing.
Being and Aware of Being
are the same, coextensive

aspects of continuum,
changeless timeless one
no measures no magnitudes

the shape of the mind itself
before a grammatical humor
conceived of essence and existence,

nothing but relation yet more
than a verbal copula
to twist logicians into knots

over metaphysical riddles.
Contingency, trial and error,
to believe both there is and is not

that what is can perish
that the living can imagine death —
thus the Way of Seeming

the way of two-headed mortals
dazzled by colors, believing
words not objects mere names.

*What is cannot not be.
What can't be thought, isn't.
Appearance is real but untrue.*

Seduced by reason into seeing
within the abundance of things
invisible unity

that satisfies the demands
of irrational numbers
and fluent primal matter

he was returned to his senses
where he wrote out his vision
in praise of Persephone

Hekate who enjoins the sexes
to make three of one and one,
mind of body parts

Aletheia who allows
presences of what is present
to arise in outward appearance

Aphrodite Ourania

who keeps the heavens revolving
in time to the beat of her heart.