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Philosophy In A Ghosting Universe

Photograph

light flares in the window
spangled flowers
a striped couch with a cat

four people at angles
held tight by centrifugal force
flat in the spinning universe

one in her nightdress plays a flute
a child stares in a mirror at her hands in her hair
a boy in shorts lies akimbo

a girl is acute in a frenzy of grace
motion is petrified in the act
of bombarding a space

His Ordered World

Increasing hibernation
of the chronic manic-depressive state.
My father's jazz-strung variations run down,
hobbies dissipate,
the workshop's fluorescent tube deteriorates.

The gemstones and the cutting wheel are dry.
Chisel and wooden mallet lie shocked on their sides.
Wood shavings are puny abortions.
The slide rule makes no rapid leap.
The handsome wall clock
is stuck at the top on its roman numerals.

As the old intimate cosmos of his life expands,
a coldly limitless rubber band,
the warm dots of questions stretch apart,
lone photons travelling.
A black stillness reigns.

My father's hands were alive on that slide rule,
his spatulate fingers once challenging moribund outcomes.
Death cannily guesses loss of energy,
senses fear of immensity.

Death invades the space
of a serious human error where terror lives,
where the choice could have been always
to claim improbable experience,
somehow to think an infinite number of thoughts.

Nomenclature

What is essential to human form?

After the basics

breath, food, brain, heart, water, the spark of life
and a space in the universe, comes naming.

What is ungraspable, call it air.

What is incalculable, call it space.

Call all coherence mass.

Call elephants weight.

All things of celerity call speed.

Call gravity balloons floating.

The length of your foot call mathematics.

Call all first principles metaphysics.

Call a photograph time,

a stone from a slingshot velocity.

The ultimate ground call Absolute.

Absolute power call energy.

Call the unknowable

what you will

from your dug-in position

on the side of a hill.

Recurrences – An Irregular Ode To The Gene

Eyes do not persist.
Hands do not prevail.
Even if feet in velvet slippers never touch ground
they will not proliferate.

My gaze will not follow yours
and mate in air, two languid butterflies.
My hands with yours entwined
are not progenitors.

Though these recur in generation's halls,
in evolution's burrows,
it is the double-helix messages,
luminescent tors on a night road,
that flicker steadily.

*We have been here
sinuous furrows on water
perhaps for ever.
You are our spoken word.
Through you, we are made manifest.*

The Image Of The Box

All philosophy's a game.

It's a clever fox

that stops us thinking

of the universe

as void condensed

a roaring silent trinket

of energy rampant

vaulting and raving

in space, time, mass

of the image of the box

the inrush of gas

to the crematorium flame.

Tombstone Territory

My epitaph will read

No-one knows.

A short treatise will follow:

Reverence is no referent.

The future is dumb as a black stone.

The true will of philosophy

is for expectations

to be gratified

plans ratified

eternity on manual.

The void must be plumbed

or cracked with a pebble

for the unfathomable

is irrational

like evil.

Reality – A Dictionary Definition

That which exists
independent of anyone's ideas.

The idea of existence.

That which exists
independent of all other things.

Existence is an interface.

The actual thing as distinguished
from the merely apparent.

Oceans are full of lures and worms.

An ultimate object
which produces derivatives.

*I am a form derived from another
alive in a word called reality.*