

Consider This Paradox:

i'm trying to write as many poems as i can
to qualify my existence at the same time
that i am drafting emails concerned with
innate sufficiency. essence as a real
shower instead of one of ethereal
Grace; objectivity as this food
sitting in front of me which i know
will make me nauseous. ontology as
air compressing and decompressing
in my chest until it doesn't. ethics as greasy
hair from laying in bed trying to feel better
when laying in bed is my sickness. Will
as nothing more than a friend who
i admire for his direction. Nihilists
as fence builders, or samplers, or,
more aptly, plagiarizers. the *übermensch* as
the only one willing to ask "*Wie schreibt man
ein Gedicht über Konflikte, wenn alles,
was wir sind, Konflikt ist?*" Somethingness
as the capacity to believe for belief's sake.
Nothingness as crippling chaos. Consider
this paradox: i am full of emptiness. Filled To
The Brim With It, Pouring It Out In Every Static
Touch To Mute The Magic By Which I Am Surrounded.
How Empty, How Empty, How Empty It Is To Make
Mention Of My Being At The Very Core Of This Emptiness; My
Being As Emptiness Is An Attempt To Make My Void Voidless—
I Am Only Trepid For The Safety Which Comes From Stillness. There
Are No Longer Keys To Be Made Or Remade Because Making Infers
The Capacity For Further Paradox, Innate In Meaning.