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Orthoparadoxy, continued

by Michael Theune

Terms like *supreme fiction* betray the grand religiosity of the Moderns. Many today would settle for, say, an *enabling intuition.*

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The new distance is intricacy.

*

God moaned, *They take my wings for coattails.*

*

Much of history could be read as a record of the humanities we inflict upon each other.

*

Icarus reports, *Where the sun lives there are only snapshots of windows.*

*

Against the erotics of knowledge: *Getting it is not the same as getting some.*

*

The poet describes conditions; the great poet conditions descriptions.

*

Too much poetry is propaganda for the Interior Ministry.

*

Breaking the window to stop the sun from shining through—

*

The sentence has changed slightly: *Death by proliferation.*

*

The first commandment of postmodernism: *Cover your mouth when you speak.*

*

Eros is eros is eros.

*

Science points out that Icarus actually died by freezing and suffocation. Still, we get the point.

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What is it in an understanding that at once can blunt the edge and clip the wing?

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All religions are based on the too-easy distinction between the guide and the temptation.

*

A Buddhism primer: *Don't take death so personally.*

*

A pointillist rendition of a target.

*

In his *Cures for Love,* Ovid recommends falling down in a public place as one cure; people will help the broken-hearted get on their feet again, and they'll feel better. I agree with Ovid's prescription, but the reason to fall down is to stay down—that's the cure.

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Don't think, look! (Wittgenstein) *Don't look, paint!* (Kandinsky) One might add, *Don't paint, shoot!* One might add, *Don't shoot, spy!* One might add *Don't spy, surrender!* But then one would have gone too far.

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The future seen out of the corner of one's eyes.

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Too many poems are ambitious but not delicious.

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A dead heart must be pounded violently and precisely.

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Asked if he could be a torturer, he had to say no. He did, however, regard this inability as a weakness.

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Disputed territory is the garden of philosophy.

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Madness only lacks a few disciples.

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I know there is something greater than I, but without me it wouldn't matter quite so much.

*

Carpe diem. Or, better yet, let the day seize you.

*

To live is to defend a form (Holderlin). O to turn this thrashing into a lunge!

*

Flux is victorious but cannot accept the award.

*

Aurelius on anatomy: *Arms not for reaching but for balance.*

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Thoughts are like nights: the clear ones are always beautiful and cold.

*

The whole world? I would take anything for it.

*

One must love another world merely to see this one.

*

Nothing gives off more dust than stars.