Marginalia

—after Edmond Jabès

Beneath the streetlamp, snow sweeps
From dark to dark. *To speak of facts*
Is to go beyond the world.

To speak of the world is to go
Beyond facts. The godless night,
But still the search for a certain word—

A stack of books with spines like strata.
Arguments settled like dust.
Where the world ends, does the darkness?

No one could say.
The Book of Night opens with and contains
Each longing. The archangels

Protect those who seek the truth.
They make the truth
Impossible to find.

The rustling of a page is the rustling of a wing.

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