

The Pure of Heart

A Meditation for Thomas Buckner
by Anne Tardos, 2009

I use the words of the tribe to inscribe my singularity.

The parrot-meter is running

Ticking away.

We exist and we don't exist. It's up to us.

You see how life is.

Your suffering is behind you.

Kandinsky's struggle between tonalities, lost equilibrium, principles falling apart, unexpected drumbeats, big questions, apparently aimless aspiration, apparently desperate urgency and longing, shattering the chains and attachments that make several things one, antagonism and contradiction.

The choppiness of communication

The fragmentedness

The infinitely increasing distance between everything and everything else.

His life ended

Whichever god he was

Sang before the sea and lands

Think of the spheres as transparent and interpenetrating—not static shells but concentric ripples traveling simultaneously out from and in toward each center.

They are separated now.

One of them is gone and the other is extending the gesture of their time together.

Their succor.

I am one possibility.

Reality is the contextualizing of random information, following certain principles that can subjugate sensuous faculties to reason.

The pure of heart

I like to think

Fight back as long as possible.