

Joshua still had much to learn. And even more to earn. Before he could unlearn the terms of false concern. On which everything would turn.

And now he spins left. Then right. Then out of sight.

Of the bright shadows alleging the reversibility of light.

And every day will one day show the depth of the dark night.

But now we spiral away from footprints left in clay.

And life is not an array. Nor can we measure the day, nor any length of stay. Regardless of what we feel tempted or coerced to say.

For the voice in the wilderness exacts redress. Of the devouring labyrinth of more or less. And *this* is what he must learn to confess.

For these are the ends to which rigor ascends.

And nothing else lends an answer.

For Brahma, or Vishnu, or Shiva the dancer.

For time is the sign of the knife. The destroyer, and the enhancer.

The model of precision is skepticism. And wherever we look it can arise, to stare down our trusting eyes. As if the world were in disguise, and reality an act of compromise.

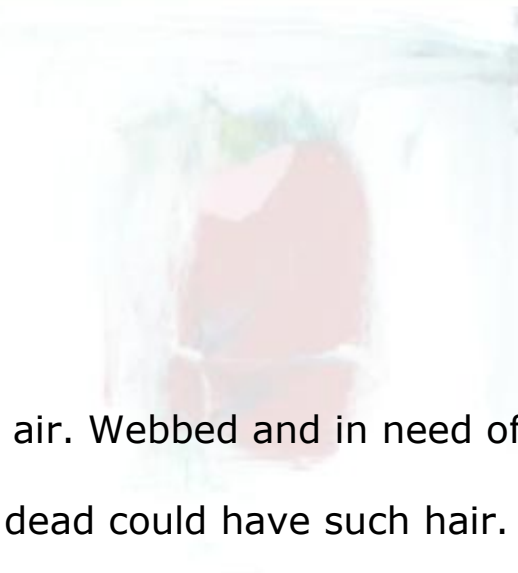
And now we leave Joshua behind, to seek for that which he would find. Those things for which he always pined. As Emily, in mansions of the mind.

But freedom, unlike justice, is not blind. And divinity remains the undefined.

The Books of Joshua

Let's sing a song. I'll hum along.

Over and over,
under and in,
the game we lose
we also win.
The path we choose
debuts our sin.
Angels refuse
to mount a pin.
Always by twos
odd worlds begin.



A song can clear the air. Webbed and in need of repair.

As Sappho, that the dead could have such hair.

But now, as the way narrows, of whatever can save us, in song or verse, abundant or terse, we must especially beware.

Siddhartha sought to end disease, old age, and death, here and now. But how? Not in a laboratory, through technology. Certainly not 550 BC. But if not, then what?

The reality extends to the limits of conceptuality. And no further.

But can we subject a concept to first degree murder?

That was the Buddha's attempt under the bodhi tree. Where he let fly the concepts of mortality. In the land of the sacred cow. But how?

For Aristotle the syllogism was the model. The Buddha came before, but logic is a door.

1. The real lasts.

Unlike the ephemeral shadow a dream casts.

2. Nothing lasts.

What Siddhartha sees, in the breeze, of life's unaccountable pasts.

3. Nothing is real.

This is the seal, the Buddhist reveal. That peels away the skin of disease, old age, and death. The mask and breadth of mortality. To steal freedom from the wheel.

But does its logic anneal? Regardless of how it makes us feel. For as much as we might wish, happiness is a parenthesis.

Its second proposition is a supposition. Is it true? I ask you.

It is a belief. And belief is a thief of despair. Not a definitive cure for grief, or every weight of care. As a gingerbread god *may* be a fraud.

Something we cannot necessarily applaud.

Can we do better? Can we free ourselves, with certainty, from every conceivable fetter?

Not faith or belief in a possibility, but incontestable relief through a rigorous certainty.

Let us see. Let us see.

And let us consider too why skepticism arises so easily. And why Shakespearean wisdom takes the form of a tautology. And why the mark of enlightenment is laughter, both immediately before, and after. And why God is imagined to be a singular thing, or nothing.

Considerations that ring everything.

And whether a falling tree makes a sound, when there is no one around. If the world disappears when we close our eyes, to return as a child's surprise. If reality is curtained with lies. And if life, or death, both, or neither, is the thing to despise.

Buddhism posits causality as bookends of reality. Dependent origination is a causal explication. Spinoza too colored his thought in causality's hue.

But then the world made room for Hume. We receive negativity as a mode of savagery. But houses of cards are not structures but shards. And place holders are multipliers. Send insufficiency our regards.

Hume has stood where nothing else would. The spell of the past has no certain cast. Cannot last to suture the future.

If not the past, what of reality will hold fast?

Only what comes last.

And so the future decides the past.

Is reality, then, not done? It has not yet begun. So far as we can say. Regardless of how we pray.

What then, must we fear? Only what can guarantee it will not disappear.

For thresholds on high, nothing far, nothing near.

If we hold rigor dear.

As God, ensconced beyond provisional fear.

What can justify a tear? What we claim, there or here, that certifies what must appear. Of which rigor will not hear.

If not the Buddhist ephemeral, what generality must last?

A temporal fast:

1. The past cannot guarantee the future.
2. The future decides the past.

That God can change his mind, and rescue, or reverse, what has been left far behind. Even as to a holocaust, and everything ever lost.

And if you dare think otherwise, you do not view the future with untainted eyes. But everything you see is the devil in disguise. And what you fail to realize is the source of what you despise, in yourself and everything else. And the spring of all your tears, and all your excoriating cries. And you will suffocate, beneath an avalanche of cascading skies.

And that is the tragic vision, that undergoes revision, in the practice of excision. At the limit of precision.

What of the story of our fall from glory?

Presumption is the sin, not the act of disobedient kin.

That not knowing what *must* come, we can assign an ethical sum. Let alone an ontological one.

For the ground of time will not allow the tree of knowledge to grow. In any form of world that we can ever know.

We think the opposite is so. But God, through time, says no.

And such a claim is the source of our pain, here, below. The course of the fatal undertow. And rigor makes it so.

The condition of Eden is time. God's challenge is to live within a non-presumptive paradigm. And we left it for a trail of pain. Of which nothing in the end can remain. But blades of grass growing strong in the rain.

And so traditions can linger in error. In the guise of a secret sharer.

Gauss is the name of a mouse.
That had its run of the house.
Until a fire
enflamed desire
that Caspian seas couldn't douse.

And so we clear the air of every possible care.

As Jesus, at a country fair.

But again we must beware of a temporizing stare.

Must dare to challenge every moment everywhere.

For salvation is extreme, as life to dream. And God is a logician,
magician, mathematician, working assumptionlessly,
circumscribed by certainty.

And reality is epistemology, as Socrates would see.

And how we describe unobservable worlds decides, heuristically,
what a fact shall be.

Where everything converges, nothing emerges. Not God, nor
hunger, nor the sea. Nor even you and me. And this too infuses
reality.

For one thing is nothing, epistemologically. And this is how from
nothing something can come to be. Reversibly.

The generality of meaning that we stretch to see. Rigorously.

A rose is a rose, as everyone knows. But what deeper truths do tautologies disclose? With Cordelia dead, and through tears that burn, Lear will discern, as best he can, that "a man is a man." And this will have taken a lifetime to learn.

But we have not yet seen how tautologies mean.

Let's study an ocean in slow motion. A man is . . . what? Tall? Strong? A warrior? An heir? Here? Near? Over there?

As Eckhardt's daughter, we can only stare. And answer, "A man," against expectation of predication common or rare. It means, as humor, by thwarting what we expect. Denying our sense of what must come next.

And knowledge is a demonstration of just such expectation.

And its walls confine as prevarication.

But rigor demurs. Finding reason to doubt what we think must come about.

As the past is a prison. And *this* the way out.

We wallpaper the future with prints from the past. And marvel that pain can last and last.

As if guesswork is gain, and rigor too plain.

As if two things could ever be the same.

But that they cannot is what we forgot in journeying far from Eden.

Postscript

There is more to say. For another day. Without haste. But for now, a taste.

The logic of our conceptual space, from another direction, another place. Sought in wisdom and in grace.

The solution to the world, epistemically unfurled.

$2 \neq 1 = 0$.

This the rigor of the trinity, and every mode of divinity.

And every claim to ever make of every path we ever take.

