



Ric Carfagna

*from Sequences*

**-XL-**

And this prophetic knowledge  
in a transitory world  
a dimness before my eyes  
a philosophy's simple wisdom  
wrought a similar transformation  
dissolving the solitary musings  
in the depths of every heart  
but to predict a destiny  
wandering down  
through a common center  
the crowd's hollow  
roaring voice  
one after another through the street  
and none to mistake  
the meaning now  
a preternatural insight  
a forsaken world's common fate

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**-XLI-**

These sense-realities  
strangely illuminate  
a metaphysical duality of things  
through organic sensibilities  
corporeal degeneration  
threadbare glances of a stranger's eye  
to postulate  
a broken unity  
a separateness  
a reality-dissolving  
auto-intoxication  
everything empirical  
and finite

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**-XLII-**

A man waking in a fog  
always has existed  
without an echo  
dissolving  
every concrete moment  
however inferior  
and perishable it may seem

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**-XLIII-**

My impression  
leaves  
these other forms  
to stimulate  
a flesh and blood conventionality  
and if one cannot find God  
one sees  
the grass of Eden  
infinitely more so clear  
as one  
transparent  
conscious moment

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**-XLIV-**

There is no reason  
to save the world  
as one may call it  
fundamentally irrational  
to create  
two smaller chasms

and fall into  
hopeless contradiction  
as in those passing moments  
cut into numbered instants  
elements of movements  
conceptually at work  
in a detached view  
defying the increments  
of a whole universe  
of life lived  
together

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**-XLV-**

The last remnant  
was the first man  
his inward vision  
gradually awoke  
from dust  
hedged off with thorns  
somewhere  
his continual wandering  
became dumb and evanescent  
entering into  
a reality  
of immense volubility  
with a quickened spiritual sense  
to the humanized mass  
drawing nearer  
to the lower region's  
confinement to insanity

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**-XLVI-**

The same universe  
she defines herself

unconnected  
to the world  
and the mind  
therefore  
emaciated  
to the whole  
of the human situation  
and any moment of ordering  
itself  
being of small comparative value  
without proximity  
to the same universe  
she defines  
so shadowlike  
and unreal

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**-XLVII-**

Another flight of stairs  
in the midst of the house  
perhaps essential  
to understand  
deeper realities  
as a shifting of universes  
perceived among shadows  
of the hall  
and here one can choose to envision  
innumerable grains of sand  
to be meaningless in significance  
or deny the identity  
of hidden molecules  
denoting only  
subjective aspects  
framing an imaginative representation  
yet what can be discerned  
of corporeal objects  
of a carved balustrade  
to be found within  
a defining line of time  
from one epoch passing

into another  
from what remains  
when conclusions fail  
to illuminate  
the great obstruction  
pervading human apperception...

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### **-XLVIII-**

With us  
sentient creatures  
in a world of objects  
it would be vain searching  
near the hour of death  
as the condition is immaterial  
to our doctrines of evolution  
to our external world  
to our logic of identity  
as there are a thousand shapes  
to the moving present  
spatially inarticulate  
natures of reality  
figures appearing  
now aware  
of doorways open  
inner essence  
crossing the threshold

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### **-XLIX-**

The doorway remained  
finite in our understanding  
discontinuous  
and comprehensible only  
within human sympathies of doubt  
by a mode of emotions

and presentiment's glow  
yet the patterned aspects  
pervading natures of the concrete  
quantum prejudices  
providential indeterminacies  
a hand pointing downward  
to atomized objects  
made vacant by vacillating aspects  
fleeting as gaslight vanishing  
through the narrow doorway's arch

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