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Meditation on Absence

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MEDITATION ON ABSENCE by Dean Rader

*Through the word—which is already a presence made of absence—absence itself comes
to be named*

—Jacques Lacan

Our lives are lived toward what

we cannot name—

There are no words for things

not having words.

There are no days in which there is no yesterday.

One day, though,

there will be no tomorrow.

Name *that*.

Today might be an open door

or a closed window.

Who knows what we see when we are not looking.

What if this side is really the other?

What if all you've forgotten is really what you are?

What if everything you have lost

is really some sort of accrual?

Our disease is more than mere affliction,

more than not knowing addition from subtraction.

It has something to do with what lies beneath excess,

or what hides behind it.

This is why time is torn

between history and the past.

And why we may wonder who we will become

and not understand who we are,

the way boy in a boat on his back can never know

the depths of the blue above

or below,

cannot fathom the farthest darkness,

and yet his floating is its own form of belief,

the way sight is its own form of

blindness,

writing its own kind of erasure—

as though language, like life,

exists only to end—

glacier

forest

self—

O earth—

when have we not shared

the same body?