Sub Specie Aeternitatis

Dean Rader
University of San Francisco, rader@usfca.edu

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Nothing can have as its destination anything other than its origin.
— Simone Weil

For a long time

the clouds have along the edges of things

been gathering —

the earth of course is done with symbolism

and yet still there is always a system —

if not colluding then coalescing:

we are after all always under —

the earth seems out of itself to be rising

but nothing falls from above but water —

and yet it too rises,

like, the author wrote,

the sun —

metaphor for the self

as well as that which it flames in to:
the darkness:

outside my window now

and I can see the ocean

bringing it down into what it once was —

gravity of all undoing —

molecule, atom:

what isn’t burning?

Even the moon,

lit by low tide

and the fire of its path,

ashblack and shadowslit,

smolders in its black bowl.

Some say a storm cometh —

a storm some say,

a storm —

yes, well,

everything begins in the sky —