of non-verifyable truths
and other existential celebrations

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“Poetic language that knows itself as such does not contradict reason. On the contrary, it reminds each speaking subject not to take the narrative of his mind’s adventures for the voice of truth. Every speaking subject is the poet of himself and of things.”

—Jacques Rancière
“The object is inevitably built into the act of consciousness, and that which is perceived is not dependent solely on the object out there, but on the actual manner of grasping in consciousness.”

—Neil Evernden
of non-verifiable truths

I keep trying to exist
assuming it has a beginning.
I am this thought
searching for the light.
west of the day
I follow the footprints of
from horizon to horizon.
in my youth I never thought as far as
* the sunset.

now I know this light is not new
in its dawning. it comes to this city
as the past of an other. steals my eyes
for light has nothing to see itself with.
(these words:
what are they but
labyrinths (I travel
in mirrors and uses and ashes
horizons of morphology (in time
carrying me across to an other
to find each seeing
* I am this thought summing.
(the rest is light.)
of non-verifiable truths

to say:

*reality is that ill perceived light
that has to look into my eyes for meaning.*

is to put forth a hypothesis. build a city on the foundations of

a metaphor.

(clouds gather

I keep telling everyone any minute now (it will rain and the rain turns (in words and the light is ours (to give meaning to—

the mood that pulls us along wet shimmering

surfaces

.I untie knots. watch the city I have built slowly float away.

a mirage .turning cloud.

to enter its metaphorical gates is to build the city a new)

from the sky down
“Language just is the way the mind carves the world up. And the only world we got is the world as we know it.”
—Jan Zwicky

margins: mind the gap

(the objective) (the external)
(the subjective) (the internal).

the (external) of the subjective)
the (internal) of the objective).

in the gap

the reader interpreting

* (metaphor —

the invisible skeleton on which

we hang

fresh meaning

* (other wise)

too dry
“Art is not a house. Art is an opening in the air. It is seeing and saying and being what is in the world.”
—Robert Bringhurst

to the moral level.
the aesthetic
its goal of raising
fulfil
then it does not
if it isn’t
being.
art is
not
a house.
what is
art is
...saying
and being.
art is an opening
in the world.
art is a moral gesture.
...saying and being.
not
a house.
what is
art is an opening
in the air.
art is a comment on
being.
(a always)
art is an opening
in the air.
(a always)
a comment on
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being.
“When it is a matter of nature we rarely find ourselves on familiar ground. At every step there is something that humiliates and mortifies proud minds.”
—Abbé de Vallemont

“A word is a bud attempting to become a twig.”
—Gaston Bachelard

where the mind sheds its proud skin

from the road it looks like
there is no access.

a creek rushing.

we step over.

and the sound drifts

with us up (words.

we make our way through twigs

catching onto hair crackling underfoot

my boot s inks into a fallen birch—

its bark in tact but

like a word holds together

what is rotting underneath.

we sweep away vines. move aside

branches get through

(language. untended overgrown

here where I define it

tame it make it wild.

face the jawbones of elk or deer.

their scattered teeth — syllables

I carefully examine.

in this thick under-

the trees predate (memory

roots twisted etymologies

I look up in my need for rational

greens against metaphysical blues.
the boulder will not budge from
the spot in the sun. its moss

a perfect garden. the air sweet with pine
birch and such small varied life

at every step there is something
that humiliates and mortifies (proud
minds. and thus

I mistook the sound of the wings of grouse for
an engine starting in the distance.

it is not spring yet but you can see
the words are eager buds. like

the rushing of this brook skipping rocks—
such eagerness it foams.

and once we have crossed we are truly here
(re cognize this (k now it—

this wondering among the trees.
this mingling of thought with leaves.

the bursting buds swollen
with new definitions.

and the way the light shafts through
to make a point.

here (I will

stand still.
the wor(l)d as we (tell it)

Richard Dawkins tells us

“evolution is blind”

I agree

if I think of blind
in the same way that
“justice is blind”

but if it is in the way
“humanity is blind”? 

(just walk out on the street
see how
what you thought of in this room
as troubling

(outside looks Normal.

human fore-sight
so overrated.

I think we should give e.volution a little more credit than that.
part: definition

i.
in the kitchen we stand kneading fingertips in dough shape two opposite meanings of part. you see fl our falling off the edge of our table.

if we capture it in a stroboscopic frame it will never fall.

in this instant of our being but also of not being part — to sepa.rate this moment breaks our continuity. even though the flour did turn clouds in the eye (only for an instant) falling off the edge of an other’s firmament.

ii.
I run my hand over the cool black table followed by yours (in this second image)— as sure as water flowing. embracing once more.
the tide inching up deltas in.lets until we gather all our stars. their light part of the water— this be.longing in reflection even though it is impossible to touch them— a mother who cannot r.each her far away children.

who knew what we were thinking when we wrote in fl.our. laughing ourselves someplace else.
Acknowledgments

With gratitude to all my teachers, mentors, guides. You know who you are. For your patience, and for the space you give and guard. The poem *where the mind sheds its proud skin* was first presented at CSSE, Saskatoon, 2007.

References


About the Author

Daniela Elza is a doctorate student in Philosophy of Education. Her interests lie in the gaps, rubs, and bridges between poetry, language, and philosophy. Daniela sees philo-poesis as a practice, a more courteous way of being in the world, as a way of loosening our grip on the world to invite a more intimate connection with it, which in turn creates spaces for insight and transformation. Her work has appeared in over 42 literary and peer-reviewed publications. To date Daniela has released more than 140 poems into the world. For more details visit: [http://strangeplaces.livingcode.org/](http://strangeplaces.livingcode.org/)