

*of non.verifiable truths
and other existent.ial 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

“Philosophy is becoming, not history.”
 —G. Deleuze & F. Guattari

of non-verifiable truths 1

I keep trying to ex.ist
 (this th ought
 assuming it has a beginning.
 I am t.his th ought
 (s e a r ching for

*

the light.
 west of the day I follow
 the footprints of (words
 from horizon to horizon.

in my you th I never thought as far as
 *
 the s unset.

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 t.ravel

in mirrors and pa.uses and d.ashes
 horizons of morphology (in time

carrying me across to an.other
 to find each s e e king

*

I am this thought as.sum.ing.
 (the rest is light.

of non-verifiable truths 2

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

sur f a c e s

.I untie k.nots. watch the city
I have built slowly float a.way.

a mi.rage .turning cloud.

to enter its meta.phoric 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 subjective((the external))the internal(.
the)external the (internal		of the subjective) of the objective(.
	in the gap	
the reader		interpreting
	*	
	(metaphor –	
the in v i s i b l e	skeleton	on which
	we hang	
fresh		meaning
	*	
(other		wise)
	to.o 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 Bringham

to the moral level.
the aesthetic
its goal of raising
fulfil

then it does not
if it isn't

being. *art is*

a comment on *not*
(always) *a house.*
art is a moral gesture. *art is* ...saying *what is*
(always) *an opening* *and being.*
a comment on *in the air.* *in the world.*

being. *it is seeing...*

if it isn't
then it does not

fulfil
its goal of raising
the aesthetic
to the moral level.

“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- growth.
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 language that we use shapes the way we think.
...It is the tool by which a meta-narrative of ‘truth’
and ‘normalcy’ is perpetually reproduced.”
—Margaret Kovach

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.

p.art: 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 *y ours* (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.

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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/>