

# two roads (after heraclitus)

A single path can be approached,  
from incommensurable ends.

Walking the same length,  
to witness opposed unfoldings.

A stream reversed,  
an order mirrored;  
a unity contains [within it] a multitude.

The light we are refracted from,  
is the longest path.  
We rainbow out of it - each of us a direction,  
an order, a view.

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The sun is both one foot wide  
and bigger.

A cold, invisible ghost.  
It is itself, eternal  
while always yours, beheld.

The light offers up lives -  
a chorus of streams -  
for us to refract ourselves,  
with the specific spectrum that we need  
to see our colours and shades.

Never forget this world is animated,  
more beautiful than light.

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Coastlines are fractal,  
they can't be mapped by Borges.  
Walking their length is impossible for Zeno.  
Wittgenstein would know how to measure them with words.

I can run my hand along a cliff edge,  
and feel the ridges and the folds.

This, the truth at my fingertips.

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Of course the same thing is not the same,  
when rotated in the field -  
its centre is cloaked, liquid.

People say there is nothing new,  
but there are always new views, new streams,  
new streaks of brilliant colour.

Those things that aren't new,  
are the only things there are.